

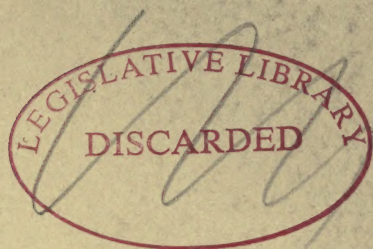
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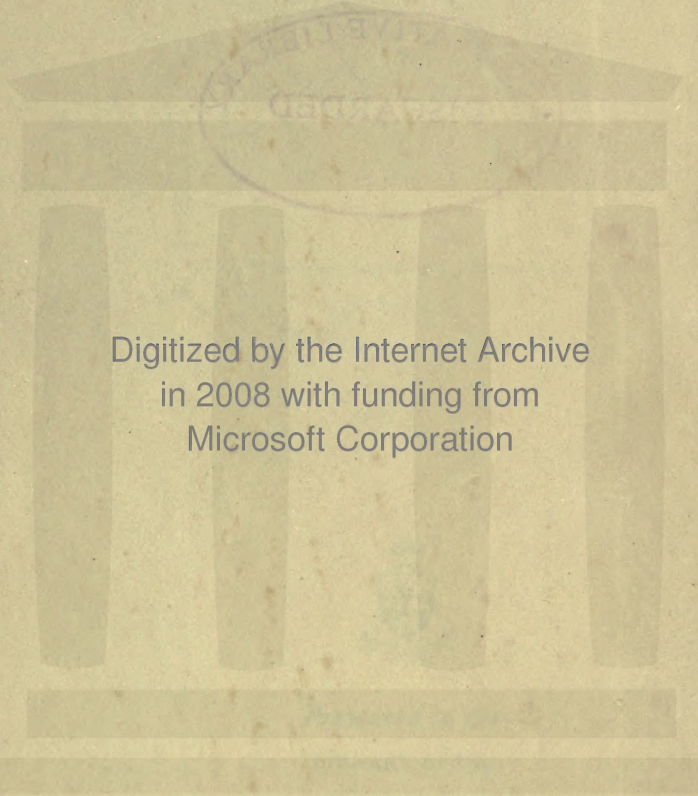
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LITTELL'S

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FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME I.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. CXVI.

JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH.

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2 THE TRAVELLER'S HYMN FOR ALL SAINTS' DAY, ETC.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE TRAVELLER'S HYMN FOR ALL
SAINTS' DAY.

*Being an adaptation of Arndt's Poem: "Was
ist des Deutschen Vaterland?"*

WHERE is the Christian's Fatherland?
Is it the Holy Hebrew Land?
In Nazareth's vale, on Zion's steep,
Or by the Galilean deep?
Where pilgrim hosts have rush'd to lave
Their stains of sin in Jordan's wave,
Or sought to win by brand and blade
The tomb wherein their Lord was laid?

Where is the Christian's Fatherland?
Is it the haunted Grecian strand,
Where Apostolic wanderers first
The yoke of Jewish bondage burst?
Or where, on many a mystic page,
Byzantine prelate, Coptic sage,
Fondly essay'd to intertwine
Earth's shadows with the Light Divine?

Or is the Christian's Fatherland
Where, with crown'd head and croziered hand,
The Ghost of Empire proudly flits,
And on the grave of Cæsar sits?
O by those world-embracing walls,
O in those vast and pictur'd halls,
O underneath that soaring dome,
Shall this not be the Christian's home?

Where is the Christian's Fatherland? —
He still looks on from land to land —
Is it where German conscience woke,
When Luther's lips of thunder spoke?
Or where by Zurich's shore was heard
The calm Helvetian's earnest word?
Or where, beside the rushing Rhone,
Stern Calvin rear'd his unseen throne?
Or where from Sweden's snows came forth
The stainless hero of the North?

Or is there yet a closer band —
Our own, our native Fatherland?
Where Law and Freedom side by side
In Heaven's behalf have gladly vied?
Where prayer and praise for years have rung
In Shakespeare's accents, Milton's tongue,
Blessing with cadence sweet and grave
The fireside nook, the ocean wave,
And o'er the broad Atlantic hurl'd
Wakening to life another world?

No, Christian! no! — not even here,
By Christmas hearth or churchyard dear;
Nor yet on distant shores brought nigh
By martyr's blood or prophet's cry —
Nor Western pontiff's lordly name,
Nor Eastern Patriarch's hoary fame —
Nor e'en where shone sweet Bethlehem's star:
Thy Fatherland is wider far.

Thy native home is wheresoe'er
Christ's Spirit breathes a holier air;
Where Christ-like Faith is keen to seek
What Truth or Conscience freely speak —

Where Christ-like Love delights to span
The rents that sever man from man —
Where round God's throne His just ones
stand —

There, Christian, is thy FATHERLAND.

COLOGNE, Sept, 20, 1872.

A. P. S.

ADVENT.

THE accompanying Hymn is offered as a sequel to the two which have already appeared in this Magazine (April 1870) on the Ascension and the Transfiguration. The first four stanzas run parallel to the Gospels of the four Sundays in Advent, and the two last to the Gospels and Epistles of Christmas.

THE Lord is come! On Syrian soil,
The Child of poverty and toil —
The Man of Sorrows, born to know
Each varying shade of human woe:
His joy, His glory to fulfil,
In earth and heav'n, His Father's will;
On lonely mount, by festive board,
On bitter cross, — despis'd, ador'd.

The Lord is come! Dull hearts to wake,
He speaks, as never man yet spake,
The Truth which makes His servants free,
The Royal Law of Liberty.
Though heav'n and earth shall pass away,
His living words our spirits stay,
And from His treasures, new and old,
Th' eternal mysteries unfold.

The Lord is come! With joy behold
The gracious signs, declar'd of old;
The ear that hears, the eye that sees,
The sick restored to health and ease;
The poor, that from their low estate
Are rous'd to seek a nobler fate;
The minds with doubt and dread possess'd,
That find in Him their perfect rest.

The Lord is come! The world's great stage
Begins a better, brighter age:
The old gives place unto the new;
The false retires before the true;
A progress that shall never tire,
A central heat of sacred fire,
A hope that soars beyond the tomb,
Reveal that Christ has truly come.

The Lord is come! In Him we trace
The fulness of God's Truth and Grace;
Throughout those words and acts divine
Gleams of th' Eternal splendour shine;
And from His inmost Spirit flow,
As from a height of sunlit snow,
The rivers of perennial life
To heal and sweeten Nature's strife.

The Lord is come! In ev'ry heart,
Where Truth and Mercy claim a part;
In every land where Right is Might,
And deeds of darkness shun the light;
In every church where Faith and Love
Lift earthward thoughts to things above;
In every holy, happy home,
We bless Thee, Lord, that Thou hast come!

A. P. STANLEY.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

JOHANN WOLFGANG GOETHE.

It must always be a great deal more difficult to estimate justly and understand fully the power and gift of a poet whose works are in a foreign language, than to appreciate the singers whose tongue is our own. A great deal of the absolute essence and soul of poetry evaporates in the very best translation; and all its most subtle graces are apt to elude the student who reads by the help of dictionaries and grammars. In this particular, above all others, is made visible the influence of that little audience of cultivated readers who stand between the poet and the ordinary public, impressing often by but slow degrees their judgment and opinion upon the less-informed intelligences that take from them their cue. There is no poetic name within the last hundred years which has won a higher place than that of Goethe—we might indeed say, and with some truth, has won so high a place; and yet how few is the number of ordinary English readers who know Goethe in anything but the most superficial and accidental way! A translation of "Faust," taken up impartially, without scrutiny into its rank—the most indifferent being as likely as the best; a remembered glance, twenty years ago, for those of us who are old enough, into Carlyle's "Wilhelm Meister;" a vague traditionary recollection of Werter, with perhaps the Erl-king, as a very great refinement of knowledge, to crown the information,—about so much of Goethe, but no more, may be supposed to be generally known to the English reader. And yet even the uninstructed reader, thus meagrely informed, recognizes the greatness of the name, and does a sort of homage, mingled with reverence or with scorn, with love or with hatred, as the case may be, to the great poet, fashioned so unlike most of our ideas of what a poet should be, yet shadowing over earth and sea in an abstract size and vastness which no one can deny. This kind of shadowy impression of greatness made upon the mind of the world in spite of itself, is almost a more convincing proof of the rank of the poet than that more just and clear conviction of excellence which intimate knowledge gives; and in Goethe's

case the unanimous testimony is all the greater from the fact that he is, as a man, hateful to a great proportion of the people who unwillingly accord to him so high a place among his peers. His is one of the figures about which men, looking back, lose all the calm of historical observation. The thought of him still influences the mind as with a personal partisanship. To the smaller number (and let us allow that this smaller number includes those who know Goethe best) he is more than a poet—he is an idol, one of the greatest, wisest, and best of beings. But to a large proportion of the world he is, as a man—we do not think we use too strong a word—hateful. His votaries worship him with a blind faith and superstition such as are commonly enough found in conjunction with the highest intelligence, so long as that faith is not called forth towards sacred things; and a great many of the rest of us detest him with an instinctive and thorough repugnance which is independent of reason. But no one denies his greatness, his exalted place, his rank among the highest. To very few men since the world began has such a universal testimony been given; and it is not in the nature of things that such a testimony could be other than true.

But in face of this great and perplexing figure there are so many questions to ask and difficulties to settle, that the work of the critic is hard and doubly perplexing. A great many minds of high endowment have yielded themselves, with a devotion almost abject, to the influence of Goethe; while upon as many more he has exercised as distinct an influence of repulsion, driving them from him. The former class have expounded themselves and their worship so fully as to need no further exposition. To the latter he appears in his greatness like a gigantic *génie* of the earth and air—a being possessing attributes so different from ours that it requires an effort to recognize him as actually of our own species, bound by the same rules of being. This separation from human nature is not of the kind which in imagination we are willing to assign to poets. His is not the fanciful, abstract, dreamy being, helpless among the cares of earth, born for higher

occupations and aspirations, which we are disposed to accept with a certain indulgence—an indulgence which makes our reverence the greater. Instead of that poetical conception of the poet, the spectator finds himself face to face with a man perfectly qualified to contend with the world, and to master it; not only not deficient in practical force and adroitness, but singularly endowed with all the strength and all the weapons necessary for everyday warfare; not shrinking, timid, and impassioned, but brave and cool beyond the ordinary range of mortal strength and self-command; not impulsive and wayward, but collected and steadfast—full of reflection, resolution—a man of purpose and perseverance and strenuous capacity. At sight of all these manifold endowments our inclination to patronize what we admire is rendered impossible; and with something of the same feeling which steels a man's heart against the woman, however attractive, however fascinating, who has no need of his superior strength, the heart of the world is repelled by the poet who stands in need of no indulgence, no tender patronage, no kind shutting of the eyes to his weakness, in the very midst of its adoration of his powers.

There are, however, reasons deeper than this superficial one for the repugnance which many readers, even when unable to resist the magic of his genius, feel towards Goethe. There is something inhuman in his greatness. We do not use the word as implying any want of geniality in his character, or of general benevolence and kindness towards other men; but rather to express the strange separation and self-concentration of his nature. He was inhuman, as Jove and Apollo were inhuman. It is not as a man, but as a demi-god raised above man in a smooth and grand completeness, that we regard him. He is not, as other men, created, for common duties and common relationships, whose life is a network of connection with others, who exist for others, and for the ordinary use and service of the world. Goethe, on the contrary, is one of those rare beings for whom the world is made. To his own consciousness it is a huge machine devised for his education, for his instruction—to

minister to him, to communicate experiences, informations—to afford him, by its different arts, and by various of its inhabitants, stepping-stones by which to elevate himself to such a position that gods and men may look upon him and wonder. He is irresponsible, un-moral, a being above law—nay, he makes the impression upon us of a being existent of his own power and will, not throwing off the bonds of duty so much as born in a sphere above them—created for his own purposes, not for God's. To some minds this very idea may seem profane, as if implying that such an incarnation of semi-deity was one of the possibilities of life; but it is an idea which we think must, in one way or other, strike all who seriously contemplate the character of Goethe. So far as we can recall, he stands alone in this superb but unswerving isolation. There is no one like him anywhere—so self-concentrated, so self-conscious, so calmly certain that for him the universe is and was created. Such an idea lightly and momentarily held is part of the splendid inheritance of faith with which most of us enter life; but in usual circumstances this confidence is torn from us so soon that the belief is too airy and evanescent to afford more than one delusive moment of grandeur and delight. Goethe never allowed this faith to be taken from him. It was no delusion of his youth, but the calm assurance of the demi-god's nature: that earth and Germany and Saxeweimar were especially formed—not he for them, as is the generous ideal of another kind of soul, but they for him; that the men, and especially the women, who came in his way, were in like manner created for his use, to afford him the means of cultivating himself and all his faculties. We might put Shakespeare, and Italy, and the Greek mythology, and even science, into the same category, were it not that these sources of mental profit had to be shared with other men, and primarily belonged, so to speak, to other men, so that he could not lay the first and most absolute claim to them. But this is the position in which we find him from the earliest of his days to the last. Even when he makes himself the exponent of his age, he is still separate from that age, taking advantage of it,

raising himself upon its shoulders, indifferent to it, thoughtful only for himself.

This self-concentration, however, can scarcely be called selfishness; neither is there any lack in it of a certain-careless generosity, magnanimity, even fellow-feeling for the lesser creatures who surround him. No one more than he feels the pathos of the situation in which he leaves his Frederikas, his Frau von Steins. His sympathy, it is true, has not the slightest influence upon his actions, which are moulded by a higher rule — viz., that of the necessities of progress and self-culture; but still he has the power of throwing himself into their feelings, and of sorrowing with them. In other relationships less delicate he is perfectly kind, liberal, friendly. Suffering is as disagreeable to him as ugliness, and he never hesitates to exert himself to remove it. He is even susceptible — most tremulously and delicately susceptible — to all superficial influences. In his youth, his biographer Mr. Lewes tells us, he would take up the occupations and accomplishments of his friends along with them, studying art with the painter, and even learning his trade with the craftsman, in an exuberance of social sympathy such as few can emulate. All that the demi-god is capable of was strong in Goethe. He could throw himself into the being of others, working with them, feeling with them, finding the enjoyment of a larger nature in their sorrows as well as in their joys. What he could not do was to receive them into his being, as he threw himself into theirs. That was not possible to him. It is the limitation of greatness, but still it is a limitation. He could communicate almost to any extent of liberality, but he could not receive. All that came to him from the outer world was superficial, affected the surface of him, and was consciously used by him for his own mental advantage, but never possessed him, carried him away, drew him out of himself. Such natures are to be met with even on a lower intellectual altitude than that of Goethe. Men there are in the world, and even women, kind, generous, and sympathetic, who are yet incapable of those impressions from others which turn the scale of fortune and direct life into new chan-

nels. They may receive comfort, pleasure, instruction, from without, but never direction, or even serious influence. They may be warm lovers and strenuous friends, but they are incapable of being turned from the natural tenor of their way, or swept into the fulness of another. Goethe was moved by all, yet moved by none — tremulous like the compass, yet, like it, fixed, and incapable of divergence from the grand centre of gravitation. And in his case the centre was himself.

We are not so daring as to say a word against that mystery of self-culture which many philosophers hold out to us as the only thing worth living for, and in which many great minds have spent all their powers. It may have a generous as it certainly has a noble side. The idea of a man who consecrates this fleeting human existence to the improvement of the faculties God has given him, scorning all meaner kinds of advantage, is without doubt a fine one; and it is finer still when his aim in self-improvement is to serve and help his fellow-men. Yet there is something in human nature which cries out against this pursuit with the vehemence of instinct, and is, secretly or openly, revolted by it. We applaud the man who pursues Art to perfection, who pursues Science even in her least attractive forms, or who devotes himself with enthusiasm even to the lower branches of human knowledge. The spectator figures to himself something abstract, something apart from and loftier than the student, which he follows through all difficulties, and labours, and struggles, even though at the cost of his life. But at the name of self-culture our enthusiasm flags. We do not explain the change of sentiment, we merely state the fact. No doubt, of all the waste lands that are given us to cultivate, this one of the mind is the most valuable, and probably the most improvable; and we are bound to do our best with it, to produce the best that is practicable from it, and in the best way. Most true; yet our prejudice remains unaffected. And there is reason in it, as in all universal prejudices. There is something in the theory of self-culture which transgresses all the modesties of human nature, and strikes that hidden consciousness of insignificance

which lies deep down in our hearts, as with a jar of discord and ridicule. What! use all this great universe, so majestic, so steadfast, and so sublime, for the cultivation of one speck upon its surface; make vassals of all the powers of earth, and all the sights of nature, and all the emotions and passions of man—not for some big purpose, like the glory of God or the advancement of the race, but for the polishing and improvement of one intellect, for the sharpening of one man's wits, and the enlarging of his experience and the improvement of his utterance! The intellectualist may say, How splendid the organization which can thus show its supremacy over all things created! but the common man feels a certain sharp revulsion, a mixture of scorn and indignation, humiliation and shame. There is even a bitter mockery to him in this devotion of himself as well, his anguish and his errors, to the cultivation of the arrogant intellect, which regards him as a bundle of natural phenomena. This gives the special sting to that repugnance which we feel involuntarily towards the human creature whose life is professedly spent in the culture of himself. Does not something fail in our reverence for Wordsworth, for example, when we are bidden to believe that the poet—instead of living, as we are glad to think, in an enthusiasm of communion which was almost worship, with his mountains and lakes—made them instruments for the cultivation of himself, putting himself simply to school there, and living that life of lofty seclusion for him and not for them? How different is the feeling with which we contemplate Burns, who was never apart from these influences of nature, whose head and heart were full of them, who was made a poet by the grey hills and moorlands, the homely beauty of the ploughed fields, the daisy under his plough, and the stars over his head, but never once thought, in his simplicity, of self-culture by their means! Goethe offends a thousand times more deeply than Wordsworth ever did, since man, not to say woman, is his primer and spelling-book, and the years of his curriculum are marked by so many sucked oranges in the shape of loves and friendships from which he had taken all the sweetness that was in them ere he passed upon his triumphant way. This is his sin against humanity—the sin which we can not pardon him; which neither genius nor success, nor even benevolence, graciousness, and charity, can make up for. Other men have no doubt been equally inconstant, equally

disrespectful of their fellows; but somehow the coarsest Lovelace has an excuse which the philosophical lover has not; and he who sacrifices old allies to his ambition is less of a criminal to nature than he who, after having *exploité* another human soul, puts it aside because he has got all he can out of it, and it is useful to him no more.

It is thus that we sum up the indictment of humanity against the great poet, whose greatness we throw no doubt upon, whose works we will not attempt to depreciate, and whose place among men is, we admit, beyond the reach of assault. No contemporary nor any successor has had so much influence upon literature. He has been the originator of schools of poetry with which he himself was scarcely connected. He has given the divine stimulus of awakening life to more than one mind almost as great as his own, and all this independent of the mass of noble poetry which in his own person he has bestowed upon the world. But with all he stands among us in a beauty scarcely human, smiling that smile of the superior which is alien to genius,—a great being who watches us, pities us, tolerates us, pierces us through and through, with half-divine perception, but is no more one of us than Jove is. His fulness, completeness, good fortune, long life, exemption from all natural griefs and calamities, are scarcely required to lighten the effects of nature; but they do nevertheless raise the tone of colour and intensify the high lights in this wonderful picture. Even his personal beauty adds to the strength of the hypothesis. He is no man like us, but a veiled Apollo, a visitor from among the gods. All sense of ordinary human morality, responsibility, is to be laid aside in our contemplation of him, and we yield to admiration, even to enthusiasm, for his genius, with a reluctance which contrasts strongly with the hearty readiness of the applause which we bestow on much inferior men.

We must add, however, that all this is said from an English point of view, and professes to represent no more than the sentiments of a large portion of foreign readers. Goethe has been the idol of his own country since ever he revealed himself to her, as Dante is the idol of Italy, and Shakespeare of England. And we do not doubt that, had we space to pursue the inquiry, he would be proved to be such an embodiment of the genius of his country, in all its height and breadth, its remorselessness and kindness, its cold determination and mystical hot enthusiasm, its steady pursuance of an end through whatsoever

means were necessary, shrinking from nothing—as to afford reason sufficient for the worship given him by his countrymen. Into this consideration it is not necessary to enter; but it is well to remember that the aspect of the man, which strikes us with repugnance, is one which has raised his own people to the highest expression of sentiment which a nation can make towards its favourite singer. That deep-searching Teutonic mind which spares no trouble, no labour to itself, no cost to others—which has such a melting susceptibility indoors, and such a pitiless determination without—is the kind of mind to appreciate self-culture in all those heights and depths which thrill our less thorough-going philosophy. The steady perseverance of a scientific aim through everything, the subordination (when necessary) of other people's happiness and comfort to the acquisition of a fine piece of spiritual experience—processes which strike us with a certain sense of calm and polished barbarity—are to the Teuton so natural and praiseworthy as to claim no special comment. Neither the poet nor the nation would do this wantonly—only when necessary,—when the culture of the one or the progress of the other made it indispensable. To our minds such ways of working one's will are never indispensable: but feelings differ even in the heart of civilization. That Goethe, however, in his integrity, may very well be taken as a type of his nation, few Germans will hesitate to allow with pride. All its patient, long-enduring theories, its kindliness in detail, its stern abstract disregard of all cruelties that are necessary, its persevering pursuit of knowledge at any cost, its abundant sentimentalities and pitiless resolution, are all to be found in him magnified and glorified. His serenity is the very apotheosis of its phlegmatic temper, his brilliant persistence the most beautiful type of its obstinate determination. And when we read of the poet's use of everybody and everything around him, men's friendship and women's love, for his own stepping-stones and educational courses, we remember (with a shudder) the later story of those Prussian* officers who marched secretly at the head of imaginary armies through peaceable France before a blow had been struck or menace uttered, placing their pickets in imagination with a horrible matter-of-fact and business-like prevision of what was to come; and wri-

ting down—in the gay *cafés*, amid merry talkers all unconscious of that grim comment upon the uncertainty of their peaceable lives—those notes and reports which were at once the foundation and foreshadowing of reports made afterward, when the armies were no longer imaginary, and when all this awful cold-blooded study had ended in the victory which no doubt it deserved. No doubt the victory was deserved; being wrought for by such long labour, such minute care, such persevering, patient, unwearied work. But the work, and the way of deserving, are such as 'chill the blood in one's veins.

We repeat, if it is necessary to repeat it, that we are neither accusing Goethe nor his country of any want of the gentler affections—kindness, charity, and benevolence. He was very good to a great many people, supported various poor petitioners, took thought and pains for his dependants, and was often most considerate and sympathetic in word and feeling, as well as kind in act. He was simply remorseless in carrying out his projects, whatever they might be—pleasantly, good-humouredly, affectionately remorseless—not to be turned from that sublime work of self-cultivation by anything in earth or heaven.

Goethe was born in the year 1749, in the town of Frankfort, in the old world, before the French Revolution was dreamt of, when Frederick was fighting, and Louis Quinze heaping up the measure of iniquities which were to be visited upon the heads of his children. Germany was an unknown land to what were then called the Muses. To all the wits it was a country of barbarians, of everlasting mist and darkness. Even its own sons despised its noble language, its wealthy traditions, the poetry and music that lay incipient, undeveloped about the roots of the national life. A few bald French couplets were more precious in the eyes of Teuton kings and nobles than all the chaotic traditional riches native to the soil. Other stars were beginning to come out in the sky, less known and less knowable, by dint of dealing with arts less universal than that of Song, when the great Sun of German literature rose unthought of out of the homely Frankfort street. The poet was born in that condition of life which the melancholy Jewish thinker prayed for. His family was neither rich nor poor. They had no nobility to open to them the higher heavens of German society, but they had civic importance and consideration, which in its way is almost as good. If thus he had little claim upon the notice

* See official reports of Prussian generals touching the late war.

of the great, young Goethe was still in a position which attracted the interest of many, a perfectly well-known individual, whose doings, if remarkable, could not fail to attract speedy notice. And from the beginning these doings were remarkable. Through all the course of his education he stands forth upon the duller background of the ordinary youths about him—a figure always striking, though more from a certain air of jocund greatness and good-humoured superiority to everybody around than from more tangible causes. At Leipsic, at Strasburg, at home in Frankfurt, wherever he goes, he is not as other lads; he is already the young demi-god among ordinary flesh and blood—kind to the lower creatures about him with a jovial carelessness, beneficence, and sympathy, throwing himself into their smaller concerns, yet always looking over their heads, finding no equal amid the youthful crowd, and requiring none, his nature being satisfied with the other relationship. At Leipsic there was a certain Käthchen upon whom he experimented with rudiments of love-making, trying his 'prentice hand in that art of producing emotion which was always so pleasant to him. At Strasburg or near it he found Frederika, one of the sweetest, simplest figures in the whole panorama of his life, whom he loved after the Goethe fashion as long as was perfectly agreeable and useful to him, and left when her day was over, sorry for her with a magnanimous sense that to lose him was indeed a calamity worth lamenting. His friends of the other sex ministered equally to the young demi-god's spiritual nourishment. One of them was Jung Stilling, whose poverty and homeliness the beautiful popular Goethe patronized and protected. "Sympathizing with Stilling, listening to him, and dexterously avoiding any interference with his religious faith, he was not only enabled to be his friend, but also to learn quietly and surely the inner nature of such men." Another friend attracted him by a different exposition of human nature, as knowing how "to subordinate himself with dignity." Thus the splendid student began his life's career. With or without dignity, all who came in his way had to subordinate themselves, to open their secret chambers and give up what enlightenment was in them to the eager and insatiable curiosity with which he ranged about this little-known world. A noble sentiment and a noble power, it may be said, and the pursuit of such knowledge well worth any man's while. Yet

somehow the process chills the spectator, gay as is the soul and brilliant the career of this great learner, this Welt-kind, apprenticing himself to life.

His first work of any importance was the heroic drama "Götz von Berlichingen," which was also Walter Scott's first work, so to speak; the forerunner of all those *Marmions* and *Ivanhoes* which have long obliterated and superseded their German pioneer. "Götz was written when Goethe was twenty-two, and is perhaps more remarkable as being his banner of revolt against the poetical canons of his time, the outburst of a new national literature and new generation of genius—and also as the origin of a school of poetry widely extended among ourselves, and scarcely yet exhausted in force and power—than for its own intrinsic merits. These merits we cannot think to be great; though that it was wonderful in its daring there can be no doubt, and startled the whole German world by a marvellous revelation of something of their own, worth caring for, which would naturally have the profoundest effect upon a people living, as it were, out of their own language in the borrowed delights of an alien literature, neither congenial nor natural to them. In circumstances so exceptional it may be right to characterize this drama as "a work of daring power, of vigor, of originality—a work to form an epoch in the annals of letters;" or, with a newspaper of the day, to describe it as a "piece in which the three unities are shamefully outraged, and which is neither a tragedy nor a comedy, but is, notwithstanding, the most beautiful, the most captivating monstrosity." In these days, however, few English readers will find "Götz" either captivating or beautiful. It is bustling, rapid, and full of activity in its plot and action; yet it strikes us as looking much more like a fossil than an animated picture of life. One reason of this probably is, that the author, with a philosophic coolness most characteristic of his nature, makes it his aim, not to represent any group of individual souls, their passions and motives, but to give "a picture of the age." His picture of the age, however, is abrupt and fragmentary. It has neither the fulness and richness of Scott, nor the minute and patient detail of Manzoni; although, so far as this effort is concerned, Goethe was the parent of both these great writers. The drama is a breathless sketch—rapid, stirring, and full of movement, but without passion, almost without strong emotion. Götz himself is but thrown in in

bold outline upon the canvas, his character very faintly indicated, and his position never made quite clear. His mixture of patriotism and individualism; his readiness for a raid at any time; his loyalty, such as it is, to the Emperor, and hostility to everybody else,—have not the clearness and force which such a picture requires. The vacillating *contre-héros*, again, Weislingen, is little more than a shadow. The manner of his reconciliation to Götz; the way in which he falls in and then out of love with Maria; the perfectly proper and pretty behaviour of that young woman herself, who, after a brief engagement to this captivating traitor, calmly makes up her mind to love and wed her next suitor,—are neither distinctly explained, nor induced with that positive reality of action which makes explanation unnecessary. Of itself, indeed, the production would be but of small account, were it not for the results which have flowed from it: it was as the opening of a door into that romantic and picturesque world of the middle ages, which has since afforded us so many splendid pictures. A work altogether destitute of passion, and made up rather of conventional drawings of certain typical characters than any living study of the men and women of the past, it has yet produced the brilliant school of fiction in which Scott's glowing pictures take the highest place, and to which we also owe the "*Promessi Sposi*," and even "*Notre Dame*."

Goethe's genius opened up this way, and gave the first impulse. Perhaps it was but the carelessness of his youth pushing the door open as he passed, throwing the impulse from him at random, in the swing and fulness of his progress which made the real and immediate result of his first effort in sustained composition so much less great and notable than its succeeding ones. But the English reader, at least, will trace with more interest the germs of some of Scott's more animated scenes in the hasty narrative of "*Götz von Berlichingen*," than will move him towards that narrative itself. The trooper's description of the wounded Selbitz of the distant battle has in it a curious suggestion, which is worked out with infinitely superior force in the prison scene in "*Ivanhoe*," where Rebecca with much more eloquence performs a similar service for the wounded Saxon. And the abrupt introduction of the *Vehme Gericht* may also be identified as having suggested the more elaborate study of that mysterious and somewhat theatrical secret society

which is to be found in "*Anne of Geierstein*." Thus Goethe's first production had a fate quite beyond its absolute merits. It was not a creation, but it was creative. It helped into being perhaps the most brilliant and universally, if temporarily, successful development of literature ever known. The philosophical critic, looking back upon all the extravagances and exaggerations of that romantic school, may doubt whether the world was much the better for it. But certainly the world has been the better for Scott; and Goethe's early outburst of romanticism would seem to have been the sign-post which directed his genius to that hitherto untrodden way.

Having cast this seed into the fruitful world, which received it eagerly, with clamours of applause more than suited to the occasion—for indeed that world did not know that Scott was coming, and Manzoni and the rest, and clamoured for "*Götz*" only, who was scarcely worth its trouble—the careless young demi-god swept on upon his wildly-splendid, ungovernable, yet always self-controlled way. The bigness and sweep of his going gives a certain air of wild freedom to his youthful career; but it is curious to see how perfect is the self-control which exists underneath the youthful *abandon*, and how thoroughly Goethe has himself and his passions in hand, going just so far as he thinks fit, and no further, either in love or riot. "*Götz*," we have said, was his standard of revolt against literary canons, unities, and established law of every description, the restraints of which he did not choose to endure. But the work which followed was more real, permanent, and influential than "*Götz*." We in this generation have partially forgotten, partially drifted away from, all possibility of interest in the "*Sorrows of Werter*;" but its influence has not yet died out of the world, and it is very nearly impossible to overestimate the importance not of itself, but of the stimulus it gave to the imagination. As "*Götz*" created the romantic, so did "*Werter*" the sentimental school of literature—which was a questionable advantage perhaps, yet acted upon the mind of Europe in a quiet and prodigious and almost incalculable way. The wild passion of the second outburst is as different as possible from the calm historical character of the former. "*Werter*" is, as everybody knows, the story, told almost entirely by himself, of a young man distraught with love. It is a mixture of two experiences in real life—one of them being that of Goethe himself, who, like Werter,

fell in love with a betrothed maiden; but being Goethe, and not Werter, mastered his love as soon as he had got all the imaginative and mental sweetness possible out of it: the other that of a less fortunate youth, bearing the unlucky name of Jerusalem, whom love drove to suicide. Goethe put his friend's end to his own story, and the result was such a revelation of youthful sentiment in all its foolishness, weakness, strength, infinitude, and absurdity, as perhaps has never been made before or since. This is not the time to criticise "Werter." Its faults have long been apparent to the world, and, as ill-luck would have it, these faults are the very things which have been so repeated *ad nauseam* that the parent book has to bear the burden of much folly not its own. But something more true and real lay beneath, in which human nature itself found expression. In these melancholy pages, there is not only a somewhat maudlin lover working himself up to frenzy, but the imagination of a whole race, wild, excited, full of questioning and discontent, tossing itself against those prison walls of ordinary life, law, and wellbeing, which are to the sober soul a home and shelter. Scepticism and clean negation of everything unseen and intangible had come to their climax in the world; and following that climax, or along with it, had come its unflinching accompaniment, that profound spiritual disgust, weariness, and misery, which, so long as human nature retains something spiritual in it, must always attend upon infidelity. If man is to have no soul, it seems indispensable either that he should have no imagination, or that that imagination should go mad and lose itself in a hundred fluctuations of misery, from unrest to despair. "'Werter,'" says Carlyle, "is but the cry of that dim-rooted pain, under which all thoughtful men of a certain age were languishing; it paints the misery, it passionately utters the complaint — and heart and voice all over Europe loudly and at once responded to it. True, it prescribes no remedy; for that was a far different, far harder enterprise, to which other years and a higher culture were required; but even this utterance of pain, even this little, for the present, is ardently grasped at, and with eager sympathy appropriated in every bosom."

This description places the work upon a higher level than we should ourselves be inclined to give it. "Werter," so far as it is a spiritual cry at all, seems to us more a protest against unhappiness than the ex-

pression of that sublime discontent which concerns one's own being in the first place. But of all the protests of humanity there is none that echoes so widely and strikes so deep. Why should not *we* be happy? What need can there be in heaven or earth so absolute, so unanswerable as this? and if personal happiness is not to be had, why should the lawless and hopeless soul endure, why should it suffer the happiness of others? Setting aside all religious restraints, the question, it seems to us, is simply unanswerable. Philosophy at the highest can but encourage and stimulate the despairing soul by arguments as to what is best and most courageous in his circumstances. But there is a great deal to be said on both sides of the question; and while suicide is cowardice in one way of thinking, it is undoubted courage in another. Such was, we think, with great reason, the opinion of Goethe's age. But "Werter" is neither an apology for suicide nor an argument in its favour. It is only a picture of the processes by which a weakly-passionate, vacillating, and doubtful man is driven by the gradual working up, half conscious and voluntary, of his own feelings, to adopt that vulgar *tour de force* and easy way of getting out of his dilemma. No character has proved itself so interesting to genius as that of this doubtful being, never quite sure of what he would be at, unable to take any decisive step, plagued by his power of seeing all sides of a question (which is our modern fashion), or by incapacity for taking stringent measures of any kind either to carry out his own wishes or to subdue them. What a wonderful descent, however, it is in the scale of power, from the sublime vacillation of Hamlet to the maudlin lingering of Werter! We do not mean to compare the two — that would be in every way unjust; for the great charm of "Werter" is simply its youthfulness, its revelation of an immature mind and exuberant imagination — and any comparison between it and our great poet's most splendid work would be as ridiculous as inappropriate; but yet under what changed conditions, with what curious difference, does the great type of hesitation, of doubt, of unrest, present itself to the one and the other! Shakespeare, with that perfection of good sense, good taste and feeling, which are so largely mingled in the divine intuition of genius, has put away love altogether from the great intellectual being who wavers before the awful question set before him — a question which concerns principles much more momentous than his

own personal happiness or misery. It seems even profane to imagine the possibility of Ophelia's frown putting the times out of joint for Hamlet. But the question of personal happiness is the one specially involved in "Werter." It is Lotte who is the sun and centre of his world: his philosophy, his musings, nature itself, alter according as her brow is bright or cloudy; and though all manner of sadnesses are skilfully worked into the picture to exaggerate the situation and deepen the gloom, these are rather reflections of feeling than independent thought, and as certainly ray out from the central fact that Werter himself is personally wrecked, as do the details of his suicide. With Hamlet, on the other hand, personal feelings have little to do. We have no reason to suppose that disappointed ambition, for instance, had any share in the heaviness which overshadows him from the beginning. He is sick of the mystery of sorrow and evil about him, full of forebodings which have nothing personal in them, dim perceptions of undefined wrong, suspicion, and fear, as of a spirit walking in the dark, not knowing but divining the presence of evil companions that make night hideous. This dim and sickening consciousness of wickedness and falsehood round him has swept the natural delights and miseries of youth out of Hamlet's mind at the very outset of his history. His love has been blown out of sight, out of mind, by that chill air of suspicion and miserable doubt which has killed, so to speak, his personal existence, his self-regard; his capacity for enjoyment—even his natural interest in what becomes of him. Even before the shock of absolute knowledge which unveils to him the mystery of crime which he suspected, he has ceased to care much what becomes of him. Not one gleam of personal motive is in all he thinks and says. His sense of undisclosed wrong—of evil preferred to good, and falsehood to truth, of unreality and lies in everything great and small that surrounds him, has paralyzed the very sense of self within him.

We ought to ask the reader's pardon once more for placing Hamlet in juxtaposition with Werter—but Werter here means Goethe, a more worthy comparison; and it is interesting to note how utterly opposed our Shakespeare's theory is to all the artistic principles of Goethe's life and work. It embodies an aspect of the human nature astray in the world which has not occurred to his intelligence, great as that intelligence is. In "Werter," as in "Meister," and still greater in "Faust," the cen-

tre of the world to Goethe is self. His highest misery is that man can get so little out of this world—that his happiness can be but in dreams—that all is limited about him—that he never gets what he wants: whether it be Lotte, whether it be the supreme satisfaction of wisdom, whether it be pleasure—never can he get what he wants. If for a moment the delight that he seeks is accorded to him, how he has to smart for it! In his later years the poet himself attempted to show how there might be a remedy for this in a voluntary renunciation of everything that was not to be procured—a thin sort of life-theory not of much general use, we fear. But for the present, here is the grand point at which his vacillating hero and his philosophy generally break off from everything Shakespearian. Werter moans and maunders till the reader is very sick of him; while the excellent couple, whose union makes his misery, stand by wondering somewhat, sympathizing a little, their stolid German steadiness just modified by their equal German sentimentalism. He does not want to separate that excellent Lotte from her excellent Albert; in short, he does not know very well what he wants, except to undo all the conditions of life, and get to be happy somehow. This is the aim, the sole end visible or conceivable; and this is the great poetic tendency of Goethe's genius. In "Faust," it is treated with infinitely more splendour; but the central idea is still the same.

The reader of the present day cares very little, we presume, for "Werter;" but that there are really charming scenes in it, full of the most delightful sense of both natural and moral beauty, no one who has ever glanced at the book will deny. Its celebrity has harmed it in this particular. Had it not been the cause of a kind of literary revolution, the creation of a new school, the stimulus to a new kind of intellectual life, more justice would infallibly have been done to the exquisite simple background against which the hero staggers and stumbles. Notwithstanding one recollection of delicious comicality which thrusts itself into our memory,—the climax of that scene of the thunderstorm, in which Lotte, awed and overcome by sublime emotion and admiration, lays her hand upon Werter's and murmurs "Klopstock!"—we agree with Mr. Lewes in his admiration of "such clear sunny pictures, fulness of life, and delicately-managed simplicity." The groups of children, especially, are lovely, natural, and unaffected in the highest degree.

Goethe's power of representing them is one of the most attractive features of his genius, saying much which we should not have otherwise divined both for the poet and the man.

"Werter" took the world by storm. It pleased everybody except—for a time—Lotte herself and her good husband, who resented, as they well might, the liberty taken with them. Goethe, dazzled by the brilliancy of the light he flashed upon them, was, or professed to be, much astonished by this, and breathed forth the deepest penitence. It is difficult, however, to believe that a man so able could have thought it possible that the respectable couple whom he made the centre of such a romance could have taken it calmly. He got over this difficulty, however, with ease, and thus leaped into fame by means of that which is generally one of the most private episodes in a young man's life—an unsuccessful love; his sense of the artistic force of the situation mastering even that unpleasant sense of personal discomfiture which is apt to move the youthful mind under such circumstances. Mr. Lewes proves most distinctly that his separation from the admirable Lotte was indeed very little of a heartbreak to the poet, and that he managed to enjoy life and a multiplicity of other loves even at the terrible moment of her marriage. And immediately after, another star, called Lili, rose upon the firmament, calling forth much the same comedy of rapid love, rapture, wavering, and indifference to the affection once attained, which had marked his youthful passions before. He was delivered from his last indecisions in respect to this new experience by the appearance upon the scene of his Duke, Karl August of Saxe-Weimar, the little potentate who has snatched out of oblivion a certain standing-ground among the things that remain, by dint of his patronage of the great poets of Germany, and the curious æsthetic centre which he managed to establish—metropolis of wit and refuge for genius. Goethe was but twenty-six when this distinction occurred to him. He went with his Duke to Saxe-Weimar, falling immediately into a friendship with him which lasted till death. Nothing could be more simple than the life they led; but its homeliness, and roughness, and odd mixture of the fine and the brutal, its dainty over-refinements and its romping jollity, belonged to the time and the nation, and were sanctified, as it were, by being fully shared by the prince upon whom the whole

circle depended. The curious royal riot of the period which ensued, the grand-ducal entertainments, the open-air play-actings, the celebrations of everybody's birthday, the odes, the masks, the illuminations, crackers, and the music,—are they not all written in the book of Mr. Lewes? The members of the little court were almost all young, let it be said; and the pranks they played, and the high-jinks they executed, are the drollest interruption to a serious story. Everything was there that the imagination could desire to enrich the rollicking life of the young prince and the young poet; and, on the whole, there are worse things than the nonsense into which they plunged royally, though it was sometimes distinguished by tricks as stupid as if they had been a couple of foolish young Guardsmen. Here, too, Goethe found another love, in some respects the most serious relation of his life, in the person of the Frau von Stein, one of the high well-born ladies of the little court,—a wife and a mother, to be sure, but that was a subject of indifference at the time; and we presume a believer in human nature may be allowed to think their connection, though most intimate and tender, an innocent one. At least it is unnecessary to discuss it here; for in those days morality, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, had scarcely any existence. To this lady Goethe remained entirely devoted for ten years of his life. He consulted her about everything, saw her and wrote to her daily, loved her as much apparently as he was capable of loving, and was loved by her; and though Mr. Lewes, in his capacity of prophet to Goethe, overwhelms this poor woman with reproaches for having shown a little feeling when she, too, in her turn, was cast aside, yet that will be the least of her faults to the reader, who probably will feel that a woman who has been worshipped for ten years may naturally be expected to feel a certain pained surprise when the worship is withdrawn. Mr. Lewes has no mercy for the Frau von Stein. She was forty-five at the end of her reign, and ought to have made her lover a curtnsey and retired gracefully, as is the best policy of women; or perhaps, better still, should have interested herself in finding a successor to her own place in the demi-god's affections. On the contrary, she was so extremely unreasonable as to be angry and wounded by his desertion! However, she was the centre of his life during his earlier career at Weimar, before the visit to Italy which made another epoch in it. During this

time he wrote several of his plays, and at least began the composition of "Meister." Of "Iphigenia," "Tasso," and the rest, space will not permit us to treat. These are not the works which separate Goethe from other men; and "Faust" had yet to be written and "Meister" completed — the great works of his life.

We are so profoundly aware of coming at a disadvantage after the elaborate and complete comments of such writers as Carlyle, Lewes, and a host of others, that we feel our courage waver as we approach the greatest productions of Goethe's genius. But for the fact, indeed, that no list of great poets in the century which is past could be in the least possible without including the author of "Faust," we should have shrunk altogether from the task. Goethe culminates in this great poem, which is as much the epitome of his genius as the "Divina Commedia" is of the genius of Dante. The story is too well known to require any description. It is founded upon one of the legends which has taken deepest hold of the popular mind, especially in Germany; and with all its mystic meanings, its wild mixture of *diablerie*, and its profound intellectualism, no subject can be supposed more likely to tempt the imagination of Goethe or to rivet the attention of his countrymen. The whole fable is peculiarly national. No other country has ever given so exalted a place to the philosopher, or been so willing to regard him as the possible first actor in a great drama; nowhere else have such lofty pretensions of mind been put forth, and nowhere else is such rough horse-play practicable, or such wildly grotesque superstitions. The rude life of the common people, unveiled by any poetic graces — the utter separation of the soul living in thought in the very midst of that teeming vulgar existence which gives so characteristic and striking a beginning to the story — is thoroughly Teutonic. Such a contrast elsewhere might have appeared overstrained, but in Germany it is natural. And only in Germany could the wild fantastic dream of the Brocken and its amusements, and the coarse horrors of the witch's kitchen, have been possible to the imagination. The drinking-bout in the wine-cellar might perhaps be equalled in other countries; but we doubt if any but a German poet would have ventured on so brutally realistic a picture, or permitted the boors to stand forth before us in all their besotted stupidity without even a gleam of wit to make them pardonable. The subject was thus adapted in an extraordinary

degree both to the poet and his audience. In England its splendid power would no doubt sooner or later have forced it into notice, but its success could never have been national. Even now, we believe, when it comes to them with the sanction of generations, the first effect of "Faust" upon the simple mind is much more an impression of disgust than of enthusiasm. We have been dragged into admiration by dint of the effusive and loudly-proclaimed delight of those we have looked up to as our guides in literature. But in Germany no such mediation was ever necessary. The work at once found understanding and appreciation; and it comes to us with this vast mechanical advantage, so to speak — the advantage of having been received into the permanent picture-gallery of the world by at least one unanimous nation.

The work itself, when we come to regard it more closely, is like the old Werter-cry, repeated in a deeper, vaster, more splendid tone. It is one of the most confusing and bewildering of all great poems. It satisfies the reader who looks no further by its strange and wildly tragic story, keeping its meaning safe for those who seek it. But to those who seek that meaning most anxiously, it appears a grand phantasmagoria wilfully broken, in which great gleams of sudden light are everywhere flanked by fantastic storm-clouds drifting up from some unknown sea, from some abyss of mystic vapour full of the most bewildering shapes and sounds of wonder. "The scenes are mere magic-lantern pictures," says Coleridge, who in his own dreamy soul ought to have been able, one would have thought, to comprehend his brother poet; and there is a certain reality in the image, however false its application may be. Scenes from a magic-lantern — with, however, the great living world for the curtain on which to display them, and a greater unseen world with all its mystic forces crowding in to fill up the intervals, framing every picture with rolling clouds of wonder, with huge shadows visionary and fantastic, yet terrible in their suggestiveness. Through the whole drama this sense of blended reality and unreality, this phantasmagoric character, possesses the spectator. He does not read, but looks on while he is carried from the bright soft scenes of outdoor life, from the chamber of the student, from the more sacred chamber of the girl — up and away into the mountain mists, where that wild, senseless, hopeless revel is going on among the clouds, vainer than humanity at its

vainest, sickening and terrible; then down again with a swoop, fate-driven, to the deeper phantasmagoria below, where all the sky and lights are changed, and woe has succeeded bliss, and the brief human dream of thoughtless love and delight has ended in death and murder and madness. Dreams all? with only that gigantic grasp of sorrow, pain unendurable, to distinguish the dream which is clothed in flesh and blood from that which is mere air and spirit.

What does it all mean? It means that in all the earth and all the air there is nothing that can satisfy the wandering, yearning, passionate soul, which is a stranger in this world and a sojourner like its fathers. Let this being throw every restraint aside; let him try knowledge at any cost; pleasure at any cost; let him adventure himself on the most awful of penalties in wild pursuit of something to satisfy him, scorning safety, comfort, virtue, everything that might be supposed to stand between him and enjoyment—and, lo! his fate is no better than that of the dullest slave: he has but a darker climax of misery, a deeper depth of pain, in proportion to the violence of his struggle. Who will show him any good? He seeks it in lofty ways, and in vile; in the flesh, in the spirit, in some wild intermediate region where fantastic delusions reign, and all is as wildly false as the disappointment is bitterly true. Never was a more tremendous moral worked out for our instruction; but the object of the poet is not moral. He cares as little for morality as he does for probability, or the unities of art, or any other conventional thing. When Faust sets forth upon his wild journey, it is even with no belief in the possibility of that satisfaction for which he scornfully risks his soul, indifferent to the danger. In all he does and wishes there is the constant presence of this scornful despair, this want of all faith and real expectation. We feel that he accepts the devil's bargain, and sets out with him infinitely more for the excitement's sake, and to escape from the gnawing sense of his personal failure, than with any real belief that Mephistopheles can help him. His arbitrary and arrogant demand of the demon's services to procure him Margaret on the spot, as he might have demanded a flower, betrays this half-savage, half-contemptuous scorn of hopelessness. For Faust at that moment has no thought of Margaret in the deeper way of love, which surprises him afterwards when his soul is brought in contact with the fresh and frank girlish being, so simple,

true, and tender, whose sudden and unthought-of touch staggers him for a moment in his wild career. Here one gleam of human reality, clear as the daylight, simple and penetrating as Nature herself, alights momentarily upon the wanderer, but is obscured by the wild clouds that swallow him once again, the wild search to which he is driven by the fever within him and the fever without, his weird companion and his hungering, despairing soul. This, to our thinking, is the very heart and soul of the wonderful drama. The story embodies the tragedy of Gretchen, but to Faust it is but an incident in his awful history, an incident summing up, indeed, its inevitable and unchangeable character, its struggle of life and death between the true and the false, between the actual and the unseen, and its desperate attempt to snatch some supreme flower of satisfaction out of that universal chaos—if not of the soul, then of the senses—anything, anything! which will make him say to the passing moment, "Linger, thou art so fair!" If we could imagine the mournful writer of Ecclesiastes—be he Solomon, be he some other heart-stricken sage—roused up into a sudden tragic passion of desire, making one last frantic effort to find something which has not already been, something out of the sickening routine of everyday disappointment, there are no other garments in which we could clothe him than those of this eager but unhoping spirit, the scornful, passionate, despairing Faust, who is as contemptuous of the risk of his soul as he is of the signing in blood of the conventional compact. And here it must be added that, if any gentle reader retains a lingering wish to be able to approve of Faust, or to find some moral excellence struggling through his darkness, that fond imagination had better at once be dismissed from the mind. No thought of morality is in the whole; on the contrary, its bonds are voluntarily and consciously laid aside in order that the last experiment may be tried without any obstacle; and this even the most didactic mind will recognize as a kind of necessity. Faust, accordingly, is not a being to excite any moral sympathy; he is not a good man captive to error, or led away by temptations of the devil—or even struggling against the forces of evil which are massed and grouped around him. On the contrary, he goes out to meet them. He inspects them with an eager scrutiny, and makes a distinct mental effort to find in them, if not some good, yet some pleasure,—a fact which naturally increases tenfold

the reality of his disgust and sickening perception of the everlasting meanness and pettiness of that wild riot which is so full of seeming *abandon*, but yet so slavish in its fantastical restraints. The only moment at which the man is hushed out of his wild fever is when the touch of love has arrested him—when compunction seizes him—when his wild course is stopped for the moment, and a thought of the ruin he may bring upon the creature he loves daunts him in the delirious fearlessness which up to this moment has been his condition. The scene in the cave, for which Mr. Lewes curiously enough declares he can find no reason, seems to us the one point where the storm-driven spirit touches earth, before all the powers of hell tighten upon him that grasp which he scorns and loathes, but can not any longer shake off. Love and Nature have momentarily turned him back into a man. "Shall I not feel her pangs—her ruin?" he cries. "Must I drag her and her peace into the dust?" It is the sudden soft murmur of the brook amid the horrors of the mariner's dream—the sudden break of light in the sky, showing still in the midst of the tempest a possibility of calm. Short-lived possibility—impracticable hope! for fate is not to be cheated, nor the demon, nor those wild impulses which give both fate and demon their power.

The character of Mephistopheles is perhaps the most wonderful creation in all fiction. He is not a man in the guise of a demon, like Milton's magnificent Satan, but a true devil, without one mitigating feature, one compunction, one feeling, good or bad. From the time that he appears in the presence of the Lord, in a scene which we must say is not so shocking to our feelings of reverence as it seems to have been in many cases, until the last word of the drama, which he snatches at to destroy if possible the one hope of the dying girl and her miserable destroyer, the completeness of his heartless, soulless, devilish nature is never disturbed by any inopportune breaking in of humanity. The mocking unbelief which chuckles in the very presence of divinity over its own changeless, emotionless estimate of things human, is a more original conception than that of the haughty, remorseful demons who still remember their high estate, and in the very height of their pride are conscious of having fallen. Mephistopheles, however, who still now and then likes to see *Der Alte*, and finds it good of so great a Lord to be civil to the Devil, is such an inconceivable mixture of cold-blooded impudence and

mockery as no human imagination ever before dreamt of. And there is an infinite subtle power in the way in which this being, in the very height of his unmitigated, unimpressible intellectualism, is yet bound by the most fantastic cantrips of *diablerie* which fascinates the spectator. He who could jeer when he came out of the presence of God, is yet held fast by the pentagram on the floor as if he were some sorcerer's familiar; and has to be thrice bidden to enter, and to go through various other contemptible formulas with a mixture of absolute rigmarole in his supernatural cleverness which betrays a mockery still more profound than the mockery of the devil—the saturnine laugh within a laugh of the man who can create and despise the very demon who leads him to perdition. We do not know of anything that can be put beside this extraordinary creation of genius. Shakespeare was at once too human and too divine—too profoundly moral in his nature—to have been capable of it. He never could have brought himself to sneer at the Sneerer, and to hold up to everlasting mockery only, the worst and strangest and most pitiful impersonation of evil which ever occurred to genius. Other poets have elevated the Devil into a splendid embodiment of despair—they have hated him, contemned, even in a tender turn of the great poet's nature have pitied, the hopeless One; but only Goethe has made him at once powerful and ridiculous, victorious and paltry—the grotesque slave of an angle, as well as the remorseless master of the perishing soul.

It is in Margaret, however, that the mind of the reader, baffled and bewildered by all these mysteries, finds rest and refreshment and food for his sympathies. She is placed so beautifully on the canvas, and surrounded with such a bewitching atmosphere of song—and her presence is, besides, such an intense relief from the gloom and tumult of the other scenes—that it is almost impossible for us to allow that her character is the least truly conceived, and the least perfect in execution. This is so far natural that the use of woman in poetry is chiefly conventional, or rather typical, and that so long as she represents a certain ideal of beauty, love, and innocence, individualism is not required for her. She is the light in the picture, a thing much more straightforward and free from complication than the darkness. We fear that in saying this we will shock many readers to whom Margaret is the true attraction of "*Faust*." Yet, nevertheless, we

do not doubt that they will, to a certain extent at least, agree with us when they have looked a little closer into her. She is intended, it is evident, to be extremely young — younger even than the ordinarily imagined age of girlish perfection — and perfectly simple, though rapidly developed under the magic of Faust's presence, admiration, and love. But perhaps, more from the fault of the age than the poet, this gentle creature is made so purely superficial as to yield at once to her lover without even a thought of the pollution involved — and that after she has been discoursing him in the garden scene with that wonderful mixture of gravity, piety, and bewildered girlish simplicity about his religion. To be sure, this may be said to be the effect of the spiritual power of Mephistopheles; but it is by no means one of the least powerful points in the story that Mephistopheles has no power whatever on Margaret. He steals the jewels for her, and manages for Faust a visit to her empty chamber — but he does no more. He cannot take the lover there when Margaret is within. He can neither force her innocent soul into sin, nor even throw her into a questionable position. Her downfall has to be left to herself; but this very downfall is at variance with her character. She who has but a moment before been full of sweet and anxious though confused thought about her lover's faith — who has shown such quick and true spiritual perception as regards Mephistopheles — and who a little after sings to the Mother of Sorrows a hymn so full of the lofiest pathos — consents with the careless readiness of a wanton to the first proposal of evil. This is a mistake which would have been fatal had the drama been one founded upon the ordinary principles of art. As it is, however, the wild rush of the phantoms, who are always ready to flood the scene, and hurry it on from one chapter to another, prevents us from dwelling upon the incredible rapidity of the action at this the central point of the story. Never was figure more pathetic than that of poor Margaret afterwards, though, indeed, her aspect up to the crowning anguish of the prison scene is that of an innocent martyr rather than of a Magdalen. "My heart is sore, my peace is gone," she sings in her early despondency before evil has come nigh her. But it is with a deeper tragic anguish that her song is full when she addresses the Mother of Tears —

"Wheresoe'er I go,
What woe. what woe! what woe

Is in my bosom aching!
When to my room I creep,
I weep! I weep! I weep!
My heart is breaking."

She is the victim whom man and the devil, the struggling mind and the malign spirit, require to give emphasis to their conflict with all the powers of heaven and all the laws of earth. Without this example of their reckless progress over the very neck of humanity, indifferent how and where their crushing footsteps fall, the impression made upon the audience would have been less immense; and the tragedy of Margaret brings the drama into a region accessible to those who have neither insight nor patience enough to follow that unending tragedy of "Faust," which may, for aught we know, be going on still in ever new and new experiment, new clutches at those apples of Sodom which turn to ashes in the mouth.

We need not add that the "Faust" tragedy does go on to another weird scene, into which we shall not attempt to follow the poet. The worshippers of Goethe will be led by their *cultus* into these obscure shades of mystic poesy; but to us it is impossible to go with them, neither would the reader thank us for endeavouring to open to him a bewildering region where even Mr. Carlyle's enthusiasm could induce few to follow. One of the many proofs that universal and sovereign poetry must confine itself within the limits of common human perception and feeling, lies in the fact that the great fable of "Faust" resolves itself, in reality, with by far the greater majority of readers, into the story of Margaret. In her — in her simplicity and naturalness, and in the heartrending pathos of her woe — the human interest centres. It is immaterial to the most of us whether the philosopher ever finds or not the mouthful of content for which he risks heaven and hell; but the weeping maiden placing those flowers before the shrine, appealing to the Mother of Sorrows — the broken heart distraught with misery — never can be indifferent to us. The simplest soul weeps over her, and the greatest. What is Helena to us, or any other prehistoric witch? — but Gretchen lays the claim of inalienable human compassion and sympathy upon all our thoughts.

"Wilhelm Meister" is in every way a less comprehensible, less definable work than the great poem which has made Goethe's name for ever illustrious. The best and soundest critics, and those who

are most deeply acquainted with the genius of Goethe, speak with a concealed bewilderment which is not less, though it is more amusing, than that of the casual reader. Mr. Lewes himself is driven to beseech us to relinquish any attempt to discover the idea of the work, and to "stand fast by history," which would be very reasonable if it were simply a history of Meister which we were contemplating. "The first six books — beyond all comparison the best and most important — were written," says Mr. Lewes, "before the journey to Italy: they were written during the active theatrical period when Goethe was manager, poet, and actor. The contents of these books point very clearly to his intention of representing in them the whole nature, aims, and art of the comedian; and in a letter to Merck he expressly states that it is his intention to portray the actor's life. Whether at the same time he meant the actor's life to be symbolical, cannot be positively determined. That may or may not have been a secondary intention. The primary intention is very clear." This statement we should receive, we repeat, as perfectly satisfactory, had the novel been anything but the "Apprenticeship of Wilhelm Meister." The life of the comedian is indeed perfectly clear, and full of genius. Though the incidents are scanty, and though the tale goes on in that leisurely way which promises eternal duration, there is quite enough in it to justify its existence, were we not mystified at the beginning by an intimation of some hidden thread of meaning which no intellect yet has been clear enough to seize. "The work is one of the most invaluable productions," Goethe says to Eckermann; "I myself can scarcely be said to have the key to it." It was the work of nearly twenty years of his life, was given to the world with vast solemnity, and has been accepted ever since its publication as an admirable parable of the highest class — if we only could divine what it meant. We confess frankly that the meaning which is so very hard to discover seems to us scarcely worth the trouble. The Goethe-idolater who reads it over and over will doubtless be rewarded for his pains; but the man who is not a worshipper, to begin with, will probably never return to this perplexing book. Even from Carlyle we can glean not much further in the way of absolute enlightenment than an enthusiastic commendation of the "temper of mind" — that is, the universal calm, impartiality, and largeness of apprehension displayed in the work —

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a temper which permits the most diverse characters to display themselves, each "having justice done" to him, each living "freely in his own element, in his proper form." This is the same quality which Mr. Lewes defends from the charge of immorality, by defining it as "a complete absence of all moral verdict on the part of the author." But both critics take refuge finally in that personal plea which seldom betokens much strength of argument. Goethe did it, therefore it must be great. "'Meister' is the mature product of the first genius of our times, and must, one would think, be different in various respects from the immature products of geniuses who are far from the first, and whose works spring from the brain in as many weeks as Goethe's cost him years." This is a dangerous kind of certainty.

The second part of "Wilhelm Meister" — his *Wanderjahre* or Travels, as it is called in the English version — is still more profoundly bewildering. The processions of misty figures that wind in endless obscurity through it, defy at once the intellect and the memory — and the mysterious education which goes on in the "pedagogic Province" under the superintendence of "the Chief of the Three," reaches to a height of mysticism quite beyond our reach. Such knowledge is too high for us. Yet there are lovely pictures in this wildest and strangest little volume; and a kind of ineffable unmeaningness, as of a purpose which has quite overshot its mark, attracts us somehow to the quaint, beautiful picture of the Holy Family in the first four or five chapters. We have not the remotest idea what it means, and would much rather not have it explained to us; but it is like a picture of Van Eyck, or some other early Teutonic master — a group of beings half celestial, half peasant, like nothing earthly, yet full of the sweetness of the homely soil. We have no reason whatever to give for this caprice of admiration; and it may be, for aught we know, rather a disgrace to us than otherwise; but we confess that in all "Meister" this curious fantastic picture is the only one which has taken deep hold of our thoughts, or in the least touched our heart.

However, to return to the one irrefragable base of argument: Goethe wrote this book, and therefore it must have had a great deal of meaning in it. He lingered over it, in some curious twist of his great intellect, more than he did over any other work. "Faust" was a trifle in comparison with what "Meister" cost him. That this

is but another instance of the manifold mistakes of genius, and of the special perversity of this genius, we might venture to say, were the poet any one but Goethe, who has the special privilege of possessing still a body-guard ready to repel any attack. But that the demi-god had this perversity is evident enough. When we read that in Rome his whole mind was occupied with study of the structure of plants — an investigation which surely would have been more appropriate to the Gartenhaus at Weimar — and that during the French campaign in which he accompanied his Duke, he was absorbed in a theory of colours — the reader cannot but feel that either a wilful abstraction of his great faculties from the more important matters under his eye, or an almost childish waywardness of imagination, must have been the cause of such strange aberration. A small man who had been seized by such fantastic philosophies would either have concealed them sedulously, or would have been characterized, *senza complimenti*, as a fool. But it was part of the great Goethe's instinct to follow his own intuitions wherever they led him, without shame or self-explanation.

We need not dwell upon such productions as the "Elective Affinities," the *Wahlverwandschaften* — the monument of a last love, which seized him when he was sixty, and at length married, for a pretty girl in her teens, who was sent back to school by way of putting an end to the uncomfortable romance. This story relates how a husband and wife fell in love with their two visitors, and all the delicate conflict of sentiment that ensued as to whether the four lovers were to be made happy or not. Mr. Lewes ingeniously assures us that, "taking life as it is, not as it ought to be, this situation may be considered as terribly true, and, although tragic, by no means immoral" — an opinion, however, so little agreed in by the English public at least that the "*Wahlverwandschaften*" is the only important one of Goethe's works which remains untranslated. We have said that by this time Goethe was at last married, an event which did not occur till nearly twenty years after the beginning of his connection with Christiane Vulpius, the mother of his children, who only then became his wife. The incident is not so pleasant that we should dwell upon it; but it is curious as illustrating the often-illustrated theory of the weight of bondage which men avowedly dreading the yoke of marriage bring upon themselves by other connections.

Goethe, who had taken the bloom off so many young existences, had in his old age to groan under the bond, unlegalized, but strong as habit and his own weakness made it, to a coarse and intemperate companion, whom he could neither mend nor get free from. He married her finally, which was well, but did not alter the character of his sufferings, in which, recollecting the experiences of his past life, the vindictive reader will feel a certain satisfaction as of poetic justice. Certainly, unless the rules of morals and of feeling are abrogated by a man's greatness, which we do not hold to be the case, Goethe richly deserved to have a fat and intemperate termagant saddled upon him in the latter part of his life.

That life ended most tranquilly, among such honours as have fallen to few men. He lived so long that his fame went to the ends of the earth, and brought him universal worship. From all the different points of the compass idolaters came to bow before his shrine; and these not common idolaters. In intellectual Germany he ruled supreme, though he was not a political or patriotic German, and took but little interest in the national cause. His indifference, indeed, to public events must have reached the length of affectation, as we find him in August 1830 commenting upon "the eruption of the volcano" in Paris, meaning not the Revolution, news of which had just arrived, but a discussion in the Academy between Cuvier and Geoffrey St. Hilaire! — surely a ridiculous piece of pretence, which it is impossible to account for otherwise than by the perversity already referred to, or such a petty determination to be superior as it is painful to connect with the memory of a great man. His way to the grave was as pleasant, as gradual, as softly carpeted with mosses and flowers, as ever beguiled human footstep onward. Weimar became famous through the world by his means. It was no longer known as a little ducal Residenz, or the capital of a tiny province, but as the temple in which was adored the greatest poet of his age. There, surrounded by his friends and children, he died. His companions were mostly gone before him. Duke and duchess and brother poet had been swept away into the unseen, and another generation had taken their place; but it was a generation which, from their earliest breath, had been trained to adore Goethe. He was eighty-two when the end came. He died an ideal death, with as small an amount of suffering as was inevitable, and with no consciousness of the

approaching conclusion. The last words he uttered in this world were "More light!" — words most touchingly symbolical, though he meant it not. His life had been exceptionally prosperous, calm, and without anxiety. All he had wished for had fallen into his hands, and a long and mellow evening of repose had followed upon the bright and busy and lingering day.

Thus lived and laboured and died a man who has, perhaps, been classed at more widely different estimations than any other man of his time. If we cannot allow, with Carlyle, that he and the first Napoleon were the two greatest men of their day, it must at least be conceded by the least willing that his influence spread more widely, and we may say, has lasted longer, than that of any other modern

member of the great brotherhood of poets. He did much, and he suggested much. He set minds as great as his own going with a touch of his finger. And he was infinitely fortunate in catching exactly the right moment and the right subject to move the world withal. His fame and his nature were both profoundly national; and though his patriotism was dull, he had perhaps more to do than any of his contemporaries with the creation of that national sentiment without which no country can ever be great. In every way, therefore, the effects which he meant to produce were increased and magnified by effects which he did not mean to produce — reflections and impulses which he threw off almost without knowing. There can be no better applause given to human greatness.

The progress of the struggle between the Prussian Government and the Feudal party is watched with hardly less anxiety in Southern Germany than in the North. It appears to be felt very distinctly that there are interests much higher than those of the six provinces enumerated in the Kreis Reform Act, which depend upon the issue of this new constitutional contest. The South German Liberals, who form no inconsiderable section of the great majority devoted to the cause of German unity in the Imperial Diet, have to contend at home with the unnatural combination of extreme Radicals and Ultramontanes, who are united in favour of the "Particularist" policy which the war has left at a discount. But the most powerful argument of the Liberals in pressing the absorption of their States into the Empire has hitherto been that the unity of Germany must carry her freedom with it; and, in short, that the predominance of Prussia, however selfish it may appear, is always favourable to the development of popular rights in the minor States. It would be a death-blow to this were the Junker party of the northern kingdom to triumph in their opposi-

tion to the liberal measure lately before them. Such a result would inevitably serve to throw the larger part of the southern reformers, who are at heart opposed to all feudal privileges, into the hands of the Radicals. Moreover, if the Prussian Liberals were thrown overboard by the Royal Administration, and were in consequence forced to accept the defeat of the reform project, it would make a serious breach between those of their number who sit in the Diet and the southern members with whom they are accustomed to act. In fact, a victory won by the Junkers of the six provinces would be felt as a defeat not only by their local opponents, but by the Liberal party throughout the Empire. And it is, therefore, not surprising that Prince Bismarck's return from the rest which was lately pressed upon him as it were by the national voice, is now demanded loudly by the same organs of public opinion which insisted on the necessity of his stay at Varzin until some serious foreign complication — for no such home difficulty was foreseen by them — should arise to recall him from his well-earned retirement.

Pall Mall Gazette.

HIS LITTLE SERENE HIGHNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "DORCHLAUCHTUP" OF
FRITZ REUTER.

CHAPTER I.

How the castle of Nigen-Strelitz was haunted. — What a Rodump is. — How his Serene Highness and his sister the Princess Christel journeyed through his territory. — How Sachtleben's Walach was borrowed for the occasion, and the valet Rand suggested to his Highness to build a Belvedere. — The Grand Duke, with one glance out of one eye, sets in progress a national work. — A new palace must be built at Nigen-Braumborg; and it is built accordingly. — Who His Serene Highness actually was.

In the year 1700, and something over, in the evening of a fine day in May, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Adolf Friedrich, the fourth of his name, was sitting with his sister, the Princess Christel, in his castle at Nigen-Strelitz. They had been telling each other ghost stories, stupid things which nobody would believe to be true if they had not really happened, and both were in a fine state of terror, but his Serene Highness the most so.

Suddenly there came to their ears, through the soft spring twilight, across the lake, a sound, a fearful sound, such a sound as a very malicious ghost might utter, if it wanted to frighten some poor mortal out of his wits. The prolonged and melancholy sound echoed over the whole region, and the two Serene Highnesses could not tell whether it came from the air above, or from the earth beneath. It was all one, it was equally frightful. The Grand Duke, Adolf Friedrich, trembled with fear; but the Princess Christel, who was a very resolute person, had sufficient presence of mind to seize a little silver bell and ring it violently. Why she did it she could not have explained; but human beings came to her relief. The valet, Rand, and the chamberlain, von Knüppelsdörp, hastily entered the room, inquiring what was the matter and what was wanted. The two Highnesses scarcely knew what to say, for of course it must be a ghost, and who knows how to deal with a ghost? Princess Christel, however, had so much discretion that she motioned them to a couple of seats; and so the four sat there, gazing in silence at each other, and nobody knew what was really the matter, only they could see the Grand Duke trembling. All at once the sound came again, and as the prolonged wail echoed over Nigen-Strelitz, Adolf Friedrich the Fourth clapped his hands over his Grand Ducal ears, and cried, "There it is again!"

The chamberlain von Knüppelsdörp took the words from the lips of the valet, Rand,

according to Mecklenburg etiquette, and said:

"Serene Highness, that is the Rodump!" *

And the Princess Christel, with great presence of mind, inquired if that were a new kind of ghost.

And the chamberlain replied it was not a ghost at all, it was a bird which amused itself occasionally by thrusting its bill into the swamp and screaming in order to frighten people.

Whether he was in the right or not I do not know; but he might have been accurately informed, for he was one of the huntsmen. The Grand Duke did not believe him, and, after a little reflection, he said: "All good spirits praise the Lord! Rand, you will sleep in my cabinet to-night." Then he retired.

Princess Christel sat a little longer with the chamberlain, discussing the question of what means of protection against the ghost she should employ that night, and whether she should sleep alone or not; for her maid of honor, Korlin Soltmaun, was a superstitious old goose; and she came to the conclusion to invite one of the housemaids, Wendula Steinhagen, to be her protector. Wendula was a very resolute character; she was not afraid of the devil himself, nor even of the Grand Duke, for she had once said to him: "Eh, your Serene Highness! Get along with you, out of my way!" and had threatened him with her broom.

Under the protection of Rand and Wendula, the two Serene Highnesses passed the night in peace, and they sat together at breakfast next morning, drinking chocolate. The Grand Duke appeared to be in deep thought, and at length gave utterance to his conclusions:

"Sister Christel, you are a woman, and you know I have no great opinion of the sex; but you belong to our distinguished family, and therefore I will make you acquainted with my intentions. What do think? I propose to select a pleasant place somewhere in my dominions, and build a new palace."

"I would do so," said she. "But, — your Highness is lord of the whole country to be sure, — but how will you raise the money?"

"That occurred to me, too," said the Grand Duke. "Why do I have my bailiffs? They must furnish the timber and stone, and the workmen can wait for their wages, for it is an unheard of thing that

* Rohr dommel, species of bittern.

Serenissimus Strelitzensis should be tormented with a ghost, under his very nose. The stupid chamberlain, to be sure, said it was the Rodump; but what is a Rodump? I can believe almost anything, but nobody can expect me, in my position of reigning Sovereign, to believe such a story as that. Rand," said he to his valet, "Jochen Bähnhase shall put the horses to the golden coach, three lackeys behind, and two runners in front; the coachman and the lackeys shall wear their state uniforms with the gold lace, and the two runners, Halsband and Fleischfreter, shall wear their new Paris hats with flowers, — à la Pompadour," he added aside, to his sister, — "for I am going to travel through my dominions."

"Yes, your Highness," said Rand; "but I don't know how we can manage it, for the old Wallach, that goes on the right, is so badly spavined, that he can scarcely put one foot before the other."

"What difference does that make?" asked his Highness, with great contempt. "If one horse is sick, you can go to Farmer Sachtleben, and borrow one of his horses."

"Yes, your Highness, but he cannot spare one; it is his busiest time of carting manure, and he couldn't think of it."

"You are to go, Rand; we are reigning sovereign."

So Rand went, and Sachtleben let him have his old, stiff Brown, for the state equipage.

Jochen Bähnhase drove up before the door with the golden coach, the three lackeys got up behind, the two runners hovered along the street, Rand sat on the box, and his Serene Highness with his sister Christel sat in the coach.

"Which way?" asked Jochen Bähnhase.

"Straight forward," replied Rand, "beyond Stargard, as far as the boundary; but not over the boundary, for we are only travelling in our own dominions."

So Jochen Bähnhase drove through Stargard and through Friedland, to the Prussian border, and then pulled up his horses: "P-r-r, oh ha! This is the end!" Then the Grand Duke gave orders to drive beyond Woldeyk; and when they passed Woldeyk and came near Wulfshagen the coachman turned his horses at the boundary line, and said: "Rand, here it is again, we can go no farther."

The Princess Christel, who had overheard him, remarked to her brother: "This is the first time I have travelled so exclusively in our own dominions; I had no idea they were so limited in extent."

"Christel," said his Highness, "you are

a woman, and you don't know what you are talking about; do you think everything lies to the southward of Strelitz? Feldbarg and Mirow and Förstenbarg are all in my dominions, and beyond Mirow, it stretches out in a point into Schwerin, as may be plainly seen."

"No, Serene Highness," said Rand, "the region is not to be seen quite so plainly, for the sand blows in one's eyes too much. I ought to know, for I was born and brought up there."

His Highness was provoked at Rand's foolish jest, and putting his head out of the golden coach he called:

"Jochen Bähnhase, home! Tomorrow, we will drive to Förstenbarg, and through the Mirow forests."

This was done exactly as his Highness commanded, for he was a very determined ruler, and when he had said a thing, he stuck to it. So the next day they drove through Förstenbarg, and the pine forests; and when Rand bent down to the carriage door, and said: "Serene Highness, here we are again!" his Highness was angry, and cried: "Wesenberg!" as if he would console himself in that way.

But in spite of Wesenberg, he came back to Nigen-Strelitz in a very discontented mood; and Rand and the Princess Christel stood together in the corridor, and shook their heads, and said: "What is this coming to?"

And the morning and the evening were the third day, and his Highness did not reign this night, for he slept. There were no Rodumps to be heard, and the ghosts who were usually on duty at the castle of Nigen-Strelitz had for this night appointments elsewhere.

The next morning Rand came down to the Princess Christel, and said: "Thank God! this night we have slept peacefully, and to-day we are going westward, towards Nigen-Bramborg; then we shall have travelled over our whole realm."

And Princess Christel said: "God grant it! He will be satisfied then, for he is a very determined ruler."

Three hours later, they were driving past the Tannen Krug at Nigen-Bramborg; and because Sachtleben's old Brown could go no further, and they must substitute one of the inn-keeper's horses, the Grand Duke walked up and down before the door while they were waiting, and looked over at the beautiful lake and the Broda forest, and said to his sister in High-German, — for the inn-keeper's wife stood by, and he must keep up his ducal dignity, — "Most Serene Highness, what

do you think? Suppose we should build ourselves a 'Belvidere' over the lake?"

Princess Christel was about to reply, but Rand sprang forward, and said: "Your Serene Highness is always right! We must have a Bellmandür! All the Serene Highnesses have Bellmandürs, and we have none!"

And the Grand Duke said: "Rand is right." And so they drove about in Nigen-Bramborg.

When he had come as far as the market-place, in this pearl of his kingdom, he called out of the golden coach: "Rand, Jochen Bahnase must stop!" and thereupon he and his sister got down from the carriage, Rand having previously descended from the box, and the three lackeys from behind; and the two runners, Halsband and Fleischfreter, paused to take breath. And then said his Serene Highness, Adolf Friedrich IV.: "This pleases us, and here will we build us a palace!"

Her Highness, the Princess Christel, was going to say something; but his Highness, the reigning sovereign, interrupted her, saying:

"Your Highness, Christel, what more would you have? Are you not satisfied? You see," — still speaking in High German, for they were surrounded by a small crowd of his 'faithful subjects,' who indeed appeared, to the outward eye, to be merely little street urchins, but the Grand Duke must keep up his dignity, — "you see, there yonder by the Rathhaus, we will build it."

And he looked at the Rathhaus from this side and that, and the Rathhaus allowed itself to be looked at, which was no very difficult matter; for from its style of architecture one might suppose it had been taken out of a Christmas baby-house, years and years ago, and set down in the market-place of the border-city Nigen-Bramborg, for the magistrate and the citizens to play with.

The Princess Christel said at last: "Cela me convient; And, your Highness, you can build your palace with a couple of wings, and I will live in one of them."

"You must let that go, for the present, Sister Christel," said his Highness, turning about, "Don't undertake too much, and you are less likely to fail! I am not going to have such a pack of women in this new palace, as we keep at Nigen-Strelitz. Rand," cried he, "go to the two Burmeisters, and you," turning to two of the lackeys, "call the Rathsherrs hither to me; I summon them together, I, the reigning sovereign. You are to stay here!" he said to

the third lackey, "we will not be left entirely without attendance."

So he walked up and down with his sister Christel, quite regardless of her pouting discontent, and the lackey shuffled along behind them.

The two Burmeisters and the four Rathsherrs came, and the Grand Duke signified to them his singular intention of building a palace in their market-place, and in accordance with old, dignified customs they made him a deep bow, and the oldest Burmeister was about to speak of the great honour it would be; when the youngest Rathsherr, who had not a particle of tact, began to say that it would be a pity to build up their fine, open market-place, and that at least, consent must first be asked of the representatives of the city.

But his Highness merely looked him sternly in the face, with one of his princely eyes, and then turned on his heel and hummed the air:

"Marlbrouck s'en va t'en guerre,"

and this lofty presence of mind averted any further unpleasant discussion of the matter. The discomfited Rathsherr went home, and foolishly told the whole story to his wife; she took two of their innocent children, and set one on each knee, placed a third at his feet, and, standing behind them, asked him impressively if he would make her and his whole family unhappy. He said, No, he couldn't, and he wouldn't do that; and so the entire opposition party, in his Serene Highness's dominions, was vanquished by this resolute woman.

But the Grand Duke, with the Princess Christel, the two runners, and the three lackeys behind, drove back to Nigen-Strelitz in the golden coach, with the firm conviction in his princely mind that, with a single glance of one eye, he had controlled the whole machinery of the State, and set in progress a national work. And he kept the inn-keeper's old chestnut mare in his stables until the brown gelding was well enough to be used again.

Adolf Friedrich IV., Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, was a son of the Prince of Mirou, at whose expense old Fritz, in his jolly Rheinsbarg years, played many a prank. He was the successor, in the government, of Adolf Friedrich III., who left behind him many debts, but no children. Because he was not quite sixteen years old, they thought he was not mature enough to govern, which was a great mistake, for, in the first place, he was mature. At least, he never became any more so. In the second place, his mother could have

governed for him; and thirdly, in that case, his beloved cousin, Christian Ludwig of Mecklenburg-Schwerin would not have over-run the realm with an army; for he, too, had a strong desire to govern for him. He did not quite succeed, however; for the child's mother, a Princess of Hildburghausen, cut away in the night, with her little duke, and ran off with him to Gripswold. Here she had him instructed by tutors, for if he wasn't old enough to govern, he was old enough to study; but she herself wrote a long letter to the "Reichshofrath," showing that her child was quite different from other children, that he had always been wonderfully clever, and if he were not soon pronounced of age, he might become too mature, to the injury of his realm. The "Reichshofrath" considered the matter, and did the wisest thing possible; he declared our Grand Duke of age; and the beloved cousin, Christian Ludwig, was obliged to draw back, with a long face, and to relinquish the pearl of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Nigen-Bramborg, which he had occupied with an army of five companies of soldiers.

The Grand Duke Adolf Friedrich reigned from 1753 to 1794, without interruption to the happiness of his realm; but not to his own happiness, for he was an unfortunate man, since he was tormented with three horrors and three fears, which gave him no peace. In the first place, he had a horror of work; secondly, a yet greater horror of ghosts and witches; and thirdly, the greatest horror of all, of women-kind; then he had a great fear of thunder storms, a greater fear of death, and the greatest fear of all, lest he might lose his dukedom, for he always thought with terror of that beloved cousin of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, from whom he had run away in the dark night, to the university of Gripswold. To all these misfortunes was added another; he had visited Paris, and there he had fallen hopelessly in love. Not with a woman, for, as I have said already, he had a horror of the sex; no! but with fine clothes. He *must* have them, they were necessary to his happiness and to that of his realm, and his estates did not afford him revenue enough to satisfy his desires in the way of velvet coats and silk stockings.

If any one should say, at present, that a duke of Mecklenburg was in need of suitable clothing, it would sound like a joke, and nobody would believe it; but it was no joke then. Times have changed. The third part of the revenue of the corporation of Stargard is greater than the revenue of the whole country at that time, and

then there were debts upon debts, and they were so hard up, even at the Court, sometimes, that Adolf Friedrich III. would be entirely out of bread-corn. Then came the Seven Years' war, and old Fritz tapped the Mecklenburg meal-barrel, as long as anything would run out of it, and did not stop at that either; horses and wagons were taken away, and what the Bellingschen Hussars left behind was carried off by the Swedes; and that wasn't the worst of it. The Prussian recruiting officers were all over the country, and wherever they found a fine stalwart fellow, they carried him off "for the music," that is to say, for the army.

Many stories of these kidnapping affairs were still in circulation when I was a boy; how these fellows had carried people off, either by strategy or violence; and my own grandfather and his brother, who had been entrapped in some way, had only with the greatest difficulty, and by the aid of a brave forester's wife, escaped out of their hands. Anybody who had arms and legs was liable to be taken; but it was especially the poor shepherd-boys for whom they lay in wait. Such a poor, simple fellow would be all alone in the pasture, with his knitting-work, thinking of anything in the world except soldiers, and suddenly they would seize him, bind his arms behind him, and march him off. Or he would be sleeping at night, in his little hut, dreaming so sweetly of his Fika or his Dürten, and they would nail up the hut, and carry him off helpless over the Prussian border, and put him into a red coat. Some they took by strategy, as was the case with a shepherd who was famed for his uncommon strength. He was standing among his sheep one day, when a Prussian recruiter in disguise came along, and said very pleasantly: "Krischan, they say you are so wonderfully strong; I will wager two bottles of beer, that if I put your crook through your coat sleeves, across your back, you cannot break it in two."

"The devil I cannot!" said Krischan; and the recruiter put the stick through his sleeves, and when it was ready he whistled, and a companion sprang towards him, and they took poor Krischan by his outstretched arms, and led him off, as helpless as a child. He must have cut a comical figure enough, but that didn't help the matter.

There was great distress in the country, and no help to be found anywhere; not even from his Serene Highness, Adolf Friedrich IV., for he was in the greatest distress himself. He had, unfortunately,

made the acquaintance in Paris of the most fashionable tailor of the day, and had given him a commission to keep him supplied with the latest fashions. The friendly man did so; but he had the audacity to expect ready money in payment, and his Highness, in his velvet and silken necessities, was compelled to pawn his crown jewels for nine thousand thalers to a Jew in Hamburg. The war was over to be sure, but the distress was worse than ever; the war had brought a little life into trade, but now everything was perfectly flat. Farmers and shopkeepers and mechanics, nobody could earn a groschen. Why? Because there were no groschens to be earned, and the crown-jewels were pawned to a Hamburg Jew.

This sad state of things prevailed through all Mecklenburg-Strelitz, with the exception of Nigen-Bramborg. There, of course, everything was lively; his Highness sent his master carpenter, to build the new palace; a skilful man, who, merely out of the remnants of the timber and hewn-stone, built the "Bellmandür" in the Broda wood; and it was a great advantage to Bramborg. And the twelve masons, and the twelve journeymen carpenters, who got five groschen a day, used to go through the streets, in the evening, with their hats cocked gayly on their heads, singing: "Were it ever, were it ever, were it ever so!" and the old policeman, Bendsnider, who was the ancestor of all the Police Bendsnider race, would say: "Let them sing! They bring money into the place."

At the end of the year, the palace was half-finished, and the next year, it was three-quarters finished; and then we took breath for two years, after our superhuman exertions; and in the autumn of the fifth year, it was all completed. And the peasants from all the region round about, and many from Penzlin and Stargard, came to Bramborg to see the affair, and they brought money into the city; so people really began to regard his Serene Highness as a public benefactor.

The Bramborgers, as faithful subjects, recognized the fact, and when the Grand Duke moved into his new palace the next spring, they bestirred themselves to give him a festive reception. The city treasury gave fifty thalers, in the old well-known Münz groschens, and altogether it came to a hundred and five thalers, three groschens, seven pfennigs, — it should properly have been seven groschens, seven pfennigs; for the Rathsherr, above mentioned, also gave four groschens, but his gift was returned to him, for fear that his Serene Highness, if he should know of it, might not be pleased to receive a contribution from so democratic a quarter.

So his Highness lived in his new palace; Nigen-Bramborg had a smaller market-place, but a great princely Residence; and Princess Christel, waiting patiently for her wing, took up meanwhile with the first floor of Buttermann the shop-keeper. And now the people of Nigen-Bramborg could realize the great advantage of a "princely Residence."

A WRITER in the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* draws attention to the change in the relations between employers and workmen in Alsace which has been brought about through its annexation to Germany. Some months before the war Mulhouse and Bischwiller were the scenes of frequent strikes. The claims of the workmen, acting under the influence of the secret societies, were a source of continual disputes. Sometimes it was the amount of wages and at others the hours of labour that brought about these dissensions, in which the employers always came off best, and which were often ended by conflicts with the police and the imprisonment of some of the more riotous of the men. The war necessarily interrupted these disputes; part of the workmen took up arms and the rest remained for a time

without employment. When peace was restored and industry revived, masters and men forgot their old grievances in a common reconciliation. "It seemed," says M. Reybaud, who writes as an eye-witness, "as if there were but one soul in that population lately given over to so many dissensions, only one interest in place of so many that appeared irreconcilable. Mourning over defeat and the pressure of the foreigner had wrought this miracle. During more than two years this miracle continues, and it may be said that its effects are not diminished. There is not a single recrimination or complaint, never has the workshop been more frequented nor public places more tranquil. All are united, both great and small, in suffering the same sorrows and sharing the same fortune."

Pall Mall Gazette.

From Saint Pauls.

A MISSING COMET AND A COMING METEOR-SHOWER.

MANY persons were alarmed last August lest it should be true (as reported) that Plantamour, the Swiss astronomer, had predicted the earth's destruction by a comet on the twelfth of that month. When once a prediction of this sort has been announced, it is almost impossible to remove the impression produced by it. The reputed author of the prediction may deny flatly that he had ever announced even the approach of a comet; every astronomer of repute may add his testimony to the effect that no comet is due at the time indicated for the earth's destruction; the way in which the mistake arose may be explained, and every effort made to spread the explanation as widely as possible: yet the impression will nevertheless remain that there must have been some ground for the prediction, or—if it be insisted that no prediction was made—then there must have been some ground for the story of the prediction. Confidence is not completely restored until the day and hour announced for the earth's destruction have passed without mishap.*

A striking illustration of the proneness of men to believe in astronomical predictions of the earth's destruction was afforded by a circumstance in the history of a comet, which is at the present time giving trouble to astronomers in another way. The "missing comet," about which I now propose to speak, has been in its day a source of terror to the nations.

About forty years ago, it was widely announced that astronomers were on the watch for a comet whose path approaches very closely to the earth's—in fact, within the astronomically minute distance of 20,000 miles, or thereabouts. Immediately the news spread that the earth was to be destroyed. A comet must be small indeed which has not a head more than forty or fifty thousand miles in diameter—so

that the coming comet must be expected to extend far beyond the 20,000 miles separating its track from the earth's. The terrible head of the comet would therefore envelop the earth, and either the earth would be dissolved with fervent heat, or else, perhaps, drowned by a second flood. Even if the earth escaped either form of destruction, the shock of the collision would destroy every living creature on her surface. Nay, granting even—though many were too frightened to admit the possibility—that a comet is but a thin luminous vapour, was it not all but certain that this vapour, permeating our atmosphere, would asphyxiate men and animals?

Astronomers were rather surprised at the interpretation put upon their prediction. They were tolerably well assured that the comet would cross the earth's track very nearly at the time indicated; but they had said nothing about the earth's encountering the comet. In fact, they had announced that the comet would at the end of October cross the path of the earth's track which she traverses at the end of November. The fears of a collision were as absurd as would be the fears of passengers by a certain train, who should be in terror of their lives because another train was to cross their line at a certain point an hour before they reached that point. But it was useless for astronomers to point out that the intersection of two *paths* did not imply the collision of bodies following those paths.* The alarm having once been sounded, no

* Being at Sheffield last October, I was told an excellent story about the comet. The story has the advantage over most others of the kind, of being strictly true:—In a certain house, in Sheffield, Monday, August 12, had been appointed a great washing-day. On the morning of the day, the housekeeper asked for an interview with her master on the subject of the comet. She begged to know if it were really true that the world was to be destroyed on that day. Receiving assurances to the contrary, she expressed some degree of satisfaction: "but, sir," she said, "though what you say may be very true, might it not be just as well to put off the washing till to-morrow?" Whether she thought a washing-day unsuitable for the comet's visit, or that a good cleaning-up would be desirable on the day after the visit, deponent sayeth not.

* It is rather singular that mistakes should be made in a matter seemingly so obvious,—and not only by the ignorant, but by well educated persons. Thus, in one of Cooper's novels (I forget which at the moment, but have an impression that it is the "Pathfinder,"—it is one of those in which Leatherstocking, alias Hawkeye, appears as a young man), a shooting contest is elaborately described, in which the great feat of all depends on precisely such a mistake as was made about the comet of 1832. The young marksman (not yet called Hawkeye) succeeds in all the trials of skill, until only he and a rival in the heroine's affections are left in the contest. Then the great trial is made. Two persons, standing some distance apart, throw each a potato, in such a way that the two paths (as seen by the marksman), intersect, and the marksman is to fire so as to hit both potatoes. The favoured lover succeeds, but the future Hawkeye generously misses. Afterwards, however, to show the heroine that he also could have accomplished the impossible feat, he accomplishes another. He invites her attention to two birds high overhead, and travelling on converging paths; and offers to kill the two with a single bullet. The birds obligingly consent to this arrangement, and when their dead bodies fall at the feet of the maiden she recognizes the generosity of the young rifleman. But not a word is said about the self-sacrificing ingenuity of the birds, and the amazing skill which the potato-throwers must have acquired to render the rifleman's feat a possibility.

reasoning would allay the fears of the general public.

Nay, some, who understood that the earth herself would not come into collision with the comet, were in dread lest the earth's orbit should suffer!

"Even among those," says Guillemin, "who placed confidence in the precision of astronomical calculations there were some who at least feared a derangement of our orbit. Doubtless to them an orbit was something material,—a metallic circle, for example; 'as if,' says Arago, in relating this curious notion, 'the form of the path in which a bomb after leaving a mortar traverses space was dependent on the number and positions of the paths which other bombs had formerly described in the same region.'"

It is rather singular that the very comet which thus inspired an altogether groundless fear, should have supplied the most striking evidence astronomers have ever obtained respecting the insignificance of the effects which may be expected to follow from the collision of a planet with a comet. Biela's comet—or Gambart's, as the French astronomers call it—has not merely been broken up under the very eyes of astronomers, and in a region of space where no masses of any importance can have encountered it, but since that time it has been so far dissipated,—no one knows how,—that the most powerful telescopes have failed to show the comet, even when its calculated place was such that had it retained its former appearance it would have been visible to the naked eye.

The history of Biela's comet has been singularly interesting throughout.

The comet may be said to have been discovered when Biela, in February, 1826, first observed it in Aries; for it was then only that the true nature of this comet's path was recognized. It was found that it travels in an orbit of moderate dimensions, carrying it when farthest from the sun to a distance somewhat exceeding that of the planet Jupiter. It belongs, indeed, to a family or group of planets distinguished by the peculiarity that their paths pass very close to that of Jupiter, inasmuch that the notion has been suggested that either these comets have all been forced to take up their present paths through the tremendous attractive influence of the giant planet, or else that every one of them has been expelled from Jupiter's interior at some far-distant epoch!

So carefully was Biela's comet observed

in 1826, that it was found possible to trace back the comet's course through former revolutions with sufficient accuracy to determine whether the comet had been before observed. When this was done, it was found that the comet had been seen on March 8, 1772, by Montaigne, at Limoges; and later, up to April 3, by Messier, the great comet-hunter.* The comet had also been seen (having returned four times in the interval) by Pons, on November 10, 1805. On this occasion it presented a somewhat remarkable appearance, its head having an apparent diameter equal to about a fourth of the moon's. On December 8, the astronomer Olbers saw it without a telescope. From calculations made on that occasion, some astronomers were led to suspect that this comet might be the same which Montaigne had seen in 1772; but the art of calculating cometic orbits had not then been so thoroughly mastered as to enable any mathematicians to speak confidently on this point. Indeed, at that time the idea was very generally entertained that comets travel for the most part in orbits having enormous dimensions. Only one instance—Lexell's comet—had hitherto been known to the contrary, and there were excellent reasons for regarding that instance as altogether exceptional.

In 1826, however, the comet was too carefully observed for any doubts to be further entertained. It was shown by several eminent mathematicians that the comet has a period of about six years and nine months. Santini and Damoiseau assigned November 27, 1832, as the date of this comet's return to its point of nearest approach to the sun. Olbers confirmed this result, showing, moreover, that the comet's course would bring it within 20,000 miles of the earth's path. Remark- ing on this, Sir John Herschel wrote, in 1866, "The orbit of this comet very nearly indeed intersects that of the earth on the place which the earth occupies on or about the 30th of November. If ever the earth is to be swallowed up by a comet, or to swallow up one, it will be on or about

* So thoroughly had Messier identified himself with the work of comet-seeking, that all sublimity events seemed insignificant to him by comparison. It is related of him that he was less troubled at his wife's death than at the circumstance that, owing to the interruption to his labours which her illness had occasioned, he failed to discover a comet, a rival comet-seeker gaining that distinction. A friend met the distracted widower a day or two after Mme. Messier's death, and expressed sympathy with him. "Ah," replied Messier, "it was hard—was it not!—that after all my watching I was obliged to leave my telescope just when the comet came."

that day of the year. In the year 1832 we missed it by a month. The head of the comet enveloped that point of our orbit; but this happened on the 29th of October, so that we escaped that time. Had a meeting taken place, from what we know of comets, it is probable that no harm would have happened, and that nobody would have known anything about it."

It is important to notice how closely the calculations of astronomers agreed with the observed event on this, the first occasion of the comet's return after its orbit had been calculated. If it be remembered that after 1826 the comet was out of sight for nearly six years, during all which time it was more or less exposed to disturbing attractions, it will be admitted that astronomy would have had no reason to be ashamed if the comet had returned to its point of nearest approach to the sun, within a week, or even a month, of the appointed time. But the actual difference between the observed and calculated time was less than twelve hours. To illustrate this by a terrestrial instance, the case is much as though an express train from Edinburgh should arrive in London within a second of the appointed time—a degree of accuracy not invariably attained, though the terrestrial engineer has the power, which the comet has not, of making up for lost time.

It is also to be noticed, that at each return of a comet its course can be predicted with greater accuracy; since the error noticed at any particular return affords the means of rectifying former calculations, and providing against similar error at future returns. The reader will presently see why this point is insisted upon: it is essential to notice the degree of mastery which astronomers had acquired, even so far back as 1832, over the motions of this particular comet.

In 1839 the comet returned, but was not seen, owing to the position of the sun at the time when the comet was in our neighbourhood. Throughout its passage near us, in fact, the comet was lost to sight in the splendour of the sun's beams.

At the next return the comet was detected very early—for whereas it passed the point of its orbit nearest to the sun on February 11, 1846, it was recognized, precisely in its calculated place, on November 28, 1845.

And now one of the most singular events recorded in the history of comets took place. In 1846, "all seemed" says Sir John Herschel, "to be going on quietly

and comfortably, when, behold! suddenly, on the 13th of January, the comet split into two distinct comets! each with a head and coma and a little nucleus of its own. There is some little contradiction about the exact date. Lieutenant Maury, of the United States Observatory of Washington, *reported officially on the 15th having seen it double on the 13th*; but Professor Wichmann, *who saw it double on the 15th, avers that he had a good view of it on the 14th*, and remarked nothing remarkable in its appearance. Be that as it may, the comet from a single became a double one. What domestic troubles caused the secession it is impossible to conjecture; but the two receded farther and farther from each other up to a certain moderate distance, with some degree of mutual communication, and a very odd interchange of light,—one day one head being brighter, and another the other,—till they seem to have agreed finally to part company. The oddest part of the story, however, is yet to come. The year 1865 brought round the time for their re-appearance, and behold! there they both were, at about the same distance from each other, and both visible in one telescope."

The oddest part of the story had not yet come, however, when Herschel wrote the above lines. But, before passing on to relate the fate of this comet, it may be well to correct a few of the statements in the above passage (presented just as it stands in the original, because it is a good specimen of Sir John Herschel's more familiar style of science-writing).

In the first place, the two companion comets had each a tail, as well as a head, coma, and nucleus. Then, as the object was passing out of view in 1846, the two comets seemed to approach each other. The greatest distance between them was attained on or about March 3, 1846, and amounted to about 157,000 miles. On the return of the double comet, in 1852, the distance had by no means remained unchanged, as Herschel states, but had increased to about 1,250,000 miles. It is worthy of notice, in passing, that Plantamour, of Genoa,—the same astronomer to whom the prediction of the world's destruction by a comet on August 12 last, was mistakenly assigned,—calculated the paths of both the components, and the motions of the comets were found to agree very closely with his results during the whole time that the comets continued visible.

In 1858, the comet probably returned; but, as in 1839, the part of the heavens

traversed by it was too close to the sun's place to permit the comet to be seen. I say that the comet probably returned; because we know that in 1852 it safely traversed the part of space where it had formerly divided, and passed from the sun's neighbourhood towards the outer parts of its orbit, apparently unscathed. But what happened to the comet during its passage past the sun in 1859 is not known. It will presently be seen that in all probability the comet was then destroyed or dissipated in some way. In fact, it is manifest that the same reason which leads us to believe that the comet returned in 1859, would lead us to believe, that, if it passed away again uninjured, it would have been seen at the next return or in 1866. But 1866 came; the path of the comet was assigned; astronomers looked forward with interest to its reappearance, eager to see how far the two component comets had separated from each other;—*and no comet appeared!* Telescopes of great power and of exquisite defining qualities swept the whole track on which the comet was to have travelled; nor were the neighbouring regions of the heavens left unexplored; but not a trace of the comet could anywhere be seen. There was not the slightest room for questioning the accuracy of the calculations by which the path had been predicted. Astronomers were certain that if undestroyed or undissipated the comet would follow the assigned path—as certain as a station-master would be that a train would enter a station along the line of rails assigned to it, unless some accident or mistake should occur. Now comets do not make mistakes; but, as we now see, they are not free from the risk of accidents. This comet had already met with an accident, being broken by some mischance into two parts under the very eyes of astronomers. Probably in 1859 it met with further misfortunes, visible mayhap to astronomers in Venus or Mercury. At any rate, something had happened to the comet since its retreat in 1852. "It is now," wrote Sir J. Herschel at the time (Feb. 1866), "overdue! Its orbit has been recomputed, and an ephemeris" (that is, an account of its motion from hour to hour) "calculated. Astronomers have been eagerly looking out for its reappearance for the last two months when, according to all former experience, it ought to have been conspicuously visible—but without success! giving rise to the strangest theories. At all events, it seems to have fairly disappeared, and that without any such

excuse as in the case of Lexell's, viz., the preponderant attraction of some great planet. Can it have come into contact or exceedingly close approach to some asteroid as yet undiscovered; or, peradventure, plunged into, and got bewildered among the ring of meteorolites, which astronomers more than suspect?"

Both these explanations seem at a first view available. Biela's comet had a course carrying it though the out-kirts of the zone of minor planets; and there was nothing whatever to prevent the comet from coming into collision with one of these bodies, or else approaching so nearly as to be greatly disturbed, and so travel thereafter on a different orbit. But an objection exists which Sir J. Herschel does not seem to have noticed. When the comet retired in 1852 it consisted of two distinct comets, separated by an intervening space of about 1,250,000 miles. Now it would be a singular chance which should bring one of these comets into collision with a minor planet, or so near as to occasion an important disturbance. But supposing this to happen, then the fellow-comet, not travelling in the wake of the first, but side by side, would certainly have escaped. For it must be remembered, that although 1,250,000 miles is a very small distance indeed by comparison with the dimensions of the solar system, it is an enormous distance compared with the dimensions of the minor planets,—some of which have a surface not much greater than that of an English county. The minor planet occasioning the comet's disturbance would presumably be one of the smallest, since it has not yet been detected, and the newly discovered minor planets are on the average much smaller than those first detected. Now, the earth herself would have no very marked influence on a comet or meteor passing her at a distance of 1,250,000 miles; for it is to be remembered, that the comets as well as the earth have an enormously rapid motion, and the disturbing power of the earth would therefore only act for a short time. But a minor planet—even the largest of the family,—would not have the twenty-thousandth part of the earth's power* to disturb a passing comet. At a

* It is probable that the largest of the minor planets—Vesta—has a diameter of rather more than 200 miles, or at the outside say 260 miles—the thirtieth part of the earth's diameter. Then, assuming Vesta to have the same density as the earth (whereas, being smaller, she probably is very much less compressed), we get for her mass (or, which is the same thing, her attractive power) the 27,000th part of the earth's,—obtaining the number 27,000 by multiplying 30 twice into itself.

distance of 200,000 miles, a comet would pass such an asteroid without any marked disturbance of its motions.

Of course it is not absolutely impossible that one of the comets of the pair should have been encountered by one minor planet, and the other by another; but the improbability against such a contingency is so great that we need scarcely entertain the idea even as a bare possibility.

We are left then to the supposition that the comet was destroyed or dissipated by meteoric streams. It is at once seen that this theory is at least more consistent with observed facts than the other. The comet had been *seen* to divide into two parts in a portion of the solar system where certainly no bodies but meteorites can be supposed to travel. It seems reasonable to suppose that on that occasion the head of the comet had come right upon some group of meteors, and so had divided as a stream of water divides against a rock. Assuming this, we find reason for believing that the track of this comet crosses a rich meteor-region. The particular group which had caused the division of the comet would of course pass away, and would not probably come again in the comet's way for many years or even centuries. But another group belonging to the same system might in its turn encounter the comet, and complete the process of dissipation which the former had commenced. On this theory, the distance between the companion comets would introduce no difficulty. For not only is it quite a common circumstance for meteoric systems to have a range of several millions of miles, but—a much more important consideration—*both* the comets would be bound to return to the scene of the former encounter. It was there that each had been sent off on a new track; but each new track started *from* there, and therefore each new track *must* pass *through* there.

So that it seems far from improbable that, if the comets could have been watched during their return in 1859, they would have been seen to travel onwards towards the place where they had originally separated; as they approached that place, it would have been perceived that they drew nearer together, though they would not reach that point at the same moment; *

* Of course in an article intended like the present for general reading, it is not possible to enter at length into all the considerations which have to be attended to in an exact inquiry into the motions of two comets after separation. It will be sufficient to point out that, unless the collision which caused the separation left the velocity of each exactly equal—a wholly unlikely supposition—they would return

and then each in turn would have appeared to grow more and more diffuse as the encounter with the meteor-group proceeded, until first one and then the other would have vanished altogether from view.

It may be asked, whether any circumstances in the history of comets seem to show that comets really are exposed to dissipation in this way. To this the reply is, that although Biela's is the only comet which has been seen to divide into parts in modern times, or under telescopic scrutiny, yet history records more than one instance of a similar kind,—and that too in the case of distinguished comets, not mere telescopic light-clouds such as Biela's. The following passage from Grant's noble work, "The History of Physical Astronomy," gives nearly all that is known on this point, though some Chinese records might be added did space permit:—"Seneca relates that Ephorus, an ancient Greek author, makes mention of a comet which, before vanishing, was seen to divide itself into two distinct bodies. The Roman philosopher appears to doubt the possibility of such a fact; but Kepler, with characteristic sagacity, has remarked that its actual occurrence was exceedingly probable. The latter astronomer further remarked, that there were some grounds for supposing that two comets, which appeared in the same region of the heavens in the year 1618, were the fragments of a comet that had experienced a similar dissolution. Hevelius states that Cysatus perceived in the head of the great comet of 1618 unequivocal symptoms of a breaking up of the body into distinct fragments. The comet, when first seen in the month of November, appeared like a round mass of concentrated light. On the 8th of December it seemed to be divided into several parts. On the 20th of the same month it resembled a multitude of small stars. Hevelius states that he himself witnessed a similar appearance in the head of the comet of 1661.

It is, of course, always possible that the destruction or dissipation of a comet may be due, not to any collision, but to that action (whatever may be its nature) by which the sun seems, after rousing and disturbing the matter of a comet's head, to repel a part of this matter in such sort as to form a tail or two or more tails. Indeed it is worthy of notice that before its division into two comets, Biela's comet had

to the scene of collision at different epochs. The increased distance between them in 1852 showed that this was actually the case.

shown two distinct tail-like appendages; and possibly if the comet could have been constantly watched, it would have been found that these two appendages resolved themselves eventually into the two tails of two distinct comets.

Professor Grant adopts this view of the matter. He says, "It is impossible to doubt that the division of Biela's comet arose from the divellent action of the sun, whatever may have been the mode of operation." But I must admit, that I find it quite possible to doubt whether this is indeed the true solution of the difficulty. One can understand how two distinct tails might be expelled or repelled from a single head; but it is not so easy to see how two complete comets could be formed out of one in this way, *nothing apparently remaining*. To make clear the nature of this reasoning, I remind the reader that a comet's tail is either formed out of the head (according to Sir J. Herschel's theory), or else is formed through a certain action exerted by the head (according to Prof. Tyndall's). In the former case, the process never (so far as observation extends) results in completely using up the head; in the latter, very obviously, the head must remain, or the action would cease. In either case, then, the head would remain. So that when two tails were formed they would extend from one and the same head. The head cannot be made double by the same process which produce the double tail. There must be some distinct action on the head to produce such a result. Now the tails, after they are formed, might have the power of drawing away each its own share of the original head; but the supposition seems rather a wild one. On the contrary, the supposition that the comet may have divided upon a meteoric group involves nothing which is not in accordance with known facts, since such meteoric groups exist in countless numbers within the interplanetary spaces.

It is certainly unsafe, however, to dogmatize upon this difficult subject in the present state of our knowledge.

Whatever may have been the cause of the comet's dissipation, it would seem to admit of no possibility of question that the comet has been finally and completely removed from the list of existing comets. Of course, it has not been abruptly destroyed; its fragments exist somewhere; but, as a comet, it has ceased to exist. If it had continued unchanged, it would have been again in view, and on the whole under favourable circumstances, during October in the present year. Prepared to

find it much fainter than of yore, or its fragments, more widely dispersed, astronomers searched for it with more care than in 1866, not only using more powerful instruments, but extending their search over a wider range. But the comet has not been found. At the next return, its path would bring it too near to the sun for astronomers to observe it, even though it retained its original brightness. We may assume that the process of dissipation and dispersion has been all this time in progress. And therefore it is impossible to hope that a trace of the comet will be recognized in 1880, — when it would again have passed into view but for the misfortunes which have befallen it.

This being the case, my readers perhaps will be surprised to hear that, in a few days from the appearance of these lines, astronomers expect to see certain fragments or *debris* of this very comet. This, however, is actually the case. Since the year 1798, there have appeared from time to time, early in December, certain meteors or falling stars, which follow a track closely according with the path of Biela's comet. There is not a perfect agreement; but Dr. Weiss, a German astronomer, has shown that the actual path of the meteors corresponds almost perfectly with that of a comet which appeared in 1818, and which there is now excellent reason for regarding as *itself a fragment of Biela's comet*. Now, during the first week in December, the earth will be passing through the broad tracks of both these comets, or — regarding Biela's as two — through the tracks of these three comets, and so closely behind Biela's pair, that we may fairly expect to see many meteors during that week. Precisely as, in November, 1866, there was a splendid display of November meteors, following on the track of Tempel's comet (which had passed early in 1866), so this year there will probably be a display of meteors following the track of Biela's comet, which, though unseen, must have crossed the earth's path about the middle of October. At any rate, the skies should be carefully watched. The shower of meteors (should any occur) will fall in such a direction that shooting-stars might be looked for at any hour of the night. And those belonging to Biela's comet could be very readily distinguished from others, because their tracks would seem to radiate from the constellation Cassiopeia. So that should any of my readers observe, on any night in the first week of December, a shooting-star following such a track, he will have the satisfaction of knowing

that in all probability he has seen a fragment or follower of a comet which has divided into two if not three distinct comets, and has followed up that process of dissipation by dissolving altogether away.

It is not easy to form an opinion as to the actual probability that a fine display of meteors will be seen. This particular meteor system has, however, been known to produce somewhat remarkable showers. Thus Brandes, who first recognized the existence of the system, counted no less than four hundred meteors in a few hours, while travelling in a covered carriage on the night of December 7, 1798.

In conclusion, we may draw, I think, from the history of the missing comet the inference that our earth and her fellow-planets have little to fear from collision with comets. The earth passes each year through more than a hundred meteor systems and yet suffers no injury, whereas Biela's comet would seem to have been destroyed during only a few encounters with meteoric groups. It appears evident, then, that it would be the comet, not our earth, which would suffer in any encounter of the sort. Indeed, comets, which once occasioned such dread, seem to be but frail creatures. To quote the words of poor Blanqui, the republican,—who wrote, in prison, about comets, as if he sympathized with them in their trials,—“if comets escape Saturn, it is to fall under the stroke of Jupiter, the policeman of the solar system. On duty in the dark, he scents (*sic*) these hairy nothings (*nihilités chevelues*), before a ray makes them visible, and urges them—distracted—towards perilous passes. There, seized by heat and swollen to monstrosity, they lose their shape, lengthen, disaggregate, and break confusedly through the terrible straits, abandoning the stragglers everywhere, and only managing to regain, with great difficulty, under the protection of cold, their unknown solitudes.”

R. A. PROCTOR.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CONCERNING THE DISADVANTAGES OF LIVING IN A SMALL COMMUNITY.

THIS afternoon, a sunshiny winter afternoon, the sky bright blue and the air cold and clear, I climbed the winding turret-stair which leads to the top of a certain tower. The tower, which carries a low spire, is that of the parish church of a cer-

tain little city. That church was built, centuries ago, as an ancient document bears, *in mediâ civitate*: and from its tower you may see the whole city very distinctly. Very picturesque is the view. You look down on red roofs, and ivied ruins: green gardens are interspersed: and on two sides the buildings cut against the blue sea. A stranger, looking at the prospect for the first time, exclaimed, “How charming!” And no one can feel the special charm of it more than the writer does. But I thought, looking round, that I knew better than the stranger: at least, I knew more. For I know every house on which you look down: every household: and the curious relations between many of them, friendly and other. I know the poverty and privation: the anxiety and care: which abide under many of those roofs. It is not all improvement, to know any place so well, which is inhabited by human beings. Few human beings look the better, for being looked into too constantly and too long. And coming down the cork-screw stair, whose steps are worn by some centuries of infrequent use, I thought of certain disadvantages which come of living in a small community.

Let it be explained what I mean by a small community. I mean a little place with a considerable number of families of nearly equal social position. A country parish is not, in the sense intended, a small community. But a Cathedral Close is: or a little town.

And let it be understood that I admit the advantages of a small community. There is something homely and kindly in living where you know everybody and everybody knows you. There is a desolation in the heart of the denizen of such a society, when he walks the London streets, and gazes into the shop windows. “No one knows me here,” he thinks, with a certain icy shiver. I do not now see how anyone can feel at home in that awful place, though I once lived there for years. I cannot now understand how I did it. In the little town, when you go into a shop, no one watches to see if you intend to steal something. No policeman has an eye of suspicion on you, as you leisurely pass along the street. Your vocation and place are known accurately; and your income with sufficient approximation. You are not tempted to incur expense you cannot afford. You know that the only reflection which will follow your doing so will be that of the Roman citizen returning home after seeing Curtius jump into the gulf in the Forum: to wit, “What a fool!”

But there are things on the other side of the balance. Let us try to state them, look at them, weigh them.

One is sometimes strongly felt, though it may seem fanciful. It is the general vague sense that you have not room to stretch yourself. "The bed is shorter than that a man can stretch himself on it; and the covering narrower than that he can wrap himself in it." I do not mean to say that this feeling is constant. Sometimes, one is quite content. But again, the wish arises for space in which to expand and expatiate. There comes a weariness of always seeing the same faces, and going the same round. I fancy that a mill-horse, ever turning round in the same narrow track, would sometimes wish for anything for a change. I do not, however, say more on this point: because I know various eminently sensible persons, who have in my hearing stated that Goethe was a fool, and who would declare that what has already been said is fanciful, and even morbid. So let us advance to what is beyond all question real.

Living in a small community, you come to discern people's faults with painful clearness. When you see your friends every day, you see through them. No human character can bear being looked at so constantly and so closely. Under the microscope we all look rough, and discoloured, and warped. And with those one is always seeing, one does not take the pains to conceal weaknesses which one does with a stranger. Unless a man is a very great fool, he knows quite well when he is saying or doing something foolish: and he keeps it back when with those with whom he stands on ceremony. But it all comes out in the familiarity of constant intercourse. Our own family, and our near kin, are part of ourselves: and we excuse their errors and follies as we do our own: even when we see their faults plainly, we like them hardly the less. But beyond that intimate circle, there arises the peculiar feeling which Scotch folks call a *scunner* towards a friend who frequently annoys us by outbursts of vanity, or wrong-headedness, or spitefulness, or littleness, or envy. Familiarity, as the proverbial saying has it, breeds contempt. And unless with very rare specimens of humanity, there is very much that is little and contemptible in human nature. The greatest fool every man has known, is himself: and this because (in spite of the old Greek counsel) he knows himself better than he knows any other. Now in a large place, when you feel that some little frailty

of a really worthy man is obtruding itself on you so painfully as to make you forgetful of his real worth, you can see less of him for a few weeks till you get over the painful impression. But there are places so small, that you must see your friend every day: even when it would be far better for both of you that you did not see much of one another for a time.

Then, in a small community, people come to stand in such relations to one another that they may be said to be real enemies: in so far as that can be in the decorous restraint of word and deed which goes with our civilization. I used once to think that decent folks would have no enemies. When I was a little fellow, I used continually to hear public worship conducted by one of the best men, and that in a country where there is no liturgy. An ever-recurring petition was, "If we have enemies forgive them." It seemed to me, as a boy, that the petition was needless. Who could be his enemy? But, growing up, one thought differently. There are actual cases in which a person has only to know that you wish for such a thing to be done, to resolve to oppose that thing. Because A would fain have things go one way, B will push for the opposite way. Now, that is being an enemy, as permitted in this age. And much more in a little place than in a big will such enemies be found. The scope is too large, the people are too many, in the big place, for the peculiar feeling which creates them. I could give curious examples; but that is exactly what I am not going to do. And the further ebullition of enmity which makes one man exult in the little annoyances which befall another, will hardly be found in its full maturity amid a large population and a wide acquaintance.

And, though you do not like a man, and find that in him which rubs you the wrong way, you can not draw wholly off from him, as you would in a large city. In the little town you must be constantly meeting: you can not choose your own circle of associates. You are of necessity thrown into frequent contact with persons whom you would not select for your friends. In a large place, if you discover in any man indications of a character which makes it impossible that you should respect or trust him, you can without awkwardness drop his acquaintance wholly. But it is awkward and inconvenient not to be at least on terms of civility with a human being whom you must frequently pass in the street, and with whom you must sometimes transact business. You

can not indulge in the luxury of cutting dead even the person you know to have been telling malignant falsehoods about you, in print or otherwise. Then a certain sense of insincerity arises in your heart when you treat with outward courtesy, however reserved, one whom you know to be a cowardly enemy. Further, if you dislike a person's character and ways at all, you will dislike that person very much, if he is constantly obtruded on you. He will become to you what the grinding of a hand-organ was to Mr. Babbage: what the creaking of wood rubbing on wood is to some people: the object of a vehement antipathy, which by continuance grows altogether unbearable. When I enter a beautiful cathedral close, it appears to me as the home of sacred quiet and kindness: surely the souls that inhabit here must be calm, beautiful, and holy as their outward surroundings: what but peace and love can dwell in this abode of unworldly repose and brotherly devotion? Nor do I mean to say that this is wholly a pleasant illusion. But in some cases the fact is far from the ideal. Envyings and strifes, social bumptiousness and social indignation, worldliness of spirit and foolish extravagance, have entered even here. And if unfriendly relations exist at all, how embittered they must be by the constant presence of the disagreeable object! To constantly hear the Litany sung by a man whom you esteem to be a humbug, must be a great provocation. There are those towards whom you can maintain a tolerably forgiving spirit only by keeping them out of your sight and hearing.

Among those members of the little community who remain fast friends, perils arise which must be guarded against. One is, that there comes the tendency to use the same freedom of speech towards one another which exists in some outspoken and inharmonious families. Disagreeable things are plainly said: faults pointed out with a confounded candour. There is even a disposition to rake up unpleasant subjects without any call. Now it has ever appeared to the writer that an excessive closeness of intercourse is not desirable, unless among those very closely related by blood. The atoms which make up physical Nature are kept a good way apart, even in the substances which to the unscientific eye and touch appear the most solid and homogeneous. This seems a teaching by parable. Even so, human beings ought to be kept in some measure apart by a certain reserve and a constant courtesy. Do not tell your friend that he

has made a fool of himself (however certain the fact may be), unless you design that henceforth there shall be an undefined something between you, a little rift, which may spread till you are divided far. The recollection will be unpleasant of that over-frank judgment, even in an unmorbid mind. And I have remarked that in a small community many minds are morbidly sensitive and touchy. One never goes wrong in practising towards all around a studied courteousness of demeanour. And one has remarked how a man, little used to be treated so, and known for a hasty temper and a rough tongue, is gentled and humanized into a corresponding courtesy and amiability towards another who scrupulously and unaffectedly renders him his social due.

The public-spirited man who desires in a small community to carry out any public improvement will find by experience what difficulties arise of the situation. It is not merely that the small community is apt to be old-fashioned in its likings, and have no mind for innovation: strongly holding that what was good enough for the fathers must be good enough for their children. Not merely that such a community is apt to regard with jealousy the proposals of a new comer from the outer world, esteeming it as an answer to all his arguments, that many of its members knew the place before he was born: the difficulty is a further one. It comes of the singular interlacing of private interests, connections, likes and dislikes, jealousies and enmities. C will not go heartily into any work, which he believes is instigated or supported by his enemy D. E will not support any reform which may affect the custom of the shop of his cousin F. G will solemnly declare that black is white, if the recognition of the fact that black is black would make things go hard with the man whose son is to marry his niece. All this is very irritating to a downright person, eager that some good work be done, or at least that the work be estimated on its proper merits. It shakes your faith in the honesty and right-heartedness of human nature. It painfully convinces you what inferior motives practically impel the doings of many men. And if you manage your fellow-creatures into the doing of what is good and right by driving them according to their natures; by suggesting to the cantankerous man reasons fitted to sway the cantankerous, and to the foolish man considerations which might have weight only with a fool; you may carry your point, and that a good

point: but not without some sense of self-degradation. It is by imperceptible degrees that the tact and skill of an Archbishop of Canterbury shade into the cunning trickery of the Artful Dodger. And near the line which parts the permissible from the mean, an honest man will begin to feel very unhappy.

I do not linger on that which in a little place is sometimes felt as provocation: the tendency on the part of some of your neighbours to investigate all your proceedings, and make them the subject of much conversation and discussion. Gossip, if not false or ill-natured, is a needful and justifiable part of real life: it merely means that human beings are interested in the persons and events which are nearest to them. Yet there come seasons in which you are more sensitive to the littleness of humanity than at other times: in which it makes you angry, while it ought simply to amuse you, to find anxious enquiries made as to who dined with you on such a day, and even what you had for dinner: likewise why you did not invite A and B, each of whom is as good as you. But if you have so much good sense as to decline to listen to such petty talk, you will not be annoyed by it: and it comes to very little after all. Passing from this, let me sum up by saying generally, that if you live in a small community, it is expedient that from time to time you should go for a little while away from it: if possible, to a considerable distance from it. Thus only you will keep your mind in a healthy state. Thus you will see things in true perspective, and looking their true size. Thus only will you keep it present to you, how modest your own dimensions are, and how small your weight. I have known a really clever man, after living for some months together in the unhealthy moral atmosphere of a small place, burst out into exhibitions of arrogance and conceit so deplorable, as to be barely consistent with sanity. It is needful that you go where you may sit down and take in that the sphere wherein you live is not all the world; and that its affairs are in fact not much thought or talked of by the majority of the human race. And discerning this, you go home again quite resolved not to be drawn into small strifes, ambitions, and diplomacies, which are thoroughly bad for soul and mind. To educated and sensitive men, dwelling in little towns, London is a great and wholesome alternative. If I were a rich man, I would provide an endowment which might send every country parson in Britain to London

for three weeks each spring. Just to walk about the streets, and behold one's unknown fellow-creatures, and see how big the place is, is to many an over-driven and over-sensitive mortal the most precious of medicinal gum.

I have been setting forth moral rather than material considerations. But one cannot help thinking how in a little place one misses the material advantages (not without their moral consequences) which come in a large community of the clubbing together of the limited means of a great number of comparatively poor people. In a large city, there is everywhere a solidity, an appearance of wealth. As in a club, a congeries of men of very moderate resources are able to afford a palace, with the arrangements, the books, and the periodicals, which only a millionaire could provide for himself, so is it in a great town. The very pavement of the streets is different. The water-supply is better and more abundant. The shops are incomparably handsomer and better provided. You have the great luxury of a first-rate bookseller, on whose tables you can see all the new books: buying a few, and seeing as much as you desire of many more. In the little place you may be thankful to have a railway at all: so thankful that you do not grumble at the wretched rickety wooden shed which serves for a station, the rattling carriages, the ill-laid rails which would make express speed destruction. You cannot expect to step into the luxurious and fluent carriage, which in nine hours and a half bears you four hundred miles; conveying you from Athens to Babylon. Neither can you, when you feel dreary and stupid, wander away and lose yourself in mazes of smoky streets in some noisy and squalid quarter, whence you return with a penitent sense that you have little right to be discontented. Most middle-aged men remember to have got good in that way. I remember talking with a very intelligent working man who abode in a little city, but had at one period in his life lived for some years in London. "What I liked about London," said he, was this: "that if a body was ill-off, you had only to go out for a walk and you would see some other body worse-off." The idea was sound, though awkwardly expressed. It was as when the Highlander said, "The potatoes here are very bad; but, God be thanked, they are a great deal worse about Drumnadrochit."

On the whole, the little community is a school wherein, with certain disadvantages and certain advantages too, one may cul-

tivate good temper, sympathy, patience; forbearance with the faults of others: and the habit of occasionally remembering one's own.
A. K. H. B.

From The St. James Magazine,
THE TWO BROTHERS.

CHAPTER I.

In a peaceful pass of the Vosges, a few leagues beyond Maladrie, as you follow the Saar, you will find the village of Chaumes.

It consists of about a hundred dwelling-houses that stretch along the banks of the river. Some are high, some low, and all are roofed either with old grey slate tiles or wood. Here and there a small bridge spans the water, over which children lean to watch whitebait swarm round a worm, or to look at the long dark wavy green grass they call "cats' tails," or at the ducks swimming up the current with their broad yellow feet paddling out behind them.

Here do the children of the village trifle away their time for hours together; dressed in torn jackets and jagged trousers, with their hair all rough and their book-satchels hanging by a piece of twine to their belts; for though there is a school at Chaumes, the boys are never in a hurry to get there.

The next thing to be seen will be a woman holding a tubful of clothes on her head. It is either Marie-Jeanne or Catharinette going to the wash-house. After this, the bullocks and goats file off, and old Minique, with his head stooping forward, and an axe over his shoulder, comes hurrying on to turn the water off on his meadow.

Mr. le Curé next strides on to mass, with his black cassock looped up, and his three-cornered hat in hand: and thus people keep going and coming all day.

These scenes can be viewed from some distance off, and best from the spacious green meadow amidst the palings and hedgerows that enclose bits of gardens, and on which linen is hung out to dry.

On the opposite side of the main street rises the hill, covered with patches of barley, oats, rye, potatoes, and knotty weather-beaten apple-trees. I have been schoolmaster at Chaumes for fifty years, and I have never been able to induce owners to train their trees straight. The majority of them will not even hear of

pruning and grafting, so things come up at random. The consequence is, that fruit is generally very sour at Chaumes; but it gives satisfaction. This is the kind of vegetation that grows all the way up to the borders of the woods which cover the top of the hill. At eventide the latter throw their dense shade over orchard, village, and river. The last of daylight is always seen in a big white sheet on the fields, and it becomes fainter and fainter until it dies away and darkness sets in.

A little before this hour the herdsman's horn is heard, and the pigs and goats rush down in search of their sheds in the village. Strange to say, these animals never mistake their homesteads, but stand grunting and bleating at their respective doors until some one comes to let them in. By degrees all the flocks are brought in, and no other sounds break silence but the low croaking of toads and frogs at the water-side. This expires in time likewise, and small lights are seen moving about in huts, for it is supper time, and time to rest too, after a long day's toil.

In two or three places spinning and knitting gatherings are held, the old church bell ringing out the hours spent over gossip, ghost-stories, and tales of witchery. These last until the old women of the party make the first move, when all take up their wheels or work, and part to go home to bed.

This is life at Chaumes.

Two or three hundred steps farther on stands the mill of Father Lazarus, with the water falling off its mossy wheels like crystal fringe, making a large pool shake and ripple below.

Farther on still are the saw-yards of Frentsell and Gros-Sapin.

When I was appointed schoolmaster at Chaumes, the mayor of the place was old Monsieur Fortin, and his deputy was Monsieur Rigault, keeper of the "Ox-foot" inn, but the Rantzau brothers exercised great influence over the municipal council by reason of their wealth. In some measure they ruled it completely. Old Rantzau, their father, had died a year before; he had been a farmer, a dealer in timber and raw salt. He had gained plenty of money in his day, but, like the rest of us, could take nothing away with him, and left all his property to his three children, one of whom was Madame Catherine, the wife of Louis Picot, a brewer at Lutzelbourg; the two others were Jean and Jacques, who, unfortunately, did not think their share had been rightly divided between them.

This, at least, is what soon became ap-

parent, for the two brothers who had been fond of each other so long as their father lived — who had always stood up for each other, and who had married two sisters, the daughters of old Lefevre, justice of the peace — could henceforth not endure the sight one of the other.

Jean, the elder, was a tall bold fellow, full of pride and of the things of this world. By the will of his father, and because he was the first-born and had assisted the old man in his labour, he came into possession of the family house bequeathed unto him over and above his share after every thing else had been divided. This was not, strictly speaking, just; for if Jean had been a great help to his father in the raw salt business, Jacques had proved himself to be quite as active in every thing connected with the timber.

Neither was there a finer house for miles and miles around than that of old Rantzau. Appertaining unto it were out-houses, a garden that went down to the banks of the river, stabling for fifteen heads of cattle, barns for hay, straw, and provender of all sorts for a whole year, besides cellars, a wash-house, and a distillery. Altogether it was a magnificent house, newly whitewashed, and all the shutters were painted green.

Jean was satisfied. It seemed quite natural to him that he should inherit his father's house, but the clause of the will by which he became master was not satisfactory to Jacques.

He made up his mind to have a good house too, and had one built just facing his brother's with nothing but the street and the two yards in front of each between. There they both stood; barn opposite barn, shed opposite shed, the stables facing each other, door to door, window to window, the same sized space for dung-hill, fagots, and wood. It was a signal for open war between the two brothers.

Jean considered it in this light at all events, but what annoyed him more than any thing was, that just three months later Jacques bought the big meadow of Guisi, the finest in the valley, and paid down twelve thousand francs ready money for it — a thing that never had been heard of before, and that probably never will be heard of again at Chaumes.

On hearing this, Jean turned deadly pale; but he said not a word, the Rantzau being of too haughty a race to raise a voice against one of their own family. From that day the two brothers never exchanged so much as a syllable, though they met at least twenty times a day.

They came and they went without seeming to know each other.

Jean's wife gave birth to a little girl at about this time; Jacques' wife had a boy.

Meanwhile the villagers and people in the valley were divided between these two men, siding with Jacques or Jean according to their private interests.

In this divided state did I find Chaumes towards the end of the reign of Louis XVIII., when I was appointed schoolmaster in the place of Maitre Labadie, who had to give up his situation on account of his advanced age. I am indebted to him for many things, and especially for the hand of his daughter, who became my wife, and unto whom I owe the happiness of nearly fifty years' married life, and a family of excellent children.

My father-in-law continued to live with us in the school-house, often assisting me in my labours and with useful advice.

"Never meddle with the concerns of the village, Florent," he would say; take up no man's quarrel; try to be on pleasant terms with every body: do your duty at the school, church, and Mairie, and, finally, be respectful to those who are in authority. This need not deter you from entertaining an opinion of your own; but never express it. This is the way to do a little good, and to live in peace with every body." Then the kind old man told me the story of the Rantzau brothers and their great hatred, advising me, further, to be cautious, as well in my own interests as that of others, for the children of Jean and Jacques would necessarily come at a later period to my school, and the slightest preference shown for one or the other would prove very prejudicial.

The first year or two which a young man has to spend away from his native place are the most trying of any he has to go through in after-life. Happy he who meets with good advice at the onset! How many irreparable mistakes it averts! I must say I look back to my beginnings at Chaumes with grateful satisfaction. But my way of living here was totally different from that I had been accustomed to at my native place, which is a flat, even country, and therefore nothing like life in the mountains.

My old master at Dienze, in Lorraine, was a clever man for his days, and, being partial to me as a scholar, had taught me to appreciate the simplest things observed in Nature. He also gave me a great liking for plants, insects, and taught me the little music I knew.

I found these elementary notions most

useful at Chaumes, and they often helped me on to persevere patiently through dry teaching at school.

As soon as lesson-time was over I used to buckle on my herb-box, and climb the path up the hill.

The furze in bloom, the pink heath, the innumerable wild plants growing to the rocks, the gaudy gold-coated and silvery flies, some covered with velvety down, others in silken sheen, their buzz as they swarmed in the rays of the setting sun — all I saw and felt, the higher I went, filled my very soul with joyous emotion.

Forgetting time, I rambled on, picking samples here and there! and, not having much learning, I fancied I was always making new discoveries. When I reached the summit, I stood under the ruins of the old castle among brambles and sprays of ivy a hundred years old, having all the under-branches shrivelled up, and the top-layers of a new bright green. As I was thus sheltered, I would consider the calm valley below; the mirrored surface of the river; the low roofs, all on a row; the church-steeple; the curate's house, with its hives and arbour; the mill; the distant saw-yards, already in the shade; and, when I had run over each of these spots, I said within myself, —

"You will spend all the rest of your life in this corner of the world. Look! this is the field of your future exertions in behalf of your fellow-creatures; you will here bring up the children God may send you, and, when your work is done, you will here rest in the Lord. Study; toil. For all you know, there may be a useful, benevolent man, remarkable even for extraordinary intellect, sitting among your bare-footed, poor, ignorant, ragged scholars, as abandoned as wild berries in the wood! God looks not at any one's station in life; He sows good seed where He likes. You can follow His example by doing good wherever you go — by every word you teach; Some of your lessons will fall among thorns; many on hard rock; but, providing a single seed strike in good soil, you will be content."

Thinking thus, I would be surprised by evening-fall, and dusk would find me coming down to the village, full of the new plants I had gathered, wondering about the new insects I had pinned in my hat, trying to class them, not-scientifically, for I had not the right books, and did not know enough without them, but according to the different families of the plants and names in use at Chaumes.

My father-in-law was ever on the look-

out for me at the door, and would exclaim good-humouredly, "Late again, Florent! Marie-Barbe has laid the cloth long ago, and the soup will be cold."

"I am sorry for it, and that is a fact, Monsieur Labadie," was my reply on one occasion; "your mountains are so full of beautiful things, it is a feast to be among them."

"Well, so it is; but come, let us go in to supper."

There was Marie-Barbe, my wife, always glad to see me back, and so busy as a bee. After supper we talked botany over, and Father Labadie said, —

"Well, yes, Florent; I enter into your pursuits entirely. In my time it was the study of the learned; and up in the Vosges it was quite by mere chance if ever one heard of Monsieur Buffon, Linné, or Jussieu; yet how splendidly we could have studied herbs in these mountains! No one seemed to think of us; and the science of herbs, which should be spread in the remotest boroughs, is all bound up in folios within the libraries of cities."

As he talked he would get cheerful; but he always experienced a kind of grief when he thought of the many years lost by him in the midst of such treasures.

His great hobby was music.

We had a small piano, or clavecin rather, for there were only four octaves in it. It stood in our dining-room, and when it got late, after the shutters were bolted, Father Labadie liked to draw his easy leather chair in front of it, place his broad feet on the pedals, and run his thin fingers over the keys. He could play requiems, alleluias, and excelsis Deos, and accompaniments to the chanting he fancied he could hear a long way off, moving backwards and forwards, and lifting up his eyes in perfect rapture.

He possessed a trunkful of very old music by dead German masters. He thought all the world of the pieces in this trunk; and they must have been very good as he prized them, for Father Labadie was known to be the best Catholic organist far or near. The Lutherans have several good ones: they give themselves up to music, and take a pride in it.

I had no hopes of becoming such a performer as my father-in-law; but, thanks to his excellent teaching, I soon knew as much as Litcher at Dâfo; that was enough to enable me to hold the organ at church even on solemn occasions, such as Confirmation Day, and in the presence of Monseigneur de Forbin-Janson, the bishop of our diocese.

CHAPTER II.

AMIDST study and labour did the first years of my profession as schoolmaster pass over at Chaumes.

Marie-Barbe had just made me the father of a little boy, who had been christened Paul. Father Labadie seemed to spend the rest of his life, from that time forward, over nothing but that child. Though a fine old man, he was getting infirm, and when he began to decline he fell off rapidly. At first he would grieve us by weeping; then he became hard of hearing; gave up going to church; and yet he was not unfortunate enough to turn childish. He had a wonderful memory. When he was asked in a loud, intelligible voice for any particular information concerning documents at the Mairie, certificates of birth or decease, or about forest laws, or the result of the deliberations of the Municipal Council assembled as far back as twenty years previous to the time spoken of, he would, after listening attentively, reply without hesitation, "You will find what you want in such or such a drawer; such or such a shelf; or, at the back of the pigeon-hole of such or such a bureau."

I think he knew his end was approaching, yet he felt inwardly happy to find a robust little fellow take up much of our attention, and likely to fill his place when he was gone.

Putting aside his increasing weakness, we had every reason to be contented and thankful.

I had succeeded Father Labadie at the school, the Mairie, and the church; also as land-measurer and wood-felling overseer. The Commune paid me four hundred francs yearly, and what with chaunting, what with the christenings, deaths, weddings, Christmas presents, the fifty sous per month for each scholar in winter, and other odd trifles, our income came up to nearly one thousand francs.*

I and my wife managed the school-house garden ourselves, and we made it supply us with vegetables all the year round. We also kept a pig, which Balshazar, the herdsman, drove out acorning in return for his son's teaching. In short, every thing prospered, and I had occasion more than once to prize Father Labadie's advice concerning the wisdom of keeping out of other men's quarrels.

Our curé, Monsieur Jannequin, took great interest in us. His favourite subject of conversation was his bees. I helped

him take the comb from his hives every autumn, at which season he always sent us some of his honey. He had returned to France after the emigration, and was full of experience, having seen a great deal of the world. As a preacher he was remarkably gifted; for he spoke slowly, and delivered short sermons that abounded in plain common sense. The fervour of young priests who, like Father Tarin and the missionaries, travel over France, converting heretics, did not meet with his sympathy, and any mention of them used to make him shrug his shoulders with pity. I have sometimes been alone with him in the garden behind the presbytery, just after the postman has brought in the *Gazette*, and on these occasions I have noticed him run down the columns and change colour.

"Monsieur Florent," he would say, raising his hand prophetically, "these zealous young men will ruin every one of us. God above! Is the experience of the aged never to benefit those who come after them? Have the errors of the past, which we have so cruelly atoned for, not enlightened any one? What a misfortune!"

Then he would stop all at once, and say "Let us think of something else!"

Although Monsieur le Curé did not hold with too much zeal, he was very strict in the performance of his duties, and deservedly enjoyed the veneration of all the country around.

Father Labadie breathed his last in calm and peace, five years after my arrival at Chaumes. His death was the first real sorrow I had experienced in my new family.

Every inhabitant of the mountainous district attended the funeral, and it was one of my painful duties to have to play the mournful dirge sung at our church. I got through it as well as I could, with tears in my eyes, and stifled sobs choking me all the time. The worst was, I had, as *chantre*, to lead the procession to the village cemetery when mass for the dead was over.

Nothing but firm reliance in God can comfort us in such trials as these; reliance in Him who rewards the just man for a well-spent life here on earth, and who takes him to Himself when toil, grief, and care have been borne with fortitude.

Our home was a dreary one for a considerable time; grandfather's place was empty, and we could not look at it without thinking he had gone for ever; that he could never come back again; and that we should not hear his voice any more.

The piano was mute, for no one durst touch it, lest the chords would thrill and awaken our recollection of the old man too painfully.

Our bereavement had occurred in autumn, soon after the second crop was harvested, at which time of the year my scholars were always sent to keep the cattle out on pasture, and very few children, only those of the rich, stopped in over their books.

In my opinion there is nothing so dreary as a big school-room that is almost empty; those who are left behind sit wearily looking up at the sun through the window-panes, wishing it was breaking-up day instead of harvest time, or they cavil one with the other, exchange signs, and try one with their unruly behaviour. There was little left for me to do beyond keeping them quiet, and when that was done I sat with my head in my two hands thinking of Father Labadie.

My melancholy dispersed when the children's shouts were again heard round the school-house, and they recommenced tumbling in, pulling off their woollen caps, and wishing me a pleasant "Bon jour, Monsieur Florent."

With the old familiar "b-a ba," more cheerful ideas obliterated my sombre thoughts, so much so, indeed, that not until I joined Marie-Barbe, sitting with red eyes by the side of our little one's cradle, did I become remindful of the good man's death—he who had loved us so tenderly.

Nevertheless, we were months getting over it; but, after all, nothing is everlasting on earth, and, finally, our memory of the departed leaves nothing behind but hopes of a future meeting and unbroken love in another world.

At the beginning of this same winter Jean and Jacques Rantzau sent their children, George and Louise, to my school.

They were about the same age, between six and seven. Louise, who was Jean's daughter, had just lost her mother, and this rendered my task all the more responsible and touching. She was growing up fast, had beautiful, blue, intelligent eyes, with a soft expression in them, and an abundance of bright chestnut hair.

Her step was light, and when she walked out in her neat little cloak, holding her head erect, and looking about right and left, she was not unlike those pretty fawns which sometimes crossed our village as nimbly as the wind.

Her cousin George, the son of Jacques, had a pale face, the great hooked Rantzau nose, their brown crisp hair, and their

heavy square chin. The stubbornness of the family could be read in his looks, and, truly, what he wanted, that would he have.

Nevertheless, he was not gifted with his cousin's sharp wit, and she knew it, for she always had the last word, and rather looked down on him.

I placed Louise in the little girls' division, which is separated from the boys' by a wooden railing between. I am compelled to say that, amidst the poor little creatures whose ragged clothes were so damp that they smoked by the stove, these two Rantzau children did not seem to be of the same species. Ah! misery is a very sad thing; it not only depresses youth, but it gives it a down-trodden appearance. I do not speak of the difference of skins, of complexions, nor of trusting looks, which poverty and suffering so soon efface; but I mean that the needy seem devoid of intellect likewise. What's the wonder? What do the children of the wood-sawyer, feller, or rafter-man see and hear at home? They see their hard-working parents seated round nothing but sour milk and potatoes, with their heads stooping forward, and their backs bent down by heavy burdens; their arms hang wearily by their sides; their damp hair lies flat to their temples; and they are even too worn out to say much beyond a word or so about timber, the felling, the snow that has rendered the mountain paths dangerous; something of Peter or Paul, crushed to death by accident; and that's all. . . . If the curé did not preach about eternal life, the Almighty, and Christian duties on Sundays, these labour-worn people would ignore everything but cold, fatigue, and hunger.

Within the dwelling-houses of the gentry, on the other hand, there is a spacious, clean, well-lighted and well-furnished hall, with wainscoting that comes up to one's elbow on the walls all round, which snug apartment is called the stove-room. Here do father, mother, servants, and strangers come to and fro, in and out, from morning till night, talking at meals and at all times of their different business transactions and bargains, the news of the day, and of what is in their papers or letters. In this way do children of the well-to-do learn more than those of the poor are ever in the way of knowing.

In consequence of their great advantages, Louise and George improved rapidly; at the end of their first month they could spell; soon after that, they could put words together, then they got on to reading, and — strange as it was for our village — they could understand what they read!

I could not help taking to them more than to the others who did not improve, and gave me much more trouble. I enjoyed questioning them and noting the wonderful progress they made.

One thing grieved me concerning them; they hated each other as their parents did. I could not praise George without seeing Louise pout her lips or pinch them together, and shut up her eyes as if she felt cross and sleepy. Neither could I say a word for Louise without finding George turn white with jealousy. The old people had probably set the children against each other by talking before them of the house, fields, and property that they would have had for themselves, if it had not been for the dishonesty of their brigand uncle, who had manœuvred till he got the big part all to himself; and that a curse would fall on them and their descendants, if ever they made up the family quarrel and became friends.

I could detect the tares among the good seed, and I should have enjoyed pulling them up, if Father Labadie's advice had not always been uppermost on my mind, and I concluded that, after all, bad feelings came under the *cure's* supervision rather than under mine; and it would be his business to correct them when the children were old enough to be instructed in religion for their first communion and confirmation. Finally, I had hope in the prayers they would have to say together, especially the Lord's Prayer, with the sentence, "Forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

From Temple Bar.

TALLEYRAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRABEAU."

THE chain of being begins with the animalcule and expands into the elephant: so it is with the chain of events. No action or accident of our lives is insignificant; the most trivial may be the germ of our destiny. When a child at nurse Talleyrand had a severe fall. What event could possibly be more inevitable or commonplace in a child's history? It was not commonplace, however, in this child's history. But for that fall he would have been simply a noble of *l'ancien régime*: profligate, indolent, voluptuous, an unit amongst his herd: expiating his sins at last in the obscurity of exile, or more probably beneath the knife of the guillotine; and thus he would have dropped out of the world

leaving no trace behind, and history would have known him not. What that fall made of him and did for the world is to be found in the annals of four revolutions.

Charles Maurice de Talleyrand-Périgord, eldest son of the Comte de Talleyrand, was born in Paris in the year 1754. The Comtes de Talleyrand were descended from a younger branch of the sovereign counts of Périgord, one of the most ancient and illustrious families of France, and whose haughty motto, *Ré que Dieu,** they bore.

The father of Charles Maurice was a soldier, his mother a lady-in-waiting at Court. In the very hour of his birth the infant was consigned to the care of a nurse, who removed him at once to her home in a distant part of the country, where he was reared very little differently to her own peasant children. This was the fashionable way of disposing of infantine encumbrances in those days; their advent was a disagreeable accident which condemned the fine ladies to a month's seclusion; but with that the trouble ended, the accident was given into the hands of some peasant nurse, and was thought of no more until it was of an age to be trained for a soldier, or a priest, or a courtier, as the case might be.

When scarcely a twelvemonth old, he was lamed for life by a fall. Eleven years passed away, during which time the fond mother had not only never seen her offspring, but was even ignorant of the accident that had befallen him. About this period his uncle, the Bailli de Talleyrand, a naval captain, returned to France after an absence of many years. Being desirous of seeing his nephew, he made a journey to the remote village to which the boy had been exiled. It was in the depth of winter that he undertook this expedition, and the snow lay thick upon the ground. As he neared the place he met upon the road a blue-eyed, fair-haired boy, dressed like a peasant, to whom he offered some silver to guide him to Mother Régaut's (the nurse's name was Régaut). Delighted at the thought of the promised reward, the boy eagerly undertook the service, but he was very lame, and could not keep pace with the horse, so the good-natured *bailli* lifted him into the saddle. His wonder and consternation may be imagined when, upon arriving at the cottage, he was informed that in his poor little lame guide he saw the nephew he had come to seek. Not another hour did Charles Maurice remain beneath that roof: the *bailli* took the boy

* God alone is our king.

back with him to Paris. Such was the childhood's days of the future great European diplomatist, who was destined thereafter to hold the destinies of France within his grasp.

From the village he was transplanted to the College D'Harcourt, where, all ignorant as he was when he entered it, he soon carried away the first prizes, and became ultimately one of its most distinguished scholars. His mother now paid him an occasional visit, but as she was always accompanied by a surgeon, who pulled, and cauterized, and tortured the boy's leg, her visits were more terrible than pleasing. But all the pulling, and cauterizing, and torturing effected no good—the lameness was incurable. The head of the house of Talleyrand must be a soldier—such was the tradition of the family, and it had never yet been departed from. A cripple could not be a soldier. It was announced to him that his birthright would be transferred to his younger brother.

"Why so?" asked the boy.

"Because you are a cripple," was the cruel answer.

Whatever of good might have existed in his original nature those words crushed it out; the flavour of their bitterness lingered in his heart unto the last days of his life. From the hour in which they were spoken his disposition gradually changed; he became taciturn, callous, and calculating; a cynic, a heartless debauchee, sparing neither man nor woman that stood in the path of his interest or his pleasure. He had not been spared, why should he spare others? It was not for nothing he earned thereafter the title of *le diable boiteux*.

Being a Talleyrand, as he could not be a soldier, he must be a churchman. From the College D'Harcourt he was sent to St. Sulpice and afterwards to Sorbonne to complete his studies. He made no secret of his dislike for the profession he was thrust into, and testified his utter unfitness for it by a life of gambling and debauchery. In 1773 he was received into the church. Thereafter he was known as the Abbé de Périgord, and proved a most admirable addition to the dissolute and atheistical clergy of the age.

In that same year he was presented at Court, and became an *habitué* of Du Barry's boudoir. One evening, at one of her gay assemblies, while a number of young gallants were amusing the lady by the recital of scandalous stories, and their own amorous adventures, the Abbé was observed to be silent and melancholy.

"Why are you so sad and silent?" demanded the hostess.

"*Hélas madame la comtesse, je faisais une réflexion bien mélancolique; c'est qu'à Paris il est plus facile d'avoir des femmes que des abbayes.*"

The King was so charmed with this *bon mot* when it was repeated to him, that he at once presented the witty *abbé* with a very handsome benefice! From this dates his rise in the church.

In 1780 he was appointed agent-general of the French clergy, a post which placed in his hands the entire administration of the ecclesiastical revenues, and which he filled with consummate ability. But, as though in constant protest against the wrong that had been done him, and the uncongenial profession to which that wrong had consigned him, the immorality of his life was as flagrant as ever; his profane epigrams were repeated in every drawing-room; his scandalous love adventures were in every mouth.

Although Louis the Fifteenth and his mistress held a licentious wit to be an admirable recommendation for church preferment, Louis the Sixteenth was quite of an opposite opinion, and when the bishopric of Autun, for which the Abbé had long been intriguing, fell vacant (1788), it was only after a lapse of four months, and at the dying request of the Comte de Périgord, who probably felt a late compunction for the wrong which had been done to his son, that the King reluctantly consented to bestow upon him the coveted dignity.

Here is his portrait sketched by a contemporary at this period: "Picture to yourself a man thirty-three years of age, handsome figure, blue and expressive eyes, nose slightly *retroussé*, complexion delicate almost to pallor. In studying the play of his features we observe upon his lips a smile, sometimes malignant, sometimes disdainful. Studious of his personal appearance, a coquet in his ecclesiastical toilet, but frequently changing the costume of his order for that of the laity, irreligious as a pirate—performing mass with an unctuous grace—the Abbé Périgord finds time for all; he appears sometimes at Court, but oftener at the Opera. He reads his breviary, the 'Odes of Horace,' and the 'Memoirs of Cardinal de Retz,'—a prelate whose qualities he greatly esteems. If he meets Narbonne, Lauzun, Boufflers, Segur, and the Bishop of Châlons in the house of Madame Guimard, he will sup with them. Ordinarily fond of his bed, he will at a need pass two or three

nights consecutively in hard work. Assaulted by creditors, closing his doors to the importunate, never promising without restrictions, obliging through circumstances, sometimes through egotism; greedy of renown, more greedy still of riches; loving women with senses, not with his heart; calm in critical positions; haughty to the great, suave to the humble; pausing in a work upon finance to write a *billet doux*; neither vindictive nor wicked; an enemy to all violent measures, but knowing, if necessary, how to use them."

Another contemporary thus epigrammatically describes him: "He dressed like a coxcomb, thought like a deist, and preached like a saint."

At the assembling of the States General he at once espoused the popular side. Like Mirabeau, his own order had rejected him; from them he had nothing to hope; distinction in any path of life rather than in the church was preferable to his taste; while, with the ambitious spirit that animated all, whether gentle or plebeian, in that age, everything seemed possible to him in the new order of things which was at hand. No proof of the utter effeteness of the *ancien régime* is so conclusive as the strange phenomenon of so many of its own body helping to destroy it. La Fayette, Mirabeau, and Talleyrand, all three of the noblest of the aristocracy, pioneered its destruction before Robespierre, Marat, or Danton were heard of. On the 15th of June, 1789, after the nobles and clergy had demurred to deliberate in the same chamber with the *tiers état*, Mirabeau proposed that the latter without further delay should declare itself "the representatives of the French people." On the 22nd of June, seven days later, thanks to the unwearied zeal of the Bishop of Autun, a majority of the clergy joined the *tiers état*. In his very first speech he proposed and carried that the States General should henceforth be fused into the National Assembly, the title already assumed by the representatives of the people, and that its discussions should be unrestricted.*

A little later, and La Fayette gave the signal for the destruction of the Bastille and created the National Guard. The noble radicals began their work bravely indeed!

Day by day the principles of the Bishop advanced more and more, and day by day he became more and more popular; he was a member of the Cordeliers and the

Feuilletons; his speeches on finance were everywhere the theme of the highest laudation; but his crowning act was to carry the motion for the surrender of all ecclesiastical property to the use of the nation. Long and stormy was the debate, but on the 2nd of November the decree was passed. Early in 1790 he brought forward a manifesto to advocate the abolition of all privileges, to advocate church reform, and a vast plan of public education. On the 16th of February in the same year he was named President of the Assembly, a post which even Mirabeau could not attain until one year later.

After a short deliberation, he gave in his hearty adherence to the Act called "Civil Constitution of the Clergy," consecrated new bishops to replace those who, from scruples of conscience or the fear of Papal thunders, had refused the oath, and was, on the 1st of May, 1791, excommunicated by his Holiness the Pope for his pains. Having of late looked rather towards political than ecclesiastical preferment, the Bishop's course of action was immediate and decisive; he availed himself of the opportunity to cast off his irksome fetters, at once seceded from the church, and was thereafter known simply as M. de Talleyrand.

But his sagacity foresaw and prophesied to what events were hastening. Writing to a lady friend he says, "If the prince depends upon the affection of the people, he is lost; if the people are not guarded against the character of the prince, I foresee terrible misfortune — torrents of blood flowing through years to efface the enthusiasm of a few months. I foresee the innocent and the guilty involved in the same destruction. . . . Mirabeau believes with me that we are marching too quickly towards a republic. What a republic! composed of thirty millions of corrupted souls. I fear that having attained to that, the fanatics will only begin to light their torches, the anarchists to erect their scaffolds. Who knows how many amongst us may escape the fire or the *lanterne*? I must arrange my affairs in such a manner that I shall not be without resources whatever happens."

The political creed of Mirabeau and Talleyrand was the same; both were of the party of order; both advocated the principles of constitutional monarchy and rational freedom; but with those points all similarity between the two men disappears. The one would have martyred himself to have enforced those principles: the other would not have imperilled his

* The electors, in sending their representatives to the States General, had restricted the discussion and action to certain subjects.

fortunes for an hour to have maintained any principles. Upon his death-bed Mirabeau sent for Talleyrand, as the man by sympathy and creed the most fitted to be the repository of his plots and secrets. But with that mighty genius was swept away the last bulwark of order, and so cautious and calculating a man as the ex-bishop was not the one to oppose the invading forces of mob rule.

Twice in the year 1792 was he sent on diplomatic service to London — the second time arriving with an autograph letter from Louis the Sixteenth to George the Third. But the excesses of the revolution were every day rendering its principles more unpopular in England, and the letter, like every other act of the unfortunate monarch, being supposed to have been dictated, produced no effect. The object of the mission was to conclude an alliance between France and England; but while the negotiations were actually pending came the news that the King was deposed — news which at once terminated diplomatic relations between France and all foreign countries.

Except by Fox and the Whigs, Talleyrand was received but coldly in this country. When presented at St. James's, the Queen disdainfully turned her back upon him. "She did right," he said afterwards, "*for her Majesty is very ugly.*"

Upon his return to Paris he found that the revolution had so far outstripped him that France was no longer a safe abode for any man of birth and position. He lost no time in obtaining a passport from Danton and in returning to London for the third time. A paper which implicated him as having been in secret correspondence with the Court being found in the iron chest, a decree of accusation was pronounced against him by the Convention, and his name was included in the list of *émigrés*. Until 1794 he resided in London. Here he mingled with the *émigrés* with a view, possibly, to future contingencies that might happen to the Bourbons, and was well received in certain circles, particularly that of Lansdowne House. In general society he was noted as cold in manner, silent, sententious, formal, scrutinizing; but amongst the more genial few this mask was cast aside, and he was the wit and polished man of the world. In the January of the year last named he received, under the Alien Bill, an order of expulsion as a Jacobin. In a letter addressed to Lord Granville he declared that his residence in England had no reference to politics — he had sought there simply an asy-

lum. The letter remained unanswered and unnoticed.*

From England he sailed for the United States of America. At Washington he was well received, and, longing to revenge himself upon the English Government, he actively associated himself with the Anti-Anglican party. But he soon grew weary of his new home, and was about to set sail for the East Indies† when he received the news of Robespierre's downfall and of the growing desire of France for a settled government. He at once determined upon returning to his native land.

The most active of his friends in Paris was Madame de Staël, who was deeply attached to him, and through whose intercession with Joseph Marie Chénier he ultimately obtained his recall. It was in the latter part of 1795 that he once more returned to Paris. The Reign of Terror had passed away, and the Reign of Society had once more taken its place. To the clubs had succeeded the *jeunesse dorée*. Freed from the horrible phantom, the bloody realities of the guillotine, the Parisians were once more *gai* and *sans souci*. There were no distinctions of rank, no grand seigneurs, no rich people, no artificial ceremonies — everybody lived together in a happy state of equality, their homes the parks, the promenades, and the public gardens.

Upon his arrival Talleyrand was everywhere welcomed as a wit and a gentleman, was elected a member of the National Institute, where he delivered two admirable lectures upon the commercial relations between England and America, and three weeks afterwards was named Minister of Foreign Affairs. In the Directory, which was composed of Carnot and Barthélemy, Red Republicans — and of Lareveillière-Lepaux, Rewbell, and Barras, moderates, Talleyrand attached himself to Barras;

* There is every reason to believe that the English Government was perfectly justifiable in expelling him. When pleading in the Convention for the reversal of Talleyrand's accusation, Chénier made a declaration to the effect that he had found among Danton's papers a correspondence which indicated that the exile had been an accredited agent and spy of the Republic during the whole time of his sojourn in England. It is true that the correspondence was never produced, but that he obtained his passport from Danton under some such conditions is a conjecture well warranted by the character of the latter; that Talleyrand to a certain extent fulfilled those conditions is equally in harmony with his own character.

† The vessel in which he was to sail was never heard of from the time in which she left the shores of America. Had he been a passenger on board her Napoleon might never have reigned, and how different from what it is might have been thirty years of European history! Another instance of the gravity of so-called insignificant events.

and when Pichegru, a, Robespierrean at the head of the Assembly, was conspiring for the triumph of the extreme party, he it was who planned the *coup d'état* by which Barras seized upon Pichegru and Barthélemy and put Carnot to flight. But the advantage thus gained was unly temporary; the constant defeat of the French arms by the Allies put the Directory in bad odour, and Talleyrand, attacked by the violent republicans as a noble and an *émigré*, resigned his appointment.

Talleyrand first met Napoleon during the latter's visit to Paris after the Peace of Campo Formio. Upon his return from the Egyptian campaign, Napoleon's ambition was to become one of the Directory. But his age was a prohibition that could not be surmounted. From their first meeting, Talleyrand had assiduously cultivated the friendship of the great general in whose daring genius and iron will he foresaw the best ruler for France. The Directory was weak and divided; at any moment mob rule might rise again triumphant; a despotic genius alone could create strength and order out of the chaos to which all things had been reduced by the Revolution. "*When society is powerless to create a government, government must create society,*" was one of his profoundest maxims. And to carry out this maxim he now devoted all the powers of his subtle genius.

The Directory would not admit Napoleon among its members; therefore the Directory must be destroyed. The first step was to gain over Siéyès, who had succeeded Pichegru as the head of the Five Hundred, and who had also succeeded Rewbell in the Directory; Siéyès gained over Ducos, and, by a pre-arranged plan, both resigned; the casting vote remained with Barras, a weak obstacle in the hands of Talleyrand; a body of troops overawed the malcontents, and — the Directory was no more.

Three consuls were appointed — Buonaparte, Ducos, and Siéyès.* The arch-plotter was rewarded with the portfolio of the foreign ministry, and from that time firmly attached himself to the fortunes of the man whose elevation he had secured. The confirmation of the consulship for life, and the founding of the Order of the Legion of Honour, were chiefly indebted to his exertions. In the debate upon the latter, he spoke these profoundly true words: "The present age has created a great many things, but not a new man-

kind; if you would legislate practically for mankind, you must treat men as what they have always been and always are. . . In reorganizing human society, you must give it those elements which you find in every human society."

The treaties of Lunéville and Amiens were among the first and most successful of those diplomatic triumphs with which his fame as a minister is chiefly associated. But there appears to have been nothing Machiavellian about his mode of conducting negotiations; on the contrary, he is said to have always spoken in an open straightforward manner, never arguing, but always tenaciously sticking to the principal point. Napoleon said that "he always turned round the same idea."

About the same time he was reconciled to the Church of Rome. The Pope wrote him an autograph letter, containing a dispensation that enabled him to marry. The lady was one Madame Grandt, whom he had first met during his exile in London, and who afterwards openly lived with him in Paris. Napoleon, expressing himself somewhat scandalized at the immoral connection, commanded that he should either marry her or cease to live with her. Accordingly, upon the arrival of the dispensation, the marriage was celebrated with as much privacy as possible. The lady was very beautiful, but far from clever. Several stories are told of her *bêtise*; the best known is the following: Having read Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," she was one day introduced at dinner to Sir George Robinson; thinking him to be the veritable Crusoe whose adventures she had been reading, she puzzled him exceedingly with questions about his shipwreck and the desert island, winding up the absurd scene by asking particularly after his man Friday! When surprise was expressed at his choice of a wife, Talleyrand replied, "A clever wife often compromises her husband, a stupid one only compromises herself." But Madame Talleyrand was not always stupid. When Napoleon, in congratulating her upon her marriage, expressed a hope that the errors of Madame Grandt would be sunk in Madame Talleyrand, she replied, "In that respect I cannot do better than follow the admirable example of your Majesty."

After Napoleon's coronation there gradually arose between him and his great minister a coldness which, in the course of time, grew upon the former into an intense dislike. It is impossible, in so brief an article, to more than glance at, without attempting to explain, the causes of this

* The two latter were afterwards succeeded by Cambacérès and Lebrun.

change. In the first place, Talleyrand was opposed to the marriage with Marie Louise; in the second place, he was opposed to his master's schemes of universal conquest, for his sagacity forewarned him that one serious reverse would crumble his vast empire into dust. Such counsels excited only the indignation of a man drunk with victory.

Was Talleyrand implicated in the murder of the Duc d'Enghien, and in the scheme of the Spanish invasion? These are "historic doubts" that have been much discussed by historians and biographers. At Elba, Napoleon distinctly declared that those, the worst deeds of his life, were counselled by his foreign minister; but Napoleon is not an undeniable authority; besides, at that time he was posing himself as a hero of virtue before the eyes of Europe, and was desirous of shifting the burden of his crimes unto other shoulders. Such an act of impolitic and useless bloodshed was utterly opposed to the cold calculating character of the diplomatist, which, with all its vices, contained nothing of cruelty or vindictiveness.* With the Bourbons he always desired to be on good terms; another reason which argues equally against his participation in either act. During the Spanish war, however, Napoleon wrote him several confidential letters couched in a strain which scarcely bears out his, Talleyrand's, assertion that he had strongly opposed the expedition. The most probable solution of the doubts, and that most consonant with his character, may be that, although emphatically averse to both those acts of lawless power, he closed his eyes and passively submitted to the inevitable.

Created Prince of Benevento, enormously ly rich, and broken in health, Talleyrand availed himself of the rupture with his Imperial master to resign his office. He did not however entirely retire from diplomacy, but continued from time to time to superintend several important negotiations. "*It is the beginning of the end!*" he said to Savary when he heard the news of the burning of Moscow, and the subsequent disasters of that terrible campaign. But although he foresaw that the star of Napoleon was setting fast, he was not

guilty of the cold-blooded tergiversation that has been imputed to him. His urgent counsel was "Peace with Russia at any price." When the Allies were marching upon Paris his advice was that the Empress should remain in Paris as the only means of saving the dynasty. But Joseph Bonaparte decided the question by producing a letter from his brother, in which it was commanded that in the event of such a crisis as that in which they were then involved Marie Louise should at once retire into the provinces."* "*Now what shall I do?*" he said to Savary. "*It does not suit every one to be crushed under the ruins of an edifice that is overthrown!*"

From that hour Talleyrand became the arbiter of the destinies of France. The Emperor Alexander, who took up his abode at the house of the Prince, said: "*When I arrived in Paris I had no plan—I referred everything to Talleyrand; he held the family of Napoleon in one hand, that of the Bourbons in the other—I took what he gave me.*" "*It must be either Buonaparte or Louis the Eighteenth,*" was his counsel. The result of the conference was a proclamation refusing to treat with any member of Napoleon's family. This at once destroyed the plan that had been mooted of a regency under Marie Louise, and secured the accession of the Bourbons.

"How did you contrive to overthrow the Directory, and afterwards Buonaparte himself?" inquired Louis. "Mon Dieu, Sire! I have done nothing for it—*there is something inexplicable in me that brings misfortunes upon all those who neglect me.*" At all events, Talleyrand did good service to his country in pressing forward a constitution to limit the power of that King of whom, and of the family, he truly said, that in their exile *they had learned nothing nor forgotten nothing.*

Created Grand Almoner and Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Prince was despatched to the congress at Vienna with secret instructions to endeavour to sow discord between the Allies, and thus break up the bond of hostility so inimical to the interests of France. But the escape of Buonaparte from Elba scattered all these plots to the winds.

Napoleon made overtures to win back Talleyrand to his cause, but neither interest nor inclination swayed the diplomatist

* Amongst all the unsparing insults and opprobrium that Napoleon heaped upon his minister's head, in that terrible quarrel between them which preceded the latter's resignation, no reference was made to this shameful deed. Surely in that hour of ungovernable rage and malice the Emperor would not have forgotten this the blackest accusation that he could have hurled against him? For a full account of this celebrated scene see Sir Henry Bulwer's "Historical Characters."

* Napoleon wrote thus: "*If Talleyrand wishes the Empress to remain in Paris, it is to betray her ... beware of that man!*" Was this merely an ebullition of gall? Was it a suspicion founded upon certain premises? Or was the warning warranted by ascertained facts?

in that direction; the Emperor had repeatedly and grossly insulted him, added to which he knew that both France and Europe were surfeited with war, and that, irresistible as was the storm for the time, it could not last. So he retired to Carlsbad on pretence that his health required the waters.

The Hundred Days passed away; but Louis had determined upon the minister's disgrace. Talleyrand knew this, and, preferring to take the initiative, waited upon the King at Ghent, the day after Waterloo, to request permission to remain at Carlsbad. "Certainly M. de Talleyrand, I hear the waters are excellent," was the reply. But His Majesty could not so easily rid himself of the obnoxious diplomatist. The Duke of Wellington informed him that if he wished for the influence of England he must have a man at the head of the government in whom England could confide. The party of the Constitutional Legitimists, through Guizot, demanded that a cabinet should be formed with M. Guizot at the head; so on the day after the polite dismissal at Ghent, M. de Talleyrand received a mandate to join the King at Cambrai. But he had his revenge in refusing to form a ministry until the King signed a proclamation, the pith of which was an acknowledgment of the errors of the late reign.

To the fallen party Talleyrand behaved with the utmost clemency, providing numbers of those who wished to quit France with money and passports, and reducing the proscription list to half the original number.

He retained the premiership of France until the 24th of September, 1815. But his government was weak, the King hostile. The Emperor Alexander had declared that the Tuileries could expect nothing from St. Petersburg while M. Talleyrand remained at the head of affairs,* added to which the minister fore-saw the mischievous efforts that would accrue from the violent Royalist reaction that was at hand, and preferred tendering his resignation to encountering the coming storm.

From 1815 to 1830 he took no active part in politics, unless it was to protest against the Spanish war, and to utter a defence of the liberty of the press. Much of his time was spent at Valençy upon his estate. In Paris his drawing-room vied in magnificence, and in the brilliancy of

its society, with the royal palaces—being a second and almost greater court. Here, paying homage to the great diplomatist, assembled all the beauty, all the wit, all the riches, and all the intellect of the Restoration. But he was no longer the gay *abbé*, the *petit-maitre* of Du Barry's boudoir, with whom every woman was in love. The picture of him drawn by Lady Morgan in 1816 is not an attractive one.

"Cold, immovable," she writes, "neither absent nor reflective, but impassable; no colour varying the livid pallor of his face, no expression betraying his impenetrable character. For the moment one could not tell whether he were dead or living; whether the heart beat or the brain throbbed no mortal observer could verify; from the soul of that man the world is disdainfully excluded; if one might hazard a conjecture after what we have seen, it is to recognize in him the enigmatical sphinx who said 'Speech was given to conceal our thoughts.' Neither the most tender love, the most devoted friendship, nor any community of interests would make that face, which can only be compared to a book in a dead language, speak."

Another writer, pursuing the same theme, says, "To baffle his penetrating sagacity you must not only not speak, but not think. It was not only by his language that he concealed his thoughts, but by his silence."

On account of the numerous *bons mots*, and epigrams that claim him for parent Talleyrand is commonly thought to have been a brilliant conversationalist and a flippant wit. Lamartine, however, has given us quite a different picture in the following passage: "A taste for lively sallies and epigrams has been attributed to him which he did not possess. He was, on the contrary, slow, careless, natural, somewhat idle in expression, always infallible in precision. His sentences were not flashes of light, but condensed reflections in a few words."

On the first day of the revolution of July he made no sign. On the third he sent his secretary to St. Cloud to see if the King were still there. Upon being informed of the departure for Rambouillet, he dispatched a paper to Madame Adelaide at Neuillet, containing these words: "Madame can put every confidence in the bearer, who is my secretary." "When she has read it," he said to the secretary, "let it be burned or brought back to me; then tell her that not a moment is to be lost—Duc d'Orleans must be here tomorrow; let him take the title of Lieuten-

* The Emperor Alexander conceived an inveterate dislike to Talleyrand for the neglect that Russian interests received at his hands during the congress at Vienna.

ant-General of the Kingdom, which has been already accorded to him; the rest will come."

Upon the accession of Louis Philippe he undertook the embassy to St. James', and obtained the recognition of England for the new Sovereign. Thus he did for fourth time change the dynasty of France! His last diplomatic labours were to tide over the Belgian difficulties and to assist in the formation of the quadruple alliance.

The end was coming fast. To gratify his family, but not from personal conviction, he consented to make his peace with the church. During his last hours his rooms were filled with the flower of Parisian society. Louis Philippe himself visited his deathbed. Those last hours are well described in the following quotation: "M. de Talleyrand was seated upon the side of his bed, supported in the arms of his secretary. It was evident that death had set his seal upon that marble brow; yet I was struck with the still existing vigour of the countenance. It seemed as if all the life which had once sufficed to furnish the whole being was now contained in the brain. From time to time he raised up his head, throwing back with a sudden movement the long grey locks which impeded his sight, and gazed around; and, then, as if satisfied with the result of his examination, a smile would pass across his features and his head would again fall upon his bosom. He saw death approaching neither with shrinking nor fear, nor yet with any affectation of scorn or defiance."

He died May 17, 1838, aged 84.

"He possessed a mixture of the firmness of Richelieu, knowing how to select a party, the finesse of Mazarin, knowing how to elude it; the restlessness and factious readiness of the Cardinal de Retz, with a little of the magnificent gallantry of the Cardinal de Rohan," says a French writer; thus connecting him, by comparison, with all his great predecessors in statecraft.

Guizot thus sums up his character: "Out of a crisis or a congress he is neither skilful nor powerful. A man of court and of diplomacy, not of government, and less of a free government than any other; he excelled in treating by conversation, by an agreeableness of manner, by the skilful employment of his social relations with isolated people; but authority of character, fecundity of talent, promptitude of resolution, power of eloquence, sympathetic intelligence with general ideas and public passions, all these great means of acting upon mankind at large he entirely wanted.

... Ambitious and indolent, flattering and disdainful, he was a consummate courtier in the art of pleasing and serving without servility; supple and amenable to the highest degree when it was useful to his fortunes; always preserving the air of independence; an unscrupulous politician, indifferent to the means and almost to the end, provided that it secured his personal success; more bold than profound in his views, coldly courageous in peril, adapted for the grand affairs of an absolute government; but in the great air and the great day of liberty he was out of his element, and was incapable of action."

Talleyrand could neither love nor hate; he was a passionless man; he never committed a cruel or vindictive action, and never a purely motiveless-generous one. Every thought, feeling, plan of his nature revolved round one great centre—SELF. He could not, as a great statesman, have created a broad, comprehensive scheme of government; his own petty interests ever dwarfed his ideas. In him the reasoning faculty was largely developed, the imaginative not at all; he trusted to no deductions, to no speculations that were not rigidly derived from his own personal experiences: hence his views, although wonderfully correct, were never all-comprehensive. He understood mankind sectionally; he could almost infallibly foresee how each section would act *singly*; but of that "touch of nature that makes the whole world kin"—of those subtle links that can mass mankind as a whole, and by which all great rulers have swayed their worlds, he knew nothing. Because no process of mathematical reasoning, no experience, however extended, can deduce them; their existence can only be revealed by the inspiration of those creative faculties of the mind that revealed to Shakespeare a Macbeth and a Hamlet.

He worked for the greatness of France, because upon the greatness of France depended the greatness of Talleyrand. He was purely a cynic—the well-being of mankind never for a moment entered into his calculations. To him the world was a chess-board—mankind the pieces; he ranged his kings and his queens, his bishops and his generals, and played them one against the other; when the game was exhausted and the sovereign was encompassed by enemies beyond all hope of escape, he cried "Checkmate," and began the game afresh. It was said of him, "Like a cat, he always falls upon his feet; cats do not follow their masters, they are faithful to—the house."

His vices were those of the age in which he was educated; his licentiousness, his cynicism, his scepticism, his selfish contempt for mankind, were learned in the boudoir of Du Barry. In reason and in action, he was of the nineteenth century; in thought and feeling, he was of the *ancien régime*. His liberalism had been learned in the school of Voltaire; he accepted the advance of political ideas as a necessity, but with no sympathy. "The thoughts," he said, "of the greatest number of intelligent persons in any age or country are sure, with few more or less fluctuations, to become in the end the public opinion of their age or community." And he always yielded to public opinion.

While attached to any government, he served it faithfully and zealously; and in all his tergiversations he scrupulously retained the outward forms of decency, reserving to himself a respectable excuse for his defection: "*I have never kept fealty to any one longer than he has himself been obedient to common-sense*," he said.

The most brilliant of his talents was a marvellous and almost prophetic foresight, in proof of which I extract the two following quotations from his writings. The prophecy contained in the first is rapidly coming to pass; that contained in the second has just been wonderfully fulfilled:

"Upon the side of America, Europe should always keep her eyes open, and furnish no pretence for recrimination or reprisals. America grows each day. She will become a colossal power, and the time may arrive when, brought into closer communion with Europe by means of new discoveries, she will desire to have her say in our affairs, and put in her hand as well. Political prudence then imposes upon the government of the Old World to scrupulously watch that no pretext is given her for such an interference. The day that America sets her foot in Europe, peace and security will be banished for many years."

"Do not let us deceive ourselves; the European balance that was established by the congress of Vienna will not last for ever. It will be overturned some day; but it promises us some years of peace. The greatest danger that threatens it in the future are the aspirations that are growing universal in central Germany. The necessities of self-defence and a common peril have prepared all minds for Germanic unity. That idea will continue to develop until some day one of the great powers who make part of the Confederation will desire to realize that unity for its own profit. Austria is not to be feared,

being composed of pieces that have no unity among themselves. It is then Prussia who ought to be watched; she will try, and if she succeeds all the conditions of the balance of power will be changed; it will be necessary to seek for Europe new bases and a new organization."

From London Society.

THE KING LEAR OF THE RUSSIAN STEPPES.

TRANSLATED FROM IVAN TOURGUENEF.

BY MRS. BURY PALLISER.

ONE winter's evening, a party of college friends had assembled together, and the conversation turned upon Shakspeare, and upon the different characters in his plays, which were all drawn with such astonishing truthfulness that each one could name an Othello, a Hamlet, or a Falstaff, as among the persons they had chanced to meet.—"And I, gentlemen," said our host, "have known a King Lear." And he began his narrative.

"I passed my early youth in the country, in the domain of my mother, a rich Russian landed proprietor in the government of X——. The most striking impression that has remained upon my memory, is the person of Martin Petrovitch Kharlof, our nearest neighbour. In my life I never saw any one like him. Imagine a man of gigantic stature, with an enormous body, upon which was set, without any appearance of neck, a monstrous head, surmounted by a tangled mass of greyish, yellow hair, almost joining his shaggy eyebrows. On his sunburnt face was a broad, flat nose, little blue eyes, and a small mouth. His voice was hoarse but sonorous. The expression of his face was not disagreeable; there was a certain grandeur in it, but so strange, so extraordinary. And then, what arms, what legs, what shoulders! Summer and winter Kharlof wore a kind of tunic of greenish cloth, confined at the waist by a Circassian belt. I never saw him wear a cravat. He breathed slowly and heavily like a bullock, and walked noiselessly. His Herculean strength inspired the respect of all the country round, and various legends were circulated relating to it. It was affirmed that one day, on meeting a bear, he felled it to the earth with his fist; and that, on another occasion, having surprised a peasant in his orchard, in the act of stealing his beehives, he flung him over the hedge, to—

gether with the horse and cart he had brought to carry away his plunder. But Kharlof did not pride himself on his physical strength so much as upon his birth, his position, and the mental superiority for which he gave himself credit. My mother received him with special kindness, for he had saved her life, twenty years ago, by stopping her carriage on the edge of a deep ravine into which the horses had fallen. The shafts and harness were broken, but Kharlof never left his hold of the wheel, though the blood was starting from his finger-nails. It was my mother who had given him his wife, an orphan reared in her own house. She died young, leaving two daughters, the eldest of whom was married.

"Kharlof, was a good landed proprietor. Of the obedience of his peasantry it were idle to speak. Large and heavy as he was, he never went on foot, but drove a low droski, drawn by an old, decrepid horse, bearing the scar of a wound it had received in battle. Behind the droski sat always his little Cossack boy, Maximka.

"I have already said that my mother treated Kharlof with respect. She saw in him a kind of devoted giant who, if needs be, would not hesitate to fight a whole army of revolted serfs. Besides, he was loyal, never borrowed money, never drank, and, if he was deficient in education, was not wanting in intelligence. Who would have thought this giant, so confident in his own powers, was subject to fits of melancholy? They would come on without any apparent cause, and he would then shut himself up in his room, and call his Cossack boy to read or sing to him—the colossus Kharlof feared death.

"Men of great physical power are generally phlegmatic, but this was not his case. His wrath was easily aroused, and no one had the power of more readily irritating him than the brother of his deceased wife, a contemptible little being, half buffoon, half parasite, who lived with us. His name was Bitschkof, but he always bore the sobriquet of Souvenir.

I was anxious to see Kharlof's house, and one day proposed to return with him; it was situated on the top of a hill. We entered the courtyard. On one side was an old habitation with thatched roof, on the other a newly built house. 'See,' said Kharlof, 'in what a hovel my father lived, and look at the palace I have built for myself.' It was so slightly built, it looked like a castle of cards. Five or six dogs, each one uglier than the other, saluted us with furious barkings. 'These

are our shepherd dogs,' said Kharlof, 'of the true Crimean race. Be quiet, you rascals, or I will hang you all.'

"A young man in a long nankeen coat appeared at the doorstep of the new house, and reverentially assisted his father-in-law to alight. 'Anna,' called Kharlof, 'the son of Natalia Nicolayna condescends to visit us. We must entertain him. Arrange the table immediately. Where is little Evlampia?'

"She is not at home; she is gone to the fields to gather corn-flowers.' Evlampia was the younger daughter, and her father's favourite. In a few minutes all was ready. Surprised at the rapidity with which Kharlof's orders were executed, I followed him into the dining-room, where, on a table covered with a white-patterned red cloth, was laid out the repast, consisting of curds, cream, wheaten bread, and powdered sugar, mixed with cinnamon. While I was eating, Kharlof fell asleep. Anna stood before me perfectly motionless, her eyes fixed upon the ground, and through the window, I could see her husband leading my horse up and down the courtyard, polishing with his hands the curb chain which he had detached from the bridle.

"My mother did not like Kharlof's eldest daughter. She thought her proud. Towards my mother, she was cold and reserved, though she had placed her at school, found her a husband, and presented her on the day of her marriage with a thousand roubles and an Indian shawl. Anna was the terror of the wives and daughters of the peasants.

"Kharlof woke up. 'Anna,' he said, 'play something on the piano, that pleases these young gentlemen.' I turned my head, and saw the pitiable semblance of a harpsichord in the corner of the room.

"I obey, father, but I can play nothing which would interest the gentleman; and, besides, the strings are all broken.'

"Then,' said Kharlof, 'Volodka* shall show you the granary,' calling to his son-in-law, who was still walking my horse up and down. Vladimir Slotkine was an orphan whom my mother had sent to the village school, and afterwards married to Anna. She called him her little Jew, and his hooked nose, black eyes, and red lips were quite of the Oriental type. A thirst for gain was the leading feature in his character.

"In one of the turns of the road, I met the second daughter of Kharlof. A wreath

* The diminutive of Vladimir.

of corn-flowers encircled her head. We saluted each other in silence. Evlampia was less beautiful than her sister, but of a different stamp. Tall and strongly made, everything in her was on a large scale — head, limbs, hands, teeth, and, above all, her eyes of a dull blue with heavy eyelids. This monumental being was a true daughter of Kharlof. Her plait of fair hair was so long she was obliged to twist it three times round her head. There was something wild, almost ferocious, in the expression of her eyes. 'She is untameable, of Cossack blood,' said Kharlof. In my heart, she intimidated me; this colossal being too closely resembled her father.

"One day, towards evening, in the month of June, Kharlof was announced. My mother was astonished, as he never paid such late visits. When he entered the room, he threw himself upon a chair near the door, and looked so pale, the expression of his face so disturbed, that my mother exclaimed, 'Speak, speak; something has happened. Has your fit of melancholy returned?'

"Kharlof knit his brow. 'No, it is not my melancholy; that comes on at the full of the moon. Allow me to ask you one question, madam, What do you think of death?'

"'Of what?' said my mother, somewhat startled.

"'I have just had a nocturnal hallucination,' he said, in a low tone, 'a nocturnal hallucination,' he repeated, 'I am a great seer of visions.' Kharlof gave a deep sigh, and continued, 'About a week back — it was exactly on the eve of St. Peter — I laid down to rest myself, and fell asleep. Suddenly, I saw enter my room a black colt, which began to gambol and grin at me with his teeth. And then, this same colt turned round and gave me a kick on the left elbow, in the most sensitive part, and I awoke. My left arm was powerless, and so was my left leg. It is paralysis, I said to myself. By degrees circulation returned, but a creeping sensation ran through all my joints, and as soon as I open the palm of my hand, it begins again.'

"'But, Martin Petrovitch, you have been only lying upon your arm when asleep.'

"'No, madam, it is not what you are pleased to say. It is a warning I have received; it is the announcement of my death. Consequently, I come to tell you my intentions without loss of time. Not wishing that death should take me unawares, I, the humble slave of the Almighty, have determined to divide, in my lifetime,

all my property between my two daughters, Anna and Evlampia.'

"'A reasonable idea, only it appears to me you are in too great a hurry.'

"'And as I desire in this same affair,' continued Kharlof, 'to observe the necessary legal forms, I beg of your son Dmtri, and to my relation, Bitschkof, I prescribe it as a duty, to witness the accomplishment of the formal act, and the giving over possession to my daughters Anna and Evlampia; which act is to be accomplished the day after to-morrow, at noon, in my own domain of Jeskovo, with the participation of the authorities who have been invited to attend.' Kharlof had great difficulty in delivering this formal speech, which he had evidently learned by heart.

"'Is it yourself,' asked my mother, 'who has prepared this act of division?'

"'Yes, and I have sent it in; and the tribunal of the district has received the necessary order to attend.' He rose slowly to go. 'But wait,' cried my mother, 'Do you really make over everything to your daughters, without any reservation?'

"'Certainly, without reserve.'

"'And where will you live?'

"'Where will I live? why, in my own house, as I have done till now. What change would you have?'

"'But, are you sure of your daughters, and of your son-in-law?'

"'Is it of Volodka you speak? of that beggar? I will make him do as I will. What power has he? And my daughters! they will feed, clothe, and house me till my death. Is it not their most sacred duty?'

"'Assuredly; only — excuse me for saying so, Martin Petrovitch — your eldest daughter is full of pride, and the second has the look of a wolf.'

"'Natalie Nicolavna!' exclaimed Kharlof, 'what are saying? Good heavens! They, my daughters, wanting in obedience! an idea not to be dreamt of. What! resist a father! and incur the curse that would await them. They who have passed their lives in trembling submission, and of a sudden to —' a suffocating cough here seized Kharlof, and my mother hastened to compose him.

"'Only, I cannot understand,' she urged, 'why this immediate division. After you, the property will go to them. I suppose your melancholy is the cause of all this.'

"'Ah,' returned Kharlof, with some irritation, 'you always throw my melancholy in my teeth. It is perhaps a force from above that now acts upon me. I make this immediate division because I will it. I, of my own person, by my own power,

fix what shall henceforth belong to each; and each of them having received my gift, shall feel grateful for it, and faithfully execute the will of their father and benefactor.' Here Kharlof's voice faltered. 'I wish you good morning, madam, and you sir,' he said, turning to me; 'I shall have the honour of seeing you the day after to-morrow at my house.'

"My mother looked at Kharlof as he went away, and shook her head. 'This promises no good,' she murmured.

"On the day appointed, our family coach, drawn by four horses and driven by our head coachmen, a stout, patriarchal figure, with long grey beard, drew majestically up to the door. The importance of the act Kharlof was about to accomplish, and the solemnity of his invitation had reacted upon my mother, and she ordered this state equipage, and desired us to appear in full dress to do honour to her protégé. In half an hour we reached the house; the dog saluted us with his howling, and the numerous children of the servants, who generally swarm in the courtyards, with wooden crosses round their necks, had all disappeared. Slotkine received us at the threshold. We entered the room, in the middle of which sat the motionless form of Kharlof; he had put on his militia jacket, a bronze medal was on his breast, his sword at his side, his left hand was placed on its hilt, while his right rested upon a pile of papers on the table. He did not stir, he appeared even not to breathe. He scarcely saluted us, but, pointing to a row of chairs, desired us to take our places. On the right were his two daughters in full dress; Anna in a green gown and a yellow belt, Evlampia in rose colour and cerise. On the left sat the priest, an aged man, whose sad eyes, worn cassock and ragged boots betokened a life of poverty and labour. Next to him were the attorney and the ispravnik, or head of the police of the district. I was seated near Souvenir, and my mother's steward, Lizinski, beside me. When we were all placed, Kharlof raised himself to his full height and began, 'I have invited you, gentlemen, because I feel I am growing old; my infirmities oppress me. I have received a warning, and the hour of death, as you know, comes upon us as a thief in the night; in consequence of which, I do not wish that death should take me unawares. I, the slave of the Almighty,' and he repeated, word for word, the phrase he had used to my mother. 'Conformably to the decision I have taken,' he continued, pointing to the pile of papers on the table, 'this

formal act has been drawn up, and you shall hear, point by point, my intentions. Approach,' says Kharlof to his son-in-law, who stood in an humble posture at the door, 'read, it would fatigue me.'

"Slotkine took the paper, and began to read with a clear but tremulous voice. The shares of the sisters were fixed with the most minute precision. From time to time Kharlof interrupted the reading, 'Listen, Anna, this is for you, as a reward for your zeal. Of that I make you a present, my little Evlampia.' The two sisters bowed, and Kharlof gazed on them with unmoved gravity. The seigniorial manor (that is, the new house) was assigned to Evlampia, the younger daughter, according to ancient usage. Kharlof reserved to himself the right of occupying the room he then inhabited, and also assigned to himself his complete maintenance, and an allowance of ten roubles a month for his clothing. The last clause in the deed he read himself, 'That these wishes of a father may be accomplished by his daughters religiously and unchanged, as a law of the Almighty; for after Him, I am their father and their head, and have no account to render to any one, any more than I have ever rendered. And if my daughters carry out my will, my fatherly benediction shall be on their heads, but if they fail to carry out my will — which heaven forbid — my curse will fall upon them now, henceforth, and to all eternity.' Kharlof closed the paper and waved it over his head. Anna threw herself upon her knees, and struck the ground with her forehead. 'And you, Evlampia?' said Kharlof. She reddened, and also bowed herself to the earth. 'Now rise and sign,' said Kharlof. 'Sign here, I am grateful and accept, Anna; here, I am grateful and accept, Evlampia.' The two women signed, as directed. A minute's silence followed; Kharlof let a sob escape, and then said, in a low voice, 'Now all is yours.' His daughters and son-in-law exchanged looks, and approaching, kissed him upon the arm between the elbow and the shoulder. The ispravnik then read the legal act, and, advancing upon the doorstep with the sisters, announced the event to the peasants of Kharlof, enjoining them submission to their new proprietors — an admonition he might have dispensed with, for I never saw more humble countenances, or peasants more tutored to obedience, than those of Kharlof. Dressed in patched caftans and tattered tunics, their waists tightly confined by their belts, as is required on solemn occasions, they stood

motionless as statues of stone, and each time the ispravnik addressed them, they made a profound obeisance. Notwithstanding the entreaties of the ispravnik, Kharlof refused to show himself with his daughters. 'My subjects,' he said, 'will obey my will without my presence;' but as if to exhibit his power for the last time, he suddenly put his head out of the window, roared out, in a stentorian voice, 'Obedience!' and hastily closed the casement. The peasants appeared stupefied.

"At last came the time for the repast. When the inevitable bottle of champagne appeared — champagne made on the banks of the Don — the ispravnik proposed the healths of the new proprietors and that of the magnanimous Martin Petrovitch Kharlof. At the word magnanimous, Slotkine gave an enthusiastic cry, and rushed to embrace his benefactor. Then occurred a disagreeable incident. Souvenir suddenly rose, and with a fiendish laugh, exclaimed, 'Magnanimous! magnanimous, indeed; we shall see how he feels when he is turned out, bare-backed, into the snow.' 'What are you raving about, fool?' said Kharlof, with contempt. 'Fool!' replied Souvenir; 'we shall soon see who the fool is!' 'How dare you insult our revered benefactor?' cried Slotkine; 'you know, if he had the slightest wish, he would not hesitate to tear up the act of donation he has so generously granted us.'

"But that would not prevent your turning him out in the snow," said Souvenir.

"Silence!" cried Kharlof, in a thundering voice. 'If I were to strike you, Bitschkof, a heap of dirt would alone remain where you now stand. And you, young cur,' he said, turning to Slotkine, 'hold your tongue, and presume not to put in your nose where you are not called. If I, Martin Petrovitch Kharlof, had decided upon this act, who can destroy it; who, in the whole world, can oppose my will?'

"Martin Petrovitch," began the attorney, 'you have just accomplished a great action; but if — which heaven forbid — instead of the gratitude which is your due, you should meet with some great affront —'

"I glanced my eye upon the sisters. Anna appeared to devour the words he was speaking. I never saw the face of a woman more wicked and more venomous, yet more strangely beautiful. Evlampia had turned away; a smile more contemptuous than ever was on her lips. Kharlof rose to speak, but his voice forsook him.

He struck the table with such violence that everything rattled in the room.

"Father," Anna hastened to say, 'that gentleman little knows us, to speak thus. You are wrong to let it make you angry.' Kharlof looked at Evlampia, but she remained stolidly silent. 'I thank you, daughter Anna,' said Kharlof, in a low voice; 'I rely upon you and upon your husband. As for you, sir, you are not made to judge Martin Kharlof; your intelligence does not reach so high. The thing is decided; my decision will not change. I am no longer master here; I am a visitor; and as such I use my privilege to retire.' He turned round, and walked slowly out of the room.

"The next day Kharlof came to dine with my mother, who referred to the incidents of the preceding day. 'Yes,' said Kharlof, 'something passed a little serious, but what I have upon my heart is not the idle words of Souvenir, but the bearing of Evlampia. She was a stone — a real statue. She feels nothing. Why did she not say to herself, my father must be very ill, must feel his end approaching, thus to give us up all he has; but not a word, not a look; she bowed to the ground, but not in gratitude.'

"Why, Kharlof," said my mother, 'you seem to complain; you begin to repent and be afraid of the step you have taken.'

"This wounded him to the quick. All his pride arose. 'I am not among those who complain or are afraid. This earthly globe shall be dissolved before I fail in my word, or that I fear or regret what I have done. As for my daughters, they will never depart from their obedience to their father to all eternity.'

"The death of her brother-in-law called my mother away, and it was three months before we came back to our home.

"The first news my servant gave me, on my return, was that large flocks of woodcocks had arrived, and that they were plentiful in the birch woods of Jeskova, the domain of Kharlof. I started directly, and had a good day's sport. On my way homewards I saw a peasant ploughing near the wayside, and immediately recognized in the miserable, starved beast he was belabouring, the favourite animal Kharlof used to drive.

"Is Martin Kharlof dead, I inquired, 'that you have his horse?'

"Oh, no," he answered, 'but it has been taken and sold. Many things have happened during your absence. Mr. Slotkine is master now.'

“And Martin Petrovitch?”

“He has become a mere cipher. Some fine morning he will be turned out of doors.”

“When I went in I found something had disturbed my mother. She sent suddenly for Lizinski, and said, ‘Send a carriage to-morrow morning for Mr. Kharlof, and desire him to come here, as I hear he has no longer one at his disposal, and tell him I must absolutely see him. Tell, also, Slotkine, I order him to appear before me; mind, I order him.’”

“Martin Petrovitch will not obey,” whispered Souvenir; ‘you cannot imagine what he has become.’

“His prediction was verified. My mother wrote him a letter with her own hand. He sent for answer, written upon a piece of dirty paper, ‘Before heaven, I cannot—shame would kill me. Let me disappear, thank you; do not torment me.’”

“Slotkine’s interview with my mother did not occupy a quarter of an hour. She declared he should never again enter her presence; and ‘if Kharlof’s daughters dare to present themselves—for they have impudence for anything,’ she said, ‘show them the door. That miserable Jew,’ she continued, ‘whom I have taken out of the mire to make a man of, has the audacity to tell me I have no right to interfere with what does not concern me, and that Martin Petrovitch is treated with too much indulgence—the ungrateful little toad!’”

“Determined to see Kharlof, I again set out with my gun to Jeskova. Suddenly I heard steps behind me, and Slotkine came out of the thicket. His face bore no trace of the obsequious humility with which, four months back, he was polishing the curb of my bridle when walking my horse up and down his father-in-law’s court-yard. ‘Have you killed many woodcocks?’ he asked. ‘You are aware you are shooting in our wood; but I give you leave. Your mother was very angry with me yesterday, and would hear of no explanation. I declare solemnly it is impossible to treat Martin Petrovitch otherwise; he is quite childish.’”

“But why have you sold his horse?”

“Why? A fine question! What use was it? Only to eat hay without profit. If Martin Petrovitch wishes to go out he has only to ask; we never refuse him, unless the horse is at work. Then there is that little vagabond Cossack,” he continued. ‘Martin Petrovitch complains we have taken him from him. What use was he to us? Now we have apprenticed him to a

saddler; and when he has learned his trade he will pay us a yearly sum.’”

“Who, then, now reads to Martin Petrovitch?”

“Read! What an idea, to read at his age! He had but one book, and that, I am thankful to say, has disappeared.”

“And who shaves him now?”

“Slotkine assumed an affable laugh, as if it were a good joke, and replied, ‘No one; at first he singed his beard with a candle; now he lets it grow. Martin Petrovitch is clothed and fed—what can he want besides? Has he not declared that he desires nothing more in this world, but what is for the good of his soul? Besides, he ought to recollect that, put it which way you please, all now belongs to us. He complains we do not pay his allowance: What does he require money for? he wants for nothing. I assure you we treat him well. Now, there are the rooms, for instance, he occupies; we want them badly for ourselves, for we have no space to turn in. Then, we try to provide him occupation. Last St. Peter’s day I bought him some fish-hooks—excellent English hooks, very dear. The pond is full of tench, and he has only to sit at the edge and fish all day—what better occupation for an old man? Martin Petrovitch himself approves. You know what a hot, violent man he was; now he has become quite quiet. Your mother is angry with me. She is a great lady, and holds to power as much as did formerly Martin Petrovitch. Come and judge for yourself, and, if an opportunity offers, say a word in our favour. I have the honour to salute you. Kill as many woodcocks as you like. They are birds of passage, and belong to nobody; but if a hare crosses your path, spare it—it is our game.’”

“When left to myself, I exclaimed, ‘How is it that Kharlof has not before this exterminated Slotkine? He must be subdued indeed.’”

“At the end of the garden was the pond.”

“Has Kharlof indeed turned fisherman?” I asked myself. I looked round, and at the bottom of a forest of rushes I saw a greyish mass. It was indeed Kharlof, without cap, his hair dishevelled, a kind of linen overcoat rent at every seam, his legs doubled under him: he was seated, motionless, on the bare mud. His whole appearance was so strange that my dog stopped short, and began to growl. Kharlof raised his head, and looked at me like a wild man. My heart beat violently as I approached and saluted him. ‘You are

there, catching fish, Martin Petrovitch,' I said.

"Yes, fishing," he answered, in a hoarse voice, and gave a jerk with his rod, at the end of which was a piece of string, and no hook; and I perceived he had no worms for bait.

"But your hook is broken."

"Broken," he repeated, passing his hand across his eyes. 'Is it the son of Natalia Nicolavna?' said he, after some minutes' pause. He still appeared to me a giant, but so thin, such rags, such a wreck.

"Yes," I answered, 'I am the son of Natalia Nicolavna; she is much concerned at your refusing to go to see her.'

"Have you been there?" said Kharlof, pointing to the house. 'Go now. What have you to do here? Useless to talk with me. Go to the house; all goes on wonderfully. My daughters are such excellent housewives. As for me, I am grown old. Quiet, quiet, you know, is the best for me.'

"Fine quiet, indeed!" I exclaimed. 'Martin Petrovitch, you must come to us.'

"Kharlof gave me a sad glance. 'Go, my friend, go.'

"Do not refuse my mother; she will send her carriage for you.'

"Go."

"Come, let yourself be persuaded. Why remain here to torment yourself?"

"How torment myself?"

"I mean you are wrong to be as you are." Kharlof seemed to reflect, and, emboldened by his silence, I determined to press him still further. Recollect I was only fifteen. 'Martin Petrovitch,' I cried, while I placed myself by his side, 'I know the shameful way in which you are treated: what a situation it is for you. But why lose courage? You have certainly committed an imprudence in giving up all to your daughters—it was great, it was generous. But if they show ingratitude it is your part to return it with scorn, and not give yourself up to melancholy.'

"Leave me," murmured Kharlof, grinding his teeth, and his eyes which he kept fixed upon the pond, becoming inflamed with rage. 'Begone.'

"But Martin Petrovitch —"

"Begone, I say, or I will kill you. I will throw you into the water, to teach you to dare to come and disturb an old man with your imbecile advice—brat that you are.'

"He is gone mad," I thought. Looking at him, I saw Kharlof was crying. Small tears silently trickled down his cheeks, and

yet his face had a most ferocious expression. 'Begone,' he again shouted, "or I will kill you, to serve as an example to others." I picked up my gun, and took to my heels.

"About three weeks after I was standing at my bed-room window, looking gloomily over the yard; the weather for many days had been too bad for shooting the rain falling in torrents, the roads impassable from mud, the trees bending under a hurricane of wind; the cold so intense, it penetrated to the very marrow of one's bones. It appeared as if the sun would never show itself again; it was quite dark though it was midday. I then discerned, crossing the yard and making towards the door, what appeared to me a bear, not on four legs, but erect, like one taught to dance. I could scarcely believe my eyes, and was trying to account for this extraordinary apparition, when a frightful noise came from below. I ran down stairs. At the door stood my mother, petrified with horror, and behind her a cluster of scared female attendants. The steward, footman, and the little Cossack, all open-mouthed, pressing towards the dining-room, in the midst of which, covered with mud, the rain streaming in torrents from his tattered garments, on his knees, panting, gasping, suffocating, was the monstrous black, heavy being I had seen cross the court. It was Kharlof. He breathed heavily, convulsively—it was as if a cauldron was boiling in his breast. All I could distinguish in this filthy mass was his small eyes, which rolled wildly round.

"At last, my mother exclaimed, 'Is this you, Martin Petrovitch?'

"It is indeed me; yes, me," he replied, in a broken voice.

"Good heavens! what has happened?"

"Nata—lia—Nicalav—na, I have run here on foot."

"And in such weather; but you do not resemble a human being. Get up and take a seat. And you," said she, turning to the servants, 'bring towels at once, and see if you can find some dry garments for him to put on.'

"The steward raised his hands. 'Where find a garment for such a giant? We will fetch a horse-cloth or a sheet.'

"They have turned me out, madam," said Kharlof, after a deep groan; 'they have turned me out, Natalia Nicolavna, my own daughters—from my own nest.'

"My mother crossed herself, 'How horrible: but get up, Martin Petrovitch; do me this favour.'

"The servants arrived with towels and a large blanket.

"Come, stand up," said my mother in a voice of command, "and tell me all that has happened." He raised himself slowly, staggering like a drunken man, drew a chair near, and sank into it. The servants advanced with the towels and blanket, but he motioned them away with his hand, and my mother did not insist.

"Madam Natalia Nicolavna," at last he began, with effort, "I am going to tell you the whole truth. Pride has been my fall, as much as it was that of Nebuchadnezzar. I said to myself, Heaven has gifted me with intellect, and then, with the fear of approaching death on my mind, my head was turned, and I said, I will show the world, before departing this life, my generosity and my power. I will confer benefits on them all, and all shall be grateful to me to the tomb." Kharlof started from his chair. "Kicked out like a mangy dog—such is their gratitude. They took away from me Maximka, they took my carriage, my horse, they reduced my food, they did not pay my allowance, all has been miserably curtailed around me. And I said nothing, on account of my pride, that my enemies should not have it in their power to say, 'Look at that old fool, see how he now repents; and you, madam, you also had warned me. That is why I would never breathe a word of complaint. To-day, I went into my poor chamber, it was occupied, my bed thrown into a garret, and I was told, 'You can sleep as well there, we keep you by favour, and we want your room.' And who said this to me? Volodka Slotkine, a vile upstart, a mis—" Here his voice broke down.

"But, your daughters, what did they say?" asked my mother.

"My daughters! they have no will of their own; they are both the slaves of Volodka. Madam, I cannot support the ingratitude of my children. When Volodka, with his insolent tongue, told me I should no longer occupy my own room, every timber of which I built with my own hands, heaven knows what darkness overshadowed me, what a knife pierced my heart. I then ran, in this horrible state, to you, my benefactress."

"Come, repose yourself," said my mother, "they shall take you to a warm room; lie down and sleep, and take some tea, and we will talk. Do not lose courage, my old friend; if they have driven you from your house, you will always find a home in mine. I have not forgotten you

saved my life. Take him to bed, and when he awakes, send for the tailor to measure him for new clothes." The steward led him to his room, and hastened to procure some linen. Souvenir, who had been watching his opportunity, now came forward, and began dancing and annoying Kharlof. "Good morning, your excellence, let me kiss your hand; but why have you put on your black gloves? You treated me as a parasite, and now you are one yourself. Now you have not a roof that belongs to you. You will eat the bread of charity like me."

"Souvenir," I cried, "be silent," but in vain.

"Oh, you quite frighten me, my little brother. You might at least have combed your beautiful locks, now they must be cut with a scythe. And you still attempt to bluster, you a beggar, a naked worm. Where now is the hereditary roof of which you were so proud?"

"Mr. Bitschkof," I cried, "what are you about, in the name of heaven?" I was alarmed. Kharlof, who had been gradually calmed down by his interview with my mother, was now becoming again excited. He breathed quickly. The veins of his neck dilated, and his eyes flashed through his bespattered face. I threatened Souvenir to inform my mother, but a very demon seemed to possess him.

"Yes," cried he, "most respectable gentleman. This is what you are come to. Your daughter and your son-in-law jeer at you under your hereditary roof. You said you would club them, but you are afraid. You thought you could wrestle with Mr. Slotkine, but he is too strong for you."

"A fearful yell interrupted Souvenir's harangue. Kharlof's face turned blue, he foamed at the mouth, and his whole frame quivered with fury. 'A roof, did you say?' cried he, in his iron voice. 'No, I will not curse them, that would be indifferent to them; but a roof! I will destroy it from top to bottom. They shall not have one any more than I. They shall know what it is to turn me in derision. My strength has not yet forsaken me: they shall not have a roof—No, no!' and upsetting the attendants who had just entered, he rushed out of the house."

"My mother was greatly disturbed when she heard of Kharlof's departure, and despatched Lizinski to bring him back at all costs. In an hour he returned alone. 'What has happened, that he does not come?'"

"Nothing has happened to him, but he

is pulling down his house. He is standing on the roof, and has already thrown down thirty planks and a dozen rafters.'

"My mother exclaimed, 'Alone upon the roof, and pulling down the house!'

"As I have the honour of informing you, madam. He is breaking everything, right and left; his strength is, as you know, supernatural. And the roof is not very solid; it is made of batten and laths. I propose returning again with some of our people, and seeing what can be done. The peasants have all hid themselves from fear.'

"I ran to the stables and galloped off to Jeskova. When I reached the carriage-gate, I was dumb with stupor. Of a third of the roof of the new house, the skeleton only remained. Piles of planks were heaped on each side of the walls, and on the top floor rolled a blackened mass, now shaking the shaft of a chimney, now tearing a rafter from the roof and throwing it on the ground. It was Kharlof, his rags and his hair fluttering in the wind. It was horrible to see, it was more horrible to hear him. A crowd of peasants, servants, and children filled the court. On the doorsteps of the other house stood the aged priest, raising from time to time an old copper crucifix, which he held towards Kharlof in silence and despair. Near him stood Evlampia, looking at her father with gloomy earnestness. Anna remained within, but would now rush into the court, now return into the house. Slotkine, armed with a gun, paced up and down, panting, shivering, threatening, levelling his piece at Kharlof, and then throwing it back on his shoulder. As soon as he saw us, he ran up.

"See what has happened,' he said, in a doleful tone; 'he has gone quite mad. See what he is doing. I have sent for the police; if I fire upon him, I shall not be answerable in the eyes of the law, for every one has a right to defend his own property. I am now going to fire. Martin Petrovitch, come down, or I fire.'

"Fire!' answered from the roof a terrible voice. 'In the meantime, I send you a present.' A long plank whistled through the air, and fell at the feet of Slotkine.

"Fetch a ladder," said Slotkine to a group of peasants. 'Climb all, and save my property.'

"Where to find it?" answered the group. 'And if there were one, who would mount it? Not such fools. He would wring every one of our necks, like so many chickens.' It was evident that, even if the danger had been less, the peasants would

not have obeyed their new master. They almost approved of Kharlof, and certainly admired him.

"Thieves! rascals!' vociferated Slotkine. At this moment, the last chimney fell in with a tremendous crash, and as the cloud of yellow dust cleared away, Kharlof was to be seen shouting in triumph, and holding up his begrimed and blood-stained hands. Slotkine again levelled his gun, but Evlampia pushed back his elbow. 'Do not prevent me,' he cried, with fury.

"You dare not,' she said, her blue eyes lighting up under her close-set eyebrows. 'The father,' she says, 'destroys his own house — it is his own.'

"False, it is ours.'

"You say so, and I, his daughter, tell you it is his.' Slotkine was bursting with rage.

"Ah, good day, good day, my beloved daughter,' cried Kharlof from above.

"Finish, father, and come down, come to me; we are all guilty, but we will restore all; believe your daughter, and come down.'

"By what right do you take this decision upon yourself,' interrupted Slotkine. Evlampia did not condescend a reply. 'I will restore you my share,' continued she, 'I will render you all, father; forgive us, forgive me.'

"Kharlof smiled. 'Too late, my dove; your stony heart is moved too late. Do not look upon me, I am a lost man. Look rather at Volodka, at your viper sister. Now, my little gentleman, you wished to deprive me of my roof, well, I will not leave one rafter upon another. I have fashioned and laid them all with my own hands, and with my own hands alone will I destroy them. You see, I have not taken an axe.'

"Finish, father,' resumed Evlampia, in a caressing voice, 'do believe me, you always have believed me; come down into my little room, come up on my bed; I will dry your clothes — I will warm you — I will dress your wounds. See how your poor hands are torn. Yes, we have been very guilty, but you will forgive.'

"Kharlof tossed his head. 'Idle talk! I, believe you! you have killed all belief in me. You have killed everything. I was an eagle, and I made myself a worm for you, and you have put your heel upon the worm. I loved you — you know how much. Now you are no longer my daughter, I am no more your father. I am a lost man. And you, fire, you coward,' he cried, suddenly turning round to Slotkine.

'Why do you only point your gun at me?

But, perhaps you remember the law: 'If the receiver attempt the life of the donor, the last has a right to take back his gift.' Don't be afraid, great lawyer, I ask for nothing—I will see after myself. Fire!

"At this moment Lizinski appeared with his party. 'What an army against me,' cried Kharlof; 'but I give notice that whoever pays me a visit up here, will return down head foremost.' His aspect was so terrible, that the men who had reached the top quickly descended by the gutter, to the derision and delight of the people assembled below. Kharlof returned to the front, and seizing with his two hands the pair of rafters which formed the point of the roof, began rocking them backwards and forwards to the measure of a tune he was singing, like the boatmen on a river.

"Lizinski," said Slotkine, 'let me fire one shot, if only to frighten him.' Lizinski had no time to reply, for the rafters, furiously rocked by the iron hands of Kharlof, at last gave way. They fell with a crash, and carried him down along with them. He struck the ground with his whole might, and the long beam which forms the top of the roof followed the rafters in their descent, and fell upon the shoulders of the unfortunate Kharlof. 'It is finished,' murmured the peasants. Pale as death, Evlampia placed herself by her father, and fixed upon him her motionless eye. Neither Anna nor Slotkine dared approach him. All was silent in mournful expectation. At last, a convulsive gurgle was heard, he opened one eye, looked listlessly round and stammered, 'Bro-ken.' Then, after a pause—'the black colt.' A stream of blood gushed from his mouth—I thought it was the end, but Kharlof again opened his eye, and looking at Evlampia, said, with a sinking voice, 'It is you my daughter, I—' and expired. The heavy beam had broken his spine. Evlampia fell, a senseless mass at the feet of the body of her inanimate father.

"What were his last words?' I said to myself. 'Did he wish to pardon or to curse her?' In my own heart I felt he had forgiven her.

"Some days after the funeral, it was rumoured that Evlampia had left the paternal house for ever, resigning all her share of the inheritance to her sister."

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THE RIVER PO.

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THE year now rapidly drawing to a close has been one of the most rainy on record, and men count by tens of years the times since the flooded rivers deluged the meadows in the manner they have done in the year 1872. In places the rain-gauges have overflowed, and the actual amount of rainfall for a time has been unknown. All the rivers of Scotland, of the north and middle of England, and of Ireland, have risen high above their normal autumnal levels, and are out and abroad across the meadows, forming good-sized lakes where cattle used to browse; while hedges and trees, and in Ireland numerous haycocks, stand drearily in the unassuaged waters. All the lakes in Ireland are brimful, and rivers usually tranquil pour along in turbid floods. As yet, however, in our islands, excepting the damaged harvest, no special calamities on a large scale are on record; it is chiefly from Italy that we hear of the devastating effects of rivers that have escaped beyond their banks, and especially of the Po.

The Po in its *behaviour* may be looked upon as a typical river, the sources of which are fed by the "aged snows" of the Alps, and by the heavy rains of the Apennines. Every river has a definite geographical and geological history, often possible to be more or less unravelled, by qualified inquirers who may take the pains; and of all the rivers of Europe, perhaps few have a more interesting history than the Po.

Above Ferrara, where the Po receives the last of its affluents, it drains an area of 26,789 miles, of which 15,852 miles consist of mountain lands, and 10,937 of land comparatively flat. As everyone knows, it runs from west to east, through many a city famous in story, across the great plains of

"... fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy."

till at last, charged thick with sediment, it passes onward through the mouths that intersect its muddy delta into the Adriatic. In this great valley, now so fertile, it has run for far more thousands of years than man can yet venture to attempt to number, though perhaps the time may come when even that feat may be attempted.

Long before the historic period, tens of thousands of years ago, but which geolo-

gists call recent, the great valley was an arm of the sea; for beneath the gravels and alluvia that form the soils of Piedmont and Lombardy, sea-shells of living species are found in well-known unconsolidated strata at no great depth. At this period the lakes of Como, Maggiore, and La Garda, may have been fiords, though much less deep than now. Later still, the Alpine valleys through which the affluents of the Po run were full to the brim with the huge old glaciers of the Glacial Period, which, debouching on the plains, piled up the enormous moraine of the Dora Baltea, sixty miles in circumference, in places seven miles in width, and over 1,600 feet in height. Others of almost equal importance lie lower down the valley, as at La Garda; and the famous battle of Novara was fought on hills which, though now fertile, were once mere heaps of barren moraine-rubbish.

In those early times the Po flowed from the ice-caverns of the giant glaciers — just as at the present day it does from their diminutive descendants, high up among the inner Alps; and the great lakes of Northern Italy had no visible existence, for the valleys were choked to their watersheds on either hand by the ice of glaciers that, now shrunken and small, have receded far up among the further recesses of the mountains. No forests miscalled primeval then clothed the rocky heights, for all was white and barren, a waste of snow, unprofitable to the eye, had eyes been there to see it, but not unprofitable in reality, for the thick and ponderous glaciers were busy scooping out lake-basins, great and small, and grinding to powder the rocks in their path, which, transferred to the great river, were spread abroad in the valley to form the soil now worked by man on so many fertile breadths of tillage.

It is almost impossible to over-estimate the importance of glaciers in the production of sediment. Every river that flows from a modern Alpine glacier is white with the "flour of rocks," and how much greater must this power have been when the glaciers were more than a hundred times their present size! As they grew their chief work was first to grind off all the angularities previously produced on the rocks by ordinary atmospheric weathering. When that was done they still continued to push across the smoothed mammillated surfaces (*roches moutonnées*), constantly deepening the valleys and lowering the mountains; and all the while their sediment, won from the rocks, was travelling seaward, under the glaciers and into the rivers, by

them to be spread abroad, partly as alluvium over the land, partly to be carried by the Po to the sea, and by ever-increasing encroachment to add to its delta and lessen the area of the Adriatic. All this while, too, in the opinion of the author (an opinion now largely adopted both by European and American geologists), the glaciers were busy deepening certain portions of their valleys so as to form true rock-bound lake-basins; for glacier ice easily moulds itself to the inequalities of the surface across which it is forced by pressure from behind; and in favourable places, if the rocks be of unequal hardness, or if the quiet turmoil of the ice (if I may so speak) be greater in one place than another from the influx of tributary glaciers, there the grinding power is greatest and a rock-basin is sometimes the result. While producing this effect, all observation shows that glaciers had the power of shoving the ice in front up long inclined planes, and even over minor hills that opposed their onward courses. I insist upon this point because since the decline of the glaciers the great lake-basins on the Italian side of the Alps have exercised a powerful influence in the interception of sediment that is now, by the progressive encroachment of deltas, gradually tending to fill up the lakes of Como, Maggiore, and La Garda, and which, but for the glacier erosion of these rock-basins, would in great part find its way to swell the delta of the Po.

It is perhaps impossible to determine whether the floods to which the river was subject in these early times were greater or less in amount than at present. It is certain that there were then no forests in the great Alpine valleys, and it is well known that forests exercise a most important influence, both in the amount of rainfall and in the running of the water off the ground. If there were forests at that time in the North of Italy, they must have occupied the broad plains of the valley of the Po outside the great moraines of the period, and probably consisted chiefly of pines, like the forests of North America. But the woods of the plains must themselves have very much affected the flooding of the rivers great and small, for not only do wide-spreading forests tend to produce a moist atmosphere, but their shade prevents rapid evaporation, and the roots of the trees hinder the quick flow of the surface water in the streams of the wood-covered area. It is a well-known fact that in North America many fair-sized rivers, that once ran with water all the

year, now show nothing but dry and stony channels, excepting when refilled for a time by occasional floods of rain.

The woods of the lowlands would therefore only tend to keep the Po unaffected by droughts, and always comparatively full; but what connection may the vast glaciers of the period have had on the average size and intermittent flooding of the river? It is difficult to answer this question with precision, but it seems certain that the outflow from the ends of the glaciers must have been smallest in winter and largest in summer. Such rains as there were in summer-time would chiefly fall on the plains and help to keep the river full as it slowly drained off the low-lying lands, and in the same season the summer heats, though far less intense than now, would at intervals tend to melt the surface of the glaciers beyond the usual average and swell the Po considerably above its ordinary size, just as the glaciers of Spitzbergen and the southern half of Greenland of the present day, in the summer, deliver an extra amount of water. Everyone familiar with Alpine glaciers has seen in hot weather the wonderful daily rise and fall of the rivers that flow from their ends, dependent on the direct heat of the sun, and its withdrawal when sunset comes on; and the same effect on a larger scale accompanies the summer heat and the winter cold. Such must have been the case during the alternation of the seasons when the great old glaciers of the Alps filled to the brim the valleys of the Rhone and the Rhine; and the same was the case in the valley of Aosta and many another valley both deep and long, whose tributary streams, some of them passing through lakes, still help to swell the Po. But even in winter, with the climate of the period, there could have been no great diminution of the average volume of water, for in thick glacier ice, a few feet beneath the surface, even with the temperature of the air far below zero (Fahr.), the whole of the under-ice is just about the melting-point; and in the very north of Greenland the sub-glacier rivers still never cease to pour forth perennial streams, often deep below the level of the sea, where glaciers sometimes protrude for miles beyond the coast.

When we consider the vast size of the moraines shed from the ancient glaciers that fed the Po, it is evident that at all times, but especially during floods, vast havoc must often have occurred among the masses of loose *débris*. Stones, sand, and mud, rolled along the bottom and borne on

in suspension, must have been scattered across the plains by the swollen waters; for it is the habit with large glacier rivers to be constantly changing their courses, and often disastrously to ravage the plains through which they flow. This is the reason why so much of the plains of Piedmont is covered by rounded stony *débris*, which to a great extent represents the water-worn *débris* of ancient moraines, the very relics of which still form important ranges of hills (comparable in the flatness of their tops to the Cotswolds seen from the valley of the Severn), rising above the plain of Piedmont to nearly half the height of Snowdon. The gravels of the great plain of the Rhine below Basle were probably formed in the same manner.

It will now be easily understood how the vast plains that bound the Po and its tributaries were gradually formed by the constant annual increase of river gravels and finer alluvia, and how these sediments rose in height by the overflow of the waters, and steadily encroached upon the sea by the growth of the delta; a process which, began thousands of years before history began, has largely altered the face of the country within historic times, and is powerfully in action at the present day.

To persons accustomed to think of the world as having always been what we now see it, it is hard to realize such facts as these — facts, too, that only relate to a very small portion of a late minor epoch in the geological history of the earth. And yet how greatly suggestive they are! Through all this time (and long before) the mountains have constantly been wasting away, and their crests getting lowered; the valleys, so many of which send tributary streams to the Po, have been widening on the upper slopes and deepening below, at one time by the power of ice, and now by the action of the petty glaciers which we are accustomed to esteem so large, combined with winds, frost, rain, and the torrents that tear along their bottoms. It has been estimated by Professor Geikie that the area drained by the Po is on an average being lowered one foot in 729 years, and a corresponding amount of sediment carried away by the river.

To take an example — let us try rudely to estimate the quantity of matter still remaining in the moraine of the Dora Baltea, of which so much has already been carried away to form the alluvial plains of the Po and to help to enlarge its present delta. The circuit of the moraine is about sixty miles, its breadth in places

about seven, and its height above 1,600 feet. Let us attempt an average, and call its height only 500 feet, and its breadth three miles; then the total amount of *débris* in the moraine is 225,784,000,000 cubic yards of material, or, in printed words, two hundred and twenty-five thousand seven hundred and eighty-four millions of cubic yards of *débris*. And this is only a relic of what was originally worn away from the old Alps; for when the rubbish was being deposited, the chief business of the streams that flowed from the end of the glacier was constantly to dispose of the moraine material and to bear away it to lower levels. What may be said of the Dora Baltea may be said of many another Alpine river and moraine, on scales almost or perhaps equally great.

Furthermore, as already said, one chief occupation of the great old glaciers in the larger valleys was to scoop out the rock-basins, large and small, in which almost all the lakes on both sides of the Alps now lie, and many another lake besides, now filled with alluvium and forming broad meadows. In the Val d'Aosta the flat on which the town of Aosta stands is a case in point; and in many another valley in the Alps, and in Cumberland and the Yorkshire dales, on a smaller scale, the same is apparent. The time indeed must come when the lakes of Maggiore, Como, and Lugano, and many another Alpine lake besides, shall be filled with alluvium, and become green meadows, unless renewed upheavals of the Alps should take place, of a kind slow to the eye yet comparatively quick, though by no means sudden, in the sense in which man understands the word.

When the day arrives in which the great Italian lakes shall be filled with alluvium, a new modification of the history of the Po may commence, and its delta and the filling up of the Adriatic will advance more rapidly than before.

All these considerations help to show, though only in part, how complicated is the history of any great river; but before closing this sketch something may be said about the later history of the Po.

It is hard to get at the historical records of the river more than two thousand years ago, though we may form a good guess as to its earlier geological history. Within the historical period extensive lakes and marshes (some of them probably old sea lagoons) lay within its plains, since gradually filled with sediment by periodical floods. Great lines of dikes, partly of unknown antiquity, border the winding river

for a length of about 200 miles from Piacenza to its mouth, and throughout this course its breadth varies, from 400 to 600 yards. Through all its many windings, from Chivasso downward, alluvial islands diversify its course, and deserted channels here and there mark the ancient aberrations of the river. To guard against the devastating effects of floods and to check such aberrations, the dikes were raised; and in this contest of man with Nature, the result has been that the alluvial flats on either side of the river outside the dikes have for long received but little addition of surface sediment, and their level is nearly stationary. It thus happens that most of the sediment that in old times must have been spread by overflows across the land, is now hurried along towards the Adriatic, there, with the help of the Adige, steadily to advance the far spreading alluvial flats that form the delta of the two rivers. As the embanking of the river went on from age to age, so just in proportion has the annual amount of the formation of the delta been accelerated. The town of Adria, a sea-port of the Adriatic in the reign of Augustus, is now fourteen miles from the shore, and the ancient lagoon of Ravenna has long since been filled up, chiefly by the mud brought down by an ancient arm of the Po. But the confined river, unable by annual floods to dispose of part of its sediment, just as the dikes were increased in height, gradually raised its bottom by the deposition there of a portion of the transported material, so that to prevent its overflow it is said that the embankments have been raised so high that at Ravenna the full-flooded river often runs higher than the tops of the houses, and the safety of the neighbouring country is a constant source of anxiety to the inhabitants. All these dangers have been much increased by the wanton destruction of the forest of the Alps and Apennines, for when the shelter of the wood is gone, the heavy rains of summer easily wash the soil from the slopes down into the rivers, and many an upland pasture has by this process been turned into bare rock. In this way it happens that during the historical period the quantity of detritus borne onward by the Po has much increased, the level of its bottom is therefore more rapidly raised, and whereas between the years 1200 and 1600 the delta advanced on an average only about twenty-five yards a year, from 1600 to the year 1800 the increase has been more than seventy yards.

At last a season comes like the present,

when long-continued rain falls alike on mountains and plains, and the floods, swelled by the rapidly thawing glaciers, steadily increase the volume of the rivers, till at length they rise to the very brims of their embankments; and in spite of the long-continued precautions of man, the rivers, and most of all the Po, have broken across their prescribed bounds and whelmed in sheets of water hundreds of square miles of the fertile plains of Lombardy. When these vast lakes subside, or are absorbed by the air and the soil, who can estimate the havoc and destruction produced by the whelming waters out of which the tree-tops and roofs of buildings are now standing? Houses and even churches have been swept away, sand and gravel bury the meadows, and many a year must pass before the 20,000 families now houseless shall, by unremittent labour, restore the ravaged fields to their old fertility.

It is a hard thing to say, but such is one of the almost inevitable results of man's struggle with great rivers, when for ages he has striven to confine them. But by foresight and skill much may be done; and if the great old forests of the mountains were allowed to reassert themselves, the recurring danger would in time become less than now. But to be even nearly safe, dredging must, if possible, be added to embanking, so as to keep the long incline of the river bottom at an average level, otherwise the time in the far future *must* come when Nature will of necessity overcome even the best directed efforts of man.

From Nature.

MRS. SOMERVILLE.

MARY SOMERVILLE (born Fairfax), long ago known for her scientific researches and long well known for her popular and educational scientific works, died in the neighbourhood of Naples, where she has lived for some years, on Friday, November 20, aged nearly 92 years, having been born on December 26, 1780. She belonged to a good Scotch family, her father having been the late Vice-Admiral Sir William George Fairfax, was a great reader, learned Euclid surreptitiously while quite a girl, and at the same period got up a knowledge of Latin in order to be able to read Newton's *Principia*, and was educated at a school in Musselburgh, near Edinburgh.

Her first important contribution to science was made in 1826, when she presented to the Royal Society a paper on the magnetizing powers of the more refrangible solar rays, the object of which was to prove that these rays of the solar spectrum have a strong magnetic influence. This paper led to much discussion, which was not set at rest till the researches of Riess and Moser showed that the action upon the magnetic needle was not caused by the violet rays.

Mrs. Somerville's first work of any extent was her "Mechanism of the Heavens" (1831), written at first at the request of Lord Brougham, as one of the series of publications by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. As, however, the work was on too large a scale, and, according to Sir John Herschel, to whom the MS. was submitted, as it was written for posterity, and not for the class whom society designed to instruct, it was published as an independent work, eliciting from all quarters the highest encomiums, especially as being the work of a woman. It was founded to some extent on La Place's treatise, though the authoress exercised her own judgment in the acceptance or rejection of his theories.

Her next work "On the Connection of the Physical Sciences," was published in 1834, and was referred to by Humboldt as "the generally so exact and admirable treatise."

In 1848 appeared the work by which, perhaps, she is most generally known, her "Physical Geography," which, along with some of her other works, has passed through many editions, been reprinted frequently in America, and translated into several foreign languages. Notwithstanding the numerous works on the same subject that have since appeared, Mrs. Somerville's book still holds place as a first authority, even with the initiated.

In 1869 appeared her last work, "On Molecular and Microscopic Science," which, to quote a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, "contains a complete conspectus of some of the most recent and most abstruse researches of modern science, and describes admirably not only the discoveries of our day in the field of physics and chemistry, but more especially the revelations of the microscope in the vegetable and animal worlds." The fact that Mrs. Somerville was close on her 90th year when she published this work, in which is contained a *résumé* of the most interesting results of recent scientific investigations, may give one some idea of the undying vigour and

clearness of her mind, as well as of her intense love of science.

So long ago as 1835 Government recognized Mrs. Somerville's great merits, by bestowing upon her a literary pension of 300*l*.; and in the same year she was made an honorary member of the Royal Astronomical Society, the only other lady on whom this honour was conferred having been Miss Caroline Herschel. The Geographical Society awarded Mrs. Somerville the Patron or Victoria Medal in 1839, and about thirty years earlier the Fellows of the Royal Society subscribed for her bust, which was executed by Chantrey, and now adorns the Society's library. She certainly deserved all the honours she obtained, for during her long life she has done very much to raise the standard of scientific text-books, and to spread among general readers the accurate results of scientific research.

Dr. William Somerville was his wife's second husband, her first husband having been Captain Greig, a naval officer, fond of mathematics, and who took pleasure in giving his wife instruction in his favourite subject, thus probably giving her mind a bent towards science which has led to important results.

From The Saturday Review.
READING TRASH.

"We must read," said Dr. Johnson, in one of his contentious conversations with Sir Joshua and others, "what the world reads at the moment." And he added, after some other remarks, "It must be considered that we have now more knowledge generally diffused. All our ladies read now, which is a great extension." He did not stop to criticize the worth of what all the ladies were reading. He took for granted that the step from reading nothing to reading something was a great intellectual advance. And he was quite right. We, however, live under somewhat different literary conditions from those which prevailed in Dr. Johnson's day. There is a much greater amount of trash written now than was written then, and consequently there is a much greater number of readers of trash, not only among women, but among men also, than there was then. The ladies have made a great advance since the day when Dr. Johnson said that they all read. Had the learned Doctor been a contemporary of Mrs. Henry Wood, Miss Broughton, Mrs. Pender Cud-

lip, and a host of other women dear to modern publishers, he might have remarked that all our ladies write now, which is another great extension. He might also have observed how in these days the burden of reading "what the world reads at the moment" has become almost greater than we can bear. Under the pressure of sensational novels and special correspondence, he might perhaps have become less willing to acknowledge the necessity of conforming to the world in this matter. And if the incautious Boswell were now to confess that, much as he desired to read something solid, he found that the quantity of current literature had grown so enormous that he had no time to spare for anything else, we can well imagine the severity with which he would be rebuked by his venerable friend.

Some men are apt to fancy that reading trash is peculiarly a woman's weakness. "It is perfectly true," they say, "that many of us read little enough of any kind; but what we do read is not such abominable stuff as what our wives and sisters read." And this hypothesis seems to have lately received some support from the writings and speeches of divers strong-minded ladies, who, in pursuit of a more or less worthy object, have paraded before the public the hollowness and frivolity of Englishwomen's lives. But the hypothesis is not altogether defensible. It is true perhaps that women read more of the trash of fiction than men do. But it does not at all follow that, because a man does not read trashy novels, therefore what he does read is worth reading. On the contrary, there is probably quite as much unworthy reading among men who read at all as among women. The trash upon which men waste their time is not so much the trash of novels as the trash of newspapers. It is true perhaps that an excessive devotion to newspapers does not produce such palpably evil effects as are produced by an undue devotion to novels. But the evil done is nevertheless real and considerable. Excessive newspaper reading may not stimulate a morbid self-consciousness, or fill the mind with all sorts of absurd fancies about friends and enemies, about the tyranny of society, the rights and wrongs of lovers, and the poetry of an unreasonable or unlawful attachment; but it is nevertheless a sure destroyer of mental health. Its effect is to corrupt the judgment, to weaken the sense of mental discrimination, to discourage intellectual initiative, and generally to deaden the mental powers by substituting a habit of mechanical for a habit

of intelligent reading. The confirmed news reader — the man who reads through, at least, the *Times* before going to business in the morning, who after business hours gets through large portions of one or two other morning papers, skims the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and dips into the *Echo* and *Globe*, only varying or amplifying his studies, according to the day of the week or the amount of his leisure time, by excursions into the prolific regions of the weekly, the monthly, the comic, and the illustrated periodicals, and who finds that all the time he can spare for reading is fully occupied in the pursuit of this fugitive literature — is destroying his brain power as surely as the man who smokes a short pipe at every spare hour is destroying his digestion. And yet there are thousands of reasonable and fairly well-educated men who are more or less slaves to such a slovenly habit of reading. Their mode of operation is as follows:— They take up a newspaper, and turn first of all to the telegrams. This they do, not because they are in the least degree anxious about the course of affairs, but because they have got into the habit of wanting to be fed with “the latest intelligence.” They desire to know the news, not because of its antecedents or its consequences, but simply because it is “the news,” and because they have contracted a craving for it, as for snuff, or for sherry and bitters. Having read all the news, home and foreign, great and small, with an equal amount of interest and an equal lack of reflection, they pass on to the leading articles. Some few years ago, before the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Echo* were started, they used to read the leading articles of one or two of the morning papers with a certain amount of attention; seldom, indeed, with a view of considering whether what was said in any column was true or exaggerated, or altogether erroneous, or of comparing their own previous notions on any subject with those of the writer, but with sufficient care at all events to enable them to make out to their own satisfaction the general drift of what was written. The more intelligent among them would take some trouble to ascertain, for instance, whether the *Times* did or did not consider such a piece of foreign news to be important, or what the *Daily Telegraph* thought Mr. Gladstone would do in consequence of an adverse vote, or what the *Standard* had to say in disparagement of any Liberal success; partly because they wanted to get hold of something simple and tangible on which to rest and collect their

vague and floating conceptions, and partly also because they wanted something to produce in conversation. But now the necessity for taking even so much mental trouble as this is removed. The short paragraphs in the evening papers in which it is so neatly and clearly stated what “The *Times* informs us,” what “The *Daily Telegraph* believes,” and what “The *Standard* laments,” answer all the purpose, with a tenth of the trouble. They come out in plenty of time for dinner-table talk, and, being done by professionals, are of course absolutely trustworthy. Consequently all that the inveterate news reader now does is languidly to run his eye over the leading articles in the hope of encountering an anecdote, or a statistical paragraph, which shall put facts in a new or surprising form, so as to afford him a sensation. All the rest he leaves to the scissors-man of the evening journal, who certainly extracts for him the essential thought of a leading article far more skilfully than he could do it for himself. From the leading articles he passes on, with no sensible alteration in his frame of mind, to the home and foreign correspondence. He skims the letter from Dublin in search of a Fenian outrage, and the letter from Paris in search of an intrigue or a duel. Letters on the Old Catholic movement and on the Athanasian Creed jostle through his mind with letters on Australian mutton and railway unpunctuality. He dips into the law and sporting intelligence to see whether there is any bit of fun about Mr. Whalley and “the Claimant,” and whether “the Leviathan” has been making a sensational score at Montreal. He bestows a little extra care on the report from Lord Penzance’s Court, and finally he takes refuge in the crops, the weather, the money-market, and the little odds and ends of provincial news. Nine times out of ten he puts the paper down; after a long investigation, with the important conclusion that “there’s nothing in it.” But this does not deter him from taking up another, and going through it in much the same manner and with much the same result. All this time he is doing very little more than exercising a mechanical art of reading. What he reads makes no sort of impression on him; or, at best, affects him about as much as Aristotle says that the misfortunes of the living affect their dead relatives. It passes through his mind like water through a sieve; or sounds to him as the voices of the great and middle-sized bears did to Southey’s little girl.

From the circumstances of their lives

men are more prone than women to fall into this habit of mechanical reading. A man goes to his business at ten o'clock in the morning, and is closely occupied by it till six or seven in the evening. What he reads he reads when he is more or less tired with the day's work. A woman, who is often able to sit down to a book for an hour or two before or after luncheon, reads with a comparatively fresh mind. But a busy man who is fond of reading, and anxious to keep up with current literature, finds that, six days out of the seven, he has to contend with a condition of mental, if not of bodily, fatigue. In this condition he is naturally disposed to pass over anything that requires thought or sustained attention, and to select what may be read with the least effort. And a very little yielding to this disposition will produce, even in cultivated men, a habit which may almost be said to be worse from an intellectual point of view than the habit of not reading at all. A man who is not reading may possibly be thinking. But a man who reads nothing but newspapers is exercising his mind in no greater degree than he is when occupied in putting on his clothes. The greatest safeguard perhaps against the temptation to fall into this habit is an acquaintance with one or two foreign languages. The man who is tolerably well acquainted with French and German is comparatively safe from the allurements

of the daily papers; or, at any rate, if he finds he is becoming a slave to them, is better able to emancipate himself. He may determine to go without his newspaper studies for a time, or at least to cut them down to the lowest possible proportions, and to read something in German as a change. It is almost impossible, for most Englishmen at any rate, to read in a foreign language in the same unintelligent, mechanical manner that they can in their own.

Unfortunately the number of Englishmen who, before being plunged into the rush of business, have acquired, in the course of a public school or University career, a tolerable facility of reading in any foreign language is comparatively small. And the notion of beginning to acquire such a language in leisure hours is probably too distasteful to the majority of men over twenty-one years of age to be worth consideration. Yet the difficulty of acquiring, even without any aid from a teacher, such a language as German, for example, is just one of those difficulties which lose half their proportions when fairly faced. And one thing at any rate is quite certain; that no man who has overcome such a difficulty has ever been known to regret the time and labour bestowed on the process. Of how many things for which men make efforts can the same be truly declared?

NOTES ABOUT COTTON. — Cotton owes its kingship quite as much to the tenacity with which its fibres adhere to one another, as to their length or fineness; and were it not that the fibre produced by the *bombax*, or silk-cotton tree, is too smooth, cotton would find in it a powerful rival. Cotton-wool is the downy bed in which the seeds of the cotton-plant are enveloped, and is the product of hot countries. It has several varieties, that cultivated in Algeria and in Southern Europe seldom attaining a height of over twelve inches, while at the equator the plant grows as high as an apple-tree, and bears a fruit twice as large as that of the Algerian species. The cotton grown in the East Indies is of very inferior quality, its fibre being short and hard; yet it was largely used in manufacture, during the war in the United States. Chinese cotton is yellow, and hence the peculiar color of the fabric called nankeen.

The cotton-plant is probably a native of Af-

rica, and Livingstone found it in the interior of that country along the banks of all the rivers. The ancient Egyptians doubtless imported from Abyssinia their cotton cloth for mummy-wrappings and for the garments of priests and nobles, and from them the Jews inherited the employment of that texture for the robes of their priests; for, where the Bible makes mention of *fine linen*, we must read *cotton*, as flax does not grow in hot climates. From Africa cotton-culture passed into Persia and Georgia; then into India, and from India to China. In the latter empire all the clothing of the poorer classes is of cotton, of extremely firm texture. Indeed, so strong is the cotton manufactured by the Chinese, that it is impossible for a man to tear a piece of it across; and the people of China and India refuse to buy European cotton manufactures, calling them mere spiders' webs. — DR. SAGO, in *Popular Science Monthly* for December.

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FOR THE NEW YEAR.

ANOTHER year! another year

Has borne its record to the skies;

Another year! another year

Untried, unproved, before us lies;
We hail with smiles its dawning ray —
How shall we meet its final day?

Another year! another year!

Its squandered hours will ne'er return.

Oh many a heart must quail with fear

O'er memory's-blotted page to turn.

No record from that leaf will fade,

Not one erasure may be made.

Another year! another year!

How many a grief has marked its flight!

Some whom we love no more are here —

Translated to the realms of light.

Ah! none can bless the coming year

Like those no more to greet us here.

Another year! another year!

Oh! many a blessing, too, was given,

Our lives to deck, our hearts to cheer,

And antedate the joys of Heaven.

But they, too, slumber with the past,

Where joys and griefs must sink at last.

Another year! another year!

Gaze we no longer on the past,

Nor let us shrink with faithless fear,

From the dark shade the future casts.

The past, the future — what are they

To those whose lives may end to-day?

Another year! another year!

Perehance the last of life below;

Who ere its close Death's call may hear,

None but the Lord of life can know.

Oh! to be found whene'er that day

May come, prepared to pass away.

Another year! another year!

Help us earth's thorny paths to tread;

So may each moment bring us near

To Thee, ere yet our lives are fled.

Saviour! we yield ourselves to Thee,

For time and for eternity.

"The Changed Cross."

[From The Atlantic Monthly for January.]

AFTER THE FIRE.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

WHILE far along the eastern sky

I saw the flags of Havoc fly,

As if his forces would assault

The sovereign of the starry vault

And hurl Him back the burning rain

That seared the cities of the plain,

I read as on a crimson page

The words of Israel's sceptred sage:

For riches make them wings, and they

Do as an eagle fly away.

O vision of that sleepless night,

What hue shall paint the mocking light

That burned and stained the orient skies

Where peaceful morning loves to rise,

As if the sun had lost his way

And dawned to make a second day, —

Above how red with fiery glow,

How dark to those it woke below!

On roof and wall, on dome and spire,

Flashed the false jewels of the fire;

Girt with her belt of glittering panes,

And crowned with starry-gleaming vanes,

Our northern queen in glory shone

With new-born splendors not her own,

And stood, transfigured in our eyes,

A victim decked for sacrifice!

The cloud still hovers overhead,

And still the midnight sky is red;

As the lost wanderer strays alone

To seek the place he called his own,

His devious footprints sadly tell

How changed the pathways known so well;

The scene, how new! The tale how old

Ere yet the ashes have grown cold!

Again I read the words that came

Writ in the rubric of the flame;

Howe'er we trust to mortal things,

Each hath its pair of folded wings;

Though long their terrors rest unspread,

Their fatal plumes are never shed;

At last, at last, they stretch in flight,

And blot the day and blast the night!

Hope, only Hope, of all that clings

Around us never spreads her wings;

Love, though he break his earthly chain,

Still whispers he will come again;

But Faith, that soars to seek the sky,

Shall teach our half-fledged souls to fly,

And find, beyond the smoke and flame,

The cloudless azure whence they came!

Boston, November 13, 1872.

LAVINIA.

(Suggested by Mr. G. D. Leslie's Picture.)

GOLDEN ears in the cornfields bow,

Just now coming to man's estate;

If they-have listen'd they've heard, ere now,

Reapers will come ere there's long to wait.

But they don't mind: falling autumn leaves

Tell them the cold winds are coming anew;

So they are happy to swell the sheaves

Of such a dear little girl as you!

While you are seated upon the stile,

What are you thinking of, maiden fair?

Do dreams of love your sweet heart beguile? —

Would that my image were pictured there!

All sorts and manners of styles there are,

English, and foreign from over the sea;

Ah! but there's one I like best by far —

The stile where you sit is the stile for me!

Tinsley's Magazine.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

ÆNEAS SYLVIUS PICCOLOMINI,
POPE PIUS II.

PART I.

ONCE, and once only, in its history has the Papacy been identified with the general course of European literature and culture, and the experience of that epoch certainly does not encourage it to repeat the experiment. The Renaissance came so suddenly, and came from so many sides at once, that the Papacy in its enfeebled condition at the time had no opportunity for really examining it, had lost its firm hold upon its old traditions, and found itself committed to the new movement before it had weighed the consequences or really determined upon its policy. It was no longer the vigorous mediæval power that had crushed the rising movements of the twelfth century, had cowed Abelard, had uprooted the growing literature of Provence, had stopped the political speculations of Arnold of Brescia, and had re-asserted its sway over the rebellious intellect of Europe; but the Papacy of the Renaissance was the crippled power that emerged from the French captivity, the long schism, the bonds of the general councils,—emerged an object of general suspicion, degraded even in its own eyes, with no weapons but its own craftiness, with no aim but its own restoration, at all events in Italy, to decent respect, with no policy except that prevalent in Italy at the time—to promise everything asked, and perform as little as possible.

Under such circumstances the Papacy was not disposed to add to its many enemies the men of the new learning: it stood in too great need of them. The reforming views of the Council of Constance had been supported by men of high reputation and great erudition, such as Gerson and D'Ailly. The Papacy must have similar champions on its side; and it was useless in its hour of need to look for a deeper qualification than a power of writing elegant Latin prose. The rising scholars were only too ready to offer themselves to any one who would appreciate their services: to minds exulting in the glories of antiquity the enthusiasms and aspirations of the day mattered little; culture had made them ambi-

tious, and they longed for a sphere in which they might distinguish themselves. They wanted money, if only to buy books: ought not the world to belong to the wise? But wisdom unfortunately was badly paid by those in power; the Pope was more likely to appreciate it than any one else who had money to expend: and then at the Papal Court they might write letters in the style of Cicero, and histories in the style of Livy, and deliver orations equal to any of the great productions of antiquity on the occasion of every fresh arrival of ambassadors from a foreign prince. Hence came the alliance between the Papacy and the scholars of the Renaissance, by which Poggio, Leonardo Bruni, Guarino, and Francesco Filelfo were all Papal secretaries. Even Laurentius Valla, in spite of his audacious use of criticism in proving the falsity of the Donation of Constantine, was pardoned after a slight apology; and honest souls like Campano were rewarded for sprightly epigrams and jovial manners by bishoprics which they never visited, and whose revenues they thought needlessly encumbered by the obligation to wear a long and inconvenient garment and look solemn in public.

The Papacy reaped for a while the advantages of this alliance. Rome, from the time of Nicholas V. to that of Leo X., was the literary and artistic capital of Europe; the Popes recovered their external position, the open antagonism of France and Germany was for a while extinguished, and the Papal revenues flowed in securely; but these advantages were bought by a heavy price. Rome, given up to art and literature, ceased to have much care for religion; and Erasmus was startled to find in Rome that no one was considered to be in the fashion who did not hold some false or erroneous opinion about the dogmas of the Church, that the Cardinals made oath "by the immortal gods," and proved the souls of men and beasts to be the same. The Papacy, which had so long held fast to the orthodox faith at all hazards, had now fallen victim to a heresy worse than any she had in former times combated—the heresy of the Renaissance. It needed the voice of Luther and the defection of half Christendom to rouse Rome from its refined sensualism, and bring back the old

severe rigid system which won new victories and put forth new strength in the Counter-Reformation.

The most characteristic personage in the history of the Papacy during the Renaissance period is without doubt Æneas Sylvius Bartolomeus Piccolomini, Pope Pius II. Born in 1405 at Corsignano, a little village near Siena, of an old noble family, which had decayed owing to the democratic movement of mediæval Italy, he made his way in the world solely by his own abilities and tact—a veritable *Gil Blas* of the Middle Ages, who saw that the world was all before him, and was determined to use it for his own ends. In early life he had little to help him, as he was one of a family of eighteen, and in his youth worked with his own hands in the few fields his father still possessed; but his brothers and sisters died except two, and at the age of eighteen Æneas, the only surviving son, left home to study law in Siena. Law, however, was distasteful to him, and his ambition soared higher than an advocate's gown: he preferred general literature, and was an unceasing student of the classics—nay, he even managed to scrape together money to go for a little while to Florence and attend the lectures of Francesco Filelfo. He obtained a reputation in Siena by writing Latin love poems, and by other small literary efforts, and so when he had reached the age of twenty-six he was recommended as a clever young man, well fitted to fill the post of secretary to Domenico da Capranica, who was passing through Siena on his way to Basle, where the Council had just begun to sit. Capranica had a complaint against the new Pope, Eugenius IV., who had refused to confirm him in a cardinalate conferred by his predecessor.

Æneas was delighted to leave Siena and plunge into the great world of politics; and his first experiences at Basle showed his penetrating mind the path to success. He found the Council full of needy adventurers and place-hunters, men of culture like himself, who hoped in these troubled times to turn their wits to good purpose, and reap advantages which quiet days would never have put within their reach. There were undoubtedly many worthy and

high-minded men who were the chief movers of the Council, but still the efforts for reform rested upon no sure foundation, since the whole movement was little more than a rising of the ecclesiastical aristocracy against the Papal monarchy, stimulated by the ordinary aristocratic desire to share the monarch's plunder. Hence, in spite of the efforts of many honorable men, the question at issue between the Pope and the Council soon became a struggle who should get the larger share in a general scramble for Church patronage.

Æneas soon learned to estimate the Council at its true value, and also had opportunities of studying the condition of Europe generally. Between the years 1432–35 he was in the service of various masters, with whom he visited almost every country in Europe—saw the weakness of Germany by attending a Diet at Frankfurt, learned the exhaustion of France after its English wars, and admired the power of Burgundy and the wealth of Flanders; saw the barbarism of Scotland; travelled in disguise from Newcastle to London in company of a justice in eyre, who little knew to whom he was revealing his views on English politics and his complaints against the feeble Henry VI.; in Italy also he learned the policy of Filippo Maria Visconti of Milan, and saw the immense influence of Niccolò Piccinino, the great leader of condottieri. So in 1436 he came back to Basle an expert in intrigue, and with a reputation which was sure to be of service.

Æneas himself gives an instance of the Council's zeal for reform. He had managed to insinuate himself into the good graces of the Archbishop of Milan, who showed his appreciation of his elegant Latin by conferring on him, though still a layman, a canonry in the church of San Ambrogio at Milan. For this irregular appointment the dispensation of the Council was necessary: true, the Council professed to be engaged in putting down such irregularities, and attacked nothing more fiercely than Papal dispensations; but Æneas was a worthy man who had done good service to the Council—it was hard to refuse one who had such good capacities

for business, so pleasant a manner, such ready tact, a happy way of glozing over difficulties and settling disputes; finally, the charming modesty and graceful deference of his speech quite decided the matter: "I ask nothing which may be contrary to your honour: I would prefer your favour, Fathers, without possession of the canonry, to a capitular election with full possession." What wonder that a universal murmur of applause followed this delightful compliment, and Æneas's adversaries were not even allowed to speak?

This was Æneas's first taste of ecclesiastical preferments: as yet he had no intention of taking orders. He lived in a small circle of humanists, and we know from his letters to his friends that his life at this time was one of the grossest sensuality. It was in fact the utter and unrestrained character of his indulgences, unredeemed by any noble feeling,* that saved him from the fatal crime of marriage, by which so many of the early humanists, before they clearly saw their way in life, were unfortunate enough to cut themselves off from the golden road of clerical preferment. Principles, Æneas had none: his Basle speeches are eloquent, suave, and empty. When the breach between the Pope and Council openly broke out, and they excommunicated one another, Æneas, bound by his canonry to the Council, composed tractates, pronounced scathing invectives, and wrote scurrilous libels against the Pope; although, as he says in his first letter of retraction, "I was like a young bird that had escaped from the University of Siena, and knew nothing either of the manners of the Curia or the life of Eugenius." He was a literary adventurer, ready to turn his pen to the best account.

In this respect he was merely a representative of the general character of the early Renaissance, which was a reaction against scholasticism, against the monkery and bigotry of the Middle Ages. It was of little consequence what side was taken, what principles supported—all were equally unimportant to the man of culture—he must only be careful to act in a be-

coming way in public, and express himself in good Latin. It is very characteristic that Æneas, after he became Pope, still made no effort to stop the publication of the more immoral of his youthful letters, or of his novel "Lucretia and Euryalus;" the entire series was revised by him in his later days, and all were allowed to descend to posterity together. Pope Pius, it is true, wrote a letter of penitence, to be published with the rest. He wrote them, he says, when he was young in years and in mind—(yet "Lucretia and Euryalus" was written when he was forty)—they contain moral and edifying doctrines, to those who will use them aright. "What we wrote in our youth about love, avoid it, O men, despise it. Follow what we now say, and believe the old man more than the youth. Regard not the layman higher than the priest. Reject Æneas; receive Pius" ("Æneam rejicite; Pium suscipite"). Really, these letters were among the most popular that Æneas wrote, and he was proud of them; his literary fame required their circulation: as humanist he could justify them by many excellent parallels from antiquity; as Pope he made a decent apology for them.

Æneas was prepared to turn his hand to anything: he wrote love-verses; he delivered speeches; he was even appointed by the Archbishop of Milan to preach a sermon in honour of St. Ambrose. The theologians were indignant at this preference of a layman, but the majority of the Council preferred the more sparkling style and lively manner of Æneas, and listened, he tells us, "with wondrous attention." He wrote a history of the Council of Basle in the style of Cæsar's Commentaries, and dialogues in defence of its principles after the style of Cicero's "Tusculans." If it were possible to satisfy everybody, Æneas would try and do so.

By this means he obtained a secure position at Basle, and held many offices in the Council; but Basle day by day became a less important place, and a less satisfactory field for a man of ability who wished to succeed. The Council had sat so long and done so little that it began to lose prestige. In 1438 France withdrew, and settled its own Church Reform by the

* "Plures vidi amavique fœminas quarum exinde potitus magnum suscepì tedium."

Pragmatic Sanction of Bourges, while Germany at the same time proclaimed itself neutral between Pope and Council. The assembled Fathers of Basle ventured, when it was now too late, upon a decisive step: they brought their conflict with Eugenius to an issue by deposing him, and elected in his stead Amadeus, the retired Duke of Savoy, in the hope that his name and political influence would win back to the Council the allegiance of the princes of Europe. But they were doomed to disappointment, for Felix V. was too unused to ecclesiastical matters to act the Pope to the satisfaction of those around him, and was too skilled in the ways of the world to spend his money without a due return. The place-hunters of Basle found that they would have to maintain their Pope instead of receiving from him; he refused to rob his children of their inheritance, and the various national Churches showed no disposition to give him so much recognition as to confer a right over their revenues. Under these sad circumstances, the Council began to thin daily. Æneas, though he was made Pope Felix's secretary, thought he had better move elsewhere; and, accordingly, while on an embassy to Frederic of Germany, he contrived to produce a favourable impression on the Bishop of Chiemsee, by whom Frederic was induced to confer upon him the honour of crowning him Poet with his own hand. It was an odd distinction, and would be little understood by the Germans. Frederic himself cared little about poetry, and Æneas certainly was not a poet; but it pleased his vanity to think that his talents were now appreciated, and he transferred himself from the service of Felix to that of Frederic, as clerk in the Imperial Chancery. He is not ashamed to account for his conduct later: "When all were leaving Felix and refusing to recognize his Papacy, I betook myself to the Emperor Frederic; for I did not wish to change directly from one side to the other." Æneas wished to get a good position in Germany, and use it as a vantage-ground from which to reconcile himself decently with the Papacy, and even gain its gratitude. So at the age of thirty-seven Æneas left Basle, and went into Germany as a prophet of culture. At first he was bitterly disappointed. He writes soon after his arrival, in utter despair, to a friend: "Here must I live and die, without relations, without friends, without acquaintances, without any conversation with you and my other friends. Would that I had never seen Basle, for then I would have died in my own land, and laid my

head on my parent's bosom. Now I may say I am as good as dead, for my life does not differ from Ovid's when he lived in banishment in the land of Tomi." The Emperor took no notice of him; he was merely a clerk in the Chancery; he was disgusted with the German manners of his fellow-clerks, and they were disgusted by his morals; even his talents were not appreciated, for he wrote a comedy in the style of Terence, which only increased their contempt for his moral character. But Æneas was supported in his trials. "Many things there are which compel us to persevere, but nothing more powerfully than ambition, which, rivalling charity, truly beareth all things, however grievous, that it may attain to the honours of this world and the praise of men. If we were humble and laboured to gain our own souls rather than hunt after vain-glory, few of us indeed would endure such annoyances." Under the influence of these feelings Æneas wrote his most popular treatise, "On the Miseries of Courtiers," in which he details with querulous humour all the grievances of his position, from the ingratitude of the prince to the sordidness of the table-cloths and hardness of the black bread. But hardest to bear of all is the contempt shown towards literature: "In the courts of princes literary knowledge is held a crime; and great is the grief of men of letters when they find themselves universally despised, and see the most important matters managed, not to say mismanaged, by blockheads who cannot tell the numbers of their fingers and toes."

But presently things looked more bright to him, for he gained the favour of Gaspar Schlick, the Chancellor, a man who had risen by his own talents, and who was opposed to the aristocratic party at court. Schlick knew the value of the keen-eyed Italian in watching court intrigues and letting him know about them; and there are many letters of Æneas to Schlick, which show how acutely he could serve his patron. And so, through Schlick's favour, Æneas became better known at the court, and his talents consequently were more appreciated. The young Sigismund, Duke of Austria, a boy of seventeen, under Frederic's guardianship, asks Æneas to write him a Latin love-letter, which he does with an appropriate address on the uses of love and literature and the connection between the two. Now, too, he wrote his very questionable novel of "Lucretia and Euryalus." His private life seems still to be one of unprincipled self-gratification.

But meanwhile, in his ecclesiastical opinions, Æneas is slowly feeling his way round to that side which he sees will ultimately prevail; at present he wishes to follow his masters and be neutral. His letters consequently utter sentiments favourable to Eugenius or to Basle, or expressive of entire indifference, as he may think most convenient; but his purpose is fixed to make the best of his position and take no false step. "The whole of Christendom," he writes to a friend, "favours Eugenius. Germany only is divided, though I could wish to see her united, and so adapt myself to her! for I regard this nation as very important, since it is not influenced by fear, but by its own caprice or judgment. To whichever side the King and the Electors incline, thither will my little soul follow them; for I may not trust myself more than others." He professes in another letter the most fervent intention of following his master: "You know that I serve a neutral prince, who, holding the middle course, strives after reconciliation. It is not right for servants to wish other than their master's will. I will win the king's favour; I will obey the king, will follow him where he will; I will oppose him in nothing; I will meddle with nothing that does not concern me. I am a foreigner; my purpose is to act the part of Gnatho: what they say, I say; what they deny, I deny. If they act wisely, they shall enjoy the praise; if foolishly, they shall bear the disgrace. I envy no man's glory, and wish to grieve over no man's infamy."

But Æneas soon had reasons for taking a keener interest in Church affairs. His patron Schlick wished to get the bishopric of Frising for his brother, but the canons elected another. Schlick, however, did not despair; the bishopric might be obtained from others than the canons, and so he turned his attention to Pope Eugenius in the hope of securing what he wanted by his means. It entirely suited Æneas's plans to follow his master in this; by securing the recognition of Eugenius in Germany, he would obtain a strong hold upon the gratitude of Rome, and Rome was the only patron from whom a man of ability could gain substantial rewards. Æneas was now past middle age; he had laboured hard and caught very little; for a small canonry at Aspach in the Tyrol was all he had to eke out his scanty salary as secretary. Politics, he now clearly saw, would never lead him to distinction or riches in Germany; the Church alone could give him wealth; the Pope only could restore

him to his native Italy, and confer upon him that position which he deserved. To take orders, be reconciled to the Pope, and, if possible, command his gratitude, were now the objects of Æneas's policy.

The first of these was tolerably easy, as the conscientious objections which Æneas had felt in his early days had now disappeared. The fire of youth had burnt out, and his hair was now turning gray. The worship of Bacchus, he wrote to a friend, pleased him more than that of Venus; he had become practically convinced of the ill effects of his former follies, and wrote letters of sound moral advice to his friends. There was nothing in his religious opinions to hinder him from becoming a good servant of the Church. He had always had strong religious feelings; while a boy at Siena, he had been so deeply moved by the preaching of Father Bernardino as to wish to become a monk, and in Scotland he had shown his thankfulness for an escape from shipwreck by making a painful pilgrimage of ten miles barefoot to a shrine of the Virgin. Nor had he any temptation to be free-thinking in his opinions: but he regarded religious opinions and religious observances as the special province of the priesthood, and thought that others need not be troubled with them. At the end of his dialogues on the Basle Council, he gives his opinion that men of letters ought not to be disturbed by the sound of so many church-bells, and ought to be reckoned good Christians without being required to take so many hours from their studies for religious services. Æneas was never accused of unorthodoxy; he had reformed his morals, and so, at the age of forty he felt he could conscientiously take orders. "I have a piece of news for you," he writes, "that will surprise you. I am now a sub-deacon—a thing I once used to shudder at. But the light-mindedness that grows amongst laymen has now left me, and there is nothing I love so much as the priesthood."

Æneas next entered upon the career on which his political fame is founded, and became the means of bringing back to the Papacy the still neutral German Church. He was a bold man to undertake an embassy to Pope Eugenius, whom he had covered with every kind of infamy, and against whom he had brought to bear every kind of argument three years before. When he reached Siena, his relatives besought him not to venture into Rome. Æneas answered with dignity that the Emperor's ambassador need have no fear;

he knew, however, that he had a more effectual title to the Pope's consideration. After being privately assured of his acceptance, he made in public a decent apology to Eugenius: he had gone astray, but who had not? He had acted for the glory of God and of the Church, and now mature reflection had brought change of mind. Eugenius assured him of forgiveness, and the secret negotiations were commenced.

The task which Æneas had undertaken was a hard one, and the bargain which he negotiated was most scandalous: partly for ready money, partly for rights to spoil the German Church, Frederic sold the German obedience. Still it was a hard matter to win over the independent and strongly national feeling of the Electors, who despised Frederic's feebleness and were repelled by the monastic sternness of Eugenius. Æneas, however, succeeded: he cajoled the king; he bribed the Archbishop of Mainz; and on the night before the final vote of the Diet he ventured to alter with his own hand the Pope's instructions to his Legates, so as to make them just endurable to the Electors' ears. By this means he secured a majority for the Pope, and hurried at once to Rome to have the matter formally settled.

The Pope was ill in bed, and wished before he died to see this lingering quarrel brought to an end. Against the wish of the Cardinals he signed the Provisions a few days before his death, and almost the last act of his eventful pontificate was to confer on Æneas the bishopric of Trieste. Æneas had well earned his reward, and had gained what was of equal importance to him, a claim to the remembrance of posterity. He had given the last blow to the Basle Council, to the anti-pope Felix, to the rebellion of Germany against the Papacy: he had not lived in vain. But Æneas, like all great men, was not at once appreciated. The successor of Eugenius, Tommaso Parentucelli, Pope Nicolas V., was a high-minded and honourable man, devoted to study; of an excitable temperament, which, under the burden of the Papacy, led him into excess in wine; choleric even to his friends, self-willed, with a contempt for the intrigues of the Curia, and a desire to make the Papacy the centre of European learning. To a man of such aims and of such a character Æneas, whom he had well known in his youthful days, must have seemed the most contemptible of men; and though Nicolas was compelled to use his services, he never trusted him. Æneas was sent back to Germany, where

he had leisure to write letters of recantation and apology for his former life and opinions; and was obliged, sorely against his will, to apply himself again to German politics.

His talents were there principally employed in arranging Frederic's marriage, and preparing for his journey to Rome to receive the Imperial Crown. His account of the proceedings in which he took part gives us a strange picture of the feebleness of Frederic and the suspicions of the Italians. Æneas went to Siena to await there the coming of Leonora of Portugal, Frederic's betrothed bride; the people of Siena were afraid at the presence of their influential countryman; they feared that he would plot some revolution in their Republic; and Æneas found it prudent to retire to the port of Talamone, where he spent sixty days in tedious expectation. Frederic met his bride in Siena, whose citizens, in spite of their former fears, testified their loyalty in a painfully modern way. "They erected afterwards a marble column as a perpetual memorial to posterity, that the Emperor who came from the East, and the Empress who came from the West, there first encountered one another." But Æneas had not only to make loyal speeches; he had also to exert himself to keep the Pope from being at the last moment terrified at the thought of the possible consequence of receiving so powerful a guest in his rebellious city. Nicolas tried to put off the coronation, but Æneas stoutly resisted; he wrote that he marvelled at this sudden change of the Apostolic mind: that it was not honourable for the Pope to withdraw from his promise. Nicolas was comforted by his guarantee of Frederic's good behaviour, and the ceremony passed off without any disturbance. Æneas appeared on that occasion as the Emperor's chief adviser, and rumour began to destine him to the Cardinalate.

But soon a new and grander interest was opened to Æneas, one to which his fame is permanently attached. The news of the danger of Constantinople from the Turks (1453) caused a sensation throughout Europe. Frederic was glad to be brought into prominence as the head of Christendom: he was contemptible enough as the head of Germany. The Pope, though he felt he was really powerless, was glad to have a chance of having grants made by the faithful, and "Turk taxes" imposed, which he could well spend in rebuilding Rome and enriching the Vatican Library which he had just founded. But

the humanists, above all others, took up the cause with avidity, partly from real sympathy with the Greeks, many of whom they knew, and some of them had visited Constantinople; but very greatly from the fact that here was an opportunity opened to them for eloquent appeals and fierce invective: they had a great capacity for writing, and hailed with delight any subject that admitted of classical treatment. The Turk literature, begun by Poggio, and continued by Filelfo and Æneas, with a crowd of imitators, makes by itself almost a library. Æneas breaks forth at once into a wail: "What shall I say about the innumerable books at Constantinople not yet known to the Latins? Alas! how many names of famous men will perish! It will be a second death to Homer; a second dissolution to Plato. Where now shall we look for great philosophers or poets? The fountain of the Muses is choked up." But the impression on Æneas's mind was not a mere passing one; the idea of delivering Europe from the Turks took hold upon him, and became a real part of his object in life. At first he furbished up his eloquence, and delivered polished Latin speeches at German Diets to incite them to support the Emperor in the crusade; but the Germans were not so satisfied either with Emperor or Pope as to hand themselves over unconditionally to their guidance. They raised inconvenient questions about reform both in Church and State, which it required all Æneas's ingenuity to ward off. Luckily the Diet was brought to an end by the Pope's death, as it was thought the questions might be better raised with the new Pope. Alfonso Borja, Pope Calixtus III., an old, bedridden man at the age of 77, had all the fire and violence of his native land: as a Spaniard he hated the Moslem, and a crusade was the main object of his pontificate. Æneas tricked the discontented Electors of Germany by selling to the new Pope, in the Emperor's name, the German obedience, at the price of his own cardinalate. The wily Italian was, indeed, too clever for the clumsy Germans. This is the third time that he has led the feeble Frederic as he thought fit, and has sacrificed the interests of the German Church, which he was sent to represent, to the requirements of his own ambition. Æneas, however, did not at once gain his reward, as the Pope had so many nephews and Spanish grantees to provide for. It was not till December 1456 that Æneas with delight left the uncongenial atmosphere of Germany, where for twelve years he had felt himself a

stranger and a sojourner, and with decent expressions of his own unworthiness hastened to Rome, "the Cardinal's only country," as he called it.

At Rome, however, he soon found that a poor Cardinal, who was not of royal or papal blood, had no chance of taking up an independent position. Æneas strove desperately to make the most of his connection with Germany, and attain to political importance at the Papal Court. But German affairs had now ceased to be of consequence; the Pope cared little for general politics, and was devoted solely to two objects—a crusade, and provision for his nephews. The restored Papacy had lost all its mediæval grandeur and its old traditions; its policy was directed by the personal interests or caprices of the individual Popes, who were more bent on advancing their relatives than promoting the interests of Christendom. So one Pope undid the work of another. Calixtus tore the splendid bindings from the books which Nicolas had collected, and sold them for the purposes of a crusade: and the old friends and advisers of Nicolas had no weight with Calixtus, who was entirely under the influence of his nephews: so that the Borjas ruled in Rome, and the Cardinals who could not submit to them must seek refuge elsewhere. Æneas accepted this position, and entered at once into close intimacy with Cardinal Rodrigo Borja, afterwards infamous as Pope Alexander VI. When he was away from Rome, Æneas watched over his interests, and tried his best to share equally all vacant benefices between himself and his friend. It is quite touching to read of the sad disappointments they sometimes met with. "As regards benefices," writes Æneas, "I will take care both for you and me. But we have been deceived by false reports. He who we heard had died in Nürnberg was here the other day and dined with me. So, too, the Bishop of Toul, who was said to have died at Neustadt in Austria, has returned in good health. But still I will keep my eyes open if any benefice shall fall vacant."

That Æneas was a poor man was certainly not his own fault in the first instance, and was one which he strove his best to amend. He procured from the Pope a monstrous grant of a general reservation of benefices to the value of 2,000 ducats in Germany, and his letters show the greatest eagerness to fill up the amount as soon as possible. But Æneas did not trust to the slow means of wealth to gain importance at Rome. He had learned the art of

winning over men; had learned from the necessities of his early years how injudicious it was to make an enemy, how easy it was to make himself agreeable. So among all the different parties and all the personal animosities of the Roman Court, Æneas managed to move with grateful sweetness, never took up the enmities of a party with which he might ally himself, and refused to give offence to any one; he corresponds even with the absent Cardinals in a tone of good-natured friendliness.

And for this Æneas was recompensed; for on the death of Calixtus (1458) it became obvious to the Italians that the only candidate who was sufficiently unobjectionable to have any chance against Estouteville, Cardinal of Rouen, who had the French influence and his own great wealth in his favour, was Piccolomini, Cardinal of Siena. There were eighteen Cardinals present at the conclave: two-thirds of the votes were necessary for an election. On the second scrutiny it was found Æneas had nine votes, Estouteville only six. The assembled Cardinals proceeded then to try the method of vote "by accession," as it was called. "They sat all in their places, silent and pale, as though they had been rapt by the Holy Ghost. No one for some time spoke or opened his mouth; no one moved any member of his body except his eyes, which he cast on various sides. Wondrous was the silence, wondrous the appearance of the men; no voice was heard, no motion seen." Then Rodrigo Borja, who had not yet voted, rose and said, "I accede to the Cardinal of Siena." Then another Cardinal did likewise; one vote only was wanted, and that not long. Cardinal Colonna rose, "I too accede to the Sienese, and make him Pope." The Cardinals with one impulse threw themselves at Æneas's feet: he was clad in the white papal robe, and asked by what name he would be called. "Pius," he answered at once, with Virgilian reminiscence. "Sum Pius Æneas fama super æthera notus." Again the Cardinals adored him before the altar; then the election was announced to the people from the window. The people, according to the old custom, ran and pillaged the house of the late Cardinal: all Pius's books and works of art were lost to him: but he had one source of wicked satisfaction — the Cardinal of Genoa suffered equally, for many in the crowd confounded the cry "Il Senese" with "Il Genovese," and both were pillaged to make sure.

Thus Æneas had gained the highest

position in Europe solely by his own talents and endeavours. By steady perseverance he had climbed the ladder of preferment; he had always shouted with the majority, had never spoken publicly on the unpopular side, had never made an enemy where he could avoid it, had managed that his own interest should coincide with that of his patron, had had a soul above mere vulgar consistency, had always been prominent, yet never too pronounced, except at Basle, when his blood was young, and then he had promptly repaired the error and avoided it for the future. And for all this self-denial he had his reward when the Cardinals whom he had cajoled kissed his feet, their hearts bursting with envy, and hailed him Successor of the Apostle. Nor had Æneas gained his position without long and severe toil: "For five and twenty years," he said to the Cardinal of Pavia in language modelled after St. Paul, "I have wetted with my sweat almost the whole Christian world; tossed by tempests, bitten by frosts, scorched by the summer-heats, plundered by brigands, cast into prisons, led twenty times to the gates of death." In truth, without any need of hyperboles, few men have combined the labours of practical politics with assiduous study and constant literary production to so great a degree as did Æneas. He had always been a diligent student; at Basle, in his days of youthful frivolity, the boon companion who shared his room used to rail from his bed at Æneas, who pored over some classics; and the habits which he formed early were never lost. It is astonishing to see how many varied interests he retained amid all the bustle of his scheming life; his mind was always active and keen, and it was natural to him to give a literary expression to every thought that occurred to him, and every piece of knowledge that he gained. Even the Basle edition of 1571, which contains his work in nearly eleven hundred folio pages, does not contain nearly all he wrote; many additions have been published separately, many of his productions are yet in manuscript, and much that he wrote has been entirely lost. Of his poems we have very few left, and they are insignificant; of his carefully prepared speeches we have only a few, yet they fill three volumes 4to. Of his letters we have more than five hundred; besides this, he wrote pamphlets on theology, philosophy, and even natural history; for there exists in manuscript a treatise of his "About the Nature of the Horse." His mind was perfectly encyclopædic; he

seems to have had a perfect passion for seeing everything and writing about it; he had very little choice of subject, but turned his clear and polished intellect to anything which the varied fortunes of his life from time to time brought before him: hence it comes that his fame is chiefly that of a letter-writer and historian, for he lived through so many important events, and has described them so fully, that his writings are a most valuable contribution to an understanding of the age in which he lived. At Basle he wrote a history of the Council; in Germany he wrote a history of Frederic III.: when sent on an embassy to Bohemia, he wrote a history of that country: but what impresses us most with his keenness and justness of observation is his interest in geography, and the ease with which he connects geography and history together. He describes the position and the objects of interest in every town he has visited: he never sees a ruin but he acquaints himself with its history, and so round this desire to keep his eyes open his knowledge grew. His literary style is a transcript of his mental qualities: it is not a struggle after polished Latinity, like that of many of his contemporaries; it often falls into barbarism, but it is always easy, flowing, and clear. Æneas, whose vanity did not overpower his criticism on his own works, says of himself: "My style of writing is unpolished

and bald, but it is frank, and without trappings. I never write with labour, because I do not stretch after things which are too high for me, and which I do not know, but what I have learned I write."

There is no one whose life, regarded as a combination of literature and politics, exhibits more forcibly the simple mental freshness and overpowering thirst for knowledge which is the chief characteristic of the scholars of the age. With childlike eagerness and curiosity Æneas went forth to investigate the world; he took it just as he found it, and described it without a tinge of pedantry. He looked back with only slight remorse upon his early failures and mistakes, for he had always made the best of things as he found them, and he had always learned wisdom from every fresh experience.

The Papacy at least might claim the praise of adapting itself to the time. When Francesco Sforza ruled at Milan, and Cosmo de' Medici was moulding Florence; when Alfonso of Arragon had established his learned court at Naples, and France was preparing for the rule of Louis XI., where could the Papacy find a happier mixture of culture and policy, of the wiliness of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove, than in Æneas Sylvius, Cardinal of Siena?

M. CREIGHTON.

FORESTS AND FRUIT-GROWING.—Fruit has become a necessary of life—a great variety of fruit indeed, and a great deal of it; and this will become more and more the case with the increase of intelligence and thrift. The great abundance of most kinds of fruit for the last two or three years may cause us to feel a security, which is not well grounded, with regard to the conditions of climate necessary to the un-failing production of fruit. Only within a few years past have there been seasons when the fruit-crop was very light, and not at all adequate to the demand. One of the causes of this is the capriciousness of the seasons, and this capriciousness, I believe, is becoming constantly greater as the country grows older.

An inquiry, then, of much scientific interest, and of great material importance, has reference to what may be the cause of this increasing uncertainty of the fruit-crop. In the early settlement of the country, it was easy to grow peaches, even in localities where growing peach-

es now seldom gladden the eye. In Ohio, between the parallels of 40° and 41°, for example, peach-buds were seldom injured by winter or spring frosts, and the crop was abundant almost every year when the country was "new." For the last twenty-five years peaches miss oftener than they hit, and in many parts this has told so fearfully against the enterprise of production that scarcely a peach-tree is now to be seen.

The clearing of the country has made this change. The continued clearing of the country will increase the mischief still more. The growing of peaches and of most other fruits will be driven, as indeed it already has been, to special localities and special soils. It is now for such localities to look out in time and preserve as far as possible the favourable conditions they now have, and if possible to increase them."—J. STAHL PATTERSON, in *Popular Science Monthly*.

HIS LITTLE SERENE HIGHNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "DORCHLAUCHTING" OF
FRITZ REUTER.

CHAPTER II.

How Dürten Holzen sat in the Herr Conrector's back room, and what she had to do with the yellow French woman. — What foolish things the devil whispered in her ear, and how her sister Stining came to see her. — How Stining would gladly have his Serene Highness' runner, and Dürten would like to get hold of his Highness himself; though the wish appeared like contempt of royalty. — A hymn book and a book of family sermons. — The Herr Conrector makes a Christmas present, and Dürten Holzen sends him out, just to prove whether he or she is master of the house.

It was Christmas Eve, and Dürten Holzen was sitting alone, in the back room of a house in Nigen-Bramborg, watching, through the twilight, the melting snow, as it dropped from the church roof into the garden.

The house belonged to the Herr Conrector and Cantor Aepinus, and Dürten Holzen was his housekeeper. Her hands lay folded in her lap, and she said to herself:

"Well, we shall have peace and rest if it is meant for us; but who knows how it will be? There is no harm in what I have thought to myself; if I should live with him all my life, it would be a good thing for both of us. He is a widower, he has no children, he is getting into years, and for the most part I have my own way. But that old, yellow French woman in the yellow pelisse, who moved into the rooms directly opposite, last Michaelmas, I have a misgiving that she will make me trouble yet. Thank God! he doesn't like her. But these men! One never knows what they will take it into their heads to do! And if—— Should I go back to my old father? No, there is trouble and misery enough in the house already; nothing coming in, but what Stining earns with her needle; and what could I do? There is nothing to keep house with. But if that old yellow creature in her yellow pelisse, should get the upper hand of him, — he is always scolding about her, to be sure, but if she *should* — what then? Where could I go?"

And she stood up, and taking up her lamp in her restlessness, walked up and down the room, and then sat down again.

"I could never get such a place again. And as for getting married," — Here she sprang up again. "Yes, I could marry the shoemaker in the Fischer strasse, or the tinker in the Bädstuber strasse, but why do they want me? The shoemaker has his three children who are running wild for want of a mother; and the tinker has his

old parents whom he must take care of as long as they live; and all they want me for is because I am a good housekeeper and know how to work; but as for love? No, nobody will come to me for that, and I am not so stupid as to expect it; for though I am healthy and strong, I have no beauty to boast of."

Here Dürten Holzen did herself injustice. She was not beautiful, strictly speaking, but she had a fine stately figure, and a fresh, pink and white complexion, with frank blue eyes, which revealed much intelligence and determination. She was not in her first youth; but at the mature age of one and thirty she still looked so fresh and tempting, that a kiss upon her red lips could not be reckoned other than a great pleasure. She sat thinking for a little while, then brought down her fist on her knee, with emphasis, saying:

"Well, at any rate, I am as good as that old yellow thing opposite. If he is positively bent on getting married again, why not — I would take care of him, and work for him, and give him good advice, — God forgive me!" she cried, springing up, "what thoughts are these for this blessed Christmas eve! Am I such a light-minded creature as to think of the Herr Conrector himself? — I never should, but for that old yellow woman! — God preserve me from such sinful thoughts!" And she brought out her little library, a Bible and a hymn-book, and a book of Family Sermons, and said to herself: "The first verse in the Bible that my eyes shall rest upon shall be a sign for me," and as she opened the Bible she read: "He that giveth her in marriage doeth well; but he that giveth her not in marriage doeth better." There it is," said she, sinking back in her chair. "No, not even for love will I ever marry; I have an illustration of that, in my poor dear Stining."

And now a train of gloomy thoughts passed through her mind, not at all suited to the merry Christmas tide, but suitable enough for a maiden who is renouncing all her youthful hopes; and though she did not stand in the Catholic fashion before an altar, in a white veil, to be kissed and caressed by a dignified abbess and hosts of nuns, her mood was no less solemn, as she tore up, with ruthless hand, all the flowers from the borders in her garden, in order to raise henceforth only useful vegetables for other people, cabbages, turnips, and potatoes. But the devil had a little power over her yet, in spite of her determined resolution; he still whispered in her ear: "That old yellow thing!"

While she sat thus the door-bell rang, and when she answered it, a gentleman in a cloak stood in the porch, stamping the snow from his boots, and he went directly into the Herr Conrector's room.

After a little while, the bell rang again, and, before she could go, a light step came through the passage, and the head of her sister Stining was thrust in at the door. It was a wonderfully pretty head; the fresh air had painted the white cheeks rose-color, and the golden hair clustered in little soft rings about the forehead, under a dark brown hood, which was tied on to protect it from the snow, and a pair of confiding blue eyes asked, with the red lips: "So you are at home, then? Wait, I will shake off the snow, first." And, directly, a slender maiden of two and twenty years, entered the room, and, taking off a shabby old cloak, appeared before her sister in a dark house dress.

"Come up to the fire and warm yourself, Stining. You should have worn your good warm dress, such a cold evening."

"Time enough for that, to-morrow, Dürten. Halsband has promised, that to-morrow afternoon, after church, if there is a path made, he will give me a ride on the lake. Ah! one rushes like the wind when he draws the sledge; he passes all the others."

"Yes," said Dürten, in rather a hard tone, "it is the only thing he can do."

"Dürten," said her sister, with a beseeching look, "don't say anything against him! It isn't his fault that Serene Highness will not release him from his service. See, every minute that he has free he sits in our workshop, working for father and us; and father says he has learned the business so well, that he might be taken any day for a regular journeyman cooper."

"Serene Highness ought to be struck by lightning if he will not let you two marry."

"You may well say so," said Stining, sadly; "but Halsband says Serene Highness is worse than ever, since he outran all the Saxon runners at Dresden, and is positively determined not to let him go."

"I wish he were thunderstruck too! What possesses him to run so? Why can't he go moderately, like other people?"

"Eh, Dürten, it is his business."

"A fine business! Nobody will thrive by it, neither he nor we. And you sit there, working your life away, and scarcely earn enough to keep from starving."

"Ah, Dürten, but we have done better lately. You see, you paid the rent for father up to Michaelmas with your wages;

and I have earned a good deal during these last weeks before Christmas; and if Halsband can get more time in the spring, you shall see, there will be something earned in the workshop."

"Don't be too sure of that! Your gay bird is a bird of passage, and if he finds there is dancing to be had he will forget the work-bench and the drawing-knife."

"Yes," said Stining, rather sadly, "the dancing! But then," she added, cheerfully, "he is such a beautiful dancer; and it belongs to his business, he may well be. And you may believe me, if I were willing, he would always take me with him, and he did take me once,—you remember?—at Whitsuntide, five years ago,—and oh, how the people looked at us, Dürten! Not at me, I am no great dancer, no! at him, as he floated about, as if he had wings instead of legs; and he danced with me the whole evening."

"Oh, yes," said Dürten, "I remember it very well; that was the beginning of your misery."

"Don't say misery, Dürten; this misery is my happiness. See, he is true to me, you know that as well as I do, and I am true to him; and he has never asked me to do anything wrong. Is he to blame because Serene Highness cannot bear women, and will not allow his servants to marry?"

"I should like to get hold of the old fellow!" exclaimed Dürten, walking up and down the room; but stopping suddenly, she said: "Listen! what is that noise in the Herr Conrector's room?"

She seated herself again in order to hear better, and the two sisters listened in silence to the disturbance, and when it quieted down each took up a book in an absent way; Stining the hymn-book, and any one who had seen her sitting there, might have said: she is such a hymn-book herself; for the book had gilt edges, and two hearts were engraved on the cover, with the motto: "Thy heart and my heart are one," and inside were songs of joy and sorrow, and she sang them alternately, in her inmost soul. And Dürten had taken up the honest old sermons, and she turned the leaves with her firm, toil-hardened fingers, and if one had seen how her eyes rested on the "Meditation upon the loss of a lamb," and had known that she was looking upon her sister, at this moment, as this lost lamb, and had noticed the plated corners of the cover, and its Meissenisch clasps, which were not opened for every inquisitive idler, he might have said: "she

is just such an old family sermon book herself.

"Dürten," said Stining, after a while, "I want you to come over and spend the evening with us; Halsband is coming, and I bought a fish to-day, of my god-father the fisherman, for a shilling, and he gave me a fine one, and I will broil it for our supper."

"Eh, Stining," said Dürten, "how glad I should be to go! But he has company, and when he is at home, I cannot go out."

"Listen! They are pushing back their chairs."

And, sure enough, it was not long before the Herr Conrector accompanied his visitor, into the hall, and said good-night to him.

"So," said Dürten, "he has gone. Now if he would only go himself, for he must go soon."

The Herr Conrector, however, appeared to be in no hurry; for he soon came into Dürten's room with a pair of Manchester breeches in his hand.

"Good evening, Dürten, I — ah, good evening, Stining! How goes it, my daughter?" and he stroked her bright, silken hair. "I got almost angry with that foolish fellow of a Kägebein; but, Dürten, I haven't forgotten you; I mean to give you something for a Christmas present. It is a little thing, Dürten, for your faithful service; but an honest man cannot give more than he has. See, here are my old Manchester breeches; I thought perhaps you could make yourself a spencer, or at least a new velvet hat out of them."

"Ah, Herr Conrector!" said Dürten, taking the breeches, "how kind you are!"

"But there is one condition, Dürten; you must let me keep them till Whitsuntide."

"Yes, Herr, if there is no other way."

"No, Dürten, there is no other way. I have only this one pair, that I have on, and if anything should happen to them, what would become of me? I ought to get my salary at Easter; but it is always delayed until Whitsuntide; and of such an article of clothing as breeches, a man should always have an extra pair, or he may be subjected to great inconvenience."

"I understand, Herr Conrector."

"Well, enjoy yourselves this evening; and Dürten, bring up some apples, and get a couple of bottles of beer, from Schultz the baker, since it is Christmas eve."

"What?" said Dürten. "And will you sit there alone in your room, and get the blues? You ought to go out and take your pleasure, like other people."

"Eh, where should I go? Everybody sits at home with his family, this evening, and if an old widower like me should stick his head in, he would be as welcome as a swine in a Jew's house."

"But why not go to the keller, to your brother-in-law's? All the unmarried men will be there, and Hofrath Altmann asked me this morning, if you would not come to-night."

"I always get vexed with Altmann, and I have had vexation enough this evening with that stupid Kägebein."

"But why should you get vexed with Hofrath Altmann? He got his title only because he has so often assisted Serene Highness with money; and you? You are a man of worth and dignity, Conrector and Cantor; and the weather is as pleasant for going out in, as we can expect at this time of year."

Schr-r-r-r! came a shower of snow rattling against the window.

"Do you hear that?" said the Herr Conrector.

"Oh," said Dürten, as she opened the door of the clothes press, "we often have such snow storms, this time of year;" and she threw the Herr Conrector's cloak over him, and quickly buttoned it in front, and then turned up the collar; and the Herr Conrector looked down out of the opening, as if he had crept into a hogshead for a joke, and was looking down out of the bung-hole, to see what the world said to his jest.

"So!" said Dürten, taking up the lamp, "now wait in the dark a moment; I shall be back directly."

And she ran into the front room, and returned with a three-cornered hat — an "extinguisher," as we used to call them, — and a Spanish cane, and a long pipe, and a bag of tobacco, and a snuff-box, and a clean handkerchief, and a couple of handkerchiefs to tie up his neck, and proceeded to equip her master, as if she were a squire arming his knight. And the knight submitted very peaceably, and, when his outfit was complete, he bade them a friendly good-night, and started in search of adventures, armed with stick and pipe, instead of sword and spear.

"So," said Dürten Holzen, "now, come, Stining, he has gone, and he will not be back before eleven o'clock; now we can go to father."

"Good gracious, Dürten! I never should have the courage to send him off like that."

"One learns how to manage them, Stining," said Dürten, "and if you treat him

gently, he will obey orders, and it is good for him to go out. For, you see, these old schoolmasters, when they have nothing to do with anybody but their school-boys, get to be foolish at last, and think other people must just mind them, like the school-children, and that wouldn't suit me. No, if I am responsible for keeping everything in order here I must have the power. He would get his things into a fine mess if I were not here to look after him. And once in three months, the whole house must be cleaned with broom and scrubbing-brush. See," she said, tying on a thick hood, "he goes over there and disputes, with the Hofrath and the rest of them; for they are not afraid of him, like the school-children; and that accustoms him to opposition, and that is an advantage for me when I want one thing and he another. Now come, I will take the key with me; but I must stop at the keller, and tell him not to come home before eleven o'clock, for I have locked up the house and taken the key with me."

With that they went out.

CHAPTER III.

Who the Herr Conrector and Cantor Aepinus was. — How he conducted his school. — His honest opinion of the French, of Bonaparte and Josephine. — She is yellow too! — Quiet satisfaction and sorrowful thoughts. — Holidays are still holidays. — How the Herr Conrector had the old Roman jurist Cujacius in his head, and the Nigen-Strelitz jurist, Advocate Kagebein, came into his room. — Concerning fine poetry, Gotz von Berlichingen, Homer and Lessing. — How the Herr Advocate Kagebein thought the Herr Conrector an envious man; how he went to the Rathskeller, and how the Herr Conrector followed him.

THE HERR CONRECTOR and Cantor Aepinus was a Saxon. At this time he was upwards of fifty years of age, and was a fine-looking man for his years, although his hair was turning gray. He was a good man, and a thorough scholar; he was pretty nearly the first master of the High school at Nigen-Bramborg, who had a good knowledge of the old Greeks and Romans, and his scholars had a high opinion of him, in consequence. Johann Heinrich Voss, who was at school in Nigen-Bramborg in 1766, used to say, with much gratitude, that he had learned more from the Herr Conrector than from any other teacher; and when he was very ill at one time, the Herr Conrector had visited him daily, and nursed him like a father. He was whimsical, to be sure, or silly, as Dürten Holzen would have said; but that was the fault of his wife, for she let him have too much of his own way, and that does not answer. If I may be allowed to speak of myself, I have

the prospect of being quite free from whims, in my old age; for my dear wife takes a great deal of pains with my training, and has cured me of the few that I had, before we were married.

To return to the Herr Conrector; there was one very remarkable thing about him, which I never observed in any one else. Although he was of pure Saxon lineage, he took such a hearty liking to the Plattdeutsch, that he spoke it constantly, at home and in company, and even in school; and what seems almost impossible in a Saxon, he had learned it so thoroughly, that only at rare intervals could any one detect him in a blunder.

He gave his attention to the second class in the school, and besides Latin and Greek, taught his scholars a little Natural History; and, as he was a skilful musician, he gave them instruction in church music, and sometimes allowed them to play on the violin, and, what afforded them great amusement, to beat the kettle-drum. French he did not understand, and did not wish to understand; for he had a great hatred of the French. There were some who said he had this hatred, only because he did not understand the language, and that he was ashamed to confess it; but I believe this opinion was a mistaken one. He could not bear the French character; and his hatred grew more intense, as the French power in Germany increased, and, — at a later period than my story is concerned with, — he got into considerable trouble in consequence. He was in the habit of calling Bonaparte a rascal and a robber, and he always spoke of Josephine as "that old yellow woman."

He went one evening, into his brother-in-law, Kunst's wine-cellar, and there met a number of acquaintances, with a stranger, who had been brought there by the company, for a joke. When my good Herr Conrector alluded to Josephine as "that old yellow woman," this stranger sprang up and attacked him:

"Monsieur, I am a Frenchman; you have insulted mon Imperatrice. I will have you put in prison!"

"Oh, oh! Hold!" cried the Conrector; and, grasping his hat and cane, he beat a retreat out of the door. There was great merriment over his abrupt departure; but scarcely was he outside, when he repented, and was angry with himself for retreating, and thrusting his head in at the door, he cried out:

"And she is yellow, too!"

So he could not bear the French, and had as great a dislike to a brunette com-

plexion, as Dürten herself had. But in other respects, — as I have said already, — he was a good man, and although some people reckoned it as a fault, that he was sharp at a bargain, and extremely economical in his expenses, there was reason enough why he should be, for his income was small, he had no friends who could or would assist him, and old age stared him in the face. Avaricious, however, he was not, except of paper; of that he was very sparing, and wrote on the smallest fragments; but one often meets with that description of avarice. I have a good friend, who will give you two thalers very cheerfully, if you ask it for any one; but he makes a pitiful face, if one uses two matches.

On the morning of the day, which I have been telling about, he walked up and down his room, dressed in a short jacket, which his neighbour the tailor had made for him out of an old coat, and with a long pipe in his mouth. He could not afford the expense of a dressing-gown. "I haven't smoked a pipe at this time in the morning, since the fair, last fall," said he to himself. "It is very pleasant to get out of the old harness once in a while. Holidays are still holidays; a man can draw a long breath. Now, I will examine my electrical apparatus;" and he pulled out a shallow tin box, filled with rosin, and a fox's brush, and sundry bottles and halves of bottles; for the apparatus was of his own manufacture, and gotten up as cheaply as possible. "It is not so nice as the apothecary's machine," he observed, "but it will work; one can get some idea from it."

He worked over this until noon; then he made himself tidy for the day, and appeared in a russet brown coat, with great gold-embroidered buttons, and wide cuffs on the sleeves, black Manchester velvet breeches, snow-white stockings, and brightly polished shoes, with silver buckles. Then he called Dürten Holzen to arrange his hair in a bag, and afterwards he sat down with her to dinner.

After dinner, he had a little fire made in his stove; then went to the window, opened it, and examined his thermometer, a valued gift from the apothecary; for they two were the only ones in Nigen-Bramborg who possessed such a weather prophet.

Just as he opened his window, a window was raised in the second story of the house opposite, and his neighbour in the yellow pelisse made him a bow, and uttered a friendly:

"Bon jour, Monsieur."

"Good day!" was his reply. "I have told you once before, that if you wish

to talk with me, you must speak German."

"I wish you a merry Christmas!" said the lady, in German.

"The same to yourself!" And with a faint attempt at a polite bow, he closed the window.

"The cuckoo knows," said he, "I said a couple of words to her one day, when I met her on the wall, and now she attacks me, wherever she sees me. Well, let her work."

He seated himself in his leather-covered arm-chair, — which his father-in-law, who died three months ago, had given him several years before, for a Christmas present, — and smoked his pipe. The room was pleasantly warm, the fire crackled in the stove, the chair was comfortable: out of doors, the wind and the driving snow; in doors, everything quiet. "Eight degrees by the thermometer outside," said he, leaning back in his chair, "well for him who has a warm room to stay in. But how lonely, how lonely! Dürten Holzen is a good creature, but it was different with Lotting. She was economical, too; but she would not have let to-day pass without some notice, she would at least have made pepper-nuts. Dürten says: 'You don't eat them, and it isn't worth while baking them for me; besides, we can't spare the money.' She is right; but Lotting was economical, too, and yet she would have baked pepper-nuts." Thoughts of the past returned to him, and he sighed gently, but could not call back what had vanished forever. His was no bitter heart-sorrow; he felt rather like a man alone on a desert island in the wide ocean, whose eyes vainly search the blue distance for a white sail, bearing to him human hope, and the waves dash mournfully against the shore, the monotonous waves of daily life. He was weary of their sighing, and his eyes closed, and then the pipe dropped from his mouth, and he was asleep. Then the clock struck two, and he roused himself: "Eh, there's no help for it. Oh, to be sure! it is vacation," — and he went to sleep again.

When he awoke for the second time, after a comfortable nap, his thoughts went on to the future. He sat down by the window, and watched the storm. "It does well enough now," he said. "I am still healthy and strong, and can continue my teaching for some time longer; but when old age comes, and they pension me off on bread and butter, what shall I live on? My profession is not a good one to lay up money in. I might marry again; but it should be a woman with a few groschens.

of her own, and who would be disposed to be kind to me in my old age. And where could I find such an one? The old jurist Cujacius relates that he was thrice married; the first time propter opus,* the second time propter opes,† and the third time propter opem; ‡ I must marry propter opes and propter opem at the same time. A difficult matter, if one knows women; the opes would afford no opem, and the opem have no opes." Here, he looked up, and in the twilight saw his neighbor standing at her window. "There she is again! People say you have opes; but you don't look to me as if you would be worth much for opem."

As it grew darker, Dürten brought in a light, mended the fire, and brought out a pair of warm felt shoes. "Herr Conrector, put on your warm shoes, so as not to take cold," and went out again.

"Dürten would answer for opem," said the Herr Conrector, "but where would the opes come from, in that case?"

Then he heard some one stamping off the snow, and the Herr Advocate Kägebein entered the room.

"Honoured friend and benefactor, I could not resist."

"What?"

"Coming to visit you; I felt the strongest impulse to see you again."

"So? Why, when did you get home?"

"Last evening."

"Well, if the impulse was so strong, I wonder you did not come last evening."

"Business, my friend, indispensable business."

"What? Have you got a case, for the first time in your life?"

"Preserve us! Far more important was the business which wafted me on the wings of the zephyrs, while yet the purple garment of Aurora overspread the Eastern sky from New-Strelitz to Brandenburg."

"Fine old zephyrs out of doors to-day!" said the Herr Conrector irreverently, but Kägebein did not allow himself to be disturbed.

"I am going to have a collection of my finest poems printed, and his Serene Highness has been graciously pleased to accept my humble dedication, and here they are!" and he deposited a quantity of manuscript on the table.

"His Highness? Poems? He must have done it out of curiosity, for I do not think he ever read a poem in his life."

"I read him some of mine, and he was much pleased with them; he has a great

deal of taste and appreciation for really fine, lofty poetry; and — between us — from what Rand, his Herr Kammerdiener said to me, I have a confident expectation of receiving the title of Court Poet."

"I congratulate you on the lofty title."

"But the poems are really very fine! They are in the highest style; I have, so to speak, melted Gellert and Rammler and Gleim into one. Just listen!"

"Pray sit down, first."

The Herr Advocate did so, and began to look over his papers.

"I will not choose out any; I will take them just as they come. Here is one which I wrote like Gellert; it is an Idyllum."

"That is not the word; it should be Idyllium; it comes from the Greek *εἰδύλλιον*."

"Oh, that is a little matter; the great thing is to be able to create; listen:

"INVITATION TO THE MASQUERADE TO

A GOOD FRIEND.

Like the Shepherd when the evening comes,
All his cattle safely in their homes,
And with thoughtful and with gentle care
How the good old sheep and lambs may fare,
Hay and straw abundantly procured,
And the sheep stall carefully secured, —
Like the shepherd, by the fireside sitting,
With his Trina near him at her knitting,
While his wearied limbs and cold he warms,
And is happy in his Trina's arms,
Leave me, speaks he, in this peaceful rest — "

"Preserve us!" cried the Herr Conrector, interrupting, "what a line! 'Leave me, speaks he,' — Where did you ever see the like of that?"

"It is quite original," said Kägebein, drawing himself up, complacently, "but hear the rest of it:

"And with joy is filled his Trina's breast.
Like the shepherd, happy will we be,
When, my friend, thy face beloved I see,
Full of joy shall be the fleeting hours,
And the nymphs shall strew the path with flowers.

Come, dear friend, and leave the old books lying,
All the Pandects and the codicem,
Know that with the hours of youth are flying
Also youthful joys, and come ad locum quem."

"Rather a tough rhyme, but very pretty," said the Conrector; and Kägebein went on:

"Waiting thee with open arms they stand,
Mid the sounding strings and trumpets' music grand,
Dorimene and Sincerene and all the graces,
Fairer than in olden times the fair in Greece and other famous places."

* For necessity. † For riches. ‡ For assistance.

"Now hold on!" cried the Conrector, pushing back the papers. "It would take a man a week, at least, to comprehend that. And you think that is in the style of Gellert?"

"Yes," replied Kägebein, innocently; "and here I have a piece which is more like Gleim. Friendship, you know; I composed it for my friend Horn, upon the birth of his son:

"Dear friend, I much regret to say,
I'm in the doctor's care to-day,
And therefore cannot go to meet thee;
May Zephyrus and Phœbus greet thee!

Yet at half past eight, may be,
We shall one another see,
Let not anxious care attend,
I am still thy faithful friend.

Greetings to thy Lotta dear,
And the little God of slumber,
Sweetest blessings without number
Greet his welcome entrance here.

Pay the vows that thou didst make,
Praying often for his sake,
Full of love and joy to-day,
Fall upon thy knees and pray!"

Here the Conrector sprang up:

"You must excuse me, I cannot stand that, I am quite dizzy; I must walk up and down a little."

Kägebein drew himself up, proudly:

"Your feelings are overcome by the poetry?"

"Yes, it has quite overpowered me. 'Sounding strings'—by that you mean fiddles, I suppose?"

"Yes, that is poetical."

"And I suppose 'God of slumber' is poetical for a new-born child?"

"Yes, these poetical expressions are, as many have told me, my peculiar forte. Here I have a great epic poem, which is entitled: 'The Beauty of the Bakery; or, the Leap through the Blackthorn;' I shall not print it at present, because——"

"That is right, that is the most sensible thing you can do—*nonum prematur in annum*,—don't print it yet awhile; these poems are enough for people to swallow. Now, tell me, how long have you written poetry?"

"Oh, well! Fifteen or twenty years."

"Then let it go, for the future; you have done your duty, in that respect."

"Eh, my friend, so you say; but when the spirit moves me, for my nature is a poetical one——"

"A confounded nature and a good-for-nothing spirit! Tell me, did you ever read a book called 'Götz von Berlichingen?'

The Hofrath Altmann lent it to me; I cannot afford to buy such things myself."

Kägebein shrugged his shoulders, and shook his head, saying:

"Yes, but it is rough and unpolished; there is very little fine-poetry in it."

"All the better! I should hope not," cried the Conrector, warmly. "There is truth and nature. Look at Homer; where is the fine poetry? People stammer and blunder over Homer at school, and never understand half of his beauty and naturalness and truth. I had one scholar, only a farmer's boy when he came to me,—Johann Heinrich Voss his name was,—who had some sense of it."

"Yes, my friend; but Homer has nothing fine; he lived in such a barbarous age."

"Eh, and we in a very refined one? I suppose you think, because you call the women in your poems by all sorts of silly names, that therefore you are a fine writer; what we call Mariken and Fika and Dürten, you call Dorimene and Syncerene and Fatima, and what not ridiculous names; I can only tell you, I would not take all your Iphigenias and Philomelas and Dorimenes, in exchange for my honest old Dürten Holzen. That comes from the cursed French, which is destroying our German character and German language. See, there is a fellow," and he pointed to a picture of Lessing, which hung on the wall,—"I studied with him at Leipsic, he was a crony of mine,—he understood it; and if we would follow him, we should be on the right track. And here,"—taking down an old book from the shelf, "is a countryman of yours, who wrote good old-fashioned poetry, listen: I will translate it from his old dialect, into the present, and read only the close of it, for the first part is a little too strong for this delicate, refined age:

"So'ne hoche lüchtete Red', de is un up ge

kamen,

Bringet den nigen Poeten einen ewigen Namen.

Dat is un lächerlich, schriwen dat Jedermann, Ja ok ein Schauster—seggt'e—oder'n oll Weib vernamen Kann,

Ein müt sine Fedder hoch äwer de Luft upschwingen

Un mit poetischen styl dörch de Wulken dringen,

Dat is nu de Manir,—seggt'e—u. s. w., u. s. w seggt'e."*

* "Such a highly-enlightened speech, as is now the rage. Will give enduring fame to the poets of the age."

"But, my dear friend, that is our common Platt-deutsch."

"Well, and why not?"

"Yes, I know that you — and it is much deplored by your friends, — are so much attached to the common Platt-deutsch language, that you give it the preference over the High German."

"So? Well, you may tell my friends not to distress themselves on my account; I have my reasons for it, tell them. Do you think if, coming here as I did, a Saxon, I had learned no Platt-deutsch, my scholars would not have indulged in all manner of foolish jokes against me, in that language? And I will acknowledge, in addition, that I like the Platt-deutsch much better than the High German that you write; it is at least not yet corrupted and spoiled by the French."

"It is a common dialect," said Kägebein, who began to get excited, — the old Conrector had been so, all along, — "You cannot express in it a single fine, poetic thought."

"I am glad of it," cried the Conrector, striking the table, "it is too honest. You say that I am fond of the Platt-deutsch dialect, and then you say of my beloved object, that it is common? — what? — Herr, look to your words! — what would you say, if I were to call your Chloes, and Dori-

menes, and the rest of the lot, common women?"

"We don't seem to agree, this evening," said Kägebein, collecting his papers, and getting ready to go.

When the old Conrector observed this, a feeling came over him that he had been rather rude to his visitor, and as a kind-hearted man, he endeavoured to make amends, but as it proved, he made matters worse than ever. He went up to his guest very frankly, and gave him his hand:

"I am older than you, Kägebein, and can give you a word of advice; don't publish the confounded poems!"

The poet started back, looked sharply at the Conrector, and thought he was pale with envy; so he smiled in a superior way, and said as he went out of the door:

"Your advice is certainly well meant, and many people may not appreciate my poems; but his Highness, our gracious reigning Sovereign, has accepted the dedication, and so they *must* be published. Good evening."

The Conrector accompanied him to the door and said:

"Good evening! I wish you much happiness from them; but, excuse me for saying so, you are a great goose!"

Kägebein went off, replying:

"We shall see, my friend, we shall see! Look at them in print, first; they will seem quite a different thing."

He went off towards the wine-cellar, and the Conrector growled after him:

"Have I wasted my Christmas evening on that stupid fellow!"

And, as we have seen, a little while after, he followed Kägebein to the wine-cellar.

It is really laughable, any one may command it, Even the shoemakers, and the old women understand it.

One has only to wave his pen in the air, for inspiration, And soar on the clouds of poetic style over all creation, — This is now the fashion — says he, etc."

A SERIES of "penny readings" have lately been introduced at St. Petersburg by the director of police, General Treppoff, and they are said to be very numerously attended by the lower classes of the city. The Government is also endeavouring to promote the spread of education among the people by increasing the number of schools, and its efforts are being worthily seconded by the subscriptions of private benefactors. A Captain Lobanoff, who died the other day at Samara, left the whole of his property of 22,000 roubles to the Government to be expended in educational objects; and the landowners of the small district of Novo-Usensk, in the Government of Archangel, have subscribed 27,000 roubles among them for the establishment of schools in the district. Notwithstanding all this,

however, the number of schools in the empire is still far from sufficient for the wants of the population. The number of children fit to go to school is estimated at about eight millions, so that, taking an average of fifty children for each school, there should be about 160,000 schools, while there are not more than 40,000. The consequence is that the proportion of persons unable to read and write in Russia is greater than in almost any other European country. The good intentions of the Ministry, too, are in many instances foiled by the stupidity or corruption of the officials, and in Poland and the Baltic provinces the Government is too busy in keeping down antagonistic national elements to pay much attention to education.

Pall Mall Gazette.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE AMERICAN PRAYER-BOOK.

A LITURGICAL STUDY.

AT a time when the subject of liturgical revision is occupying many minds in England, and when already the Irish branch of the Church has taken the Prayer-Book in hand, and is even now actively engaged on the work of alteration, it may, we trust, be found useful to consider the success that has attended the only revision of the Prayer-Book that has been effected since the Caroline settlement of 1662, and generally enforced by the authority of any church of the Anglican communion. The efforts of the Royal Commissioners of 1689 were practically fruitless. The task imposed on them was one that at any time would have been attended with enormous difficulties: and at the particular time when it was undertaken party spirit ran so high that there could have been among thoughtful men little serious expectation of its successful achievement. The result of their labours was a service-book from which enough of ancient usage and phraseology was surrendered to discontent and alarm the great majority of Churchmen without its becoming in the smallest measure really adapted to propitiate the deep-rooted dislike of the general mass of the Nonconformists. While from a literary point of view the work of the Commissioners will always remain a curiosity, as displaying in a marvellous, sad way, the laborious and painstaking industry which a vitiated taste can employ in spoiling the beauties which it cannot appreciate. Happily for the Church the unruly temper of the Lower House of Convocation made it at once plain that no alteration* of the

existing Prayer-Book would then be tolerated, and since then no further experiment in liturgical changes has been tried, in England, under authority of Church or State. Of course the varieties of "use" which in the last century sprang up among the Non-jurors and the Scottish Episcopalians make no exception to this statement, as not in general pretending to authority, and being in the main determined by the personal inclinations of individual Bishops. It was left thus to the American Church to be the first Church to attempt a revision of our service-books which should be authoritatively binding within the whole circle of her jurisdiction.

The American Prayer-Book presents a very meagre and unattractive field of study to the mere liturgiologist; but it is not without considerable interest for any one whose mind is occupied with the practical problems of revision. And just at the present time is this more especially true, because the American Revision has been frequently pointed to by a busy innovating section in the Irish Church as a signal fact that should not fail to allay the grave apprehensions, with which the whole subject of liturgical change has been regarded by the more conservative party, while there are some found who even look to the American Prayer-Book as affording weighty precedent for alterations that they desire.

As I shall in the course of this article have need to use some hard words of censure, here at the outset I would say that to judge fairly of the praise and blame that attach to the American Revisers of 1789 we must never fail to bear in mind that in their day on both sides of the Atlantic the prevailing ideal of Divine Worship had fallen low. Their work was done at the ebb; and it was not till nearly half a century later that the flow of the tide of religious sentiment on this matter began to grow full and strong. Indeed the very conception of *worship* — worship as distinguished in thought from prayer and edification — was hazy, and ill-defined, among English Churchmen, for many years after the date of the American Revision. And yet there is no truths more certain than this, that the firm and continuous grasp of the conception of *worship* — as the homage of man before the throne of God — is the first essential to any worthy dealing with the Divine services. Once surrender the pre-eminence of the idea of adoration in the Church's worship of God — once allow edifying rites, doctrinal instructions, supplications and

* The following will give some notion of the state of excited feeling prevalent among the clergy — "Great canvassings were everywhere in the elections of Convocation-men; a thing not known in former times; so that it was soon very visible, that we were not in a temper cool or calm enough, to encourage the further prosecuting such a design. When the Convocation was opened, the king sent them a message by the Earl of Nottingham, assuring them of his constant favour and protection, and desiring them to consider such things as by his order should be laid before them, with due care and an impartial zeal for the peace of the Church. But the Lower House of Convocation expressed a resolution not to enter into any debates with relation to alterations: so that they would take no notice of the second part of the King's message; and it was, not without difficulty, carried to make a decent address to the King, thanking him for his promise of protection. But, because, in the draught which the Bishops sent them, they acknowledged the protection that the Protestant Religion in general, and the Church of England in particular, had received from him, the Lower House thought that this imported their ownings some common union with the foreign Protestants: so they would not agree to it." — Burnet, *History of His Own Time*, Book V., anno 1689.

intercessions to compete with it, and we destroy that true subordination of parts, which constitutes the perfection of the great *λογική λειτουργία* of human creatures. But these truths were but dimly apprehended eighty years ago. Again, we must not fail to remember that in the latter half of the last century scholarly interest in liturgiology generally, and even in the history of our own Prayer-Book, had dwindled low in the English Church. The eminent ritualists who adorned the Church in the preceding century had left no successors, and the age of the revival of ecclesiological art and science had not yet arrived. Indeed when we fairly consider the circumstances of the American Church—the stimulant to democratic feeling which had been supplied by the successful issue of the war, and the establishment of the republican form of government,—the influences, direct and indirect, of the many surrounding Protestant sects, far exceeding the Church in numerical strength,*—the absence of the conservative episcopal traditions that have so often at home proved a valuable check upon hasty innovation,—and the smallness of the Upper House at the General Convention of 1789,† rendering it more difficult to resist pressure from below—when we consider these things we shall see good reason to wonder that the changes were not far more violent and sweeping than they are. On the whole the characteristic features of the American Revision belong rather to time than to place; and results in a great measure similar would probably have marked a revision conducted at the same period in the old world.‡

An outline of the history of the American Revision may be given in few words.

Immediately upon the acknowledgment by Great Britain of the political independence of the United States, it became plain to American Churchmen that the time had now arrived when it would be absolutely necessary to settle their ecclesiastical or-

* In some instances these influences acted beneficially by way of reaction—as in the Northern States, where the surrounding Puritanism drove the people and clergy to value more highly the distinctive teaching and ritual of the Church. Bishop Seabury—the first consecrated of the American bishops—whose sympathies with the Scottish Episcopal Church have left their permanent impress on the Communion Office, was head of the Church in Puritan Connecticut, and was himself the son of a New England Presbyterian.

† The Upper House consisted actually of only two bishops, Seabury and White; Bishop Provost had withdrawn himself from the Convention.

‡ In some measure the treatment of the Communion Office is exceptional to the general spirit of the revision. How it came about will be seen hereafter.

ganization upon an independent basis. Hitherto all efforts to obtain the establishment of bishoprics in the North American Colonies had failed, owing chiefly to motives of state policy affecting the ministries at home;—and the whole vast tract of British America was entrusted to the episcopal supervision of the Bishop of London.* The first move was made by the clergy of Connecticut, who, assembling together in a voluntary Convention, as had been their practice in the colonial times, elected Dr. Samuel Seabury as their bishop. It is reported to have been said by Benjamin Franklin, with the smug self-satisfaction which characterizes so many of his utterances, that “men would one day learn not to be dependent upon other countries, but would make their own bishops for themselves.”† And though there appears to have been some inclination on the part of Washington’s friend, William White (afterwards Bishop of Pennsylvania), to lend an ear to some such counsels, Seabury and his clergy were far from thinking so lightly of that regular episcopal succession which maintains visibly before the eyes of men the historical continuity of the Church’s life. It is unnecessary here to explain the difficulties that prevented Seabury receiving consecration from the English episcopate. It will be sufficient to say that they arose from no indisposition on the part of the bishops to comply with his wishes, but only from certain technical legal difficulties arising from the connection of Church and State. It is owing, however, to this apparently accidental circumstance that the American Communion Office differs in such important particulars from that of the English Church. For Seabury in his difficulties was advised to apply for consecration to the Bishops of the Scottish Episcopal Church, and thus began an intercourse during which he entered into an engagement to assist in introducing into his own country the Scottish Communion Office.‡ He was consecrated at Aberdeen on the 14th of November, 1784, one year after the independence of the United States had been formally recognized by Great Britain. In the month of September a meeting of fifteen clergymen and eleven

* When Sherlock was Bishop of London he wrote, “I think myself in a very bad situation: bishop of a vast country, without power or influence, or any means of promoting true religion, sequestered from the people over whom I have care, and must never hope to see.”

† Caswall, *The American Church and American Union*, p. 133.

‡ This engagement appears to have been entered into after his consecration. See Caswall’s *The American Church*, &c., p. 125.

laymen, from six of the states, was held in New York with a view to agreeing on some general principles of ecclesiastical union between the Episcopal churches of the various states. The constitution of a convention to assemble in the following year was here determined, and a resolution passed that the American Church "shall adhere to the liturgy of the said Church (i.e., the Church of England) as far as shall be consistent with the American revolution, and the constitution of the respective states." Even at the first General Convention, held at Philadelphia in September, 1785, as Bishop White has left on record,* "few, or rather, it is believed, none," had any thought of doing more than accommodating the Prayer-Book to the altered circumstances of the country. "Every one, so far as is here known, wished for alterations in the different offices. But it was thought at New York in the preceding year that such an enterprise could not be undertaken until the Church should be consolidated and organized. Perhaps it would have been better if the same opinion had been continued and acted on." However, when the subject of liturgical revision was once opened, men could not resist the temptation of ventilating their various notions. The first controversy was raised by Mr. Page, afterwards Governor of Virginia, proposing that one short invocation should be substituted for the four with which the Litany opens. The proposal was put and lost without a division. Then followed discussions on the doctrines of justification, original sin, predestination, the descent into Hell, the Athanasian and Nicene Creeds. The changes which were thought desirable, were sketched out, and three clergymen — Dr. White being one — were directed to embody the changes, and were given liberty to make verbal alterations in the English Book of Common Prayer. The result of their hasty labours was speedily put into print, and is known as the "Proposed Book." This book was next submitted, in the spring of 1786, to the Conventions of the several states, which, with the exception of the Conventions of New Jersey and New York, seem to have accepted the book either altogether or with some slight modifications.

The General Convention of the previous year had requested the Archbishops and Bishops of England to consecrate to the episcopate the persons who might be elected in the several states, but had given no

intimation of the proposed changes in the Prayer-Book. The knowledge of some of the proposed changes did not, however, fail to reach the English prelates by irregular and informal channels; and in their reply to the Convention they stated that, however desirous to comply with its request, they must delay till they had more exact information of the alterations intended. "While we are anxious," they wrote, "to give every proof, not only of our brotherly affection, but of our facility in forwarding your wishes, we cannot but be extremely cautious lest we should be the instruments of establishing an ecclesiastical system, which will be called a branch of the Church of England, but afterwards may possibly appear to have departed from it essentially either in doctrine or discipline." Shortly after this letter had been written the two Archbishops received the "Proposed Prayer-Book." They examined it, and wrote again to the Convention expressing their grief, not only at various verbal changes that seemed quite uncalled for, but chiefly at the mutilation of the Apostles' Creed by the omission of "*He descended into hell*," and at the entire removal of the other two ancient symbols accepted by our Church.* Before this letter reached America the Convention had replied thus to the former enquiries of the Bishops, "We have made no alterations or omissions but such as our civil constitutions required, and such as were calculated to remove objections.† It is well known that many great and pious men of the Church

* Bishop White (*Memoirs of the American Church*, p. 111) claims to be possessed of information that would show that the Bishop of Bath and Wells (Dr. Moss) swayed the other English prelates in insisting on the objection to the removal of the article of the descent into hell, which otherwise would not have been urged. Such hearsay statements should obviously be taken with much caution. It is likely enough that the objection of the Bishop of Bath and Wells was "rested by him on the contradiction of an ancient heresy." The Archbishop of Dublin in his last charge (September, 1871), speaking of the American revision, remarks, "It is easy enough to lower the standards of a Church; but to raise them again, to recover that which has been too lightly let go, this is nearly impossible, or quite. Thus, it was a time when the Church realized but slightly the immense significance of our Lord's descent into Hades—a truth which, I believe, many of the discussions likely are long to occupy the Church will bring into ever greater prominence; and so the words in the Apostles' Creed—'Went down into hell' . . . were virtually given up . . . to the shallow objections of an uneducated and ignorant age; the witness therein contained against the Apollinarian heresy effaced, and all the blessed hopes for them who in the days of their flesh have not had the opportunity of knowing Christ as the Saviour, which in these words are wrapped up, were obscured, and so far as the witness of the Church extends, were withdrawn" (p. 59).

† A wide field is thrown open here.

* *Memoirs of the American Church*, p. 102 (2nd edition).

of England have long wished for a revision of the Liturgy, which it was deemed imprudent to hazard, lest it might become a precedent for repeated and improper alterations. This is with us the proper season for such a revision. We are now settling and ordering the affairs of our Church, and if wisely done we shall have reason to promise ourselves all the advantages that can result from stability and union.* The effect, however, of the Archbishops' definite objections to the "Proposed Prayer-book" was that the Nicene Creed was restored to the Prayer-book, and allowed to be used, as an alternative, instead of the Apostles' Creed, both in the Communion and daily offices. The clause "He descended into hell" was also restored, though afterwards the following rubric was prefixed—"any Churches may omit the words, He descended into hell, or may, instead of them, use the words, He went into the place of departed spirits, which are considered as words of the same meaning in the Creed."† No change, however, was made in the resolution of the Convention to discontinue the use of the Athanasian Creed in Divine Service, though fully acknowledging the dogmatic teaching of the creed on the Trinity and the Incarnation.† After these concessions on the part of the American Church, the English prelates withdrew all opposition, and on the 4th of February in the following year (1787) the bishops-elect of Pennsylvania and of New York, Dr. White and Dr. Provoost, were solemnly consecrated in the chapel of Lambeth Palace.

The General Convention at its next meeting, more than two years afterwards, resumed their work upon the alterations in the Liturgy; and but for the firmness and wisdom shown by the two bishops, Seabury and White, it is impossible to tell the extent to which ruin would have been wrought upon the English Prayer-Book. For the Lower House undertook the monstrous course of framing a new liturgy, and nominated committees to prepare the various services. The bishops, however, were determined to hold the English Prayer-Book as the basis of their work, and to avoid, as far as they could, all unnecessary changes. And though White's own judgment, more especially in matters of liturgical propriety and taste, must be

reckoned far from correct, yet, on the whole, it is to him and Seabury is due the fact that in all their main features the liturgies of the United States and of the Mother-Church are still alike. Something was yielded on both sides, and their hereditary English instincts manifested themselves in the acceptance of a compromise. Morning and Evening Prayer were altered in a direction quite opposite to that towards which a regard for the ancient services of the Church would tend; while the Communion Service, around which one would have supposed that the most jealous circumspection would have been exercised, accepted from the Scotch Liturgy the oblation and the invocation of the Holy Ghost upon the elements,—a feature derived from primitive antiquity. It is very extraordinary that "no remark of any sort" was made in the Lower House on their introduction. We have this on the testimony of Bishop White; and the only explanation of this silence which I can suggest is that Bishop Seabury's* feeling on the subject had been so strongly expressed that it was thought better not to risk the shipwreck of the entire revision by opposition on a matter that had no very obvious theological bearing to the minds of the great majority of the members of the Convention.

We shall now proceed, without attempting a very minute collation, to classify and examine more in detail all the important changes that were introduced into the American Prayer-Book in 1789. Since then no substantial alteration has been made.

I. There is no need to consider at any length changes necessitated, or suggested, by the changed political condition of the country—*e. g.*, the prayer for the King being changed into one for the President, and that for the High Court of Parliament into one for the Congress. The desiderata for ourselves are a consolidation of the several prayers for the Queen, the Royal Family, and (in Ireland) the Lord Lieutenant, and a permission of certain omissions when the Morning Prayer, the Litany, and the Communion Service are "accumulated." If the "prayer for the Queen's majesty" be touched at all by the Irish revisers we would remind them of the very noble form of invocation with which the original of the prayer opened, the address being to Him on whose vesture

* At first the clause was placed in brackets, but these were afterwards removed as suggesting the idea of spuriousness.

† The formularies of the Church go beyond the mere removal of the Athanasian Creed from liturgical use. Mention of "Athanasius's Creed" is removed from Article VIII., and the heading altered to "Of the Creeds."

* Seabury seemed to have doubted whether without the Invocation the consecration would be valid. On the question see the admirable discussion in Palmer's *Origines Liturgicae*, vol. ii. p. 136, *et seq.*

and on whose thigh the name was written "King of Kings and Lord of Lords" (Rev. xix. 16, xvii. 14) — "O Lorde Jesu Christe, moste high, most mightie kyng of kynges, lorde of lordes, the onely rular of princes, the very sonne of God, on whose ryghte hande sytting docest from thy throne," &c. (Psalmes or Prayers taken out of Holye Scripture, 1545).* It is worth noticing in the American prayer for the President how the patchwork of the changes shows itself. God is indeed no longer "King of Kings and Lord of Lords," but only "the high and mighty Ruler of the Universe."—*President*, as it were of heaven and earth; † yet the prayer runs, "who dost from thy throne," &c. This is an illustration of a truth often exemplified that adaptations of old forms can be seldom effected with complete success.

II. Little, too, need be said of the change of certain words and phrases with a view to the removal of what was obsolete, or in order to attain what was supposed to be a greater correctness of expression. Under this head we find changes, that are good, bad, and indifferent. Among them we note the following:—"honourable" (*Te Deum*) gave place to "adorable;" "wealth" (*Litany* and the Prayer for the Queen), to "prosperity;" "Bishops and curates," ‡ to "Bishops and other clergy" (Prayer for the Clergy and People), and to "Bishops and other ministers" (Prayer for the Church Militant); "indifferently" (Prayer for the Church Militant), to "impartially;" "most righteously have deserved" (*Litany*), to "most justly," &c.; "pitifully behold" (*Litany*), to "with pity behold;" "after our sins," and "after our iniquities" (*Litany*), to "according to our sins," &c.; "lively" (Baptismal Service), to "living;" "ghostly counsel" ("When

the minister giveth warning for the celebration of the Holy Communion"), to "godly counsel," and "ghostly enemy" (Catechism), to "spiritual enemy;" "surcease" (Ordination Service, rubric), to "cease;" "prevent" (collect in Communion Service), to "direct," though the word "preventing" is allowed to stand in the collect for Easter-day, and "prevent" in that for the Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

The whole phrase "with my body I thee worship" was omitted from the Marriage Service; and the phrase, "how great injury ye do unto God" (address in Communion Office), became "how great is your ingratitude to God." While it is worth noting that "let" (collect for Fourth Sunday in Advent), "kindly fruits" (*Litany*), and "alloweth" (Baptismal Service), are not touched.

Among the changes which aimed, wisely or unwisely, at a greater accuracy of expression, real or fancied, may be observed, "who" for "which," when referring to persons; "rose from the dead," for "rose again from the dead" (Apostles' Creed):* "spare thou those, O God, who confess" (General Confession), for "them . . . which," and "as we forgive those that trespass" (Lord's Prayer), for "them that" (and similarly elsewhere); "chiefly" (Exhortation at Morning and Evening Prayer), for "most chiefly;" "on earth" (Lord's Prayer), for "in earth;" "devoutly kneeling" (Communion Service), for "meekly kneeling upon your knees;" which last phrase no doubt must have been peculiarly distressing to the critical sensibilities of the period.† We gladly accept the change

* The meaning or object of this change it is difficult to conceive. Could it possibly have originated in the fact that it is within one's power, by a perverse ingenuity in emphasis, to imply, in reading the phrase, that our Lord rose twice from the dead? It seems inconsistent when on the same page we find "rose again" in the Nicene Creed, which is allowed as an alternative at Morning and Evening Prayer. The "again" in the Apostles' Creed is, of course, the "re" of *resurrexit*.

† "On what other part of the body but the knees could one kneel?"—the American purist will enquire. I do not know what the practice may be on the other side of the Atlantic, but certainly the sitting lounge forward, which is still, in too many of our churches, the popular ritual interpretation of the rubrical direction to "kneel," makes one disposed to pardon the pleonasm of expression. Since this note was written I have met with some verses entitled "Dreamland," by Dr. Cleve and Cox, Bishop of Western New York. The following lines confirm my suspicions:—

"And Dreamland folk, they kneel them down
Right on the stony floor;
I saw they were uncivilized,
Nor knew how we adore:

* "It is not known who was the author of this fine composition, the opening of which is equal in grandeur to anything of the kind in the ancient Liturgies; breathing indeed the spirit of the Ter-sanctus and Trisagion."—Blunt's *Annotated Book of Common Prayer*, p. 26.

† It sometimes needs care to avoid any appearance of straining after a special appropriateness, which always savours of irreverence. We cannot admire the mode in which Freemasons are wont to speak of God, when occasion requires, as "the Great Architect of the Universe;" and it was surely little short of blasphemous when Mr. Spurgeon (if the story be true) some months ago at Rome invoked our Lord as "The true Victor Emmanuel."

‡ The word *curate* was used in its present vulgar sense as early as 1532. See the interesting note at p. 40 of Canon Robertson's *How shall we conform to the Liturgy of the Church of England*, in which he says, "I conjecture that the change may have been introduced at the settlement under Elizabeth, when, from the scarcity of qualified incumbents, the class of subsidaries was very greatly increased." The word "cure" (Ordering of Priests) is allowed to stand in the American Prayer-Book.

of "Jesus Christ his sake" (Prayer for all conditions of men), into "Jesus Christ's sake"—the former expression being in the second half of the seventeenth century only an affected revival of an obsolete error. "*Cherubin* and *Seraphin*" (*Te Deum*) was changed into "*Cherubim* and *Seraphim*."* The structure of the Absolution (Morning and Evening Prayer) was unquestionably improved by the simple removal of the "and" before "hath given power," &c., and by placing a period after the word "sins."

III. A vulgar false sentiment of modesty suggested that "fornication" (in the Litany) should be changed into "all inordinate and sinful affections." I suppose to some similar cause must be attributed the removal of the 127th Psalm from the Churching of women; and, with some more show of reason, the removal of part of the opening exhortation and the prayer for "the procreation of children" in the Marriage Service. And it was to this sentiment, no doubt, was due the painful alteration in the *Te Deum* of, "Thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb," into "Thou didst humble thyself to be born of a Virgin."† In certain changes in the lection-

"And yet I taught them not, I own,
The posture more refined;
For well I knew the picturesque
Scarce suits the savage mind."

* So too it appeared in the first Prayer-Book of Edward VI.:—in the second Prayer-Book a revision was made of the translation of the *Te Deum*, and the termination in *n*, as in the *Sarum Breviary*, was adopted, and has remained. The distinction is wholly unimportant:—the termination *in* being the ordinary Hebrew form of the masculine plural, and *in* its Chaldaic modification. The latter form appears in some of the ancient MSS. of the LXX., and of the one passage of the N.T. in which the word occurs—Heb. ix. 5—(e.g. Cod. Sinaiticus and Cod. Vaticanus), and it is the reading adopted by Tischendorf and by Lachmann. Both forms were used by Latin writers; and when the true explanation was lost, absurd interpretations of the distinction were offered, e.g. "*Seraphin* per *N*, sunt plures angeli; *seraphim*, per *M*, unus." Honorius Augustodun. (*Gemma Animæ* de antiq. rit. miss. lib. i. cap. 101.) The following distinction of grammatical usage is drawn by Remigius Antissiodor (de celebrat. mise. lib. i.): "Scendum autem quod *Cherubin* et *Seraphin* per *M* litteram prolata juxta proprietatem lingue Hebraicæ, Masculini generis et pluralis numeri tantum. Si autem, per *N* litteram, dicuntur, sicut in Psalmis, et hymnis, et in presenti gratiarum actione [viz. the preface to the *Ter-Sanctus*] pronuntur. Græca declinatione in neutrale genus mutata intelligimus."

† "Shall we praise or imitate," says the Archbishop of Dublin (Charge, 1871), "them whose ears were so nice that they could not endure the reference, in the *Te Deum*, to the pure mystery of the human birth of the Saviour, and must needs substitute other words to them less indelicate, for those which have for fifteen centuries proclaimed that He, the eternal Son, when he took upon him to deliver man 'did not abhor the Virgin's womb.'" I think it worth noticing that I have found some striking coincidences between the alterations suggested in "The Book of Common Prayer, revised, corrected,

and enlarged, by way of Specimen, London, 1734," and those adopted by the American Church; among others, the garbled *Venite*, and the alteration of the phrase before us, which was changed into "Thou submittedst to be born of a pure Virgin." Is it possible that "confounded" was supposed to savour of slang? else, why the feeble change of the last verse of the *Te Deum*, in the pamphlet referred to, into "let us not be disappointed (!) and put to shame"?

IV. The laudatory terms in which the Preface to the American Prayer-Book characterizes the labours of the Royal Commission of 1689 indicate clearly enough, before our entering on the book, that we need not expect a very elevated conception of the nature of Christian worship, or any high sense of liturgical beauty; and on looking through the book we find it to be a matter of fact that what is styled the "great and good work" of 1689 had its marked influence on the American revision accomplished exactly one hundred years later. We may notice the following particulars:—

(1.) In 1689, from the Calendar were removed all names not commemorative of persons and facts of the Scripture history. The American Church adopted the same course.

(2.) In 1689, it was directed that "nothing is to be sung or chanted in the Church but Psalms, Hymns, or Anthems" ("The order how the Psalter," &c.); in the American Prayer-Book similarly the option of "sung or said" is removed from the rubrics before the Creed in Morning and Evening Prayer, the Litany, the Creed in the Communion Office. And it seems further to have been intended, beyond the spirit of the above direction, to discourage the singing of the Psalms by the removal of the colon, the musical *puncta*, corresponding to the close of the mediation of the chant,* and the title-page was accord-

and enlarged, by way of Specimen, London, 1734," and those adopted by the American Church; among others, the garbled *Venite*, and the alteration of the phrase before us, which was changed into "Thou submittedst to be born of a pure Virgin." Is it possible that "confounded" was supposed to savour of slang? else, why the feeble change of the last verse of the *Te Deum*, in the pamphlet referred to, into "let us not be disappointed (!) and put to shame"?

* But we must notice that the pointing was also removed from the *Te Deum* and *Benedicite*, though they are allowed to be sung. We may notice here that in the American Communion Service a rubric occurs, "Here shall follow the Proper Preface . . . or else immediately shall be said or sung by the Priest and people. Therefore, with angels and archangels," &c. This is to be regretted. The universal primitive usage appears to have been that which still prevails in our churches where the service is choral—viz., that the voices of the people should join in at the words "Holy, holy, holy," and not before. "I may venture to observe," says Palmer (*Origines Liturg.* vol. ii. p. 127), "that, owing perhaps to a want of clear and definite rubrical direction or from some mistake, it has been customary in many of our churches for the clerks and people to repeat, not only the seraphic hymn itself, but a portion of the preface also, beginning at 'Therefore, with angels,' &c. This never was the custom of the Primitive Church and could not have been intended by those who revised our liturgy, nor is it warranted by the nature of the preface itself. It

ingly altered by the removal of the words, "pointed as they are to be sung or said in churches."

(3.) The diminution of the frequency of the occurrence of the Lord's Prayer is carried to even a greater extent than in 1689.

(4.) Already in 1689 the Commissioners showed a feeling that they regarded the evangelical canticles as more or less unsuited to public worship. The *Nunc Dimittis* was removed altogether; Psalm viii., "O Lord our Governor," was placed before the *Magnificat*, and Psalm c., *Jubilate*, before the *Benedictus*.* In the American revision the *Magnificat*, as well as the *Nunc Dimittis*, was removed altogether; and the *Benedictus* was curtailed by docking it of its last eight verses. I am sure many of my readers will find it difficult to conjecture a motive for so violent a departure from the ancient practice of the Church. But from a comparison of the mode in which the *Venite* and *Benedictus* are treated, we may gather that there was an objection to any expressions marked by a colouring of feeling that was local or temporal. "When your fathers tempted me, proved me, and saw my works. Forty years long was I grieved with this generation," might suit Jews very well, but not American Christians. It was too much to ask a citizen of the American Republic to sing "My soul doth magnify the Lord . . . for he hath regarded the lowliness of his hand-maiden." And the song of Zachary with its verse, "And thou, child, shall be called the prophet of the Highest," &c., was of course to minds with the same prepossessions simply preposterous. Now, granted that it needs the imaginative sympathy of a devout heart to enter fully into these hymns, it should rather be inferred that

what thus affords an exercise of that faculty of the soul that is most markedly characteristic of the Christian temper, should by all means be retained. It will never be possible to make the whole of a rich and complex service like ours equally intelligible to all, and to all equally fruitful of spiritual joy and comfort.* It was to the same spirit that dictated these changes was due, in great measure, the desire to substitute "selections" of the Psalms instead of the Psalms for the day—to be used "at the discretion of the minister." Ten "selections" have been constructed. In each it is sought to place together Psalms possessing a common tone of feeling; local and temporal allusions, that could not at once, in their most literal form, be appropriated by the worshipper, were removed: e.g., verses 18, 19, "O be favourable and gracious unto Sion," &c., were removed from Psalm li.; verses 8, 9, "Therefore will I remember thee . . . the little hill of Hermon. One deep calleth another," &c., from Psalm xlii. Again, on other grounds, the minatory Psalms are avoided, and all expressions of anger and indignation are expunged; e.g., verses 5-9 from Psalm cxlix.† Bishop White, indeed, expressly declared in favour of the vague standard of the feelings of the ordinary congregation as determining the character of the public expression alike of praise and penitence. I cannot but fear that even the "Selections" rise above the ordinary level of religious feeling in American congregations, as they certainly would do with us, were they adopted on this side of the Atlantic. Most truthfully, has it been said, "The Service brings before us on the same day Psalms written in the most different states of mind, expressive of the most different feelings. If we have sympathized in one, it often seems a painful effort to join in the rest. And so it must as long as we look upon prayer and praises as expressions of our moods, as long as we are not joining in them because we belong to a

has, perhaps, arisen from the custom of printing the latter part of the preface in connexion with the hymn *Tersanctus*, and from the indistinctness of the rubric which, in fact, gives no special direction for the people to join in repeating the hymn *Tersanctus*." This should obviously be cleared up; and, let me add, the *Amen* following should (as in the American Prayer-Book) be printed in *Roman* type, not in *Italic*. In the 1st Prayer-Book of Edward VI., "This the clerks shall also sing," is the rubric after the *Tersanctus*, which is clearly marked off from the Preface. The word "also" means *as well as the Priest*, who must repeat it. A mediæval ritualist tells us, "Hunc autem hymnum et ipse sacerdos cum aliis necessario debet dicere, ne seipsum sua prece videatur privasse, qui et suas voces et aliorum angelicis laudibus admitti deprecatus est in prefatione."—(*Micrologus, de Eccl. Observ.* cap. xi.)

* In the pamphlet referred to in a previous note, "The Book of Common Prayer, revised, corrected," &c. (1734), which, I suspect, guided some of the leading minds of the American revision, we find the *Benedictus*, *Magnificat*, and *Nunc Dimittis*, struck out.

* For the rationale of the canticles in their places in Divine Service, see Freeman's *Principles of Divine Service*, vol. i. chap. iv. § 4. It is worth observing that one of the editions of the 1st Prayer-Book of Edward VI., entitled the *Benedictus*, "Thanksgiving for the performance of God's promises," giving the key to the hymn. On the *Nunc Dimittis*, Mr. Frederick D. Maurice (*The Prayer Book*, p. 149) says truly, "If this hymn (the *Magnificat*) is rightly the preparation for reading the Epistles, the *Nunc Dimittis* is the true expression of rest and satisfaction in the full declaration which they contain of the good things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, but which God hath given to them that love Him."

† Similarly, "the three children" have been turned out of their own song. For another reason, the 10th verse is removed from Psalm cxlvii.

family and count it our highest glory to lose ourselves in it and in Him who is the head of it. We must be educated into that knowledge. It may be slow in coming, but till it comes the Psalms are not intelligible to us; our Christian position is not intelligible to us; we do not more than half enter into the parts of the service which we seem to enter into most.*

V. "It seems unnecessary," says the Preface to the American Prayer-Book, "to enumerate all the different alterations and amendments. They will appear, and it is to be hoped the reasons of them also, upon a comparison of this with the Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England." The hope here expressed has certainly been belied, so far as the present writer is concerned, in more than a few instances in his collation of the two books.

(1.) Other minds may be more fertile in conjectures, but we venture to say that, except it was with a view to deliberately accommodate the service to the listless practice which the indifference of too many congregations made prevalent, it is scarcely possible to fancy the object intended in the senseless and melancholy abridgment of the responsorial portions of Morning and Evening Prayer. The Versicle, "O God, make speed to save us," and its response used from time immemorial in the opening of the daily service, have been removed,† so too have been the lesser litany

after the Creed, and all the versicles and responses preceding the collects — except the first and last.*

(2.) Three additional passages of Scripture have been prefixed to the opening sentences of our Prayer-Book. It will be observed that none of them pretend to be any of the "sundry places" of the Exhortation. The first is a very noble verse, "The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before him," — but surely inappropriate, when the minister is compelled immediately after to babble out, "Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth," &c. The other two sentences (Mal. i. 11, Psalm xix. 14, 15,) are a decided gain.

(3.) We cannot but regret that the *Gloria in Excelsis* has been allowed as an alternative with the *Gloria Patri* at the end of the whole "portion" or selection" of the Psalms for the day.

(4.) We have spoken of the "Selections" from the Psalms; another feature of the American Prayer-Book, is the compilation of certain centos to be substituted for the *Venite* on Christmas-day, Ash Wednesday, Good Friday, Ascension-day, and Whitsunday, "when any of the foregoing selections are to follow instead of the Psalms as in the table." The Easter Anthem probably suggested the idea. The verses are mostly taken from the Psalms proper to each day. We can, in this place, say no more of the subject, than that the true solution of the problem here suggested is without question the revival of the Invitatory and Antiphon.

(5.) We have already noticed the re-

general sense of our defenceless position as against our spiritual enemies, if God be not our defender, and of our utter weakness to do anything that is good without His help, but in a special sense of the need of God's help brought out prominently into consciousness by a feeling of the greatness and solemnity of the office upon which we are entering — praying God's help, "ut DIGERE, ATTENTE, ac DEVOTE hoc Officium recitare valeamus" (Oratio dicenda ante Divinum Officium, Brev. Rom.). It will be remembered, that till the most unhappy blunder of prefixing the Exhortation, Confession, and Absolution, these words stood, at the opening of the service as in the old offices, immediately after "O Lord open," &c. In support of the special view of the rationale of this versicle here put forward, see Honorius Augustodun. *Gem. An. lib. i. cap. 156*, lib. ii., cap. 18, and Walafrid Strabo. *de reb. Eccl.*, cap. 25.

* The versicle, "Give peace in our time, O Lord," and its response, "Because there is none other that fighteth for us but only Thou, O God," have long been felt as open to objection. In 1639, the response suggested was, "That we may serve Thee without fear all the days of our life." "The Prayer-Book, revised," &c. (1734), gives us the prosaic, "And when we are engaged in war, give us success and victory." How far all these fall below "Domine, fiat pax in virtute tua. Et abundantia in turribus tuis."

* Professor F. D. Maurice, *The Prayer Book*, p. 92.

† Since writing the above lines, it has occurred to me that, at the bottom of the objection to this versicle and its response, was some feeling associated with the word "save" in its popular sense, after which it would be needless to ask for "help"; or could it possibly be reckoned, after the rationalizing method of that day, "not in accordance with right reason in the strict propriety of language," to ask God to make haste? There is some confirmation, perhaps, for this latter conjecture, in the fact that in the "Order for the burial of the dead," the clause "that it may please Thee shortly to accomplish the number of Thine elect and to hasten Thy kingdom," is wholly omitted. But the matter is of no possible importance, save that it suggests alarming apprehensions that what a perverse spirit of criticism has once done it may do again. It is worth observing that the English rendering of—V. "Deus, in adiutorium meum intende." R. "Domine ad adiuvandum me festina"—is unsatisfactory. It is unsatisfactory because (1) the force of the response is weaker than that of the versicle, and (2) the distinction of "save" and "help" is introduced gratuitously—while the chief fitness and beauty of the original lies in the response, reiterating with greater earnestness the same thought. A primer, of the fourteenth century, rendered the words by "God, take heed to mine help,—Lord hie Thee to help me,"—which, if it be rough, is, at least, forcible and correct. Henry VIII.'s Primer of 1545 (followed by the Elizabethan Primer of 1559), gives us "O God, to help me make good speed, Lord make haste to help me," which seems to me preferable to the rendering of our Prayer-Book. The rationale of this versicle and its response lies not only in the

moval of the Athanasian Creed. That there is, at the present day, in the American Church a strong reactionary feeling, however limited in extent, in favour of its restoration, was shown by the Bishop of Chester in his recent speech in the Convocation of the Northern Province.

(6.) The dulness of all æsthetic sensibility could not be more plainly and sadly exhibited than by the removal from the Evening Service of that exquisitely beautiful collect, "for aid against all perils." What can be thought of men, who knew how to supply alternatives so freely, when they removed the prayer, — "Lighten our darkness, we beseech Thee, O Lord," &c. ! The ground of the objection was, that Evening Prayer is often said early in the afternoon, in the full blaze of daylight. And we should not disapprove of the use of an alternative collect;* but why remove a form that has for fourteen hundred years held its place in the evening prayers of the Church, and for all later evening services is surely the perfection of appropriate beauty?†

VI. On the Communion Service, as we have already noticed, the Scotch Liturgy, through Bishop Seabury's effort, exercised a powerful influence. But the order of the English Office is in general retained. We may notice the following particulars:—

(1.) "And the Minister, standing at the right side of the table, or where morning and evening prayer is appointed to be said," &c. (rubric). An American concession to the Puritan objection against the shifting from one place to another.

(2.) Immediately after the recitation of the Commandments, "the minister may say—Hear also what our Lord Jesus Christ saith—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God . . . all the law and the prophets." This was suggested, no doubt, by the Scotch Liturgy of 1637, in which there is a rubric preceding the Ten Commandments, "the people all the while kneeling, and asking God's mercy for the transgression of every duty therein; either according to the letter, or to the mystical importance of the said commandment." The passage above quoted from St. Matthew's Gospel is, in the Non-jurors' Liturgy

of 1718, substituted for the Ten Commandments.

(3.) The second of the six collects, "to be said after the offertory when there is no communion," &c., is substituted for the Collect for the Sovereign. It seems to have no special fitness for this place, and the idea may be claimed by America as quite original.

(4.) After the announcing of the Gospel, the people are directed, as in the Scotch Liturgy, to say, "Glory be to thee, O Lord." But the Scotch rubric, enjoining the people to say "Thanks be to thee, O Lord," at the close of the Gospel, has not been followed.*

(5.) The Apostles' creed may be used instead of the Nicene, and neither is to be used if "one of them hath been read immediately before in the Morning Service." No liturgy has supplied a precedent for this.

(6.) An alternative proper preface was written for Trinity Sunday, retaining the words "Holy Father" "in the introductory address."

(7.) But, passing over minor points, we come to the great marked feature of the whole service—The Prayer of Consecration. This follows almost exactly the † new Scotch office (i.e., as revised in 1765).

The main features of the prayer, which is too long to transcribe, are, (1) that there is the Invocation, much after the manner of the primitive Eastern liturgies, in which the Father is besought "to bless and sanctify," with His "Word and Holy Spirit," His "gifts and creatures of bread and wine," that we, receiving them according to Christ's "institution, and in remembrance of His death and passion, may be partakers of His most blessed Body and Blood;" (2), that the memorial of the Institution comes before the Invocation—not after, as in the Scotch office of 1637; (3), that the oblation of the "holy gifts" comes between the memorial of the Institution and the Invocation.‡

* The fifth of the new Irish Canons (1871) permits "the words 'Glory be to Thee, O Lord,' at the beginning, and the words 'Thanks be to Thee, O Lord,' or 'Hallelujah,' at the end of the Gospel."

† The differences are, that the American Prayer-Book follows the old Scotch (1637), and the English office in the phrase "by His one oblation of Himself once offered" (rather than "own"); (2) "memory," similarly, is used in preference to "memorial;" (3) a more important particular is, that both old and new Scotch office were departed from in favour of the English, in the prayer that the creatures of bread and wine "may become the body and blood of Thy most dearly beloved Son."

‡ A dogmatic significance was seen in these changes in the Scotch office. Skinner (*Ecclesiastical History of Scotland*, p. 681.) tells us, "This revision was undertaken in 1765, by two of our Bishops.

* One of the most touching and eloquent passages in De Quincey's writings is the description of the feelings awakened in his mind, when a boy, by the use of this collect at service in the school chapel, if I remember rightly, on a summer Sunday afternoon. I think it will be found in the *Autobiographical Sketches*.

† It will be remembered that it was from the Communion Service of Sarum the collect was immediately derived.

(8.) "And when he delivereth the Bread, [to any one] he shall say, The Body," &c. The words "to any one" are omitted, with a view, I suppose, to the explicit sanction of the too common practice of communicating by a rail-full at a time.

(9.) The rubric forbidding a celebration, "except four (or three at the least) communicate with the priest,"—the rubric directing that "it shall suffice that the bread is such as is usual to be eaten,"—and "*the black rubric*," are removed.

VII. A brief notice is all that we can afford to the other offices, &c.

(1.) In baptism it was permitted to dispense with the sign of the Cross, as had been already suggested in 1689, but with this difference, that in 1689, the minister was allowed to feel scruples and make objection as well as the sponsors.* The words "regenerate" and "regeneration" were left untouched.

(2.) In the Catechism an important change was made. In the answer to "What is the inward part or thing signified [in the Lord's Supper]?"—the words "verily and indeed" are changed into "spiritually." A change of less moment is the removal of the word "elect," in the passage "Thirdly, in God the Holy Ghost who sanctifieth me, and all the elect people of God."

(3.) In the Visitation of the Sick, the rubric directing the minister to move the sick person "to make a special confession of his sins (if he feel his conscience troubled with any weighty matter)," and the absolution are removed. Two prayers are added, one, "which may be said in case of sudden surprise and immediate danger," † the other, "A thanksgiving for the beginning of recovery."

who were well versed in these matters, and by some few alterations of expression, and a judicious arrangement of the several parts, especially by restoring the Invocation to its original position after the oblation instead of standing, as it had done, before the words of Institution, have put the whole of that solemn office into such a form, as will be acknowledged by every one who is in the least conversant with antiquity, to be most agreeable to the nature and design of that divine Institution itself, and, at the same time, best adapted both to fence against the novel doctrine of transubstantiation, and to silence any idle clamours, which ignorance or prejudice had raised, or might raise, about our inclining to Popery."

* The cumbrous machinery proposed to obviate the difficulty is a curiosity in its way. "If any minister, at his institution, shall declare to his Bishop that he cannot satisfy his conscience in baptizing any with the sign of the Cross; then the Bishop shall dispense with him in that particular, and shall name a curate who shall baptize the children of those in that parish, who desire it may be done with the sign of the Cross, according to this office."

† We must say that we do not regret that our

(4.) In the Burial of the Dead, a significant change is made in the first rubric; "any that die unbaptized" is changed into "any unbaptized adults." A patch-work, after the fashion we have already noticed, is made out of verses from Psalms xxxix. and xc. "Dear brother" is changed into "deceased brother;"* "in sure and certain hope," &c., into "looking for the general resurrection at the last day," &c.; the *Kyrie* is removed, as it was in Morning and Evening Prayer. The treatment of the two last prayers ("one or both" of which may be said), † seems really praiseworthy. We know that it is not unfrequent, when the words "We give Thee hearty thanks that it hath pleased Thee to deliver this our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world," are harshly inappropriate; and as more frequently still, they come with an utterly false, or unreal, sound to the ears of the mourners, I am convinced that the words of the American office in this place would meet a very general approval—"We give Thee hearty thanks for the good examples of all those Thy servants, who, having finished their course in faith, do now rest from their labours." Nor does the omission, from the second prayer, of the words "as our hope is this, our brother doth," in the least detract, as we feel it, from its tone of consolatory sweetness.

(5.) In the Ordinal, the words "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," and "whose sins thou dost forgive," &c., remain, but an alternative form is added—"Take thou authority to execute the office of a Priest in the Church of God, now committed to thee by the Imposition of our hands," &c.

(6.) "A form of Prayer for the Visitation of Prisoners," drawn from the Irish Prayer-Book, is added. A "Form for the Consecration of a Church or Chapel" was also added in 1799; and "An Office of Institution of Ministers into Parishes or Churches," in 1804, which was altered into its present form in 1808.

We have now noticed briefly the principal features of the American revision; and while frankly making all allowance for the difficulties of a task undertaken at such a time, and under such circumstances,

office is wanting in the striking elegance of the following sentence, "If it be Thy will, preserve his life that there may be place for repentance; but if Thou hast otherwise appointed, let thy mercy supply to him the want of the usual opportunity for the trimming of his lamp" (?).

* In 1689, simply "brother."

† Those who have officiated, as the present writer often has, with bare head, amid sleet and snow, will reckon the permission of abbreviating the service as no small gain for both priest and people.

we cannot rise from our study without feeling that the lesson is, on the whole, rather one of warning than of encouragement.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
THE SCIENTIFIC GENTLEMAN.

PART I.
CHAPTER I.

THERE were a great variety of houses on the Green; some of them handsome and wealthy, some very old-fashioned, some even which might be called tumbledown. The two worst and smallest of these were at the lower end of the Green, not far from the "Barleymow." It must not be supposed, however, that they were unpleasantly affected by the neighbourhood of the "Barleymow." They were withdrawn from contact with it quite as much as we were, who lived at the other end; and though they were small and out of repair, and might even look mouldy and damp to a careless passer-by, they were still houses for gentlefolk, where nobody need have been ashamed to live. They were built partly of wood and partly of whitewashed brick, and each stood in the midst of a very luxuriant garden. At the time Mr. Reinhardt, of whom I am going to speak, came to East Cottage, as it was called, the place had been very much neglected; the trees and bushes grew wildly all over the garden, the flower-beds had gone to ruin, the kitchen-garden was a desert, with only a dreary cabbage or great long straggling onion-plant ran to seed showing among the gooseberries and currants, which looked like the copsewood in a forest. It is miserable to see a place go to destruction like this, and I could not but reflect often how many poor people there were without a roof to shelter them, while this house was going to ruin for want of an inhabitant. "My dear lady, that is communism, rank communism," the Admiral said to me when I ventured to express my sentiments aloud; but I confess I never could see it.

The house belonged to Mr. Falkland, who was a distant relation of Lord Goodwin's and lived chiefly in London. He was a young man, and a barrister, living, I suppose, in chambers, as most of them do; but I wondered he did not furnish the place and keep it in order, if it had been only for the pleasure of coming down with his friends from Saturday to Monday, to spend Sunday in the country. When I suggested

this, young Robert Lloyd, Mrs. Damerel's brother, took it upon him to laugh.

"There is nothing to do here," he said. "If it were near the river, for boating, it would be a different matter, or even if there was a stream to fish in; but a fellow has nothing to do here, and why should Falkland come to bore himself to death?" Thus the young man ended with a sigh for himself though he had begun with a laugh at me.

"If he is so afraid to be bored himself," said I — for I was rather angry to hear our pretty village so lightly spoken of — "I am sure he must know quantities of people who would not be bored. Young barristers marry sometimes, I suppose, imprudently, like other young people——"

"Curates, for instance," said Robert, who was a saucy boy.

"Curates, and young officers, and all sorts of foolish people," said I; "and think what a comfort that little house would be to a poor young couple with babies! Oh no, I do not like to see such a waste: a house going to rack and ruin for want of some one to live in it, and so many people famishing for want of fresh air, and the country. Don't say any more, for it hurts me to see it. I wish it were mine to do what I liked with it only for a year."

"Communism, rank communism," said the Admiral. But if that is communism, then I am a communist, and I don't deny it. I would not waste a Christian dwelling-place any more than I would throw away good honest wholesome bread.

However, this state of things came to an end one spring, a good many years ago. Workmen came and began to put East Cottage in order. We all took the greatest interest in the work. It was quite a place to go to for our afternoon walks, and sometimes as many as three and four parties would meet there among the shavings and the piles of plaster and whitewash. It was being very thoroughly done up. We consulted each other and gave our opinions about all the papers, as if it mattered whether we liked them or not. The Green thought well of the new tenant's taste on the whole, though some of us had doubts about the decoration of the drawing-room, which was rather a dark little room by nature. The paper for it was terribly artistic. It was one of those new designs which I always think are too ecclesiastical for a private house — groups of five or six daisies tied together with long stalks, detached and distinct, and all the hair on their heads standing on end, so to speak; but we who objected had a conviction that

it was only our ignorance, and merely whispered to each other in corners, that we were not quite sure — that perhaps it was just a little — but the people who knew better liked it very much.

It was some time before we found out who the new tenant was. He did not come down until after everything had been arranged and ready for some weeks. Then we found out that he was a Mr. Reinhardt, a gentleman who was well-known, people said, in scientific circles. He was of German extraction, we supposed, by his name, and as for his connections, or where he came from, nobody knew anything about them. An old housekeeper was the first person who made her appearance, and then came an old man-servant; both of them looked the very models of respectability, but I do not think, for my own part, that the sight of them gave me a very pleasant feeling about their master. They chilled you only to look at them. The woman had a suspicious watchful look, her eyes seemed to be always on the nearest corner looking for some one, and she had an air of resolution which I should not have liked to struggle against. The man was not quite so alarming, for he was older and rather feeble on his legs. One felt that there must be some weakness in his character to justify the little deviousness that would now and then appear in his steps. These two people attracted our notice in the interval of waiting for their master. The man's name was White — an innocent feeble sort of name, but highly respectable — and he called the woman something which sounded like Missis Sarah; but whether it was her Christian name or her surname we never could make out.

It was on a Monday evening, and I had gone to dine at the Lodge with Sir Thomas and Lady Denzil, when the first certain news of the new tenant of East Cottage reached us. The gentlemen, of course, had been the first to hear it. Somehow, though it is taken for granted that women are the great traffickers in gossip, it is the men who always start the subject. When they came into the drawing-room after dinner they gave us the information, which they had already been discussing among themselves over their wine.

"Mr. Reinhardt has arrived," Sir Thomas said to Lady Denzil; and we all asked, "When?"

"He came yesterday, I believe," said Sir Thomas.

"Yesterday! Why, yesterday was Sunday," cried some one; and though we are, as a community, tolerably free from preju-

dice, we were all somewhat shocked; and there was a pause.

"I believe Sunday is considered the most lucky day for everything abroad," said Lady Denzil, after that interval; "for beginning a journey, and no doubt for entering a house. And as he is of German extraction——"

"He does not look like a German," said Robert Lloyd; "he is quite an old fellow — about fifty, I should say — and dark, not fair."

At this speech the most of us laughed; for an old fellow of fifty seemed absurd to us, who were that age, or more; but Robert, at twenty, had no doubt on the subject.

"Well," he said, half offended, "I could not have said a young fellow, could I? He stoops, he is awfully thin, like an old magician, and shabbily dressed, and ——"

"You must have examined him from head to foot, Robert."

"A fellow can't help seeing," said Robert, "when he looks; and I thought you all wanted to know."

Then we had a discussion as to what notice should be taken of the new-comer. We did not know whether he was married or not, and, consequently, could not go fully into the question; but the aspect of the house and the looks of the servants were much against it. For my own part, I felt convinced he was not married; and, so far as we ladies were concerned, the question was thus made sufficiently easy. But the gentlemen felt the weight proportionably heavy on their shoulders.

"I never knew any one of the name of Reinhardt," Sir Thomas said, with a musing air.

"Probably he will have brought letters from somebody," the Admiral suggested: and that was a wonderful comfort to all the men.

Of course he must have letters from somebody; he must know some one who knew Sir Thomas, or Mr. Damerel, or the Admiral, or General Perronet, or the Lloyds. Surely the world was not so large as to make it possible that the new-comer did not know some one who knew one of the people on the Green. As for being a scientific notability, or even a literary character, I am afraid that would not have done much for him in Dinglefield. If he had been cousin to poor Lord Glyn-don, who was next to an idiot, it would have been of a great deal more service to him. I do not say that we were right; I think there are other things which ought to be taken into consideration; but, with-

out arguing about it, there is no doubt that so it was.

The Green generally kept a watchful eye for some time on the East Cottage. There were no other servants except those two whom we had already seen. Sometimes the gardener, who kept all the little gardens about in order — “doing for” ladies like myself, for instance, who could not afford to keep a gardener — was called in to assist at East Cottage; and I believe (of course I could not question him on the subject; I heard this through one of the maids) that he was very jocular about the man-servant, who was a real man-of-all-work, doing everything you could think of, from helping to cook, down to digging in the garden. Our gardener opened his mouth and uttered a great laugh when he spoke of him. He held the opinion common to a great many of his class, that to undertake too much was a positive injury to others. A servant who kept to his own work, and thought it was “not his place” to interfere with anything beyond it, or lend a helping hand in matters beyond his own immediate calling, was Matthew’s model of what a servant ought to be, and a man who pretended to be a butler, and was a Jack-of-all-trades, was a contemptible object to our gardener: “taking the bread out o’ other folkses’ mouths,” he said. He thought the man at the East Cottage was a foreigner, and altogether had a very poor opinion of him. But, however, what was a great deal worse was the fact that neither the man-servant, nor the woman, nor the master, appeared to care for our notice, or in any way took the place they ought to have done in our little community. They had their things down from London; they either did their washing “within themselves” or sent it also away to a distance; they made no friends, and sought none. Mr. Reinhardt brought no letters of introduction. Sometimes — but rarely — he might be seen of an evening walking towards the Dell, with an umbrella over his head to shield him from the setting sun, but he never looked at anybody whom he met, or showed the least inclination to cultivate acquaintance, even with a child or a dog. And the worst of all was that he certainly never went to church. We were very regular churchgoers on the Green. Some of us preferred sometimes to go to a little church in the woods, which was intended for the scattered population of our forest district, and was very pretty and sweet in the midst of the great trees, instead of to the parish. But to one or other everybody went once

every Sunday at least. It was quite a pretty sight on Sunday morning to see everybody turning out — families all together, and lonely folk like myself, who scarcely could feel lonely when there was such a feeling of harmony and friendliness about. The young people set off walking generally a little while before us; but most of the elder people drove, for it was a good long way. And though some rigid persons thought it was wrong on the Sunday, yet the nice carriages and horses looked pleasant, and the servants always had time to come to church; and an old lady like Lady Denzil, for instance, must have stayed at home altogether if she had not been allowed to drive. I think a distinction should be made in such cases. But when all the houses thus opened their doors and poured forth their inhabitants, it may be supposed how strange it looked that one house should never open and no figure ever come from it to join the Sunday stream. Even the housekeeper, so far as we could ascertain, never had a Sunday out. They lived within those walls, within the trees that were now so tidy and trim. One morning when I had a cold, and was reading the service by myself in my own room, I had a glimpse of the master of the house. It was a summer day, very soft and blue and full of sunshine. You know what I mean when I say blue — the sky seemed to stoop nearer to the earth, the earth hushed itself and looked up all still and gentle to the sky. There were no clouds above, and nobody moving below; nothing but a little thrill and flicker of leaves, a faint rustle of the grass, and the birds singing with a softer note, as if they too knew that it was Sunday. My room is in the front of the house, and overlooks all the Green. The window was open, and the click of a latch sounding in the stillness made me lift my head without thinking from the lesson I was reading. It was Mr. Reinhardt, who had come out of his cottage. He came to the garden gate and stood for a moment looking out. I was not near enough to see his face, but in every line of his spare stooping figure there was suspicion and doubt. He looked to the right and to the left with curious prying eagerness, as if he expected to see some one coming. And then he came out altogether, and began to walk up and down, up and down. The stillness was so great that, though he walked very softly, the sound of his steps on the gravel of the road reached me from time to time. I stopped in my reading to watch him, in spite of myself. Every time he turned he looked

about him in the same suspicious curious way. Was he waiting for some one? was he looking out for a visitor? or was he (the thought sprang into my mind all at once) insane, perhaps, and had escaped from his keepers in the cottage? This thought made my heart jump, but a little reflection calmed me, for he had not the least appearance of insanity. The little jar now and then of his foot when he turned kept me in excitement; I felt it impossible to keep from watching him. When I found how abstracted my mind was getting, I knelt down to say the Litany, feeling that it was wrong to yield to this; and when I got up from my knees the first carriage — the Denzils' carriage — was coming gleaming along the distant road in the sunshine, coming back from church, and the lonely figure was gone. I did not know whether he had gone in again or had extended his walk. But I felt somehow all that day, though you will say with very little reason, that I knew something more about our strange neighbour than most people did on the Green.

CHAPTER II.

THIS seclusion and isolation of East Cottage did not, however, last very long. Before the summer was over Sir Thomas, who, though he stood on his dignity sometimes, was very kind at bottom, began to feel compunctious about his solitary neighbour: now and then he would say something which betrayed this. "It worries me to think there is some one there who has been taken no notice of by anybody," he would say. "Of course it is his own fault — entirely his own fault." The next time one met him he would return to the subject. "What a lovely day! Everybody seems to be out-of-doors — except at East Cottage, where they have the blinds drawn down." This would be said with a pucker of vexation and annoyance about his mouth. He was angry with the stranger, and sorry, and did not know what to do. And I for one knew what would follow. But we were all very curious when we heard that Sir Thomas had actually called. The Stokes came running in to tell me one afternoon. "Oh, fancy, Mrs. Musgrave, Sir Thomas has called!" cried Lucy. "And he has been admitted, which is still greater fun," said Robert Lloyd, who was with them. I may say in passing that this was before Robert had passed his examination, when he was an idle young man at home, trying hard to persuade Lucy Stokes that he and she were in love with each other. Their parents, of

course, would never have permitted such a thing for a moment, and fortunately there turned out to be nothing in it; but at present this was the chief occupation of Robert's life.

"I am very glad," said I. "I knew Sir Thomas never would be happy till he had done it."

"And oh, you don't know what funny stories there are about," said Lucy. "They say he killed his wife, and that he is always thinking he sees her ghost. I wonder if it is true? They say he can never be left alone or in the dark; he is so frightened. I met him yesterday, and it made me jump. I never saw a man who killed his wife before."

"But who says he killed his wife?"

"Oh, everybody: we heard it from Matthew the gardener, and I think he heard it at the 'Barleymow,' and it is all over the place. Fancy Sir Thomas calling on such a person; for I suppose," said Lucy, "though you are so very superior, you men, and may beat us, and all that, it is not made law yet that you may kill your wives."

"It might just as well be the law, for I am sure there are many other things quite as bad," said Lottie, while Robert, who had been appealed to, whispered some answer which made Lucy laugh. "Poor man, I wonder if she was a very bad woman, and if she haunts him. How disappointed he must have been to find he could not get rid of her even that way!"

"Lottie, my dear, here is Sir Thomas coming: don't talk so much nonsense," said I, hurriedly.

I am afraid, however, that Sir Thomas rather liked the nonsense. He had not the feeling of responsibility in encouraging girls to run on, that most women have. He thought it was amusing, as men generally do, and never paused to think how bad it was for the girls. But to-day he was too full of his own story to care much for theirs. He came in with dusty boots, which was quite against his principles, and stretched his long spare limbs out on the beautiful rug which the Stokes had worked for me in a way that went to my heart. That showed how very much pre-occupied he was; for Sir Thomas was never inconsiderate about such matters.

"Well," he said, pushing his thin white hair off his forehead, and stretching out his legs as if he were quite worn out. "There is one piece of work well over. I have had a good many tough jobs in my life, but I don't know that I ever had a worse."

"Oh, tell us what happened. Is he mad? did he try to keep the door shut? did he hurt you?" cried the Stokes.

Sir Thomas smiled upon this nonsense as if it had been perfectly reasonable, and the best sense in the world.

"Hurt me! well, not quite: he was not likely to try that. He is a little mite of a man, who could not hurt a fly. And besides," added Sir Thomas, correcting himself, "he is a gentleman. I have no reason to doubt he is a perfect gentleman. He conducts himself quite as—as all the rest of us do. No, it was the difficulty in getting in that bewildered me."

"Was there a difficulty in getting in?"

"You shall hear. The servant looked as if he would faint when he saw me. 'Mr. Reinhardt at home?' Oh! he could not quite say; if I would wait he would go and ask. So I waited in the hall," said Sir Thomas, with a smile. "Well, yes, it was odd, of course; but such an experience now and then is not bad for one. It shows you, you know, how little importance you are of, the moment you get beyond the circle of people who know you. I think really it is salutary, you know, if you come to that—and amusing," he added, this time with a little laugh.

"Oh, but what a shame: how shocking, how horrid! You, Sir Thomas, whom everybody knows!" said Lottie Stoke.

"That is just what makes it so instructive," he said. "I must have stood in the hall a quarter-of-an-hour; allowing for the tediousness of waiting, I should say certainly a quarter-of-an-hour; and then the man came back and asked me, what do you think? if I had come of my own accord, or if some one had sent me. It was ludicrous," said Sir Thomas, with a half laugh; "but if you will think of it, it was rather irritating. I am afraid I lost my temper a little. I said, 'I am Sir Thomas Denzil. I live at the Lodge, and I have come to call upon your master,' in a tone which made the old fool of a man shake, and then some one else appeared at the top of the stairs. It was Mr. Reinhardt, who had heard my voice."

"What did he say for himself?" I asked.

"It was not his fault," said Sir Thomas; "he knew nothing of it. He is a very well-informed man, Mrs. Musgrave. He is quite able to enter into conversation on any subject. He was very glad to see me. He is a sort of recluse, it is easy to perceive, but quite a proper man; very well-informed, one whom it was a pleasure to converse with, I assure you. He made a thousand apologies. He said something

about unfortunate circumstances, and a disagreeable visitor, as an excuse for his man; but whether the disagreeable visitor was some one who had been there or who was expected——"

"Oh, I know," cried Lucy Stoke, with excitement. "It was his wife's ghost."

Sir Thomas stopped short aghast, and looked at me to ask if the child had gone mad.

"How could they think Sir Thomas was the wife's ghost?" cried Lottie, "you silly girl! and besides, most likely it is not true."

"What is not true?" asked Sir Thomas, in dismay.

"Oh, they say he killed her," said Lucy, "and that she haunts him. They say his man sleeps in his room, and the house-keeper just outside. He cannot be left by himself for a moment, and I do not wonder he should be frightened if he has killed his wife."

"Nonsense, nonsense," said Sir Thomas, raising his voice. "Nonsense!" he was quite angry. He had taken up the man, and felt responsible for him. "My dear child, I think you are going out of your little wits," he cried. "Killed his wife; why, the man is a thorough gentleman. A most well-informed man, and knows my friend Sir Septimus Dash, who is the head of the British Association. Why, why, Lucy! you take away my breath."

"It was not me who said it," cried saucy Lucy. "It is all over the Green, everybody knows. They say she disappeared all at once, and never was heard of more; and then there used to be sounds like somebody crying and moaning; and then he got so frightened, he never would go anywhere, nor look any one in the face. Oh! only suppose; how strange it would be to have a haunted house on the Green. If I had anybody to go with me I should like to walk down to East Cottage at midnight."

"Let me go with you," whispered Robert; but fortunately I heard him, and gave Lucy a look. She was a silly little girl certainly, but not as bad as that.

"This is really very great nonsense," said Sir Thomas. "A haunted house at this time of day! Mrs. Musgrave, I hope you will use all your influence to put down this story if it exists. I give you my word, Mr. Reinhardt is quite an addition; and knows Sir Septimus Dash. A really well-bred, well-informed man. I am quite shocked, I assure you. Lucy, I hope you will not spread this ridiculous story. I shall ask your mother what she thinks."

Poor man! no wonder he looked uncomfortable, if there is already a rumour like this."

"Then he did look uncomfortable?" said Lottie.

"No; I can't say he did. No; I don't mean uncomfortable," said Sir Thomas, seeing he had committed himself. "I mean—it is absurd altogether. A charming man; one whom you will all like immensely. I think Lady Denzil must have returned from her drive. We are to see you all to-morrow, I believe, in the afternoon? Now, Lucy, no more gossip; leave that to the old women, my dear."

"Sir Thomas does not know what to make of it," said Lottie, as we watched him cross the Green. "He has gone to my lady to have his mind made up whether he ought to pay any attention to it or not."

"And my lady will say not," said I; "fortunately we are all sure of that. Lady Denzil will not let anybody be condemned without a hearing. And, Lucy, I think Sir Thomas gave you very good advice; when you are old it will be time enough to amuse yourself with spreading stories, especially such dreadful stories as this."

Lucy took offence at this, and went away pouting—comforted by Robert Lloyd, and very indignant with me. Lottie stayed for a moment behind her to tell me that it was really quite true, and that the report had gone all over the Green, and everybody was talking of it. Nobody knew quite where it had come from, but it was already known to all the world at Dinglefield, and a very unpleasant report it was.

However, time went on, and no more was heard of this. In a little place like Dinglefield, as soon as everybody has heard a story, a pause ensues. We can not go on indefinitely propagating it, and renewing our own faith in it. When we all know it, and nothing more can be said on the subject, we are pulled up short; and unless there are new facts to comment upon, or some new light thrown upon the affair, it is almost sure to die away, as a matter of course. This was the case in respect to the report about Mr. Reinhardt. We got no more information, and we could not go on talking about the old story for ever. We exhausted it, and grew tired of it, and let it drop; and thus, by degrees, we got used to him, and became acquainted with him, more or less.

The other gentlemen called, one by one, after Sir Thomas. He was asked, timidly, to one or two dinner-parties, and declined, which we thought at first showed, on the

whole, good taste on his part. But he became quite friendly when we met him on the road, and would stop to talk, and showed no moroseness, nor fear of any one. He had what was generally pronounced to be a refined face—the features high and clear, with a kind of ivory paleness, and keen eyes, which were very sharp to note everything. He was, as Sir Thomas said, very well-informed. There seemed to be nothing that you could talk about that he did not know; and in science, the gentlemen said he was a perfect mine of knowledge. I am not sure, however, that they were very good judges, for I don't think either Sir Thomas or the Admiral knew much about science. One thing, however, which made some of us still doubtful about him was the fact that he never talked of *people*. When a name was mentioned in conversation he never said, "Oh, I know him very well—I knew his father—a cousin of his was a great friend of mine," as most people do. All the expression went out of his face as soon as we came to this kind of talk; and it may be supposed how very much at a loss most people were in consequence for subjects to talk about. But this, though it was strange, was not any sort of proof that he had done anything very wicked. It might be—and the most of us thought it was—an evidence that he had not lived in society. "He knows my friend, Sir Septimus Dash," Sir Thomas always said in his favour; but then, of course, Sir Septimus was a public personage, and Mr. Reinhardt might have made his acquaintance at some public place. But still, a man may be of no family, and out of society, and yet not have murdered his wife. After a while we began to think, indeed, that whether he had killed her or not, it was just as well there was no wife in the question—"Just as well," Mrs. Perronet said, who was great in matters of society. "A man whom nobody knows does not matter; but what should we have done with a woman?"

"He must have killed her on purpose to save us the trouble," said Lottie. But the General's wife was quite in earnest, and did not see the joke.

CHAPTER III.

It is a good thing, on the whole, to have a house with a mystery about it in one's immediate neighbourhood. Gradually we ceased to believe that Mr. Reinhardt had anything criminal about him. But it was quite certain that there was a mystery—that we knew nothing about him, neither where he came from, nor what his family

was. For one thing, he had certainly no occupation: therefore, of course, he must be sufficiently well off to do without that: and he had no relations — no one who ever came to see him, nor of whom he talked; and though the men who called upon him had been admitted, they were never asked to go back, nor had one of us ladies ever crossed his threshold. It would seem, indeed, that he had made a rule against admitting ladies, for when Mrs. Damerel herself called to speak of the soup-kitchen, old White came and spoke to her at the gate, and trembled very much, and begged her a hundred pardons, but, nevertheless, would not let her in — a thing which made her very indignant. Thus the house became to us all a mysterious house, and, on the whole, I think we rather liked it. The mystery did no harm, and it certainly amused us, and kept our interest alive.

Thus the summer passed, and Dinglefield had got used to the Scientific Gentleman. That was the name he generally went by. When strangers came to the Green, and had it all described to them — Sir Thomas here, the Admiral there, the General at the other side, and so on, we always gave a little special description of Mr. Reinhardt. "He is a Fellow of the Royal Society," one would say, not knowing much what that meant. "He belongs to the British Association," said another. "He is a great scientific light." We began even to feel a little proud of him. Even I myself, on the nights when I did not sleep well, used to feel quite pleased, when I looked out, to see the Scientific Gentleman's light still burning. He was sitting up there, no doubt, pondering things that were much beyond our comprehension — and it made us proud to think that, on the Green, there was some one who was going over the abstrusest questions in the dead of the night.

It was about six months after his arrival when, one evening, for some special reason, I forget what, I went to Mrs. Stoke's to tea. She lives a little way down the lane, on the other side of the "Barleymow." It is not often that she asks any one even to tea. As a rule, people generally ask her and her daughters, for we are all very well aware of her circumstances; but, on this particular night, I was there for some reason or other. It was October, and the nights had begun to be cold; but there was a full moon, and at ten o'clock it was as light as day. This was why I would not let them send any one home with me. I must say I have never understood how middle-aged women like myself can have a

pretty young maid-servant sent for them, knowing very well that the girl must walk one way alone, and that, if there is any danger at all, a young woman of twenty is more in the way of it, than one who might be her mother. I remember going to the door to look out, and protesting that I was not the least nervous — nor was I. I knew all the roads as well as I knew my own garden, and everybody round about knew me. The way was not at all lonely. To be sure, there were not many people walking about; but then there were houses all along — and lastly, it was light as day. The moon was shining in that lavish sort of way which she only has when she is at the full. The houses amid their trees stood whitened over, held fast by the light, as it were, as the wedding-guest was held by the eye of the Ancient Mariner. The shadows were as black as the light was white. There was a certain solemnity about it, so full of light, and yet so colourless. After I had left the house, and had come out — I and my shadow — into the full whiteness, it made an impression upon me which I could scarcely resist. My first idea when I glanced back was that my own shadow was some one stealing after me. That gave me a shake for a moment, though I laughed at myself. The lights of the "Barleymow" neutralized this solemn feeling, and I went on, thinking to myself what a good story it would be for my neighbours — my own shadow! I did not cross the Green, as I generally did, partly from a vague feeling that, though it was so light and so safe, there was a certain company in being close to the houses — not that I was the least afraid, or that, indeed, there was any occasion to fear, but just for company's sake. By this time, I think it must have been very nearly eleven o'clock, which is a late hour for Dinglefield. All the houses seemed shut up for the night. Looking up the Green, the effect of the sleeping place, with the moon shining on the pale gables and ends of houses, and all the trees in black, and the white stretch of space in the centre, looking as if it had been clean swept by the moonlight of every obstacle, had the strangest effect. I was not in the least afraid. What should I be afraid of, so close to my own door? But still I felt a little shiver run over me — a something involuntary, which I could not help, like that little thrill of the nerves, which makes people say that some one is walking over your grave.

And all at once in the great stillness and quiet I heard a sound quite near. It

was very soft at first, not much louder than a sigh. I hurried on for a few steps frightened, I could not tell why, and then, disgusted with myself, I stopped to listen. Yes, now it came again, louder this time; and then I turned round to look where it came from. It was the sound of some one moaning either in sorrow or in pain: a soft interrupted moan, now and then stopping short with a kind of sob. My heart began to beat, but I said to myself, it is some one in trouble, and I can't run away. The sound came from the side of East Cottage, just where the little railing in front ended; and, after a long look, I began to see that there was some one there. What I made out was the outline of a figure seated on the ground, with knees drawn up, and looking so thin that they almost came to a point. It was straight up against the railing, and so overshadowed by the lilac-bushes that the outline of the knees, black, but whitened over as it were with a sprinkling of snow or silver, was all that could be made out. It was like something dimly seen in a picture, not like flesh and blood. It gave me the strangest sensation to see this something, this shrouded semblance of a human figure at Mr. Reinhardt's door. All the stories that had been told of him came back to my mind. His wife! I would have kept the recollection out of my mind if I could, but it came without any will of mine. I turned and went on as fast as ever I could. I should have run like a frightened child had I followed my own instinctive feeling. My heart beat, my feet rang upon the gravel; and then I stopped short, hating myself. How silly and weak I was! It might be some poor creature, some tramp or wandering wretch, who had sunk down there in sickness or weariness, while I in my cowardice passed by on the other side frightened lest it should be a ghost. I do not know to this day how it was that I forced myself to turn and go back, but I did. Oh! what a moaning, wailing sound it was; not loud, but the very cry of desolation. I felt as I went, though my heart beat so, that such a moaning could only come from a living creature, one who had a body full of weariness and pain, as well as a suffering soul.

I went back and went up to the thing with those sharp-pointed knees; then I saw the hands clasped round the knees, and the hopeless head bowed down upon them, all black and silvered over like something cut out of ebony. I even saw, or thought I saw, amid the flickering of the heavens above and the shadows below,

a faint rocking in the miserable figure;—that mechanical unconscious rocking which is one of the primitive ways of showing pain. I went up, all trembling as I was, and asked "What is the matter?" with a voice as tremulous. There was no answer; only the moaning went on, and the movement became more perceptible. Fortunately, my terror died away when I saw this. The human sound and action, that were like what everybody does, brought me back at once out of all supernatural dread. It was a woman, and she was unhappy. I dismissed the other thought—or, rather, it left me unawares.

This gave me a great deal of courage. I repeated my question; and then, as there was no answer, went up and touched her softly. The figure rose with a spring in a moment, before I could think what she was going to do. She put out her hands, and pushed me off.

"Ah! have I brought you out at last?" she cried wildly; and then stopped short and stared at me; while I stared, too, feeling, whoever it might be she had expected, that I was not the person. Her movement was so sudden, that I shrank back in terror, fearing once more I could not tell what. She was a very tall, slight woman, with a shawl tightly wrapped about her. In the confusion of the moment I could remark nothing more.

"Are you ill?" I said, faltering. "My good woman, I—I don't want to harm you; I heard you moaning, and I—thought you were ill——"

She seized me by the arm, making my very teeth chatter. The grasp was bony and hard like the hand of a skeleton.

"Are you from that house? are you from him?" she cried, pointing behind her with her other hand. "Bid him come out to me himself; bid him come out and go down on his knees before I'll give in to enter his door. Oh! I've not come here for nought—I've not come here for nought! I've come with all my wrongs that he's done me. Tell him to come out himself; it is his part."

Her voice grew hoarse with the passion that was in it, and yet it was a voice that had been sweet.

I put up my hand, pleading with her, trying to get a hearing, but she held me fast by the arm.

"I have not come from that house," I said. "You frighten me. I—I live close by. I was passing, and heard a moan. Is there anything the matter? Can I be—of any use?"

I said this very doubtfully, for I was

afraid of the strange figure, and the passionate speech.

Then she let go her hold all at once. She looked at me, and then all round. There was not another creature visible except, behind me, I suppose, the open door and lights of the "Barleymow." She might have done almost what she would to me had she been so disposed;—at least, at the moment that was how I felt.

"You live close by?" she said, putting her hand upon her heart, which was panting and heaving with her passion.

"Yes. Are you—staying in the neighbourhood? Have you—lost your way?"

I said this in my bewilderment, not knowing what the words were which came from my lips. Then the poor creature leaned back upon the wall, and gasped and sobbed. I could not make out at first whether it was emotion or want of breath.

"Yes, I've lost my way," she said; "not here, but in life; I've lost my way in life, and I'll never find it again. Oh! I'm ill, —I'm very ill. If you are a good Christian, as you seem, take me in somewhere, and let me lie down till the spasm's past; I feel it coming on now."

"What is it?" I asked.

She put her hand upon her heart, and panted and gasped for breath. Poor wretch! At that moment I heard behind me the locking of the door at the "Barleymow." I know I ought to have called out to them to wait, but I had not my wits about me as one ought to have.

"Have you no home?" I asked; "nowhere to go to? You must live somewhere. I will go with you, and take you home."

"Home!" she cried. "It is here or in the churchyard, nowhere else,—here or in the churchyard. Take me to one or the other, good woman, for Christ's sake, I don't care which—to my husband's house or to the churchyard—for Christ's sake."

For Christ's sake! You may blame me, but what could I do? Could any of you refuse if you were asked in that name? You may say any one can use such words,—any vagabond, any wretch,—and, of course, it is true; but could you resist the plea,—you who are neither a wretch nor a vagabond?—I know you could not, any more than me.

"Lean upon me," I said; "take my arm; try if you can walk. Oh! I don't know who you are or what you are, but when you ask for Christ's sake, you know, he sees into your heart. If you have any place that I can take you to, tell me; you

must know it is difficult to take a stranger into one's house like this. Tell me if you have not some room—some place where you can be taken care of; I will give you what you want all the same."

We were going on all this time, walking slowly towards my house; she was gasping, holding one hand to her heart, and with the other leaning heavily on me. When I made this appeal to her she stopped and turned half round, waving her hand towards the house we were leaving behind us.

"If that is Mr. Reinhardt's house," she said, "take me there, if you will. I am—his wife. He'll leave me to die—on the doorstep—most likely; and be glad. I haven't strength—to—say more."

"His wife!" I cried, in my dismay.

"Lord have mercy upon us!" cried the panting creature. "Ay; that's the truth."

What could I do? She was scarcely able to totter along, panting and breathless. It was her heart. Poor soul! how could any one tell what she might have had to suffer. I took her, though with trembling—what could I do else?—to my own house.

CHAPTER IV.

I CANNOT attempt to describe what my feelings were when I went into my own house with that strange woman. Though it was a very short way, we took a long time to get there. She had disease of the heart evidently, and one of the paroxysms had come on.

"I shall be better by-and-by," she said to me, gasping as she leaned on my arm.

My mind was in such a confusion that I did not know what I was doing. She might be only a tramp, a thief, a vagabond. As for what she had said of being Mr. Reinhardt's wife—My head swam, I could neither understand nor explain to myself how I had got into such a position. But whether she was good or bad, I could not help myself; I was committed to it. Every house on the Green was closed and silent. The shutters were all put up at the "Barleymow," and silence reigned. No, thank heaven! in the Admiral's window there was still lights: so that if anything happened I could call him to my aid. He was my nearest neighbour, and the sight of his lights gave me confidence.

My maid gave a little shriek when she opened the door, and this, too, roused me. I said, "Mary, this—lady is ill; she will lie down on the sofa in the drawing-room while we get ready the west room. You

will not mind the trouble, I am sure, when you see how ill she is."

This I said to smoothe matters, for it is not to be supposed that Mary, who was already yawning at my late return, should be quite pleased at being sent off to make up a bed and prepare a room unexpectedly, as it were, in the middle of the night. And I was glad, also, to send her away, for I saw her give a wondering look at the poor creature's clothes, which were dusty and soiled. She had been sitting on the dusty earth by Mr. Reinhardt's cottage, and it was not wonderful if her clothes showed marks of it. I made her lie down on the sofa, and got her some wine. Poor forlorn creature! The rest seemed to be life, however, to her. She sank back upon the soft cushions, and her heavy breathing softened almost immediately. I left her there (though I confess, not without a slight sensation of fear), and went to the west room to help Mary. It was a room we seldom used, at the end of a long passage, and, therefore, the one best fitted to put a stranger, about whom I knew nothing, in. Mary did not say anything, but I could feel that she disapproved of me in every pat she gave to the fresh sheets and pillows. And I was conciliatory, as one so often is to one's servants. I drew a little picture of how I had found the "poor lady" panting for breath and unable to walk — how weak and how thin she was — and what a terrible thing to have heart-disease, which came on with any exertion — and how anxious her friends must be.

All this Mary listened to in grim silence, patting now and then the bedclothes with her hand, as if making a protest against all I said. At length, when I had exhausted my eloquence, and began to grow a little angry, Mary cleared her throat and replied.

"Please, ma'am, I know it ain't my place to speak —"

"Oh! you can say what you please, Mary, so long as it is not unkind to your neighbors," said I.

"I never set eyes on the — lady — before, so she can't be a neighbour of mine," said Mary; "but she's been seen about the Green days and days. I've seen her myself a haunting East Cottage, where that poor gentleman lives."

"You said this moment that you never set eyes on her before."

"Not to know her, ma'am," said Mary; "it's different. I saw her to-day walking up and down like a ghost, and I wouldn't have given six-pence for all she had on her. It ain't my place to speak, but one as you

don't know, and as may have a gang ready to murder us all in our beds — Mother was in service in London when she was young, and oh! to hear the tales she knows. Pretending to be ill is the commonest trick of all, mother says, and then they get took in, and then, when all's still —"

"It is very kind of you, I am sure, to instruct me by your mother's experiences," said I, feeling very angry. "Now you can go to bed if you please, and lock your door, and then you will be safe. I shall not wait you any more to-night."

"Oh! but please, ma'am, I don't want to leave you by yourself — please, I don't!" cried Mary, with the ready tears coming to her eyes.

However, I sent her away. I was angry, and perhaps unreasonable, as people generally are when they are angry; though, when Mary went to bed, I confess it was not altogether with an easy mind that I found myself alone with the stranger in the silent house. It is always a comfort to know that there is some one within reach. I went back softly to the drawing-room. She was still lying on the sofa, quite motionless and quiet, no longer panting as she had done. When I looked at her closely I saw that she had dropped asleep. The light of the lamp was full on her face, and yet she had dropped asleep, being, as I suppose, completely worn out. I saw her face then for the first time, and it startled me. It was not a face which you could describe by any of the lighter words of admiration as pretty or handsome. It was simply the most beautiful face I ever saw in my life. It was pale and worn, and looked almost like death lying back in that attitude of utter weakness on the velvet cushions; and, though the eyes were closed, and the effect of them lost, it was impossible to believe that the loveliest eyes in the world could have made her more beautiful. She had dark hair, wavy and slightly curling upon the forehead; her eyelashes were very long and dark, and curled upwards; her features, I think, must have been perfect; and the look of pain had gone from her face; she was as serene as if she had been dead.

I was very much startled by this: so much so that for the moment I sank down upon a chair, overcome by confusion and surprise, and did not even shade the lamp, as I had intended to do. You may wonder that I should be so much surprised, but then you must remember that great beauty is not common anywhere, and that to pick it out of the ditch, as it were, and find it

thus in the person of one who might be a mere vagabond and vagrant for aught you could tell, was very strange and startling. It took away my breath; and then, the figure which belonged to this face formed so strange a contrast with it. I know, as everybody else does, that beauty is but skin-deep; that it is no sign of excellence, or of mental or moral superiority in any way; that it is accidental and independent of the character of its possessor as good family is or anything else you are born to; I know all this perfectly well; and yet I feel, as I suppose everybody else does, that great beauty is out of place in squalid surroundings. When I saw the worn and dusty dress, the shawl tightly drawn across her breast, the worn shoes that peeped out from below her skirt, I felt ashamed. It was absurd, but such was my feeling; I felt ashamed of my good gown and lace, and fresh ribbons. To think that I, and hundreds like me, should deck ourselves, and leave this creature in her dusty gown! My suspicions went out of my mind in a moment. Instead of the uneasy doubt whether, perhaps, she might have accomplices (it made me blush to think I had dreamt of such a thing) waiting outside, I began to feel indignant with everybody that she could be in such a plight. Reinhardt's wife! How did he dare, that mean, insignificant man, to marry such a creature, and to be cruel to her after he had married her! I started up and removed the lamp, shading her face, and I took my shawl, which was my best shawl, an Indian one, and really handsome, and covered her with it. I did it—I can't tell why—with a feeling that I was making her a little compensation. Then I opened one of the windows to let in the air, for the night was sultry; and then I put myself into my favourite chair, and leant back my head, and made myself as comfortable as I could to watch her till she woke. I should have thought this a great hardship a little while before, but I did not think it a hardship now. I had become her partisan, her protector, her servant, in a moment, and all for no reason except the form of her features, the look of that sleeping face. I acknowledge that it was absurd, but still I know you would have done the same had you been in my place. I suspected her no more, had no doubts in my mind, and was not the least annoyed that Mary had gone to bed. It seemed to me as if her beauty established an immediate relationship between us, somehow, and made it natural that I, or any one else who might happen to be in the way, should give up our own

convenience for her. It was her beauty that did it, nothing else, not her great want and solitude, not even the name by which she had adjured me;—her beauty, nothing more. I do not defend myself for having fallen prostrate before this primitive power; I could not help it, but I don't attempt to excuse myself.

I must have dozed in my chair, for I woke suddenly, dreaming that some one was standing over me, and starting at me—a kind of nightmare. I started with a little cry, and for the first moment I was bewildered, and could not think how I got there. Then, all at once, I saw her, and the mystery was solved. She had woke, too, and lay on her side on the sofa, looking intently at me with a gaze which renewed my first impression of terror. She had not moved, she lay in the same attitude of exhaustion and grateful repose, with her head thrown back upon the cushions. There was only this difference—that whereas she had then been unconscious in sleep, she was now awake, and so vividly, intensely conscious that her look seemed an active influence. I felt that she was doing something to me by gazing at me so. She had woke me, no doubt, by that look. She made me restless now, so that I could not keep still. I rose up, and made a step or two towards her.

"Are you better? I hope you are better?" I said.

Still she did not move, but said calmly, without any attempt at explanation: "Are you watching me from kindness or because you were afraid I should do some harm?"

She was not grateful, the sight of me woke no kindly feeling in her, and I was wounded in spite of myself.

"Neither," said I; "you fell asleep, and I preferred staying here to waking you; but it is almost morning and the oil is nearly burnt out in the lamp. There is a room ready for you; will you come with me now?"

"I am very comfortable," she said; "I have not been so comfortable for a very long time. I have not been well off. I have had to lie on hard beds and eat poor fare, whilst all the time those who had a right to take care of me——"

"Don't think of that now," I said. "You will feel better if you are undressed. Come now and go to bed."

She kept her position, without taking any notice of what I said.

"I have a long story to tell you, a long story," she went on. "When you hear it you will change your mind about some things. Oh, how pleasant it is to be in a

nice handsome *lady's* room again! How pleasant a carpet is, and pictures on the walls! I have not been used to them for a long time. I suppose he has every kind of thing, everything that is pleasant; and, if he could, he would have liked to see me die at his door. That is what he wants. It would be a pleasure to him to look out some morning and see me lying like a piece of rubbish under the wall. He would have me thrown upon the dust-heap, I believe, or taken off by the scavengers as rubbish. Yes, that is what he would like, if he could."

"Oh, don't think so," I cried. "He cannot be so cruel. He has not a cruel face."

Upon this she sat up, with the passion rising in her eyes.

"How can you tell? you were never married to him," she said. "He never cast you off, never abandoned you, never ——" Her excitement grew so great that she now rose up on her feet, and clenched her hand, and shook it as if at some one in the distance. "Oh, no," she cried, "no one knows him but me."

"Oh! if you would go to bed!" I said. "Indeed I must insist: you will tell me your story in the morning. Come, you must not talk any more to-night."

I did not get her disposed of so easily as this, but after a while she did allow herself to be persuaded. My mind had changed about her again, but I was too tired now to be frightened. I put her into the west room. And oh, how glad I was to lie down in my bed, though I had a stranger in the house whom I knew nothing of, and though it only wanted about an hour of day!

From Temple Bar.

MARRYAT.

WHEN it is remembered what the condition was of nine-tenths of the vagabonds and adventurers who landed in England under the banner of Duke William, we are the more surprised than any person should be proud of being descended from them.

To be sure, some of the least scrupulous and most lucky acquired lands, whereby those exceptional vagabonds became respectable. They were "gentle," "noble," anything that a man can be who is "spacious in the possession of dirt." We will hope that the Norman Marryat — "De Maryat," if you please — was one of the

exclusive tenth who had something more than ruffianly qualities to boast of. Probably he had a Christian name. For other distinction he was, perhaps, called after the village from which he was lured by the sound of the great bastard's trumpet and the lying of the duke's recruiters.

Be this as it may, the Marryats took root in this land. They took a good deal of the land also. They earned honour by knightly service. They married heiresses, and manifested some peculiarity by dis-embowelling their wives!

Of course we mean their deceased wives. The custom, peculiar to the family — so we are told — must have been carried beyond limits that could be tolerated. Else, why, in the reign of our second Edward, did the Bishop of Bath and Wells excommunicate a young Marryat for subjecting the departed wife of his bosom to this "fancy"? Perhaps it was the bishop who was fanciful.

After being a crusading, chivalrous, and flourishing race, the Marryats changed with political changes. One of them danced before Queen Elizabeth at Cambridge. But this young fellow, John, fought abroad as well as he danced at home. He was as happy in love as in war, for he married the shy heiress of a Puritan sire, and became by that marriage not only a progenitor of Puritanical descendants, but the direct lineal ancestor of the author of "Peter Simple," "whom no one" says his daughter, in a recently published biography, "would have suspected of being of Puritanical descent."

However, there was a very mixed blood in the veins of *our* Marryat — Norman, Saxon, Cavalier, Puritan. His mother, Caroline von Geyer, was born in America, the daughter of a German gentleman. His father was a well-to-do squire of Wimbledon, Surrey. Chivalry had not died out from his father's breast, who, when he was a West India proprietor and a member of Parliament, was the chief agent in passing a bill for the abolition of slave-grown sugar. He had fifteen sons and daughters; and when he died, Campbell wrote twelve lines, by way of threnodia, which we rejoice to think were *not* inscribed upon the good man's tomb.

As Marryat "learned with facility," the master was rash who declared that he would be nothing but a dunce, because he forgot as fast as he learned. He was decidedly what we should now call a "bad boy," and was flogged, accordingly, often. Yet he took pains in a droll way. He was a delicate lad, with a head that seemed dis-

proportionate to his attenuated body. He once found some difficulty at getting some of his lessons into that head in the usual way. He was then a pupil at Ponder's End. Perhaps the name was suggestive. At all events, the master was astonished, on entering the school, to see the wrong end of Master Marryat in the air. He was standing on his head, and was trying to achieve his task in that novel position for a student. But he was much oftener on his feet, running away from school, till his sire was weary of spending money in recapturing him. His last escapade was caused by an injury to his honour. He was disgusted with having to wear the clothes of an elder brother, who had grown too big for them. Nothing remained, but to send him to sea. In 1806 Master Fred, then fourteen, was shipped on board the fighting *Impérieuse*, under the fighting captain, Lord Cochrane. This meant daily peril of life, and Marryat was delighted at the prospect.

In that famous time, when this one ship was sufficient to embarrass a whole French army, by cutting off their supplies by sea and by pitching shot into their ranks as they showed themselves on the coast, the crews scarcely knew, for three years, what it was to be at rest from engaging with enemies afloat, cutting out (in boats) hostile vessels moored under batteries, in seemingly safe harbours, or varying the turbulent tenor of their ways by storming forts, or executing other perilous exploits, on land. Men and officers dropped to sleep in the midst of their triumphant celebrations of victory, and were awakened to achieve fresh glory by the voice of their familiar friend, the gun. In that fighting period the powder got so burned into their faces that years could not remove it.

It is certain that this perilous and bloody time was thoroughly enjoyed; yet Marryat accused England of being naturally blood-thirsty, and not inclined to see anything glorious in a battle that was not gained by much loss of life. This was rather the official view. Cochrane was exceedingly careful of his men's lives; but as he reaped successes without commensurate slaughter of his officers and crew, the Admiralty would not promote the one nor praise the other. Of his own life and limbs Mr. Midshipman Marryat was by no means careful. In an engagement in the Bay of Arcajou he was struck down, and was afterwards laid out for dead, and for burial in the water. But he revived just in time. An unsympathizing officer looked down on the body, and, for the funeral

oration, said that *there* was a cock that had done crowing and a chap that had cheated the gallows. The wounded boy could scarcely speak for fainting, but he wagged his young tongue to the rather bold tune of "You're a liar."

In the heat of action he did not even know when he was badly wounded. On one occasion he received three wounds; the worst of the three was in the stomach, and that was precisely the one of which he knew nothing till the fight was over. Yet it was a bayonet wound; but the bayonet had thrust into the wound a part of the middy's shirt, which plugged it, and stopped all bleeding. When he afterwards undressed in his cabin and pulled off his shirt, away came the piece, which had not been torn from it, and which was in the wound. The blood then flowed, and the young fellow learnt how badly he was wounded. The wounds he received and the dangers he incurred never affected otherwise than beneficially his finer nature. There was aboard his ship another midshipman, named Cobbett, who was Marryat's bitterest enemy. Cobbett once fell overboard; Marryat plunged immediately after him, and held up the fellow, who had brutally treated him from the first moment of Marryat's joining, till a boat reached them and took in both rescued and rescuer. In a letter the noble young middy wrote to his mother he referred to this incident, and added, "From that moment I have loved the fellow as I never loved friend before. All my hate is forgotten. I have saved his life." It should be added, that he saved many other lives under similar circumstances. On one occasion he leaped from the poop of the vessel, which was going seven knots an hour, to save a poor seaman who had fallen overboard. The attempt failed, and Marryat himself was nearly lost. He was nearly two miles astern of the ship, and had been half an hour in the water before a boat reached him and took him in. In some of these attempts he was on the point of drowning; and he described the sensation as that of being rather tenderly and comfortably wrapped up in liquid green fields. He ran much greater peril in much less dangerous localities. After long uninterrupted service, he was in 1813—then a lieutenant of a year's standing—dancing at a ball in Barbadoes, when he broke a bloodvessel. He was consequently invalidated.

After rest came the Peace of 1815, which left Marryat further leisure for many things; among others may be mentioned

his falling in love, and his marriage in 1819, with a knight's daughter. In 1820 he was afloat again in command of the *Beaver*, which acted as a sort of sea-sentinel, cruising round and round St. Helena till the imperial prisoner in that island died, 1821. Marryat took the portait of the ex-emperor, as he lay, with hands crossed above the crucifix on his breast: a picture which has been engraved both in France and England. The Captain attended the funeral, brought home the news of Napoleon's death, and in August of the same year was employed in escorting the remains of poor Queen Caroline to Cuxhaven.

Subsequently he wrote a pamphlet against the impressment of seamen: this, too, at a time when it might have marred his professional prospects. For nearly three years (1823-6) he was actively engaged in the difficult but not inglorious Burmese war. He fought like a hero, made sketches as if he had been a professional draughtsman, and had a way of his own in picking up valuable trifles; it could not have been instinct; he probably acted upon information. When prisoners of rank fell into his power he caused them to be stripped, and had their bodies subjected to being carefully felt by the hands of some of his sailors. If they felt anything like a hard tumor it was immediately lanced, and the suppuration was in the form of a valuable jewel. Marryat no doubt knew that when a Burmese wanted to secure that sort of property he made an incision in his skin and thrust the precious stone beneath it. He had an eye here to his own interests, as the old bumboat woman had who was upset with him and a midshipman, when the Captain's gig went over in Falmouth Bay. The old woman was as much at home in the water as if she had been born a mermaid. She playfully struck out and held up the Captain, who, being able to hold himself up, bade her help to rescue the boy. The old lady stoutly refused; she wouldn't demean herself to save a mere middy when she might have the glory of saving the captain!

When the latter was again out of harness he set up his home at Brighton, where there was a court of mingled etiquette and free-and-easiness. At "receptions" it was the custom to kiss Queen Adelaide's hand, and King William kissed each lady on either cheek. The Fitzclarences made fun of the ceremony, and would, with consummate vulgarity, ask of the groups of ladies among whom they stood, "Well, has dad

bussed you yet?" His Majesty himself, as is well known, was not punctilious on points of ceremony. At one of the royal evening parties King William remarked that Mrs. Marryat often looked at the clock and then spoke to the Captain. At last he asked the lady the reason for this proceeding. She briefly stated that Captain Marryat and herself were engaged to a second evening party at that hour. "Then, why don't you go?" said the king. The lady had to explain to him that etiquette compelled them to stay in the room till their majesties had retired. "Oh, d——it!" exclaimed the religious and gracious king, "come along o' me, and I'll smuggle you out."

Marryat manifested the straightforwardness of his character when he stood candidate for the Tower Hamlets. He depended for success on his pamphlet against impressment, but he was questioned by an elector as to the equally serious question of flogging. The elector remarked that he had a son fit for the sea, and he was himself of an age at which he might go afloat, and he wished to know the Captain's sentiments. Marryat might easily have evaded a dangerous answer, but he replied, with the most disagreeable frankness, that if father and son ever served under him, and he could not otherwise keep them from offending against the law of the navy, he would order them both to be flogged. He, of course, lost his election.

But life is full of compensations. Marryat found some in literary work and success. Before he gave up the command of the *Ariadne* he had written "Frank Mildmay, or the Naval Officer," in which there are many reminiscences of his own life. For this first attempt Mr. Colburn gave him £400. By the time he had written "Japhet in Search of a Father," he could command three times that sum. Later still there was increase of honorarium; yet Marryat called his work "slavery," and protested that the idea of Heaven was rendered tenfold more delicious to him by his conviction that no publisher would ever be allowed to enter into the joys of Paradise. That he was a good story-teller there is no gainsaying. Whatever he undertook to do he did it with earnestness. Wide were the extremes of his "doing." At one time leading an assault while cannon in front of him volleyed and thundered; at another time by the bedside of his boys or girls, inventing stories to which they listened till the voice of the speaker gently monotoned them into slumber.

During Marryat's visit to America, in 1837-9, he displayed the best traits in his character. He expressed all his opinions fearlessly, and found that the Americans liked him all the better for it in time. At one period, indeed, he was hung in effigy, and copies of his books were burnt, simply because, on British ground, in Canada, he had described Captain Drew's cutting out of the *Caroline* as a gallant action. He brought home furs and skins, with which he decorated his London house and filled it with fleas. When he betook himself again to literature, and contributed "Joseph Rushbrook" to the *Era* newspaper, he was thought to have injured the dignity of authorship by writing in a weekly newspaper. He was consoled by the resulting sum paid into his bankers. His own estimate of the literary man was not a high one. Like Congreve, Marryat seemed to think that a professional author and gentleman could not be identical. The profits of the one, however, enabled him to play the higher line of character more successfully than he could otherwise have done, and perhaps ill health may account for some of his peculiarities. Warm-hearted, he was soon offended. "No one," says his daughter, "could have decided, after an absence of six months, with whom he was friends and with whom he was not." One of his friends said of him, "If he had no one to love, he quarrelled for want of something better to do. He planned for himself and everybody, and changed his mind ten times a day." After he turned farmer, in Norfolk, he laid aside the sailor, and dressed the new character as if he were about to play Hawthorn, in "Love in a Village." At times, indeed, he was like nobody but himself. Out with his dog and his gun he wore an eyeglass of very odd fashion. A strip of whalebone surrounding a plain piece of crystal was stuck through a hole cut in the brim of his hat, and so arranged as to hang down in front of his right eye. With the exception of his linen, we are told that the garments he usually wore were scarcely worth the consideration of the poorest man in the village; and yet the delicacy of his everyday life is vouched for; but it is admitted that his humour too often bordered on a want of refinement.

The fact is, Marryat was an excessively passionate man; but he was not so at home. And that might well be, as he described his Norfolk home in 1844: "My children are good, my household do their duty; we have no quarrelling or discontent among ourselves, and I have plenty of

employment that interests me, as there is profit and loss attending it." His household could not have been an extravagantly dear one to keep, for he says that a single music lesson by a master from Norwich would cost him more than it did to feed his whole household for a week. With doubtful farming, he followed literature for the benefit chiefly of the young. It is curious to find the author of "Peter Simple," on being invited to write a story in the "Novel Times," declining, on the strange ground that his name would do the paper more harm than good. Perhaps he grew afraid of criticism; this is the more probable, as he was so anxious to protest that he did not care a jot for it. We do not know what the practice of reviewers and art-critics may be now. They were evidently of the no-better-than-they-should-be class if Marryat was justified in saying in a letter to a friend: "I believe I am a proud sort of person for an author, as I neither dedicate to great men nor give dinners to literary gentlemen; and dogs will snap if they are not well fed." This sounds ill, and indeed there are many passages in his letters that should not have been printed. It is easy to see who is meant in the Lady M—— of the following passage from one of his letters: "Lady M—— going to be married! I did not think she was such an Irish jackass. I'd as soon go to church with a paint-pot." There was as little truth in the report as in the Captain's comment. Another singularity is to be found in the fact that, with all the money he made by his novels, he complained in his latter days of being in want of it. Probably the cost of being a gentleman-farmer absorbed the profits of authorship. Be this as it may, in 1845 ill health brought his literary career, save some work for children, to a close. The last novel in which he had a hand was "Valeria," now forgotten. Of this he was the author as far as down to a part of the third volume. Symptoms of the illness which became fatal to him manifested themselves; Marryat gave up the work, which was finished by another hand.

Thenceforth the athletic form began to waste away. He who up to this period, with his weight of fourteen stone, could have leaped a ditch or cleared a railing with the agility of a man of five and twenty, began to fade out of existence. In the prime of his manhood and in the full vigour of his intellect the disease which overcame him manifested itself. He ruptured a blood-vessel, and lessened two stone weight by it. He could spare the

latter, but the loss of blood was irreparable. He lay on a mattress on the ground during the summer of 1848, uncomplainingly wasting away; often cheerful, oftener wandering in his mind. The frequent rupture of internal blood-vessels, and the consequent increasing weakness, reduced the once powerful man to the mere shadow of his former self. He might have said, as Cornelia's spirit said to Paulus:

"En sum quod digitis quinque levatur onus."

Early on an August morning of 1848, his family who were about him heard him murmur a sentence of the Lord's Prayer. As he finished it he gave a short sigh, a shiver passed through his frame, and he was gone.

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DOGS WHOM I HAVE MET.

THERE are few things more irritating to one who consistently honours dogs, than to hear superficial and indiscriminate people talk of those animals as if they were all alike in their mental and moral qualities, and only differed from each other by being white or black, rough-haired or silky-coated. "*The dog*," these persons will complacently observe, "is" this, that, or the other — "sagacious," "intelligent," and "fond of the chase." Or they will confide to you that "they like dogs in their proper place" (to wit, somewhere wholly out of sight), or "do not particularly care for a dog." They might just as well remark that "*the man* is wise, honest, and plays the fiddle;" or that "they like human beings when they keep their distance;" or "do not specially care for a man!" That every dog has his idiosyncrasy no less than his master has his own; that his capacities, tempers, gifts, graces, and propensities, vary through the whole gamut of intellect, will, and emotion; and that it would be quite as easy to find two human as two canine *Sozias*, are facts which the vulgar and dog-ignorant mind has never grasped. He who has once loved a dog, if he find courage after its loss to seek a second friend, nearly always endeavours to procure one of the same breed, and, if possible, of the same family, for his heart is drawn to such an animal by its likeness to the dead; nor can he by any means transfer his affections from the bold and brave mastiff to the tender little King Charles, nor from

the fawn-like, coquettish Pomeranian to the sturdy and matter-of-fact Scotch terrier. But when the nearest approach possible to the lost favourite has been found and installed in his place, the second dog's individuality is never for a moment obliterated, but, on the contrary, comes out every day in more vivid contrast to that of his predecessor. The old pet was perhaps somewhat narrow-minded — a dog of one idea, and that idea was his master. To the rest of mankind he was reserved, if not indifferent; and, if forsaken for a time, he pined and refused to be comforted. His successor probably possesses the "Enthusiasm of Humanity" to a degree which often involves him in trouble in consequence of untimely caresses offered with muddy paws to unappreciative strangers, but which reassures us regarding his power to receive consolation in case of our premature departure for a world into which we make no efforts, like the mighty hunters of old, to compel our dogs to follow us. Again, our first dog, after a reprieve, used to shrink from us for hours, and convey by sad and solemn looks his sense that a cruel breach had been made in the harmony of our relations. The second will hasten to assure us that we are most graciously forgiven for our bad temper, and that, with all our faults, he loves us still. Number One was addicted to the pleasures of (or under) the table, and displayed his feelings towards bones with unaffected simplicity. Number Two will blink at us urbanely as we proceed with our meal, and only towards the close of the entertainment, when the dreadful idea occurs to him that the courses are over, the dinner is ended, and he is not fed, will he rise in remonstrance on his hind legs and sit like a statue of Anubis till his wants be supplied. Number One was a dog of resources; and when his path of life was beset with any of the thorns which, alas! strew the road which dogs are born to tread — if a door were shut through which he desired to pass, or his water-basin were left unfilled when he was thirsty, or the rat he hoped to catch had retired into an inaccessible hole, — he would employ his whole energy and ingenuity by scratching, whining, begging, watching and poking all round the premises till he had attained his end. Number Two, on the other hand, when defeated in his first eager rush, always subsides rapidly and resignedly into quiescence, and seeks ere long that peculiar consolation for unsatisfied longings which is to be found in rolling oneself up into the nearest ap-

proach to a circle attainable to the vertebrata.

Our first dog seemed to live in an atmosphere of "refined and gentle melancholy," such as the divines of the last generation considered the proper tone of feeling for mortals travelling through this Vale of Tears. His great mournful eyes looked as if they might at any time overflow with drops from the depths of a divine despair, and only when he laid his noble head sadly on the tablecloth, and unmistakably turned those eloquent orbs in unutterable longing towards the dish of biscuits, were we able to fathom the profundity of his sorrow and his aspirations. Our second dog, on the contrary, is blessed with a cheerful disposition, and evidently views the world as a place abounding in kind people, social dogs, interesting rabbits, and abundant bones. His bark is like the laugh of childhood, and means nothing but that best of all possible jokes, "How happy I am!" He skips here and there as if wishing to go every way at once, and pursues the swallows and leaps at the butterflies out of mere joyousness of heart. And yet, again, Number One had an Oriental indifference for all proceedings not immediately concerning himself, and habitually lay down to enjoy his "kef" on the rug whenever we were particularly busy, seeming to regard with pitying indulgence the fuss which two-legged creatures make about trifles disconnected with the real concerns of life, namely, sport and dinner. But instead of calling Allah to witness our strange and foolish behaviour, our second dog takes the keenest interest in everything we do which he cannot understand—pasting, painting, needlework, using a sewing-machine or a chessboard, lighting a spirit-lamp, arranging a cabinet,—it is all a matter of intensest curiosity to our poor friend, who stands on his hind legs for an agonizing period, and sniffs and looks, and asks us with his eyes, What it all means? And, alas! alas! we cannot tell him. Between his intellect—more full of the wholesome spirit of inquiry than that of half our human pupils—and our own, there is no medium of communication which suffices to let the knowledge he seeks pass from us to him; and so the little eager gaze dies away at last in inevitable disappointment. The same dog who will display such curiosity as this (and I not only "have met," but possess one fairly eaten up with it), will also hunt out in the woods every odd creature, and study it for half an hour together. Twice my dog has

discovered the caterpillars of the goat-moth, and she is constantly to be found seated gravely before a humble-bee, an earthworm, or a slug, deliberately watching its movements, and occasionally (I regret to say) accelerating them by means of a certain sharp experimental scratch with her paw. A railway train, seen for the first time, running across a distant valley, filled her with astonishment; and after ingeniously running round a projecting hill-side, so as to watch it again after it had passed behind it, she came back to me with the question speaking in every gesture, "What *was* that wonderful thing?" For a child of three times her age to display similar thirst for knowledge would be to hold out the promise of a new Humboldt.

Lastly (for this sort of contrast might be drawn out *ad infinitum*), our dogs display their affection towards us in the most curiously-varied modes. As a rule, dogs, having no language to supplement their caresses, are of course more demonstrative than human beings; but if the master do not respond to the demonstration, the finer-natured dog retreats into himself, and (as is the case with the collies of most shepherds) lives a life of devotion, and sometimes dies of despair on his master's grave, but never tells his love by so much as a lick of the hand. There are great varieties, also, in the manner in which dogs will display their feelings even to a person who encourages their caresses. There are horrid little pampered beasts who obviously like to be stroked, not as a token of affection, but because it pleasantly rubs their tight skins, and who would as soon be shampooed by a hairdresser as caressed by their foolish mistress. When the stroking ceases they turn round imperiously, "Go on, I say," and scratch viciously till the process be renewed, or they are turned out of the room. The dog who really loves his master delights in mere propinquity, likes to lie down on the floor resting against his feet, better than on a cushion a yard away, and, after a warm interchange of caresses for two or three minutes, asks no more, and subsides quietly in perfect contentment. That a short tender touch of the dog's tongue to hand or face corresponds exactly, as an expression of his feelings, to our kisses of affection, there can be no sort of doubt. All dogs kiss the people they love in this way by instinct, and sometimes have curious little individual fancies about the way they do it. My own dog, as a tiny puppy, took a fancy thus to kiss or bite my ear; and being

stolen and lost for nine weeks while too young clearly to remember me, this propensity enabled me to identify her most satisfactorily on her restoration. The scene was exceedingly exciting. The Claimant, for whom a large reward had just been paid, stood in the middle of the court, while various witnesses deposed in her favour. The first said she was the very image of the lost puppy, only grown much more stout. The second swore that she had cut a lock of her hair behind the ears; and showed the place where apparently the hair had not yet fully grown again. The third deposed that the Claimant had proved that she knew her way at once to her own old kennel and to the kitchen. The fourth witness — most valuable of all, as probably inaccessible to prejudice — was the old cat, who recognized the dog distinctly, while the new cat set up his back at her unhesitatingly as an utter stranger. But witnesses on the other side gave different testimony. One remarked that the original puppy had a black nose, whereas the nose of this dog was indisputably mottled. Another doubted that the delicate young silky-haired creature we had known could ever have developed into the present rather loutish individual; and vehemently disputed the test of the shaven lock of hair which, it was urged, did not certainly show signs of having ever been cut. All this time the Claimant made no sign. She did not seem to know her mistress, to whom she had been exceedingly attached, but stood looking doubtfully from one person to another. Impatient to decide the case, I observed, "I do not think it is my dog; but if it be, she will remember her old trick." Singular to say, the memory of the young creature, which my appearance and voice had failed to recall, came back in a moment, when brought close to my face, and, in a rapture of recognition, she immediately caught hold of the lobe of my ear, and gave it the identical little gentle bite she had been wont to do two months before, and which she never gave to anybody else. After this, all doubts vanished, and Yama resumed her place in the affections of her family.

Of course the return of a master after absence is the crucial occasion in which a dog's love is displayed. It is impossible for us, who so rarely embark our whole heart's longings in a single affection, and who receive news by every mail from absent dear ones, to conceive the feelings of an animal whose entire being is swallowed up in attachment to his master, and to whom that master's absence is a severance

complete as death, and who then, when inevitably wholly unprepared, hears the dear voice and beholds again the form he adores, suddenly restored. If the absence have been long, and the dog's affection of the more concentrated kind, he sometimes dies, like Argus, of the shock, and always he is powerfully affected. A young and lively dog will leap a score of times to kiss his master's face, but an older one will generally cling to him in silent ecstasy, and perhaps suffer serious physical derangement, like a human being who has passed through an over-exciting scene. A toy-terrier belonging to Mrs. Sumner Gibson was twice violently sick from joy at restoration to his mistress; and the Rev. C. Evans, Rector of Solihull, Birmingham, has had the goodness to send me an instance in which this physical shock took the extraordinary form of a regular swoon or fainting fit:—"In June last" (1872), he says, "a beautiful black and tan terrier followed us home from the neighbourhood of Stoneleigh. He remained with us one week, the pet of the whole house, and apparently very fond of us. At the end of that time we discovered his owner, at the sight of whom the dog sprang up in delight, and then swooned away, and lay as if dead for the space of two minutes, when, having been sprinkled with water, he revived."

Much of the variety apparent in the character of dogs no doubt results from the behaviour of their owners. Not only do people reflect their peculiarities on their dogs in a mysterious fashion, but they live with them on wholly different terms and in different relationships. A dog is an idol in one family, a friend in another, a slave in a third. Busy people spare only a moment now and then to bestow a hasty pat on the poor brute who is hungering for affection. Philanthropists mostly treat him with a distant and condescending benevolence, to the last degree offensive to his feelings; and both gushing and misanthropic folks make a fool of him, to his ill-concealed disgust, by lavishing more endearments than he cares to return. In some houses an absolute despotism is the established form of government. The dog is allowed no *motu proprio* whatever, and discipline is enforced by terrible penalties, of which it is dreadful to speak. Other people live with their dogs in a republican manner, or what the *Vril Ya* would call a "Koom Posh," and the dog does that which is pleasant in his own eyes, and generally unpleasant in those of unfortunate visitors. In such cases the owner of the animal is merely considered in the

light of a well-intentioned officer of state, appointed to attend to the commissariat and other matters connected with the dog's comfort and well-being. If he fulfil his duty, well and good; the dog will be pleased graciously to accept the attentions offered. If he neglect it, then the ill-used quadruped will "know the reason why." Undoubtedly both these extremes are evil, and no constitution less beautifully balanced than that of the British Empire can adjust the nice relationships of dogs and men, reserving the rights of all, and securing the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Worst of all are those oligarchies where several of the upper class (as I suppose we must call the men) divide the government. No dog can serve two masters, much less three or four masters and mistresses; and his proper feelings of allegiance and devotion are destroyed by placing him in so unnatural a position, analogous only to the polyandry practised in Thibet. And, on the other hand, for one human being to keep several dogs at once (real pet house-dogs, not poor slaves of the kennel-barem), is a violation of what the Germans would call the root-idea of the relation. When one dog is dead, after a reasonable interval the widowed owner may, without violation of decency, take to himself another canine companion. But polydoggery is a thing against which all proper feeling revolts, and the Mormon establishments in which it is permitted are necessarily scenes of permanent rivalry and discord. Every dog would, if it could, compel its master to adopt the old knightly motto, with slight variation —

Ung Roy, ung Loy, ung Chien.

But of all the current mistakes about dogs, the most exasperating is the vulgar delusion that they have no faults, that all their virtues are mere matters of course; and that we may expect every dog to be magnanimous and courageous, as we expect a table to be firm, or a drawer to open and shut. The grand Wattsian aphorism, "It is their nature *to*," exhausts the popular philosophy of the subject, and the meanest cad will pat a dog condescendingly on the head for an act of heroism which he could not himself perform to save a drowning universe. To understand how *good* are dogs, it is absolutely necessary (as Hegel would tell us) to recognize also their badness. We must see that the "best of dogs has his faults," if we would appreciate the merits which redeem from absolute contempt even the most pusillanimous cur. I have used the word "faults,"

but I am not sure that we might not equally properly speak of the crimes of dogs, for the turpitude of some of their actions certainly surpasses mere failure in justice or benevolence. There are traitor dogs who have basely accepted bribes of raw meat and remained silent when it was their imperative duty as sentinels to challenge the intruder with the loudest of barks. Moroseness, and even malignity of temper, have betrayed many an animal, otherwise deserving of moral approval, into deeds of violence and murderous attacks on rivals; and the lawless brigandage of others in the matter of their neighbours' bones is almost too common a transgression to be noticed. Even real estate (in kennel property) is disregarded by some marauders, who will hold "adverse possession" against the rightful owner upon

The good old plan
That they may take who have the power,
And they may keep who can.

Others, again, set aside every recognized principle of treaties and friendly alliances. Among the "dogs whom I have met" was one of this kind, an Italian bandit, tall, fierce, and muscular, who lived on a spur of the Apennines. After paying him a respectful greeting at the mouth of his own den in a Tuscan farmyard, I had been conversing with his mistress for half-an-hour, when Vendetta (such are the hideous names Italians give to their dogs!) stole up behind me and took my leg in his enormous jaws, with a crunch not soon to be banished from a retentive memory. Worse than such ordinary traitorous acts was that of a dog of whom I have heard, whose heart, previously full of the milk of canine kindness, had been turned to gall by beholding the caresses lavished on a toy-terrier newly acquired by the family in whose affections the hardy mastiff had hitherto reigned supreme and alone. From the reports furnished me of the judicial inquiry which followed the crime (and to which only the genius of M. Gaboriau could do adequate justice), it seems that the little dog was missed for several days, and his absence bewailed, while something in the demeanour of the big dog suggested to all beholders that some terrible tragedy had occurred, and that Leo was darkly privy thereto. At length a servant approaching the coal-hole fancied she heard a faint moan of anguish from the depths of that dreary receptacle, and, a light being procured, the miserable little toy-terrier was found well-nigh buried under the coals, and quite unable to extricate

himself, or even to move his limbs. Whether the vindictive Leo had actually carried his puny rival into the hole, and scratched an avalanche of coals over him, or that Tiny had somehow managed to involve himself in such a trap, it was equally obvious from Leo's behaviour that he was quite aware of what had befallen his rival, and that he lacked the generosity to deliver him, or even to draw attention to his deplorable case. The old Egyptian law, which punished as murderers in the second degree men who witnessed a murder and did nothing to prevent it, would undoubtedly have fallen heavily on such a dog; nor can we deny (though it is a dreadful thing to say of a dog,) that Leo was almost as bad as the people who see wives beaten to death and never call the police, much less stir a finger to help them.

With endless facts such as these, proving the occasional wickedness of dogs, it is amazing to think how so many people persist in talking of dogs as if their natures were all on a dead level, and it were quite a matter of course that every individual should display all the virtues set down in books of natural history as distinguishing "the dog." Bless their souls! (or whatever does duty for a dog's soul), the dear brutes are a thousand times more lovable and interesting than any such pieces of moral clock-work. In the hope of awakening some readers to a better comprehension, I shall endeavour to describe,—not the intellectual achievements of dogs, of which we have all heard so much,—but the moral characters of a few "dogs whom I have met." Though I can not boast of the acquaintance of any animals whom Mr. Galton would consider as Illustrious Dogs, I have been permitted to associate with two or three which might aspire to the rank of Eminent, and I would fain hope that the privilege has not been altogether wasted. No doubt every reader who has possessed and studied dogs will be able to parallel, or perhaps surpass, the little biographical sketches I propose to offer. But, for the purpose of refuting the absurd and misleading delusions of the dogless multitude, I trust my slight but faithful delineations of genuine canine character may be sufficient.

To corroborate my assertion of the occasional wickedness of dogs, I shall begin by a brief memoir of a really atrocious scoundrel named Lintogs. In this animal's disposition vindictiveness and treachery were the only stable characteristics. Possibly he had been maltreated

at an early period of life, or his ancestors before him might have been ill-governed; but, however this may be, the result was as I have stated. Of gratitude he often made great outward demonstration, but bitter malice and vengeance lurked in the recesses of his heart. Lintogs was a great hulking Irish terrier, with a rough yellow coat, a coarse prognathous jaw, and an eye which never met that of an honest man. His manners were cringing in the extreme, and he fawned on his master, especially at meal times, in an exaggerated way; but I have little doubt that, on small provocation, he would have "tumbled" him from behind a hedge, were dogs permitted the use of firearms. Lintogs habitually treasured up any injury done to him and "bided his time." With my own eyes I saw him bite a poor old labourer who, a month before, had punished him for stealing his dinner, and against whom, in the interval, the cautious cur had refrained from betraying any unfriendly sentiment. The labourer, with three or four comrades, was carrying the heavy trunk of a tree, and bending under its weight: of course unable either to defend himself or to pursue an aggressor. At that propitious moment the miserable Lintogs ran up and fastened his teeth deep into the calf of the poor fellow's leg, with a snarl of delight which bespoke the gratification of long-husbanded passion. Nor was vindictiveness the only evil quality of that degraded brute. His master having reason to suspect that thieves came about his house, and that Lintogs was an untrustworthy guardian, went one night quietly and without a candle into his kitchen, where the dog slept as sentinel. Obviously Lintogs failed to recognize his master in his dressing-gown, and took him for an intruder; and equally obviously he acted on Dogberry's principle of "allowing a thief to show himself such," and steal away. Lintogs, with his tail between his legs, noiselessly retired into the scullery to leave the coast clear, and would, doubtless, have remarked (as is common in such cases), that "the office of an 'informer' was one to which he could not condescend." The end of this bad dog might afford a solemn warning to other curs could the lesson be conveyed to them. His generally indulgent master, exasperated at length by Lintogs' thefts, exclaimed one day, like Henry II., "Who will rid me of this pestilent fellow?" The servants, who disliked the animal (and it speaks volumes against either a dog or servants, when an *entente cordiale* does not exist between them), took

their master at his word, and availed themselves of his absence to put poor Lintogs in a sack and drown him in the river. When the master learned what had happened he was angry enough with the assassins, but we are not informed that he thought fit to undergo any penance at the scene of the murder.

Of a wholly different type of character was the small red cocker, "Begum." Her besetting sin was worldliness. She had what foreigners call *la maladie Anglaise* of over-reverence for rank, and had she been a lady, would have probably chosen Sir Bernard Burke's publications as her favourite studies. As it was, she contrived to make out in a large household the relative dignities in the domestic hierarchy, and, from a very early period, was observed always to forsake the society of the under-housemaid for that of the upper servants, and to quit the most engaging footman when the butler invited her company. Above-stairs she knew perfectly the degree of respect of persons which *les convenances* required, and of course paid devoted court to the stately old Squire, after whom she trotted about the stables and farmyard with an air of veneration. It was by no means everybody, however, to whom Begum would condescend to be affable. A frequent visitor of the Squire (who was rather supposed to come on pressing pecuniary emergencies) was detestable in the opinion of the dog, and indeed of a good many other people. In vain did this gentleman praise and coax the "nice dog," of whom the Squire was so fond, and call her affectionately, "Poor old Begum," "Good old dog." If he ventured to stroke her, his fingers were immediately severely bitten, and wherever he walked with his host, a running accompaniment of a bass growl bore testimony that at least one of the party disapproved of his society.

Towards her own species Begum was usually somewhat haughty and reserved. It was not for her, with her aspirations after high society, to associate freely with the rabble of setters and pointers who lived in the back slums of the kennels; and, as to the greyhounds, their aristocratic appearance was balanced by a want of polish in their address to small lady dogs which rendered them offensive. When the keepers released these rude creatures preparatory to exercise, Begum, instead of joining the party, always retired into the housekeeper's room, and reposed against any silk-dressed lady's-maid who might be sharing the perpetual libation of

tea carried on in that apartment. One animal, however, was admitted to the privilege of Begum's friendship: a beautiful, mild, flaxen-haired Pomeranian of her own sex, who, having only three available legs, displayed the gentler manners of a confirmed invalid. After every separation, when the Pomeranian had enjoyed a drive, or Begum had followed the Squire to the woods, the two dogs rushed into each other's paws, rubbed their noses with cordial affection, and then lay down side by side, resting against one another. Several times in her long and respected career, Begum became the joyful mother of puppies, and on all such interesting occasions her friend Rip (or Mrs. Gamp, as she came to be called) presided over the nursery, slept beside the mother in her temporary seclusion, exhibited the "little strangers" to visitors with sympathetic pride, and partook with moderation of the caudle prepared for the invalid. Strange to say, when the poor nurse herself was dying, and her sorrowing mistress brought Begum to cheer her, the worldliness of Begum reasserted itself; and (as always happens with Mammon-worshippers) she forsook her friend in her extremity, leaped over her prostrate form and rushed out of the stable never to return.

With these dogs resided another, who displayed—as is not uncommon in her sex—graces of person rather than gifts of intellect or force of character. She was, in fact, that sweet thing a weak-minded female; a black and tan Spaniel, with exquisite raven hair and large soft eyes of a languishing description. Of course she was greatly cherished by the gentlemen of the family and very fond of their society; but on one occasion, for no assignable reason, Lily proved fanciful, and declined an invitation to go out with a shooting-party. On being pressed to follow her friends, who needed her to put up game, the dog ran away from them and hid herself in one of the servants' rooms with singular demonstrations of terror. A gamekeeper to whom she was attached at last dislodged her forcibly from under a sofa and carried her out. Once in the field the animal recovered spirits and ran about as eagerly as usual, putting up rabbits. But the first shot which was fired missed its aim and struck her in the heart, and poor Lily was brought back dead to the room she had been so loth to quit an hour before.

Sly was a dog whose devotion resembled that of Caleb to the Ravenswood family, uniting stern fidelity with extreme surli-

ness, and incorruptible integrity with an inconvenient determination to have things arranged according to her judgment instead of that of her nominal mistress. A widow lady of great wealth and masculine ability, the friend in former years of Condorcet and Madame de Staël, fell into a state of apathetic depression on the death of her husband. She had no children, and resided in a large country-house near the sea, in preference to her more cheerful abode in Eaton Square. To rouse her from her despair her physician bethought himself of presenting her with the very ugliest, roughest, most ill-tempered yellow-and-white terrier which could possibly have been discovered. Never was a more unladylike pet, but Sly proved an intense comfort to the old lady, towards whom she displayed an attachment best described as ferocious. When Mrs. E. once attempted to kiss a young friend, Sly started up from her slumbers on the rug with a roar which sounded like an oath, and tore off the poor old lady's cap and dishevelled her white hair, before anybody could guess what was the matter. On other occasions, when she sat down to play an overture of her favourite Sebastian Bach, Sly always leaped on the grand piano, ran up and down the case in a fury, and finally glared over the music-book and barked peremptorily till the performance was abandoned. Of course visitors at the house fared worse than the mistress. Sly constituted herself constable of the drawing-room, and followed suspiciously any guest who might move about it. A touch to her mistress's book or writing materials brought forth a warning growl; but the matter grew serious if the unwary stranger approached the tea-chest. Sly, who had a passion for sugar, clearly considered the receptacle of the precious lumps as the great treasury of the house. The poor beast's love for her mistress, however, far exceeded all her other sentiments. Mrs. E. having returned home unexpectedly from a long absence, (when can such events be otherwise than unexpected to a dog?) Sly very nearly lost her life from joy, and did lose a litter of puppies. After long years the lady died abroad, and her body was brought to her house enclosed in a leaden coffin and placed on trestles in her library. In some inscrutable manner the strange, pall-covered object conveyed to the dog the fact that her beloved mistress lay within, and (as I was informed by several eye-witnesses of the scene) the poor brute yelled with agony, and leaped again and again upon the coffin with piteous gesticu-

lations of fondness and despair. A few days afterwards, on the day of the funeral, Sly, and six other dogs who lived about the house and offices, all displayed unequivocal signs of madness, and were enclosed in the stable-yard and shot down by the servants from the windows overlooking it. One young dog only escaped by leaping the gate of the yard, and this animal ran through a neighbouring park and bit three cows grazing in it, who all exhibited shortly afterwards tokens of hydrophobia, and were shot in the writer's presence by the police.

The epitaph on the gentleman who

Lived and died a true Christian;

He loved his friends and hated his enemies —

might be justly dedicated to the memory of Nip, a dog with whom I had the privilege of intimacy for years, and whose character I specially commend to the study of those benighted persons who talk of "the dog" being this or that, as they talk of the qualities of birch-wood or mahogany. "Intense" was the only word in the language to describe Nip. From her puppyhood she seemed to have taken to heart the principle of doing with all her might whatever her paws or teeth found to do. There was neither lukewarmness about her feelings nor hesitation about her actions. The "polarization of the affections" was, in her case, complete. At the pole of adoration was her mistress, and at that of detestation all persons and beasts and things whom her suspicious little mind could imagine to be either her mistress's foes or her own rivals. The charity-child whom the clergyman asked what it loved most and feared most, and who gave the disheartening response to the first question, "wittles," and to the second "twoads," fell far behind the level of Nip's sentiments, for she cared little for "wittles," and feared neither "twoads" nor much more perilous creatures, attacking, on one occasion, a huge polecat and demolishing him on the spot, and habitually bullying an enormous bulldog six times her own size, of ferocious aspect, but inwardly benign disposition. Nip herself was a beautiful little bull-terrier, pure white, with a black nose, exquisitely delicate limbs, and a little face whose mobile features expressed emotions as readily as a human countenance. Of course her ears were uncut — her mistress was no barbarian to mutilate nature's work — and their varieties of attitude transformed her expression from an affected and ostentatious meekness under censure to a martial en-

thusiasm, suggestive of the Marseillaise, at the bare mention of a rat. In the various wars in which she was engaged, these same pretty ears, however, become terribly torn, and more than once presented rather the appearance of a bleeding fringe than of a piece of white flesh. As she advanced in years, and also in pugnacity, her honourable scars multiplied, till, finally, her little eager face was all spotted with them, and one ear remained permanently pendent, the muscle which should have erected it having been bitten through by the enemy. Nevertheless, with the bright brown eyes, speaking volumes of love and devotion (or, as the case might be, of courage and fury), and the wide-awake aspect of the whole creature, from the ever-moving nose to the tip of the oscillating tail, Nip was worthy of Landseer's best skill, and the heart of the British workman was always so affected by her charms, that the words "nice dawg" might be heard repeated by every group of bricklayers she passed going home from work of an evening.

Professionally, Nip was a rat-catcher; and on the first occasion when she appeared on the stage, she is recorded to have destroyed thirteen rats in thirty-six seconds in a rat-pit; a considerable achievement for a novice in that unpleasant kind of public entertainment. To the end of her career, though transformed into a lady's companion (like the cat in the *Arabian Nights* turned into a woman), Nip never ceased to display a fervent professional interest in the objects of her original pursuit. The mere whisper of the word "Rats!" roused her from the soundest repose, and her friends, who did not desire to invoke an immediate storm of barking, were compelled to speak enigmatically to each other of "those rodents" when an allusion to such animals became necessary.

To say that Nip had a resolute will would be feebly to express the tenacity of her volitions. To sit on somebody's lap or on a particular chair, to go in or out of the door, to roll herself in a new silk dress, —if Nip had taken these things into her little bullet-head, no power save that of her mistress could do anything in the matter. A score of times rebuffed, she returned perseveringly to the charge till she gained her object. Discovering once a water-rat in a hole under the bank of a brook, Nip spent days viciously watching the hole, and was with difficulty lured home to her meals, after each of which she was seen trotting off again to lay siege to

the fortress as before. Having seized a ball or similar object in her teeth, heaven and earth might sooner come asunder than Nip's jaws. Frequently I have held her up by such a ball, then swung her round more and more rapidly, till finally Nip's body and tail stuck out at right angles, like spokes of a wheel, whilst I performed half-a-dozen gyrations. On one occasion, walking through a kitchen-garden, the owner called attention to a tank filled to the brim with liquid manure. Nip of course stood intently observing with the rest of the company on the brink, when at this unlucky moment, a bubble surged up to the surface of the horrid vat. Instantly Nip not only leaped mentally to the conclusion that the bubble was caused by a rat, but also leaped bodily into the tank to catch it; and for one awful moment sank before our eyes into the witches' cauldron and was covered by the waves of abomination. The next minute her little white head rose above the surface, and, half choked with ammonia, she was snatched from destruction and held for ten minutes under a fortunately-adjacent pump. Again, another time, she was caught by a steel trap, when her leg was severely hurt; but the effect of such painful experience was simply to make Nip's pluck rise to the boiling-point, and she fiercely worried and barked at the trap, biting the steel savagely with her teeth.

Nevertheless, like many other heroes and heroines overflowing with physical courage, Nip was abjectly superstitious and ready to grovel with terror in the presence of anything inexplicable to her mind. An india-rubber cushion filled or emptied of air in her presence, or a bellows blown in her face, sent her into paroxysms of hysterical screaming, and a monkey-skin hung against a wall she regarded with such looks as a man might turn on a ghost. The most dreadful of all objects, however, in Nip's opinion, was the garden-hose. Whether she took the long tube for a snake or not I cannot say, but the appearance of the fearful implement was on all occasions the signal for Nip instantly to shrink out of sight, nor would any persuasion induce her to remain in the room where it was usually kept. Strange to say, another dog, who has none of Nip's courage in other matters, and is herself extremely superstitious about stumps and stones in the woods, has never viewed this same hose in a supernatural light, but runs frantically to attack the water when it squirts from it, barking and biting at the stream, and of course getting

herself drenched, time after time. Who shall say that we have not here evidence both of the existence of the faculty of Imagination and of its entirely various action in the minds of two animals?

When her mistress went to Rome one winter, Nip spent several days in restless misery, looking for her everywhere. Then, apparently she resolved, in a resentful sort of way, to make the best of an evil and ungrateful world, and take her walks with her mistress's friend. By degrees she seemed to grow attached to this friend, and occasionally honoured her with a cordial caress. But the very hour her mistress returned she abjured the friend's affection and authority with contumely, and once more became absorbed in her lawful homage and devotion. Anything like that devotion I never witnessed in a dog. The creature's whole nature seemed to be drawn upward like a needle by a magnet, and her perfect obedience to her slightest signal from eye or voice was as wonderful as her wilfulness where any one else was concerned. Of course Nip was a well-educated dog, and knew how to Beg, to Trust, and to Faint; the three canine accomplishments corresponding to the learned R's among human beings. I regret that veracity compels me to add that towards her own species her behaviour was far from exemplary. At one time she kept a Humble Companion, and maltreated her like any fine lady. Poor Blackie was found starving in Eaton Square in a long frost and with a hideous wound, obviously caused by some red-hot iron instrument, all across her shoulders. The little creature, a slender animal, half toy-terrier, half Italian greyhound, had suffered so much at the hands of cruel men that it was almost impossible for me to catch her. A bribe of a shilling to a loitering policeman merely induced that sublime functionary to stalk solemnly along the resounding pavement in Blackie's supposed direction, while that forlorn little brute was running like the wind to the other end of the long enclosure. Another shilling offered to a street-boy produced quite an opposite effect, for, with a whoop and a war-cry, there were instantaneously half-a-dozen little scamps on the track at full speed down the square. Jumping into a hansom, I pursued the chase in the rear of my pack, and somewhere among Grosvenor Gardens had the satisfaction of seeing poor little Blackie hemmed in and cowering in a doorway. Of course the terrors of the little brute disappeared the moment it felt my caress, and was hoisted into my

cab and conveyed home; and equally, of course, in ten minutes after the administration of food and water, she was ready to defend her new premises against any invaders. Sometimes Nip condescended to play with this waif of society, notwithstanding her obscure antecedents; but more frequently she behaved towards her with unchristian haughtiness and even spite, till at last the worm turned, and Blackie fought it out with her oppressor before their kennels one night in the garden. The night chanced to be rainy; and all that is known of the battle is, that next morning both dogs were found covered with gore and gravel; Nip a greyish pink, and Blackie a mixture of black and red, like a half-boiled lobster, hideous to behold. Another dog, who lived on more equal terms with Nip, and with whom she sometimes played for hours on the grass, was nevertheless an object of bitter jealousy. When Hajjin rushed barking with ecstasy to the door at which she heard her own mistress's knock, Nip, who was perfectly indifferent to that lady's comings and goings, habitually rushed out of her den (disgusted, like a Saturday Reviewer, that anybody should presume to enjoy anything she did not care for) and frequently succeeded in changing poor Hajjin's shrieks of delight into a yell of pain, by giving her a bite before the door could be opened. As to her young offspring, Nip performed her duties towards them in a severe and perfunctory manner, clearly showing that it was not on a blind puppy her affections could be lavished. Just before her sole surviving offspring (a son and heir named Sting) was born, a whole swarm of bees fastened upon Nip and stung her in a fearful manner. She merely screamed defiance and called to her mistress for aid, which being immediately rendered (at the cost of course of a dozen stings), Nip expressed herself satisfied, and forbore to utter any lamentations over her cruel sufferings.

So lived Nip for many years — a dog of chequered character, with strong lights and shades, capable of rising to the heights of martyrdom or of descending into the gulf of crime! A creature like this could be an object of indifference only to people incapable of conceiving moral qualities except in human form, or of loving anything unless it wore a coat or a petticoat. There was as much in Nip to praise and to blame, to regret and to cherish, as any ordinary acquaintance reveals to us in man or woman in a lifetime; and there is always this difference with regard to a dog and a human being, that we see the dog's character

pur et simple, such as nature made it, whilst we see the man's or woman's through a thick crust of conventionality, and perhaps not once in a year get a glimpse of the real John or Jane behind the veil. When we *do* catch a full sight of a human heart in its anguish or joy, temptation or triumph, of course we love it beyond anything we can feel for a lesser nature. Even when it is a wicked heart, the revelation stirs us to the depth of our being with pity, terror, perchance with a reflection of a lurid light into depths of our own souls. "Nothing human is alien to us." But then it must be the real human passion, not the dreary fiction of a sentiment—pretence of care for what the speaker cares nothing, of pleasure in what he does not enjoy, of hopes, loves, fears, interests, admirations, all second-hand and half-affected if not absolutely unreal, which make up the staple of social intercourse. Now, with our humble dog, there is none of all this. Everything in him is genuine to the heart's core, and, so far as his nature goes, we reach him at once, and love him at once. And so Nip was beloved and made happy for all her little span; and when the end came, she lay through the long, sad, winter's night in the lap of the mistress she loved so dearly, with her eyes fixed upon hers, forbearing to moan as if on purpose to save her pain, and still gazing on and on motionless, till, before the dawn, the glaze of death came over the bright brown eyes, and the warm, true little heart grew still. No movement, no withdrawal of attention marked the last moment. Gazing up straight into the face which was her heaven, she died.

I have said there are dogs capable of ascending to the heights of martyrdom, and surely there are many whose lives are inspired by the purest self-sacrificing love, and who die (in their simple unconscious way) real martyrs to the cruelty of men. Mr. Motley, in his *History of the Netherlands*, tells a wonderful story of a Huguenot flying for his life, pursued by a soldier of Alva. The Huguenot ran at last upon a frozen river, over which he had nearly passed in safety, when he heard the soldier behind him in his heavy armour crash through the ice. The fugitive actually turned round and saved his pursuer, who thereupon seized him, and led him back to the Catholic authorities, by whom he was shortly consigned to the stake. It was no wonder they burned him! Such a man might have converted the world to his faith. Here was, in truth, the absolute embodiment in action of that great Chris-

tian Idea which first found utterance on the Mount of Galilee. But how often has not the slow, cold heart of man been rebuked by the display of the same self-sacrificing love for the unkind and the unmerciful by the poor humble brutes ever since the far-off time when the dog first attached himself to primeval man? How many dogs are there now in the world who for ever return blows and ill-treatment with devoted service, and who would in an instant leap into fire or water to save the man who the moment before had been kicking or scourging them? Of course it is common to slur over all the stories of such magnanimity when it is a dog who has been the hero, with that stupid word "Instinct." But if we analyze what we mean by instinct in such a case we shall find that, if the act loses moral elevation by the absence of deliberative choice, it gains almost as much in loveliness by the simplicity and unconsciousness with which the grand self-sacrifice is achieved. It is not that a dog rushes blindly to death and danger. He knows just as well as a man does the risk he runs, and fears pain, and clings to existence as much as we. But, with him, love and generosity are so overpowering that he has no need to stand debating whether he shall give himself for another. It is the spontaneous wish of his fond heart to do so, and, without one hesitation of self-regardful pity, he performs the act for which saints and heroes fit themselves by a lifetime of virtue.

I did not myself see—I am thankful I was spared—the sight once described to me by that great artist and tender-hearted man, John Gibson. He said that he was one day walking in Venice and came upon a crowd of men and boys engaged seemingly in some diversion. Presently he saw in what the "sport" consisted. A fine large dog, old and thin, was standing where he must have been driven, on a small islet of sand about twenty yards from the shore. The animal was of course entirely defenceless and shelterless, and the men were pelting it with large stones and broken bricks and pottery. Whenever one of these missiles hit the dog the crowd roared with laughter, all the more lively when the wound seemed serious, or the dog gave vent to a sudden cry of pain. It was not, however, making much moan in its misery. One leg was broken, one eye blinded, its body covered with bruises; and obviously, by-and-by, perhaps after half-an-hour more, some stone more merciful than the rest might crush its brain. Meanwhile, the dog stood still and patient,

looking pitifully and inquiringly at the men who were jeering at its death agonies. "What have I done?" (Gibson said it actually seemed to ask) — "what have I done but love and serve you all my life, that you should deal with me thus?" But no one, save the gentle-hearted Englishman, who could do nothing amid that savage crowd, heeded what the dog might have been in the past or might be feeling now. Rather was it a special jest to see how mild the creature looked, how helplessly he bore the pelting of the stones and shards. And so Gibson turned sorrowfully away, and as he passed down the streets the shouts and laughter of the crowd still followed him — that laughter of fiends over suffering, which, alas! has rung in every land, and many and many a time has echoed over English fields, or down the streets of English towns; even as we are told it did in Paris, when the lost retriever fetched the stick for the gendarme, who therewith immediately knocked out its brains.

There are a few men who feel only for themselves. There are many who feel only for their own families and friends. Then come those who feel for their own class, their townfolk or fellow-countrymen. Of recent years, since the interests of men and women have seemed to be distinguished from one another, it has become apparent that there are thousands who cannot thoroughly sympathize with the wants, sufferings, and wrongs of the opposite sex. Lastly, the power of feeling for animals, realizing their wants, and making their pains our own, is one which is most irregularly shown by human beings. A Timon may have it, and a Howard be devoid of it. A rough shepherd's heart may overflow with it, and that of an exquisite fine gentleman and distinguished man of science may be as utterly without it as the nether millstone. One thing, I think, must be clear: till a man has learned to feel for all his sentient fellow-creatures, whether in human or brutal form, of his own class and sex and country, or of another, he has not yet ascended the first step towards the true civilization, nor applied the first lesson from the love of God.

F. P. C.

P.S. — While these pages have been passing through the press, two interesting anecdotes have been given to me concerning the Probity of Dogs. The first was related of a large dog kept in Algiers by Miss Emily Napier, daughter of Sir William Napier. This dog was sent every

morning to fetch bread from the baker's, and regularly brought home twelve rolls in a basket. At last it was observed that for several mornings there were only eleven rolls in the basket; and, on watching the dog, he was found to stop on his way and bestow one roll on a poor sick and starving lady-dog, hidden, with her puppies, in a corner, on the road from the shop. The baker was then instructed to put thirteen rolls in the basket, after which the dog delivered the twelve, faithfully, for a few days, and then left all thirteen in the basket — the token, as it proved, that his sick friend was convalescent, and able to dispense with his charity.

The second story was taken down, about 1856, from the mouth of Professor Sedgewick, of Cambridge.

"There is a clever old man living at Kendal, who possesses a dog called Charlie, and who has frequently been my companion in my geological researches in the north of England. On our return to Kendal from one excursion the old man came to my hotel to help to arrange the fossils we had collected, and Charlie came with him. During the whole process of arranging the stones, Charlie sat by, gravely watching us, sitting on his hind quarters, with a most sober and demure face; nor did he move till the collection was stowed into a bag and put under my bed. He then went home with his master; but just as I was preparing to go to bed, I heard a scratching at the door, and there was Charlie, who darted in, ran under the bed, and remained there all night. For the next few days nothing particular happened; and each night Charlie slept under my bed, till we arranged to start for another expedition, when Charlie was not to be found, and we set off without him. We made a tour of sixteen days, and arrived at Bowness on a Saturday. On Monday morning, when my old friend met me after a visit to his own house, he said, 'Well, I have a strange history to tell you of Charlie. When I got home, I said to my wife, "Where's Charlie?" "Charlie!" she replied, "why, hasn't Charlie been with you?"' Upon this the old man went up to the inn, and inquired if anything had been seen of Charlie. But he had scarcely begun to speak, when Charlie himself came bounding towards him; and the strange mystery of the dog's disappearance was explained. No one thought or knew anything about Charlie till the evening of his master's departure, when a traveller arriving at the inn, was shown to the room which I had occupied. The moment the traveller and his conductor entered, Charlie rushed from under the bed and flew at them, so that they were in danger of being seriously hurt, and he could only be mastered by the ostler bringing a horse-cloth and throwing it completely over the dog; thus holding him down while they dragged from under the bed the precious bag of stones and placed it in the passage. As soon as this was done, the dog was set free, and instantly quietly took his place upon the bag, from which nothing could entice him. Occasionally, when he heard

wheels in the yard below, or any great movement, he would rush down, smell the carriages and survey the horses; but speedily satisfied that nothing was there with which he had anything to do, he returned to his post, which he never forsook till his master's voice gave him assurance that his long watch might end."

From The Popular Science Review.
THE FIRST CHAPTER OF THE GEOLOGICAL
RECORD.

BY DAVID FORBES, F.R.S., &c.

THE term Geology, which signifies the science of the earth, being derived from the two Greek words, Γῆ, "the earth," and Λόγος, "a word or argument," has been variously interpreted by different writers on the subject.* During the last generation, geology, as a science, was studied altogether from a purely mineralogical and physical point of view; an interpretation which became completely reversed when the introduction of paleontology, called in as an aid to its study, so absorbed the attention of the majority of geologists, to the exclusion of almost all other branches of the science, that most of the later works on geology, especially here in England, may be regarded rather as histories of the development of life upon our globe than treatises on its geology in its more extended sense.

A perusal of most, even of our best-known manuals of geology, will show that their contents are almost entirely devoted to the fossiliferous strata, commencing their descriptions either with the most recent formations, and proceeding backwards until they stop at those more ancient ones, in which only traces of organic remains have as yet been discovered; or *vice versâ*, beginning with the lower Siurian or Cambrian rocks or in later years (since the discovery of that most perplexing organism the Eozoon Canadense) with the Laurentian formation, and treating the others in ascending order up to the present time: a system, which in either case makes the student feel the evident want of a beginning or first chapter in the geological record, whilst at the same time it imposes, as it were, a dictatorial boundary to his field of research in a similar manner to what it would be, if he was told, when studying ethnology or the history of mankind, to ignore everything con-

nected with the subject before printed records existed, or as if an astronomer was advised to discard all discoveries of which he had not *tangible* evidence as to their correctness. Just, however, as the recent advances of the collateral sciences have cleared up so many difficulties, and have added so much to our knowledge of prehistoric times, and the condition of the human race in earliest periods, or of parts of the cosmical system, which the astronomer of old could never even have imagined to be within man's power of investigation; so it is to be expected, with the aid of our daily improving information and appliances, that proportionate advances may also be made in our knowledge of what may be termed the prozoic history of the earth; that is to say, of the different stages through which our globe has passed before it became fitted for the habitation of organisms even so low in the scale of life as are met with in the previously mentioned formations, which modern geologists appear so often to regard as the very *ultima thule* of their investigations.

On the present occasion it is proposed to make an attempt to sketch out such an introductory chapter in geology as is here referred to, premising, however, that from its very nature it cannot be other than in the highest degree theoretical, and must be regarded only as an essay, in which the more recent discoveries in physical and chemical science are appealed to in elucidation of a subject which, without their aid, would be all but unapproachable; and this is here brought forward in the belief that attempts made from time to time, to generalize and put into shape the somewhat disconnected facts and observations relating to this subject, cannot but do good, notwithstanding that it must at the same time be self-evident that the views herein expressed will require to be modified from time to time according as the progress of scientific investigation furnishes more reliable and extended data for generalizing upon than are in our possession at the present moment.

As is well-known, even the most ancient philosophers entertained the opinion that our globe had not always been what it was in their age; that it had passed through varied phases, and that it once upon a time had even had a commencement to its present career. Later on, when astronomy came to be studied as a science, astronomers went still farther, and reasoned from a consideration of the earth's form, &c., that it must at a remote period have been in a fluid, or at least plastic condition; and

* Including the strangely inappropriate application of the term by M. Meunier, who writes of the "Geology of the Heavens!" and has lately published a work entitled "Le Ciel géologique." Paris, 1871.

result which the subsequent observations on the temperature of the earth in depth and the products of volcanic action confirmed, and led to the conclusion that our globe must once have been a sphere of molten matter, which had solidified on its exterior, owing to the cooling action of the surrounding air. The celebrated Laplace went still further, and, from a consideration of Herschel's researches on nebulae, propounded his so-called nebulous theory of the earth's origin, according to which our sphere owed its existence to the aggregation and condensation of nebulous matter. The state of the natural sciences of the period was not, however, sufficiently advanced to furnish means by which this theory of Laplace could be either confirmed or disproved, so that it was long looked upon as a visionary hypothesis which was never even imagined as to be so far confirmed by future discoveries in science, as to become at this moment the most plausible explanation of a beginning of our world which has as yet been put forward.

This being the case, our chapter of genesis commences by assuming the nebulous theory of the origin of our globe as the starting-point; and the first stage in the history of the earth is consequently the act of aggregating or segregating the nebulous matter in space, or, in other words, of gathering together in a gasiform condition the chemical elements of which the earth, with its surrounding atmosphere, is actually composed of.

The consequence of the coming together of these elements would, as chemistry teaches us, result in their reacting upon one another with intense energy, giving rise to the development of both light and heat, and forming numerous chemical combinations, the nature of which would be dependent upon the mutual affinities of the elements themselves, and the relative proportions in which they were respectively present in this admixture of gases and vapours. The more simple or binary compounds would naturally be formed first, such as the oxides, sulphides, chlorides, &c.; but these in turn would combine *inter se*, producing salts and other compounds, amongst which the silicates played a very prominent part.

The final result of this great display of chemical energy would be to change entirely the nature and appearance of the original nebulous gathering of gasiform matter, for as soon as the chemical action had come to an end, by far the largest proportion of the newly-formed substances

would no longer be able to retain the gasiform condition at the lower temperature which then ruled, and would be condensed into fluids, when the whole would assume the shape of a sphere of molten matter surrounded by an intensely heated atmosphere of such of the other compounds and free elements as could still remain volatile at this temperature.

This period might be termed the second stage in the history of the earth, and if examined into more closely, it would be found that neither the molten sphere nor the atmosphere surrounding it was of uniform character throughout; but owing to both of them being made up of a number of dissimilar substances, the first impulse of the newly-formed compounds would be to obey the laws of gravity by arranging themselves more or less completely in strata, or more correctly speaking, zones, in accordance with their respective densities, and the study of the composition of the rocks now forming the earth's exterior, and of those brought up from its depths by volcanic forces, along with that of the relative specific gravities of the parts inaccessible to our observation as compared to the density of the earth's mass as a whole, leads to the deduction that the molten sphere might at this period of its history be regarded as composed of some three great zones (probably with sub-zones), having the following general mineralogical characters:—

1st. An exterior of molten rock of comparatively little density which consisted of silicates, in which an excess of silica was to a great extent combined with alumina and alkali, but containing very little of the other bases, such as lime, magnesia, oxide of iron, &c.

2nd. A middle zone, also of molten rock (silicates), considerably heavier than the former, and in which the silica, present in minimum proportion, existed in combination with a large amount of the bases, lime, magnesia, oxide of iron, and alumina, with but comparatively little potash, and,

3rd. A central nucleus of very much greater density and of metallic nature, the outer part consisting of compounds of the heavy metals with sulphur, arsenic, &c., whilst in the centre the metals themselves are probably in a free state, or as alloys.

The constitution of the sphere of molten matter as thus arranged would now present a general character of stability maintained even after its solidification, due to the loss of heat radiated from its surface, and the cooling action of the external air, had commenced. In the atmos-

phere, however, the arrangement of the gases and vapour in zones would be much less permanent, as by degrees the zones would be more or less broken up by the tendency which gases have to diffuse themselves throughout one another, as well as the condensation in succession of the different vapours contained in it, in proportion as the temperature of the whole became more and more lowered. In the first instance, however, that stratum of the atmosphere next to the earth would be composed of dense vapours of such compounds as are only volatile at very high temperatures, amongst which several of the chlorides and especially the chloride of sodium or common salt would be most prominent; above this a great zone of carbonic acid gas would prevail, then one of nitrogen with possibly the admixture of some oxygen and above this again the vapour of water in enormous quantity.

The third stage in the history of the earth may now be said to have commenced, when the earth as a molten sphere surrounded by a furnace-like atmosphere began to cool down owing to the loss of heat radiated from its exterior into space; by degrees a thin crust would commence to form on the surface of the molten rock which soon consolidated and extended over the exterior of the entire sphere, becoming thicker and thicker over the nucleus of molten matter until it offered more and more resistance to the passage of heat from within outwards, and thus caused the rate of further cooling to diminish greatly, and the more so from its being composed of a highly nonconducting material. In time, therefore, the external surface of the earth would come to be barely red hot, and as soon as this was the case we should find it become coated with a layer or incrustation of the chlorides and other vapours hitherto held in suspension in the heated atmosphere, but which now owing to the lowering of temperature would be condensed and precipitated on to the now consolidated crust of earth. From the amount of the salts contained in the ocean and known deposits, it has been estimated that the quantity of common salt alone would be sufficient to cover the entire sphere with a layer some ten feet in thickness.

As the process of cooling went on, as soon as the temperature of the atmosphere had become so lowered as to be below that of the boiling point of water, the enormous amount of steam hitherto pervading its uppermost regions would naturally become condensed into water, and at once

fall down from the heavens as a deluge of hot rain upon the saline crust covering the sphere which it would instantly dissolve, forming the ocean which would thus be salt from the very first appearance of water upon the face of the globe.

The atmosphere now freed from the vapours previously diffused throughout it, would still be very different from what it now is, as although it might contain precisely the same gases, these would, however, be present in vastly different proportions; it would mainly be composed of an admixture of nitrogen and carbonic acid gas, free oxygen if present at all being but in very small amount, for it must be remembered that the total amount of nitrogen and carbon contained in the entire animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms of the future, were at this moment held suspended in the atmosphere in the gaseous form.

This state of things brings us down to the fourth or last stage of the prozoic history of the earth since it required but a comparatively short period to lower its temperature sufficiently to enable many of the lower organisms to exist upon it or rather it should be said, in its ocean, for as yet we only recognize the earth as a sphere externally coated, as it were, with a uniform sheet of water. Certain changes have, however, been going on in the solid crust of the earth which here demand our consideration, since they tended to completely revolutionize its external features as well as prepared the way for its future career. In the first place, as soon as the stony crust had completely consolidated over the molten nucleus within, it would present itself with a comparatively uniform and smooth surface externally, when, however, this crust increased in thickness and became colder, contraction would take place in its mass, which would result in the production of cracks and fissures in the crust itself, the sides of which, becoming dislocated, would bring about elevations and escarpments to interrupt the previously regular contour of the sphere, whilst by the subsidence of portions, some of the still fluid rock below would be forced up along the lines of such fissures and so form dykes of eruptive rock traversing the original crust. All these effects would, however, be immensely augmented, when the exterior had so far cooled down as to be covered with the ocean, since then, owing to such fissures allowing the water to penetrate down to the molten mass within, internal forces would be called into play, giving rise to

volcanic phenomena which would result in the elevation of mountains, and the upheaval of islands and continents, thus forming the first dry land on the surface of the earth.

Instead of the previous uniform sphere we should now have its surface varied by elevations and depressions, valleys and mountain ranges, which by giving direction to the movements of the salt water in the ocean, and the fresh water from the heavens, by which the lakes and rivers are supplied, would at last set in action those external or secondary forces which have played so important a part in modifying the outward configuration of our globe and the distribution of organic life over its surface.

The primitive crust of the earth thus ruptured, along with the mineral matter ejected from below as before described, would now become still further broken up and pulverized by the mechanical force of water, powerfully assisted by the decomposing action of the great excess of carbonic acid gas present in the atmosphere of this period, and would in process of time become so comminuted as to allow of the particles being carried off and sorted by the action of rivers and the sea, which would deposit them as sedimentary beds of varying character. It should however be remembered that the exact mineral composition of the original crust of the earth must ever remain an open question, for when we take into consideration the great changes it must have experienced during countless ages, and the vast amount of "débris" directly or indirectly the result of its wear and tear, which has been scattered all over the globe, we can have no reason to expect to meet with any portion of it *in situ* in any part of the world; as, however, quartz is found to be the most preponderating of all the minerals composing the most ancient rocks, this fact confirms the view that the original crust must have been extremely rich in silica, much of which no doubt would separate out from the other constituents in the form of quartz during the act of solidification.

From this time up to the present age all the various changes, whether of mechanical or chemical origin, which have taken place in our globe have been brought about by agencies identical with those which we now see in operation, although possibly on a somewhat different scale; stratified rocks became formed from the wear and tear of the primitive crust by aqueous action, precisely as at

the present moment we see them reconstructed from the "débris" of preexisting rocks of all kinds; the quartzites of the older rocks were formed from the comminuted quartz out of the primitive crust, just as the later sandstones and grits, whilst the associated silicates owing to the action of carbonic acid and water would be more or less decomposed, thereby producing beds of clay and others of arenaceous or argillaceous character, whilst the largest proportion of the alkalies contained in them, would in the state of carbonates be carried off in solution by the water to the ocean, where they would react upon and decompose any chlorides or other salts of the metal, or earths which they might encounter.

Whilst all these changes were in progress, outbursts of fluid mineral matter from the still molten interior of the earth would from time to time continue to break through and disturb the primitive crust, and the rock strata in course of construction above it, exactly as we at present see similar eruptions from volcanic centres, and as many of these would then as now take place at parts of the crust covered by the ocean, they would result in production of vast volumes of submarine tufas and breccias which by the action of the waves would at once assume the form of ordinary stratified formations.

With the exception, however, of some minor occurrences of calc-tufas and precipitated carbonate of lime, no calcareous or limestone beds were deposited during this early period, nor were carbonaceous beds of any kind in course of formation, for the simple reason that both these classes of deposits owe their origin to the action of animal and vegetable organisms.

The atmosphere of this stage in the earth's history was, however, vastly different from what it is at present: instead of being as now composed mainly of oxygen and nitrogen, along with a small admixture of carbonic acid gas, it, on the contrary, contained so overwhelming an amount of carbonic acid and nitrogen gases with only a minute proportion of oxygen (if any), as to be totally unfitted for the respiration of air-breathing animals, for which reason we find the first development of life of our globe represented by submarine organisms of the lowest type, and these followed by a great development of vegetation, which by absorbing the carbonic acid gas, and decomposing it so as to assimilate the carbon contained in it for the benefit of future generations, whilst at the same time the oxygen was

returned to the air, so purified the atmosphere as to render possible the existence of still higher types of animal life on the surface of our globe.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

MATCHMAKING BY ADVERTISEMENT.

IF marriage is the ultimate destiny of most men, as it is thought to be the object and chief business of all women, we are far from saying that the last are wrong in endeavouring, by any means within the bounds of decency and discretion, to attain to married life. Yet "Tis fit men should be coy when women woo." It was commonly held to be most fitting that parents or near relatives should take the initiative when a match was to be made between different parties, so far as the woman was concerned, while the other sex, it was presumed, could look out for themselves. But it appears that there are many men incompetent to this, and innumerable young women and widows who have neither father, mother, nor relative able and willing to assist them. What, then, is to be their fate? How avert the misfortune which threatens them? The answer is easy: Advertise in the *Matrimonial News*. The editor of that journal is the matchmaker of the nineteenth century, and his paper appears to be established on principles of the most business-like description. In every number the reader may review some 350 candidates for marriage, and for one shilling an advertiser may describe his or her attractions, provided that the same be done in no more than forty words. Questions of difficulty or delicacy referring to courtship are answered gratuitously in these columns, privately for twelve stamps, personally for 5s.; a fee of 5s. is also required one month after any marriage brought about by this machinery. We are assured that the business is *bonâ fide*, that confidence and secrecy are strictly observed, and, if we are to believe the editor, hundreds of marriages have resulted from his labours.

The *modus operandi* is this. The real name, address, and photograph of each candidate are deposited with the editor, the advertisement appears, and those who like correspond in the *Matrimonial News*, at first by numbers, like convicts: No. 6,000 replies to Nos. 6,007 and 6,010 avowing that the particulars suit, and that he desires an exchange of photographs. This is done through the editor, who then, if both

parties wish it, places them in direct private correspondence with each other, on condition of receiving a fee (amount not stated). Assuming that all this has occurred, it is probable that the first step taken is to ascertain that the personal appearance is equal to the photograph, and the second to cause their respective lawyers to inquire as to the fortune of the lady and the "ample private means" of the gentleman. For it is a most noteworthy fact, and one which extorts our admiration, that not only fortune-hunting in these advertisements is conspicuous by its absence, but that instances of extreme disinterestedness abound, so that men of "private fortune" or "ample means" expressly state that "money on the lady's side is of no moment." Out of nearly 200, not above twenty make it a necessary qualification. One, indeed, whose list of attractions is not of a solid order, asks for that of which he apparently has none. "The younger son of good county family, aged twenty-nine, fair, 5 ft. 10in., has entrée to best society, travelled a great deal, domestic, fond of country life, is a good shot, rides well, wishes to marry, but requires a wife with means." A clergyman "possessed of good means, who desires to form the acquaintance of a young, pretty, well-educated lady," to his eternal honour adds that "money, though an advantage, is not an essential;" while "Achilles, who is an author and man of refinement and position, with means independent of his profession," only demands "good sense and ladylike graces with a lady under forty. A noble aspiring soul, softened by a tender loving nature, will find in Achilles a responsive echo and a kind, warm, and generous heart." The ladies in general state that they are tall or short, dark or fair, as the case may be, and that they are loving, affectionate, warm-hearted, thoroughly domesticated, sometimes they modestly add, "and are considered good-looking," or "very nice-looking, handsome," &c. One "feels sure that she would make a devoted wife;" another declares she is "steady;" a third mentions a highly desirable item, that she is "clean;" a fourth that she is "rather stout, but mild, without encumbrance, of florid complexion, has a nice home and business of her own, but feeling lonely would like a suitable partner;" a fifth is "of comfortable means and Juno-like appearance;" a sixth would prefer a clergyman, and if possible a widower. Many have "fascinating manners," or are well connected and educated. Of widows, who are supposed to understand what man requires, a large

majority declare that they are "jolly;" while only two young ladies plead guilty to that quality. A considerable number candidly state that they have nothing beyond a faithful loving heart and willing disposition to offer; but fortunes of from £150 to £200 and £350 per annum, or from £3,000 to £5,500 down, with good expectations, are quite common in these columns. One has "golden hair and a small yearly income," another, "tho' poor and not without faults, is not to be bought with money." There is a case which is appalling, if true: "An heiress of noble family, aged twenty-four, very handsome, with £720 a year from large landed estates, is a splendid pianist, harpist, speaks French and Italian, and rides and drives," is yet driven to the *Matrimonial News*. It is right to mention that she "will only correspond with a gentleman of good birth." Of the gentlemen not one has the courage to state that he is short in stature. They mostly describe themselves as good-tempered, tall, "considered fine-looking," "think that they can make a wife" or, sometimes, "any reasonable woman happy," of good position, &c. Many affirm that they are in possession of landed estates or of appointments bringing in £1,000, £1,500, £2,000 per annum, which, if true, is a matter easily verified. "An heir to a considerable entailed estate" having no doubt observed the satisfactory results in business when "a V. S. examination is allowed," mentions that he is "of sound health and unimpaired constitution;" valuable qualities indeed in either man or woman, which we should like to see more in request than is now the case. There are also advertisements from farmers' and tradesmen who wish for economical managing helpmates. As we have before observed, fortune is rarely the essential, but good looks, education, and refinement are generally demanded; in some instances beauty and musical talents are coupled together. Several wish to be married before Christmas; others entreat for speedy replies, as they are going to India, and one wishes to "marry at once" — this is a major in the army with good means, and all he desires is a lady of good connections not over thirty-five.

The strangest part of the traffic presents itself when we regard the social position of the candidates. In one batch there are two noblemen, two colonels, a member of three learned societies, barristers, physicians, missionaries, squires with beautiful residences and good fortune, county magistrates, and numberless naval and military officers; a French lady of title, two

English ditto, one having a jointure of £3,000 per annum, two heiresses, whereof one is a ward in Chancery, entitled to large landed property on coming of age — (is the Lord Chancellor aware of the proceedings of his ward?) — some half-dozen of noble family or of ancient lineage; and above the rest in point of urgency is an application from a widow lady and her three daughters all wanting husbands and having independent incomes. Surely this is, to say the least of it, very strange. On another point a few words of warning seem needed. Certain of the candidates desire to correspond with too many of the other sex at once. Thus a bachelor, No. 6,371, "desires to correspond" with no fewer than nine ladies; an Italian, No. 6,421, with six; a medical man, No. 6,456, with seven. The daughter of a deceased officer wishes to hear from eight gentlemen, and Emmeline, who is the offender in chief, wishes to correspond with as many as fourteen. Such a course of proceeding is hardly fair, nor is it promising of future happiness, for if the marriage accomplished proves unsatisfactory, the nucleus of regret, if not of discontent, is already formed. "If I had only taken 5,423 instead of 6,320," he or she will say, "so should I have been blessed, whereas now," &c. It is hardly to be supposed that of 350 weekly advertisers all represent impostures, and we are assured (though we remain doubtful) that detection and exposure are the results of any attempt at a hoax. If our men and women are so driven by circumstances that they can find suitable companions by no other method than this, so be it. Many there may be who marry in haste and repent at leisure; but according to Congreve there is a worse fate possible. In his play of "The Old Bachelor" are the following lines: —

Thus grief still treads upon the heels of pleasure,
Married in haste we may repent at leisure;
Some by experience find those words misplaced —
At leisure married they repent in haste.

From The Spectator.

THE RISE OF GREAT FAMILIES.*

SIR BERNARD BURKE has illustrated his office by several contributions to the romance of history. His *Extinct Peerages* is

* *The Rise of Great Families; other Essays and Stories.* By Sir Bernard Burke, C.B., LL.D., Ulster King of Arms. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

an interesting and suggestive volume, out of whose contents scores of novels might be made, in most cases with but moderate exertion of imagination in aid of truth, and in many in such mitigation of it as would induce a favourable reception of the works by the public who have no taste for tragedy. In his *Vicissitudes of Families* many of the dry bones are clothed with flesh, and how the mighty are fallen is set forth with impressive plainness. It is a melancholy book, but deeply interesting, with its tracing of individual figures through the press and the hurry of general history, its holding fast to their skirts through the shifting scenes of their career, its dogging them to disaster, death, defeat, insignificance, or oblivion.

The *Rise of Great Families* is the other side of the romance of history, treated in a similar way, and though slighter in composition and less various in its interest, because it is concerned chiefly with the sunny side of the fortunes of its subjects, it is pleasant and curious reading. The herald king has been wandering among his records like Thomson among his peach trees, and has picked out bright and prosperous incidents as the sentimental epicure picked out the sun-ripened bits of the rich fruit. They are strikingly put together, and they furnish a chit-chat commentary upon the contemporary history of many wearers of great names, which appeals to curiosity, and even to a finer, more philosophical sentiment.

Sir Bernard Burke is a capital *raconteur*, though, like all specialists, he is apt to take it for granted that his readers know a great deal more than they do about the subject upon which he knows everything, and he is sometimes in consequence too chary of explanation in matters purely heraldic. In the present instance, though too "magaziny," he has selected and arranged his materials equally well, apportioning a fair share in the historic recollections which he records to England, Ireland, and Scotland respectively. He is indignant at the idea that the English aristocracy should be supposed to be deficient in antiquity of lineage, and proposes to meet Mr. Disraeli on that issue, in a passage which reminds one of the charming discussion between Mrs. Dashwood and her daughters, in Miss Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*. Mrs. Dashwood and Marianne vehemently contend for the superiority of modest competence, Elinor prefers wealth, and is much condemned until it is discovered that her estimate of wealth falls considerably short of her mother's

and sister's standard of competence. Mr. Disraeli's and Sir Bernard Burke's notions of an ancient lineage would probably bear a somewhat analogous proportion. Ulster might be satisfied with Malachi, but Mr. Disraeli would insist on Maccabæus; so that they are both right, the one when he affirms that "the Peers are of ancient lineage," the other when he makes Mr. Millbank say, "a Peer with an ancient lineage is to me a novelty." Sir Bernard gives a long list, in support of his vindication of the Peerage from the charge of new blood, and from it takes a few names, of which he says:—"The sound of them is the echo of the war-trumpet of the middle ages." He gives due precedence to the "four centuries of ducal rank and eight centuries of unsullied ancestry associated with the name of Howard," with their frightful commentaries of royal alliances and violent deaths, their nineteen Knights of the Garter and their twenty distinct peerages, the results of "a spring from simple chivalry to ducal position," a history more grand and tragic than any other English house has to chronicle.

Then comes the story of Douglas, the name which is to Scotland what Howard is to England, and Geraldine and Butler are to Ireland, followed by some curious instances of the influence which heiresses have had on the rise of our great houses, especially in the case of the ducal house of Athole, whose representative, in right of his descent from heiresses, has a shield of more than a thousand quarterings. On the other hand, the Grahams have found no such favour, and the Duke of Montrose's shield has no quartering. For two-thirds of the 570 Peers and Peeresses now existing Sir Bernard Burke claims ancient lineage, illustrated by noble achievement. The roll, as he calls it over, has a grand sound, and many of the old stories connected with the old names are curious and interesting. The feuds of the great houses form a lively chapter, beginning with the celebrated strife between Scrope and Grosvenor, when Geoffrey Chaucer was called before the Court of the Lord High Constable as a witness; the more friendly rivalry between Lord Spencer and the Marquis of Blandford for the possession of Boccaccio's *Decamerone*, which terminated in the purchase of the book by the Marquis for £2,300; and the controversy between Edward, Lord Stafford, and Mr. Bagot, of Blithfield, in the sixteenth century. Clan Chattan, O'Connor, and the Jones-Herbert controversies find mention here, and their points of dispute being

naturally regarded by Ulster with a perfect seriousness, slightly comic to the unheraldic mind, the reader finds himself turning into a partisan during their perusal. Here is a charming anecdote, which we do not remember to have seen in print before:—"Sir John Schaw, of Greenock, a Whig, lost a hawk, supposed to have been shot by Bruce, of Clackmannan, a Jacobite. In Sir John's absence, Lady Greenock sent Mr. Bruce a letter, with an offer of her intercession, on Mr. Bruce's signing a very strongly-worded apology. His reply was:—"For the honoured hands of Dame Margaret Schaw, of Greenock:—Madame, —I did not shoot the hawk. But sooner than have made such an apology as your Ladyship has had the consideration to dictate, I would have shot the hawk, Sir John Schaw, and your Ladyship.—I am, Madame, your Ladyship's devoted servant to command, Clackmannan."

The perplexities of precedence furnish Sir Bernard with material for a pleasant chapter, but one which yields in attraction to a narrative of the ancient glories of Dublin Castle in the dead-and-gone days of Stanhope, Chesterfield, and Harrington, when "the Lady Lieutenant" had a prescribed etiquette of the most pretentious description, and the orders were strict as to the lighting of "a few candles only in the Presence Chamber, Privy Chamber, and Drawing Room, the remainder of the candles to be lighted up when the grooms find the ladies coming." Those were the days of dancing "high and disposedly," in the presence of their Excellencies "within the Bar," and the solicitude displayed in an old MS. programme of private balls for the sacred preservation of the "Red Benches" is highly entertaining. "Before the Ball Room is opened for ladies, four Battleaxes are to be posted, with orders not to suffer any ladies on the Red Benches but such as shall be placed there by the Lady Lieutenant, Gentleman Usher, or Gentlemen at large. The Gentlemen at large are to attend the ladies from the Battleaxe Guard Room into the Ball Room, and place them, taking care not to let any but ladies of quality sit on the Red Benches." Those must have been fine times when Lord Chesterfield wrote home that the only "dangerous Papist" he had met in Ireland was Miss Ambrose, a sobriquet borne by that sparkling queen of beauty ever afterwards; and a Dublin newspaper announced her marriage in 1752, in terms in which we find the origin of one of the wittiest and most impertinent of well-known sayings:—"The cele-

brated Miss Ambrose, of this kingdom," says the enthusiastic print, "has, to the much-envied happiness of *one* and the grief of *thousands*, abdicated her maiden empire of beauty, and retreated to the Temple of Hymen. Her husband is Roger Palmer, Esq., of Castle Jackson, Co. Mayo, M. P."

"Fragments of Family and Personal History, and Historical Picture Galleries," are full of the interest which attaches to getting at the individuals who make up the crowds of the great world. Sir Bernard Burke has not been able altogether to exclude the sad element from this book. It comes out strongly in the romance of the Aberdeen peerage, and the story of Pamela. In the latter case, we observe with pleasure that he passes over as beneath notice the slander which accused Lady Edward Fitzgerald of having betrayed the secret of her husband's retreat. That could not have been true, even of Egalité's daughter.

One of the moot points in modern history is the birth-place of the Duke of Wellington. Sir Bernard Burke has collected all the evidence, hearsay and documentary, which bears upon the subject, and decides, we think with reason, in favour of Mornington House, Upper Merion Street, Dublin. A large number of celebrated persons, great in station or individually remarkable, flit before the reader in this book, which tacks itself on to the writer's graver works and to heavier history in an illustrative, suggestive, realistic way, both useful and amusing.

MRS. SOMERVILLE.

SIR HENRY HOLLAND has sent to the *Times* some very interesting recollections of Mrs. Somerville. He says that had she lived but a month longer she would have reached her ninety-third year. This fact, Sir Henry remarks, will interest all to whom it is welcome to see great faculties like hers maintained and actively exercised to this great age. "That they were so maintained, and this with little impairment of the senses, is attested by two or three striking facts. Three years only have elapsed since she published her two volumes on 'Molecular and Microscopic Science'—a work of great labour and research, accomplished under circumstances little favourable to its prosecution. I happen to know that within the last year of her life she desired to be sent to her at

Naples Professor Hamilton's 'Calculus of Quaternions,' a record of one of the most recent and remarkable attainments in the higher mathematics. It is interesting to associate this fact with one dating sixty years before. In 1811 Mrs. Somerville received a medal at Edinburgh as a prize for the solution of some mathematical problem." Sir Henry Holland proceeds:—

Mrs. Somerville's first great work, the "Mechanism of the Heavens," based on the "Mécanique Céleste" of Laplace, established at once her repute as a mathematician, and in a branch of mathematics at that time little pursued or taught in England, though since cultivated with such admirable success, and so largely applied to other departments of science. It is told, and I believe the anecdote to be well founded, that Laplace himself, commenting on the English mathematical school of that period, said there were only two persons in England who thoroughly understood his work, and these two were women—Mrs. Greig and Mrs. Somerville. The two thus named were, in fact, one. Mrs. Somerville twice married. Her first husband was Captain Greig, son of High Admiral Greig, of the Russian navy, a distinguished officer under the Empress Catherine. Left a widow, with one son, Mr. Woronzow Greig (since deceased), she some years afterwards married her cousin, Dr.

Somerville, by which marriage she had three daughters, two of them now surviving her. . . . From these slight notices of her scientific career I willingly pass to those other features of Mrs. Somerville's character and life which her long absence from England (caused by motives of economy and the love of tranquil leisure) have hidden from general knowledge. She was a woman not of science only, but of refined and highly cultivated tastes. Her paintings and musical talents might well have won admiration, even had there been nothing else beyond them. Her classical attainments were considerable, derived probably from that early part of life when the gentle Mary Fairfax—gentle she must ever have been—was enriching her mind by quiet study in her Scotch home. It may surprise some of the readers of this letter to be told that she was admirable in needlework also. A rent in old lace she would so repair that the new work could hardly be distinguished from the old. A few words more on the moral part of Mrs. Somerville's character; and here too I speak from intimate knowledge. She was the gentlest and kindest of human beings; qualities well attested even by her features and conversation, but expressed still more in all the habits of her domestic and social life. Her modesty and humility were as remarkable as those talents which they concealed from common observation.

Pall Mall Gazette.

A LETTER from Pera in the *Allgemeine Zeitung* purports to give a full account of the circumstances which led to the dismissal of Midhat Pasha from the post of Grand Vizier. Midhat's predecessor, says the correspondent, strove to retain the favour of the Sultan by facilitating in every way the Court expenditure; not only were all the alleged savings of the State Treasury placed at the Sultan's disposal, but the revenues from the provinces were sent direct to the Imperial palace. For this purpose the Sultan had organized a kind of police whose sole duty it was to look after the revenues in question. Immediately on the arrival of a steamer with cash from the provinces one of the Sultan's aides-de-camp used to go on board and present an Imperial order authorizing him to receive the money. When Midhat Pasha assumed office, he at once put a stop to this practice, and re-established the privilege, formerly enjoyed by the Banque Ottomane, of receiving all the State revenues, and making payments on account of the interest of the State debt, the pay of officials, the army, &c. Shortly after the Sultan asked for 10,000 lire, which were paid to him only by instalments. This was followed by a further demand for 50,000 lire, which Midhat Pasha flatly refused to pay. This, combined with his efforts to introduce a more liberal system of pub-

lic education in the face of the opposition of the orthodox Mussulmans, completely lost him the favour of the Sultan. On the 18th of October Midhat made an excursion by railway to Pandik, while the remaining ministers assembled in the palace to offer their congratulations to the Sultan on his birthday. His Majesty, however, refused to receive them, and in the evening he sent one of his aides-de-camp to request Midhat to give up the great seal to Mehemet Ruschdi Pasha. The latter has already twice been Grand Vizier—in 1860 under Sultan Abdul Medjid, and in 1867 under the present Sultan. In 1826, when Sultan Mahmoud ordered the massacre of the Janissaries, Ruschdi was made a sub-officer in the new Turkish army, in whose organization he played a prominent part. He is (says the correspondent) an honest, patriotic, and disinterested man, but he wants creative power and energy. He is accused of being an enemy of Europeans, but this is true only in part, as he is a warm admirer of German science, and especially of the military organization of Germany, and only dislikes the French notions which are held by some of his countrymen. During the late war the German victories were celebrated in his house with great rejoicings.

Pall Mall Gazette.

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A RECOLLECTION.

Soft fell the twilight from the summer sky,
 And gray the garden grew;
 Alone we thought, we wandered — you and I —
 But love went too.

Yet all the while no word of him we spake,
 We talked of trees, flowers, birds;
 But still his mystic music seemed to shake
 Through all our words.

Through all our talk a tender tremor ran,
 Full low, and soft, and sweet;
 And when we lightly parted, I began
 To think of it.

Each word of yours I counted even as gold
 A miser gloateth o'er;
 And twice and thrice the precious sum I told, —
 And then once more.

Each look of yours, the flower you gave to me,
 These were as jewels then:
 Ay, as great jewels ravished from the sea
 For lordly men.

The flower has faded in a book — our talk
 Has faded too, in part —
 But yet I know that in that twilight walk
 I lost my heart.

I dream I wander with you even now;
 I see the boughs that blend
 Their glorious green o'erhead, and wonder how
 Our walk will end?

The honeysuckle's scent is in the air,
 It is the twilight hour, —
 I turn and see a face to me more fair
 Than any flower.

And in that face I strive to read my fate,
 And in those wondrous eyes;
 And trembling in the balance as I wait
 My future lies.

Do you e'er dream of it as well as I?
 Do you think of it yet?
 I shall remember it until I die, —
 Shall you forget?

London Society.

THE SENATORS OF TREVES.

BECAUSE the Goths are nigh,
 And Cæsar's help is late,
 Because the time is come to die,
 The time is past to wait;
 Therefore, we feast in state,
 And fill the goblet high,
 To drink to steadfast prophecy
 And to avenging fate.

The Cæsar's throne may fall,
 But Cæsar's law shall stand,
 To reign within the blackened wall,
 Over the wasted land.
 Our sons, though weak of hand,
 Shall conquer in their thrall.
 For they shall bind on great and small
 Words in a bitter band.

Our daughters, in their shame,
 Shall stoop to harsh behest;
 But they shall set their lords aflame
 With longing, sick unrest;
 Yea, and the sackcloth vest
 The strong desire shall tame,
 And by the Heavenly Husband's name
 They shall avenge us best.

Till shame, and doubt, and care,
 In barren years to be,
 Shall teach a foe too proud to spare
 To pine to be as we.
 Whatever sights we see,
 At last we can despair;
 They shall be hopeless, and not dare
 Call death to set them free —

Like us whose hair grew white
 Under a rosy crown;
 For Cæsar chid us back from fight
 In days when it was brown.
 We lay our burden down,
 And almost count it light;
 We sink without a blow to-night,
 But not without renown.

It shall be said that some
 Out of the listless mass,
 Whose hearts were cold, whose arms were
 numb,
 Who were cut down like grass,
 Looked full in Time's dim glass,
 And drank ere they were dumb,
 To all the woe that is to come,
 To all that is to pass.

For time will make a prey
 Of bitter fruit he bore,
 That he may bear another day
 Fruit, bitter as before.
 We pass, but we adore
 What will not pass away,
 Cæsar or Christ shall be that toy
 Of Rome for evermore.

Since what we have defied
 Is still an empty show,
 'Tis well that other eyes abide
 Its bloodier overthrow.
 Hark! 'tis the shout we know,
 And they are just outside;
 But still the western gates stand wide
 For all who care to go;

We eye the battle line,
 We list the battle din,
 We have watched long in victory's shrine,
 Her feast will soon begin.
 Perhaps she counts it sin
 Because her marbles shine
 With nothing redder yet than wine —
 Let other revellers in.

L'ENVOI.

*At Treves they sang this song
 Some centuries ago;
 As other Goths may come ere long,
 The tune is good to know.*

Cornhill Magazine.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MIDDLEMARCH.*

It is difficult to say how far the large circle of readers who hailed with keen delight the announcement of a new novel by "George Eliot," will be satisfied with that writer for having adopted the tantalizing expedient of issuing this last by instalments — a single "book" at a time. Certainly the tales which have already proceeded from this hand owe their deserved popularity by no means exclusively to the interest of the narrative, or to that eager curiosity which may sometimes be roused by the skilful handling of a mystery. Far less do they depend for their attraction upon anything that can be understood by the term "sensational." Such books are not like the "foaming grape of eastern France," whose chief zest is lost unless we take the full draught at once, and which becomes stale and unprofitable if set aside by any interruption; they are like the still old wine of rare vintage, whose flavour we love to dwell upon and to recur to, and which we have no desire to toss off out of hand. If any work of fiction can bear the being read in portions without injury to its effect, it is one which, like the present, is really not so much a novel as a narrative which is made the vehicle of careful studies of character, fine and discriminating satire, and original thought clothed in the most finished and epigrammatic language. Regarded in this point of view, each "book" of "Middlemarch" is complete in itself. But thorough justice will not have been done to the work until it has been read through a second time as a whole — an experiment which very few will grudge to make.

Dorothea Brooke, the heroine of this Middlemarch history, is as unlike an ordinary modern young lady as well can be. She would have felt, perhaps, that in saying this we were paying her almost the only compliment which she would have valued. To be complimented, or even to be made love to, after the fashion which most of her sex permit, and even seem to

expect, would have been in her eyes somewhat of a degradation. Here is her description:

"Miss Brooke had that kind of beauty which seems to be thrown into relief by poor dress. Her hand and wrist were so finely formed that she could wear sleeves not less bare of style than those in which the Blessed Virgin appeared to Italian painters; and her profile as well as her stature and bearing seemed to gain the more dignity from her plain garments, which by the side of provincial fashion gave her the impressiveness of a fine quotation from the Bible, — or from one of our elder poets, — in a paragraph of to-day's newspaper. She was usually spoken of as being remarkably clever, but with the addition that her sister Celia had more common-sense. Nevertheless, Celia wore scarcely more trimmings; and it was only to close observers that her dress differed from her sister's, and had a shade of coquetry in its arrangements; for Miss Brooke's plain dressing was due to mixed conditions, in most of which her sister shared. The pride of being ladies had something to do with it: the Brooke connections, though not exactly aristocratic, were unquestionably 'good;' if you inquired backward for a generation or two, you would not find any yard-measuring or parcel-tying forefathers — anything lower than an admiral or a clergyman; and there was even an ancestor discernible as a Puritan gentleman who served under Cromwell, but afterwards conformed, and managed to come out of all political troubles as the proprietor of a respectable family estate. Young women of such birth, living in a quiet country-house, and attending a village church hardly larger than a parlour, naturally regarded frillery as the ambition of a huckster's daughter. . . . Dorothea knew many passages of Pascal's *Pensées* and of Jeremy Taylor by heart; and to her the destinies of mankind, seen by the light of Christianity, made the solicitudes of feminine fashion appear an occupation for Bedlam. She could not reconcile the anxieties of a spiritual life involving eternal consequences, with a keen interest in guimp and artificial protrusions of drapery. Her mind was theoretic, and yearned by its nature after some lofty conception of the world which might frankly include the parish of Tipton and her own rule of conduct there; she was enamoured of intensity and greatness, and rash in embracing whatever seemed to her to have those aspects; likely to seek martyrdom, to make retractions, and then to incur martyrdom after all in a quarter where she had not sought it."

* Middlemarch: A Study of Provincial Life. By George Eliot. William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1871.

Her pet occupation (or her "favourite *fad*," as her sister irreverently calls it) is drawing plans of model cottages for the poor; she disciplines herself by occasional fasts, has scruples about wearing even her mother's family jewels, and though very fond of riding, is not free from conscientious qualms on that subject. "She felt that she enjoyed it in a pagan sensuous sort of way, and always looked forward to renouncing it." In short, she is one of those possible Saint Therasas who, through "the meanness of opportunity," never come to the front.

Celia, the younger, looks upon her sister's peculiarities with a good deal of awe, mixed with suppressed impatience. She has the feeling, sometimes, that Dorothea is "too religious for family comfort." To her practical eyes —

"Notions and scruples were like spilt needles, making one afraid of treading, or sitting down, or even eating."

Mr. Brooke, the bachelor uncle with whom the two sisters reside, is the Squire of Tipton Grange in Loamshire, keeping up country hospitality on an income of some three thousand a-year; "a man of nearly sixty, of aquiescent temper, miscellaneous opinions, and uncertain vote." His conversation — which is of the same miscellaneous character as his opinions — is the sort of talk to which we have all listened in a country house, the master of which has travelled a little, and read a little, and dabbled a little in accomplishments in his younger days. Mr. Brooke's mind is a perfect museum of ideas, or what he takes for such; just as his library drawers are stuffed with what he calls "documents" — miscellaneous papers which he has collected on all sorts of subjects; and the "scrappy slovenliness," as his author calls it, with which he jerks out his disjointed talk is highly comical. He indulges a good-humoured illusion that he is a kind of undeveloped universal genius, a Crichton *in posse*, who could have beaten his listeners at their own favourite weapons if he had cared to take the pains. "I was too indolent, you know" — he explains, on one occasion — "else I might have been anywhere at one time." Indeed, his natural zeal for knowledge would

have "carried him over the hedge," as he observes, "but I saw it wouldn't do — I pulled up; I pulled up in time." This complacent appreciation of his own lapsed possibilities is of the most inoffensive sort, though it brings the Squire into some little trouble, inasmuch as it tempts him to take up the "independent" line in politics, and fall a prey to the radical wire-pullers in the borough of Middlemarch, who are as eager as any of their fellows to secure a gentleman of family and position to put in their front.

To such a man, his niece Dorothea is necessarily somewhat of a mystery. He looks upon her with much admiration, a little occasional awe, and a little of that contempt which we all secretly feel for anything which we cannot understand. Her ways are not as the ways of other young women. And when she declares it "impossible" for her to marry their neighbour, Sir James Chettam — "a blooming Englishman of the red-whiskered type" — whose estates adjoin the Tipton property, and who is really a very good tempered and amiable fellow besides being a baronet — though, as even Mr. Brooke is driven to confess, "he doesn't go much into ideas" — then his feeling of the inscrutable nature of the female problem is confirmed.

"Mr. Brooke wondered, and felt that women were an inexhaustible subject of study, since even he at his age was not in a perfect state of scientific prediction about them."

Poor Sir James Chettam has been an unacknowledged suitor of Dorothea's some time before the story opens. He has never as yet made open profession; and Dorothea has steadily in her own mind, though latterly with some degree of wilful blindness, referred all his visits to the Grange to the account of her younger sister, and treated him with a frank kindness as a possible brother-in-law. For Celia such a destiny, with its commonplace happiness, might be possible; but for herself — the idea, when it is flashed upon her consciousness at last by Celia's plain speaking, is, as she says, "horrible."

"Dorothea, with all her eagerness to know the truths of life, retained very childlike ideas

about marriage. She felt sure she would have accepted the judicious Hooker, if she had been born in time to save him from that wretched mistake he made in matrimony; or John Milton when his blindness had come on; or any of the other great men whose odd habits it would have been glorious piety to endure. But an amiable handsome baronet, who said 'Exactly' even when she expressed uncertainty — how could he affect her as a lover? The really delightful marriage must be that where your husband was a sort of father, and could teach you even Hebrew, if you wished it."

In fact, Miss Brooke has just at this time found — or thinks she has found — the ideal hero to whom she feels she can devote herself, who (to use the expression of her own thoughts) "could understand the higher inward life, and with whom there could be some spiritual communion." To her enthusiastic fancy, which has been dreaming of this nobler destiny of women, the coming cavalier wears upon his head (we are borrowing the illustration from the motto to the chapter) the resplendent helmet of Mambrino. Certainly, to the reader's eyes, he appears clad in much more ordinary fashion. He is the Rev. Edward Casaubon, rector and squire (for he lives in the manor-house) of the neighbouring parish of Lowick, a learned and retired scholar, who has for years been making voluminous collections for an important projected work — a "Key to all Mythologies;" intended to show "that all the mythical systems or erratic mythical fragments in the world were corruptions of a tradition originally revealed;" to supersede, we suppose, that remarkable but almost forgotten book, Gale's "Court of the Gentiles." Mr. Casaubon dines for the first time at the Grange, and there makes complete conquest of poor Dorothea. Her admiration is not shared by Celia, who can see no Mambrino's helmet — only a very plain man of from forty-five to fifty, with blinking eyes, the effect of continual study, and other disagreeable peculiarities. Here is the conversation which takes place between the sisters after this first dinner:—

"When the two girls were in the drawing-room alone, Celia said —

"How very ugly Mr. Casaubon is!"

"Celia! He is one of the most distinguished men I ever saw. He is remarkably like the portrait of Locke. He has the same deep eye-sockets."

"Had Locke those two white moles with hairs on them?"

"Oh, I daresay! when people of a certain sort looked at him," said Dorothea, walking away a little.

"Mr. Casaubon is so sallow."

"All the better. I suppose you admire a man with the complexion of a *cochon de lait*." [This is a spiteful hit at poor Sir James — for Celia's benefit.]

"Dodo!" exclaimed Celia, looking after her in surprise. "I never heard you make such a comparison before."

"Why should I make it before the occasion came? It is a good comparison: the match is perfect."

"Miss Brooke was clearly forgetting herself, and Celia thought so.

"I wonder you show temper, Dorothea."

"It is so painful in you, Celia, that you will look at human beings as if they were mere animals with a toilette, and never see the great soul in a man's face."

"Has Mr. Casaubon a great soul?" Celia was not without a touch of naïve malice.

"Yes, I believe he has," said Dorothea, with the full voice of decision. "Everything I see in him corresponds to his pamphlet on Biblical Cosmology."

"He talks very little," said Celia.

"There is no one for him to talk to."

But Celia's opinion of this hero of her sister's imagination is more plainly expressed during a subsequent conversation between the two. The Rector is coming to the Grange again to dinner; this time as the accepted lover of Dorothea, though the younger sister has not yet been made acquainted with that fact.

"Is any one else coming to dinner besides Mr. Casaubon?"

"Not that I know of."

"I hope there is some one else. Then I shall not hear him eat his soup so."

"What is there remarkable about his soup-eating?"

"Really, Dodo, can't you hear how he scrapes his spoon? And he always blinks before he speaks. I don't know whether Locke blinked, but I'm sure I'm sorry for those who sat opposite to him if he did."

"Celia," said Dorothea, with emphatic grav-

ity, 'pray don't make any more observations of that kind.'

" 'Why not? They are quite true,' returned Celia, who had her reasons for persevering, though she was beginning to be a little afraid.

" 'Many things are true which only the commonest minds observe.'

" 'Then I think the commonest minds must be rather useful. I think it is a pity Mr. Casaubon's mother had not a commoner mind: she might have taught him better.' "

It is the modern version, often repeated in the prosaic chronicles of life, of Titania and her love; only that in this case the hero of feminine admiration, whatever his social deficiencies, has not exactly an ass's head on his shoulders. He is only too learned, and too devoted to his literary investigations. But the die is cast. The beauty and brightness of Dorothea, her intelligence and enthusiasm,—and even still more, we must suppose, the marked interest with which she listens to his pedantic sententiousness,—have caught the fancy of the middle-aged student, and awoke in him a sensation which he supposes to be love. It is not only, or chiefly, that he has been "using up his eyesight too much of late upon old manuscripts, and wants a reader for his evenings," and is, in this matter, "fastidious in voices," as he has told Mr. Brooke; though this consideration has clearly had a large share in directing his thoughts towards the acquisition of a wife. Still, his feelings are genuine, so far as they go. The long letter in which he conveys his proposal is redeemed from much of its egotism and assumption of superiority by one or two touches which show that such heart as he has is really concerned in the matter, and by the confession that "in this order of experience he is still young."

Dorothea accepts him,—thankfully, almost rapturously; with an amount of tearful gratitude which, if young ladies in her position often feel, they at least do not let either their lovers or their biographers into the secret. "She fell on her knees, buried her face, and sobbed." Here was her ideal destiny realized.

"How could it occur to her to examine the letter, to look at it critically as a profession of love? Her whole soul was possessed by the fact that a fuller life was opening before her; she was a neophyte about to enter on a higher grade of initiation. She was going to have room for the energies which stirred uneasily under the dimness and pressure of her own ignorance and the petty peremptoriness of the world's habits."

If Miss Brooke's feelings are very unlike those which ordinary young women would be conscious of on the eve of matrimony,

so is the Rev. Edward Casaubon, in his views on that important step, very unlike a regulation lover. He does not hesitate, in his very original love-letter, to explain that he looks upon Dorothea as a companion who is "to supply aid in graver labours, and to cast a charm over vacant hours." So, again, in one of their first conversations after their engagement, he says to her: "The great charm of your sex is its capability of an ardent self-sacrificing affection; and herein we see its fitness to round and complete the existence of our own." It is not improbable that middle-aged gentlemen, when they choose a wife of deliberate purpose rather than from what is called falling in love, are often very consciously and principally influenced by such considerations, and that they are frequently much more truly "in love" with themselves than with the lady. But they must feel that it would scarcely help their suit, and might rather startle her self-appreciation to be told that, instead of a necessity to the suitor's happiness, she is only to be taken up as the amusement of a "vacant hour."

No wonder that such a lover looks forward eagerly to "the happy termination of his courtship," because, among other reasons, it is "a hindrance to the progress of his great work."

"But he had deliberately incurred the hindrance, having made up his mind that it was now time for him to adorn his life with the graces of female companionship, to irradiate the gloom which fatigue was apt to hang over the intervals of studious labour with the play of female fancy, and to secure in this, his culminating age, the solace of female tendance for his declining years. Hence he determined to abandon himself to the stream of feeling, and perhaps was surprised to find what an exceedingly shallow rill it was. As in droughty regions baptism by immersion could only be performed symbolically, so Mr. Casaubon found that sprinkling was the utmost approach to a plunge which his stream would afford him; and he concluded that the poets had much exaggerated the force of masculine passion."

But Dorothea sees no shortcomings. She supplies all that is wanting out of the wealth of her own imagination.

"She filled up all-blanks with unmanifested perfections, interpreting him as she interpreted the works of Providence, and accounting for seeming discords by her own deafness to the higher harmonies. And there are many blanks left in the weeks of courtship which a loving faith fills with happy assurance."

She is content, therefore, with the most imperfect utterances of the idol which sh

has set up. She even smothered her natural disappointment when, in response to her enthusiasm about model cottages, he "diverts the talk to the extremely narrow accommodation which was to be had in the dwellings of the ancient Egyptians." The author sums up this form of hero-worship, which meets us in so many shapes, in one of those terse and frequent sentences with which these volumes, like their predecessors, abound.

"What believer sees a disturbing omission or infelicity? The text, whether of prophet or poet, expands for whatever we can put into it, and even his bad grammar is sublime."

Once, indeed, the veil is half-lifted from her eyes, and a casual remark from her future husband, which he lets fall in the most complete unconsciousness of all that it reveals, jars painfully upon her woman's feeling. It has been settled that they are to go as far as Rome on their wedding journey. Mr. Casaubon has some literary researches to make in the Vatican. Celia has declined to accompany them, nor does Dorothea herself desire it; her visions of future happiness and usefulness are fully self-sufficient for her. But Mr. Casaubon is disappointed — on her account, of course.

"You will have many lonely hours, Dorothea, for I shall be constrained to make the utmost use of my time during our stay in Rome, and I shall feel more at liberty if you had a companion."

"The words 'I should feel more at liberty' grated on Dorothea. For the first time in speaking to Mr. Casaubon she coloured from annoyance."

"You must have misunderstood me very much," she said, "if you think I should not enter into the value of your time; if you think that I should not willingly give up whatever interfered with your using it to the best purpose."

But when she goes up to dress for dinner, she reproaches herself for the irritation she has felt, and for the tone in which she had answered him.

"Surely I am in a strangely selfish weak state of mind," she said to herself. "How can I have a husband who is so much above me, without knowing that he needs me much less than I need him?"

So they are married; to the discomfiture of poor Sir James Chettam, who bears his defeat, however, with very sensible philosophy; to the dismay of good Mr. Brooke, who has to fall back for support upon his convictions of the general incomprehensibility of woman; to the great disgust of Celia, who is more than ever confirmed in her antipathy to "no-

tions," and is likely to have an uncomfortable recollection, for some time after the wedding, of the very free strictures which she has passed upon the bridegroom; and to the entire disapproval of a certain Mrs. Cadwallader, wife of another rector in the neighbourhood, who has great confidence in her capacity for regulating the affairs of her neighbours generally, and especially in the matter of match-making.

The marriage turns out not more happily than might be expected. Not that it leads to any domestic catastrophe; the hand from which "Middlemarch" comes does not require to work that kind of popular material up into the story. But Casaubon is unlovable; unlovable by any possibility of woman's manifold nature, as poor Dorothea presently discovers. Unlovable, because he has no capacity in himself for loving anything except his projected book, and finds his young wife, except as a reader and amanuensis, a positive embarrassment. Yet none the less will the thoughtful reader regard him, in spite of his narrow selfishness and hardness, with great pity. For upon him, no less than upon Dorothea, the truth is breaking by slow degrees, that the great idea of his life is a hopeless failure. The secret gnawing mistrust of his own powers, which creeps over him like a slow paralysis; the suspicion that the row of close-filled note-books, the darling interest and occupation of a life, will never in his hands take connected shape, that he has mistaken the diligence of a collector for the genius of an author, and that even if his ability were equal to the task, still the literary world has been going on while he has been lingering — that his researches have been anticipated by more modern scholars, and that in all his elaborate disquisitions he is but fighting in argument against the ghosts of long-exploded errors — all this is as bitter a mortification to the student as the disenchantment of her illusions is to the young wife. Selfish pedant though he be, we cannot help but pity him; especially when he sees, or thinks he sees, that this keen-eyed enthusiast, whom he has married to be a helpmeet in a very unusual sense, is becoming a silent critic of his incapacity. He suddenly begins to look upon her as "a personification of that shallow world which surrounds the ill-appreciated and desponding author." There has come upon the scene too, in order further to trouble his literary peace, a young cousin whom he has half-adopted, and to whom he has offered to give a start

in life in any career to which his choice may lead him. But to Will Ladislav, mercurial in temperament and indolent in practice, choice of a career is the most difficult thing in the world. An amateur painter, he has been hanging about the studios in Rome during the Casaubons' visit there, and, by virtue of his relationship, has established an intimacy with Dorothea of quite an innocent kind, but of which Mr. Casaubon is in a certain sense and half-unconsciously jealous. The young man is not fond of his elderly cousin, in spite — or possibly because — of his pecuniary obligations to him, and to him it seems "too intolerable that Dorothea should be worshipping this husband," who is far from a divinity in his eyes. He lets fall some words about English scholarship being behind the rest of the world, and Mr. Casaubon's misfortune in not reading German.

"Young Mr. Ladislav was not at all deep himself in German writers; but very little achievement is required in order to pity another man's shortcomings."

Dorothea loyally defends her husband, and Ladislav is piqued into still more disrespectful utterances. He talks about students who only "crawl a little way after men of the last century, and correct their mistakes — living in a lumber-room, and furbishing up broken-legged theories about Chus and Misraim."

"How can you speak so lightly?" said Dorothea, with a look between sorrow and anger. "If it were as you say, what could be sadder than so much ardent labour all in vain? . . . Indeed, I am wrong altogether. Failure after long perseverance is much grander than never to have a striving good enough to be called a failure."

But the arrow thus launched remains fixed in the wound. Still, Dorothea's nature is too noble for it to have any effect upon her loyalty to her husband. Her eyes become opened painfully, not only to her own illusion, but to her husband's also. "She felt the waking of a presentiment that there might be a sad consciousness in his life which made as great a need on his side as on her own."

The closing scenes of Casaubon's life, made more anxious and hopeless by the presence of the fatal disease which, as both he and his young wife know each in their secret hearts, may cut it short at any moment, are described in masterly fashion. Few authors could have succeeded in making us understand the selfish egoism of the antiquated scholar, and the high-souled

sacrifice which the wife still makes to duty after her brighter dream has for ever disappeared, without rousing our indignation against the cold and unsympathizing husband. But it is done; and the hardness in which he locks himself up against all attempts at sympathy on Dorothea's part only increases the pathos of his lonely despondency. The barrier which disparity of every kind has thrown up between the two, is described with a wonderful power of thoughtful analysis, and in language which demands in return no little thought from the reader, so pregnant with meaning is every phrase.

"She nursed him, she read to him, she anticipated his wants, and was solicitous about his feelings; but there had entered into the husband's mind the certainty that she judged him, and that her wifely devotedness was like a penitential expiation of unbelieving thoughts — was accompanied with a power of comparison by which himself and his doings were seen too luminously as a part of things in general. His discontent passed vapour-like through all her gentle loving manifestations, and clung to that inappreciative world which she had only brought nearer to him.

"Poor Mr. Casaubon! This suffering was the harder to bear because it seemed like a betrayal: the young creature who had worshipped him with perfect trust had quickly turned into the critical wife; and early instances of criticism and resentment had made an impression which no tenderness and submission afterwards could remove. To his suspicious interpretation Dorothea's silence now was a suppressed rebellion: a remark from her which he had not in any way anticipated was an assertion of conscious superiority; her gentle answers had an irritating cautiousness in them; and when she acquiesced it was a self-approved effort of forbearance. The tenacity with which he strove to hide this inward drama made it the more vivid for him; as we hear with the more keenness what we wish others not to hear."

We learn to see, with Dorothea's eyes, "the lonely labour, the ambition breathing hardly under the pressure of self-distrust; the goal receding and the heavier limbs; and now at last the sword trembling visibly above him.

We have lingered over a portion of the book which develops most remarkably the writer's powers, and we prefer to leave the future of Dorothea Casaubon to be sought out by our readers in the volumes themselves. Her discarded suitor, Sir James Chettam, who is by no means the kind of person to break his heart for any woman, consoles himself in very brief space by transferring his affections to the younger sister, Celia. And that placid

and prosaic young lady is much too rational to allow his passing preference for Dorothea to stand in the way of an arrangement which she feels will be more suitable for all parties. The baronet, indeed, like a true gentleman, maintains a chivalric loyalty to the lady who was none the less worthy of his love because she could not accept it. He always continues to think Dorothea "a noble woman," who "ought to have been a queen;" an opinion which Celia receives with much complacency. "It was very well," she thought, "for Sir James to say so, but *he* would not have been comfortable with Dodo,"—in which belief she was undoubtedly right.

The course of the story takes us very much into the borough-town of Middlemarch, and the provincial magnates who make up society there. And here, we need hardly say, the peculiar and inimitable force with which, avoiding everything like caricature, "George Eliot" brings before us the characteristics of English middle-class life is fully exemplified. It may be that those smoother and more refined circles in which everything is cut, more or less, to an artificial and uniform pattern, and where few things are more dreaded than the imputation of oddity, present less attractive matter to an original artist; since one modern drawing-room scene and conversation may be and is multiplied by fifty in our popular novels with but very slight modifications. But it is also clear that this writer has a special faculty of observation, and a special taste for the reproduction of the salient features of country town and village life, with a quick perception both of the humour and the pathos with which it abounds. And when we get fairly into the town, and are admitted to the hospitable board of Mrs. Vinoy, the mayor's wife (herself an innkeeper's daughter, though she has a son at Oxford affecting expensive society and spending his money therein, as innkeepers' grandsons are rather apt to do), or when we are set down at old invalid Mr. Featherstone's churlish fireside, we feel that we have got into a fresher atmosphere and more amusing company, even if not quite so select as Mr. Fred Vinoy the Oxonian might desire. There are a dozen rapid dashes of character among these Middlemarch notabilities, whose sayings and doings occupy but a very few pages here and there in the volumes, but each with individuality enough thrown into them to set up an industrious writer with characters for three or four separate novels, if he carefully

worked them out. Not that these people are what are sometimes called "characters" or "originals" at all; they have no eccentricities of behaviour, and no recurrent phrases or turns of speech at which we are expected to laugh every time they appear on the scene.

Take, for instance, those brief sketches of Dr. Sprague and Dr. Minchin, the rival practitioners, who "concealed with much etiquette their contempt for each other's skill." There is nothing out of the way about these men—a dozen country towns might furnish the originals; the value of the drawing lies simply in the touch of the artist's hand.

"Dr. Sprague was more than suspected of having no religion; but somehow Middlemarch tolerated this deficiency in him *as if he had been a Lord Chancellor*; indeed, it is probable that his professional weight was the more believed in, the old-world association of cleverness with the evil principle being still potent in the minds of even lady-patients who had the strictest ideas of frilling and sentiment. . . . On this ground it was (professionally speaking) fortunate for Dr. Minchin that his religious sympathies were of a general kind, and such as gave a distant medical sanction to all serious sentiment whether of Church or Dissent, rather than any adhesion to particular tenets. . . . Dr. Minchin was soft-handed, pale-complexioned, and of rounded outline, not to be distinguished from a mild clergyman in appearance: whereas Dr. Sprague was superfluously tall; his trousers got creased at the knees, and showed an excess of boot at a time when straps seemed necessary to any dignity of bearing; you heard him go in and out, and up and down, as if he had come to see after the roofing. In short, he had weight, and might be expected to grapple with a disease and throw it; while Dr. Minchin might be better able to detect it lurking and to circumvent it."

The curious thing about all these sketches is that they are people whom most of us have known under some other name, only we failed to catch the humorous aspect of their being. We thought them prosaic, not to say vulgar; when, lo! they were full of poetry,—to the poet. Mr. Standish, the old lawyer, "who had been so long concerned with the landed gentry that he had become landed himself," and brought out his "by G—" "in a deep-mouthed manner, as a sort of armorial bearings, stamping the speech of a man who held a good position;" Mr. Chichely, the middle-aged bachelor, "who had a complexion somewhat like an Easter egg, a few hairs carefully arranged, and a carriage implying the consciousness of a distinguished appearance;" who thinks there should al-

ways be "a little devil in a woman" — "his study of the fair sex seeming to have been detrimental to his theology;" who shakes his head meaningly when it is suggested to him to "make up" to Miss Vincy — implying that "he was not going to incur the certainty of being accepted by the woman he should choose:" Mr. Bambridge the horse-dealer, "loud, robust, and sometimes spoken of as being 'given to indulgence' — chiefly in swearing, drinking, and beating his wife," — "the minute retentiveness of whose memory was chiefly shown about the horses he had himself bought and sold, the number of miles they would trot you in no time without turning a hair, being, after the lapse of years, still a subject of passionate asseveration" (if Mr. Bambridge's rich fund of anecdote and illustration is not poetry, we have no poetry left); Mr. Horrock the "vet," cynical and silent, whose critical judgment, "if you could be ever fortunate enough to know it, would be *the* thing, and no other;" Mr. Trumbull the auctioneer, with whom "things never began, but always commenced, both in private life and on his handbills," and who "would have liked to have had the universe under his hammer, feeling sure it would go at a higher figure for his recommendation;" — why, we have all met the very men in the course of our wanderings up and down, and never till now saw anything worth special remark in them. They are like the little "bits" of scenery you pass on every turnpike road; an artist comes that way, takes out his palette, dashes a few streaks of moist colour on his rough paper, and you have a result which even your inartistic eyes can appreciate, though you did not know before that the picturesque was there.

It is very noteworthy how many of the best novels of the present day touch with more or less distinctiveness upon questions of religious belief. We set aside, of course, those many stories — some excellent of their kind, others the veriest rubbish — which are confessedly stories with a purpose, written to advocate some favourite view, in which the illustration of certain theological tenets is of the very essence of the book. In these, if we only know the name of the writer — sometimes a fairly accurate guess may be arrived at by merely glancing at that of the publisher — the reader is enabled at once to forecast the kind of fare which is provided for him, and will proceed to read or not to read according as his bias may incline him. But even in those which assume no such didactic office, and whose writers would

fairly repudiate any such design as proselytism, the great problems of religion, instead of being tacitly ignored or disguised in vague generalities, are assumed as having a momentous influence upon human life. They are not brought prominently into the foreground, perhaps, but they are evidently present to the mind of the writer as elements of grave importance. If our generation be indeed so irreverent and irreligious as it is said to be, the traces of character are not to be found in our highest works of fiction. If there is scepticism in them, it is scepticism in the better sense of the word. The doubts are those of the honest doubter; the questioning is not of a sneering or captious kind, but has the earnest tone of the inquirer who seeks an answer. Even if prevalent forms of belief are sometimes held up somewhat rudely to the light, and shown to be here and there but thread-bare spiritual raiment, it is without prejudice to the living body of truth which they are intended to clothe.

This is peculiarly the case with the works of the writer whose last production lies before us. Theological colour these volumes have none. Professions of a creed may seem to be even purposely avoided. But no one can say that their tone is other than reverent on religious questions. The unrealities of religion, whether they take the shape of formal act or fluent profession, are touched with a satire whose lash is not the less cutting because it is laid on with the most delicate wrist-play. People "whose celestial intimacies seem not to improve their domestic manners," who contrive "to conciliate piety and worldliness, the nothingness of this life and the desirability of cut glass, the consciousness at once of filthy rags and the best damask," find no mercy here. And whether the old miser Peter Featherstone seeks, as he declares in his will, "to please God Almighty" by building almshouses, or Mr. Bulstrode attempts "an act of restitution which may move Divine Providence to avert painful consequences," the touch of honest scorn in the brief phrases is more effective than a homily. And nowhere read where we will, shall we find less religious narrowness, or a fuller confession of the spiritual needs of human nature. Indeed, the cry of the soul after something more satisfying than the mere husks of worldly well-doing and success seems uttered in these volumes with an intensity which is almost painful. True, we have no distinct ideal set up and recommended as really attainable; rather — and this gives to the work that remarkable

tinge of melancholy which has been remarked, in spite of all their grace and humour, in most of its predecessors from the same hand—we are allowed to gather that for the most part ideals are unattainable, and that the highest aspirations only serve to give a grandeur to the failure in which they inevitably end. We have been forcibly reminded, as we read, of the tone of thought which runs through several of those most remarkable sermons of Frederick Robertson—that all life is in one sense an illusion and a failure: and that the Highest Life on earth was, to outward seeming, a notorious failure. Take the characters in these volumes: all who set before them an object in life higher than their fellows, fail in its attainment. Casaubon is a failure, Dorothea is a failure, Lydgate is a failure more than all. It might seem, at first thought, as though the moral were as cynical as this—if you would escape disappointment, you must not seek to rise above the level of your fellow-creatures. It is Celia, with her kitten-like content and hatred of “notions,”—Sir James Chettam, who “doesn’t go much into ideas,”—Will Ladislav, with his amiable vagabond dilettantism, who looks upon all forms of prescribed works as “harness,” and holds genius to be “necessarily intolerant of fetters,”—Fred Vinay, with his goodhumoured gentlemanlike selfishness,—who come out, on the whole, with the largest share of commonplace happiness. But we are much mistaken if such be the moral which the author—if any moral be intended or permissible—would have us draw. The lines may be read another way. To have an ideal at which we aim, and that ideal of the highest kind, is the worthy life and the true life, though not of necessity that which attains its object or wins content. It is better to fail than to succeed, if the aim has been noble in the one case, and mean in the other. Our full sympathies remain with the aspirants in their failures—even because of their failures—not with the lower natures in their placid ruminant life. We feel no shadow of regret for Dorothea’s loss of her position as the lady of Lowick Manor, though we cannot accept without some disappointment her descent from her pedestal to the level of ordinary humanity, to be only “known in a certain circle as a wife and mother;” and we agree sadly with Lydgate in regarding himself as a failure, when he gets into extensive practice, and the receipt of an excellent income, and is credited by all his friends and acquaint-

ances with the possession of a very charming wife.

It is somewhat singular to find a writer whose line of thought is so distinctly modern, learning with so much evident tolerance, if not with favour, towards that type of old English churchmanship which has become almost a byword of reproach among the more active and critical spirits of our own day. There is the same gentle dealing with the old-fashioned church parson which we found in “Adam Bede,” and in “The Mill on the Floss.” Mr. Farebrother, the by no means pattern vicar of St. Botolph’s, but for whom nevertheless our sympathies are strongly enlisted, is cast in very much the same mould, allowing for these specific differences which an artist whose figures are never servilely repeated knows how to make, as the Mr. Irwine of “Adam Bede.” Farebrother has more weakness, but more ability. The author of this remarkable series of novels has no sympathy with those who denounce what they have been pleased to term “the gentleman heresy”; meaning thereby that to be a gentleman is no part of the qualification for a clergyman’s office, and may possibly be a hindrance to his work. We believe that, so far as English feeling is concerned, whether among rich or poor, no mistake could possibly be greater; and that, next to those more solemn essentials which fit a man for such a vocation, the delicate tact and high-mindedness in little things, which mark the character of the true gentleman, are qualities especially needed in the difficult relations into which the town or country parson is being continually brought with his people. For men who become clergymen merely “for gentility’s sake,” the author of “Middlemarch” has very little indulgence,—dismissing one of them in the indignant words of honest Mary Garth, “What right have such men to represent Christianity? as if it were an institution for getting up idiots genteelly!” But to find any favour in these volumes they must be gentlemen in the best sense, whatever else they may be:—

“I don’t say that Farebrother is apostolic,” said Lydgate. “His position is not quite like that of the Apostles; he is only a parson among parishioners whose lives he has to try and make better. Practically, I find that what is called being apostolic now is an impatience of everything in which the parson does not cut the principal figure. I see something of that in Mr. Tyke at the hospital; a good deal of his doctrine is a sort of pinching hard to make people uncomfortably aware of him.”

The appreciation shown by this writer for all that was good—and there was much—in the clergy of the old school, includes also a kindly though critical reminiscence of the external aspect which the Church and its services presented in their day. Here, as before, the churches into which we are carried are not the “restored” and beautiful buildings with which we are all now so familiar in fiction as well as in fact, but the “white-washed walls and dark old pews,” and “little gallery over the vestry,” in which the parish choir sang the good old tune of “Hanover.” The date of the story—in the days of “Mr. Peel”—will of course account in some degree for the style of the picture; but the touches are evidently all put in with a loving hand. If we are made to smile at the homeliness of the group, it is a smile of a very kindly sort, and there is no more sneer intended than was in Addison’s mind when he showed us Sir Roger de Coverley allowing no one to go to sleep in church but himself. A certain provincial architectural society, in one of those “progresses” now so common in search of objects of interest, visited amongst other places a village church which had lately been in the hands of the architect. The president—a considerable antiquarian authority—got up into the pulpit, and began, as was usual, to deliver a kind of running lecture on the chief points of interest in the building. To the horror and disappointment of the zealous rector, who had spared neither money nor pains upon the work of renovation, he began his remarks as follows: “We have here before us, gentlemen, one of the most uninteresting objects to antiquarian eyes—a thoroughly restored church.” One can quite conceive that to the author of “Middlemarch,” though for a somewhat different reason, the hand of the modern restorer who has doubtless by this time duly scraped off the whitewash, and cut down the dark old pews, and disestablished the singing gallery in Lowick church, will have seemed to have been guilty of almost as ruthless a sacrilege as the enemy who in older times broke down all the carved work with axes and hammers. Some of us retain cherished reminiscences, tender as well as picturesque, even of the unregenerate church architecture and church order of our childhood; and to destroy them is like rubbing off the precious rust from the collector’s relic.

Something of the same feeling may also be traced, here as in the author’s previous volumes, in that intense appreciation of

midland county scenery—so prosaic in the estimation of strangers, so heartily enjoyable to those who are most familiar with it—which shows itself in passages like the following:—

“The ride to Stone Court lay through a pretty bit of midland landscape, almost all meadows and pastures, with hedgerows still allowed to grow in bushy beauty and to spread out coral fruit for the birds. Little details gave each field a particular physiognomy, dear to the eyes that have looked on them from childhood: the pool in the corner where the grasses were dank and trees leaned whisperingly; the great oak shadowing a bare place in mid-pasture; the high bank where the ash-trees grew; the sudden slope of the old marl-pit making a red background for the burdock; the huddled roofs and ricks of the homestead without a traceable way of approach; the grey gate and fences against the depths of the bordering wood; and the stray hovel, its old, old thatch full of mossy hills and valleys with wondrous modulations of light and shadow such as we travel far to see in later life, and see larger, but none more beautiful. These are the things that make the gamut of joy in landscape to midland-bred souls—the things they toddled among, or perhaps learned by heart standing between their father’s knees while he drove leisurely.”

Perhaps the ablest analysis of character in this book is that of Bulstrode, the “evangelical” banker. To paint in glaring colours the sanctimonious hypocrite is easy enough for a very ordinary artist, and we have had him set before us under various names, from Mawworm downwards, until we have become almost sick of the portraits as we should be of the original, if we met him in actual life—which, be it observed, we very rarely do. But Mr. Bulstrode is not of this coarse type. He is not, in the ordinary sense of the word, a hypocrite at all; he does not wear a mere outward mask of spirituality. So far as intense belief in an unseen world and a controlling Providence, and a real personal interest in what he conceives to be, as he phrases it, “for God’s glory,” he is sincere enough. It is this which redeems him at his worst from our contempt and disgust, even while we shudder at what we feel to be his blasphemous paltering with conscience. The man is religious,—miserably and superstitiously so. He is a character much more natural, and probably much more common, than the Pharisee of ordinary fiction. To enter into the feelings of such natures must always be difficult for a commonly honest mind; but the dissection of such a man’s inner conscience, which we have here made for us with the remarkable skill of this moral anatomist, has at least

all the *vraisemblance* of an operation performed upon the actual human subject. That entire separation of religion, so called, from the human duties of life is seldom perhaps so complete as we have it here represented; men do not often confess it even to their secret selves; but there can be no doubt as to its being, for sordid minds, the most fascinating of all heresies. We should be very sorry to appear to cast even the shadow of an unfair reflection upon a class; but it would almost seem as if that special bias towards a theology more or less antinomian which is largely observable in the tradesman class—to a far greater extent than in any other class above or below, is not purely accidental, but that it is a preference arising distinctly out of the circumstances of their life. Finding such doctrines, or doctrines which appear the same, maintained by theologians of repute, and pushed to the extreme by modern teachers who have inherited their terminology without the spirituality, they have adopted them honestly as best meeting their own difficulties. Few will reason themselves directly into the state of mind which is here attributed to Mr Dunkirk, the thieves' pawn-broker, who "had never conceived that trade had anything to do with salvation;" but a good many men, who are by no means hypocrites in the grosser sense, act indirectly upon some such belief. This description of the Middlemarch banker's state of mind is one which might serve perhaps as the unveiling of more than one nature in which the same contradiction is at work:—

"There may be coarse hypocrites, who consciously affect beliefs and emotions for the sake of gulling the world, but Bulstrode was not one of them. He was simply a man whose desires had been stronger than his theoretic beliefs, and who had gradually explained the gratification of his desires into satisfactory agreement with those beliefs. If this be hypocrisy, it is a process which shows itself occasionally in us all, to whatever confession we belong, and whether we believe in the future perfection of our race or in the nearest date fixed for the end of the world; whether we regard the earth as a putrefying nidus for a saved remnant, including ourselves, or have a passionate belief in the solidarity of mankind.

"The service he could do to the cause of religion had been through life the ground he alleged to himself for his choice of action: it had been the motive which he had poured out in his prayers. Who would use money and position better than he meant to use them? Who could surpass him in self-abhorrence and exaltation of God's cause? And to Mr. Bulstrode God's cause was something distinct from his own rec-

titude of conduct: it enforced a discrimination of God's enemies, who were to be used merely as instruments, and whom it would be as well if possible to keep out of money and consequent influence. Also, profitable investments in trades where the power of the prince of this world showed its most active devices, became sanctified by a right application of the profits in the hands of God's servant.

"This implicit reasoning is essentially no more peculiar to evangelical belief than the use of wide phrases for narrow motives is peculiar to Englishmen. There is no general doctrine which is not capable of eating out our morality if unchecked by the deep-seated habit of direct fellow-feeling with individual fellow-men."

There was an "Occasional Sermons Bill," as it was called, brought into the House last session, and quickly disposed of; not being, as some long-suffering hearers might have fondly hoped, a bill to make sermons only "occasional," instead of inevitable as at present, but to allow laymen to preach them "on occasion." It was found that, whether occasionally or constantly, the public would, on the whole, prefer the regular practitioner. But if preachers were to arise from among the laity who could deal with men's consciences with something of the power which is shown from time to time in these pages, one would be glad that they should preach in St. Paul's Cathedral or at Paul's Cross, or at wherever they could get the largest audience.

The mental struggle of this man Bulstrode with his great temptation—which we will not anticipate for the reader—is described with wonderful power. How, when disgrace appears to be imminent, he "in vain said to himself that, if permitted, it would be a divine visitation, a chastisement, a burning; but he recoiled from the imagined burning, and he judged that it must be more for the divine glory that he should escape dishonour;" how he prays "that if it were possible the rest of his days here below might be freed from the threat of an ignominy which would break him utterly as an instrument of God's service." In the very crisis of his temptation he rises and spends "some time in private prayer." Do we wonder that it is neither a prayer that the temptation may be removed, nor that a way may be made for him to escape? We are answered by the author in these remarkable words:—

"Does any one suppose that private prayer is necessarily candid—necessarily goes to the roots of action? Private prayer is inaudible speech, and speech is representative; who can

represent himself just as he is, even in his own reflections?"

We must leave our readers to study for themselves the episode which we have here only briefly touched upon, and which, while entirely free from all sensational incident, or any of those artifices by which, in ordinary works of fiction, interest is sought to be excited and maintained, is to our view the most powerful part of these volumes. But we must just remark how simply and beautifully the author has given us the true solution of all that "religious" casuistry which marks the conflict in the soul of Bulstrode, in a few words put into the mouth of Caleb Garth, — slow in speech, but quick in moral perception.

"You are a conscientious man, Mr. Garth — a man, I trust, who feels himself accountable to God. You would not wish to injure me by being too ready to believe a slander," said Bulstrode, casting about for pleas that might be adapted to his hearer's mind.

"I would injure no man if I could help it," said Caleb; *"even if I thought God winked at it."*

A second love-story is worked out in these volumes with a wonderful power of insight into that pathetic tragedy which so often underlies the surface of the most commonplace life. It is the perfect contradictory of poor Dorothea's romance. The dreamer of dreams, in this second case, is the gentleman and not the lady. The town of Middlemarch has been somewhat excited, in its quiet way, by the advent of a young surgeon — a Mr. Lydgate ("one of the Lydgates of Northumberland, really well connected," as the Dowager Lady Chettam observes), a very good type of one class — it is much to be wished that it were a larger class — of his profession. He is clever, well-read, and gentlemanlike; "has ideas, you know," says Mr. Brooke, "and wants to raise the profession." He has in his mind the ideal of a wife, as Miss Brooke had of a husband. But this ideal he would have been very far from finding in Dorothea. When he meets that young lady at a dinner which her uncle gives to some of the Middlemarch notables, he looks upon her with a kind of curious admiration.

"Her youthful bloom, with her approaching marriage to that faded scholar, and her interest in matters socially useful, gave her the piquancy of an unusual combination.

"She is a good creature — that fine girl — but a little too earnest," he thought. "It is troublesome to talk to such women. They are

always wanting reasons, yet they are too ignorant to understand the merits of any question, and usually fall back on their moral sense to settle things after their own taste."

The lady of his fancy, whom he thinks he has already seen, and whose somewhat commonplace character he views through the same kind of haze as that with which Dorothea has surrounded her hero, is a being cast in quite another mould. He had not yet quite fallen in love; but he said of that particular woman, — "She is grace itself — she is perfectly lovely and accomplished. That is what a woman ought to be — she ought to produce the effect of exquisite music." To adorn her husband's life is his view of the mission of woman.

"Lydgate felt sure that, if ever he married, his wife would have that distinctive womanhood which must be classed with flowers and music — that sort of beauty which by its very nature was virtuous, being moulded only for pure and delicate joys."

"To his taste, guided by a single conversation, here was the point on which Miss Brooke would be found wanting, notwithstanding her undeniable beauty. She did not look on things from the proper feminine angle. The society of such women was about as relaxing as going from your work to teach the second form, instead of reclining in a paradise with sweet laughs for bird-notes and blue eyes for a heaven."

How far this paradise is ever realized for the ambitious young surgeon — how far bird-notes and blue eyes suffice to make a man's heaven on earth — especially a man who, like Lydgate, "had meant to lead a higher life than the common," — we leave to be discovered in the volumes which follow. Nor have we space to deal with the love fortunes of Fred Vinoy and Mary Garth, who have no great ideals to dazzle or disappoint them; though we may say that this latter young lady became our own personal favourite from her first appearance, not only from her unpromising honesty, and tendency to show a little temper, but from a presentiment that these plain brown girls, towards the end of third volumes, have a tendency to improve into something very charming in their way.

The episode of the Middlemarch election reminds us of some of the scenes in "Felix Holt." Though the story itself dates back to the days of "Mr. Peel" and the Catholic Question, we see some of the political and social problems of our own times already casting their shadows be-

fore them, and they are evidently present to the author's mind. No opinions can well be less conservative, in one sense, than those of the author of "Middlemarch," if Conservatism means, as its enemies would assert, the maintenance of shams and abuses. But, as all readers of "Felix Holt" will remember, George Eliot's radicalism, if radicalism it be, is of a very unpopular type. No one sees more clearly into the hollowness of political clap-trap and declamation. Ladislav, who goes in for what we are now pleased to call purity of election, has to stop his ears when he finds that "the means of enlisting the voter's ignorance on the side of the Bill were remarkably similar to the means of enlisting it against the Bill." Mr. Brooke himself is chuckling at the prospect of promotion in the Church which he foresees for Mr. Casaubon, as a reward for "a very seasonable pamphlet on the Catholic Question." "He little thought," says our author, "of the Radical speech which he was hereafter to make on the incomes of the Bishops."

"But of Mr. Brooke I make a further remark, — namely, that if he had foreknown his speech, it might not have made any great difference. To think with pleasure of his niece's husband having a large ecclesiastical income was one thing — to make a liberal speech was another thing; and it is a narrow mind which cannot look at a subject from various points of view."

That poor gentleman's feelings, as he stands in his "buff waistcoat, short-clipped blond hair, and neutral physiognomy" (have we not all seen him?) in the balcony of the White Hart, and his terrible collapse, owing chiefly to the unfortunate fact which he had himself observed, "that his ideas stood rather in his way when he was speaking," are very amusingly described, and the speech itself is quite a gem in its way. Its hopeless floundering and good-humoured irrelevancy must appear, we should be afraid, to some country gentlemen who have been in similar difficulties, even too painfully real.

There is one observation which strikes us more forcibly in reading these volumes than in any others which have come to us from the same hand. It is the power which the writer shows in awakening, not only our interest in, but our sympathies with, nearly all the prominent characters in the full drama of the story. In most novels, there is at least some one creation of the author's fancy on whose brightness a shadow is seldom allowed to fall, in whose cause we become partisans, and

whose greatest weaknesses are cleverly excused. Or, if the hero or heroine are not so near perfection in the outset, some discipline or other is introduced in the course of the story, which in the end completes and purifies the character. And in some sense, if the novelist is to be regarded as a moral teacher, this seems in accordance with the fitness of things. But such is by no means the principle upon which the author of "Middlemarch" works. We find in these volumes nothing of the conventional hero or heroine. As, even in the most disagreeable characters, we are shown in almost every instance the good that is working in them fitfully here and there, so in the portraits of the favourites the shadows are not left out. The only personages in the story with whom we are never angry or disappointed are those in whom we are never called upon to take any very lively interest — who have not character enough to involve contradictions, — such as Sir James Chettam and Celia. Dorothea provokes us continually in the first book, until we scarcely pity her, though we can foresee much of the result, when she marries Casaubon; there is an Epicurean selfishness about Lydgate, in spite of his nobler aspirations, which makes us feel that the lower form of selfishness in others from which he is made to suffer has in it something of retributive justice; Ladislav is full of weaknesses and irresolution. On the other hand, there is no one who acts thoroughly the "villain" in the piece; Rosamond, who most rouses our indignation, is after all more contemptible than hateful; there is no one in whose frustrated designs the virtuous reader (what a tribute it is to the divinity of righteousness that we all become so virtuous when we sit down to read!) feels the sort of triumph which David proclaims over his enemies. Casaubon, with all his pedantic narrowness, is, perhaps, the most pathetic conception in the book; and when Bulstrode is at last exposed and makes his miserable exit, so intensely have we been made to feel the mental agony and bitter humiliation of the man, that we are inclined to take his arm, as Lydgate does, and help him to his carriage. The creatures are all so intensely human, even in their baser aspects, that in spite of that seven-fold shield of virtue behind which we shelter ourselves, as has been said, when we sit in judgment on the characters of fiction, an honest conscience hesitates to cast the stone.

There is as little of overt love-making in these volumes as is consistent with the

indispensable conditions of modern story-telling; but if any readers wish to see how gracefully such a subject may be treated, let them turn to the scene in the library at Lowick Manor, in chapter 83.

In this, as in all the author's previous works, there is an embarrassing abundance of tempting morsels for extract. Something purely original, or so quaintly put as to make it original, might be found on almost every page; passages on which the mind lingers as the eye does on a clever picture, long after it has thoroughly taken in every detail of the subject. One is tempted to half-close the volume from time to time, either to indulge a silent laugh, or to digest some epigrammatic truth which opens a new vein of thought within ourselves. In each of these brief passages there are materials for an essay or a sermon:—

“Suppose we turn from outside estimates of a man, to wonder, with keener interest, what is the report of his own consciousness about his doings or capacity: with what hindrances he is carrying on his daily labours; what fading of hopes, or what deeper fixity of self-delusion the years are marking off with him; and with what spirit he wrestles against universal pressure, which will one day be too heavy for him, and bring his heart to its final pause. Doubtless his lot is important in his own eyes; and the chief reason that we think he asks too large a place in our consideration must be our want of room for him, since we refer him to the Divine regard with perfect confidence; nay, it is even held sublime for our neighbour to expect the utmost there, however little he may have got from us.”—Vol. i., p. 144.

“We do not expect people to be deeply moved by what is not unusual. That element of tragedy which lies in the very fact of frequency has not yet wrought itself into the coarse emotion of mankind: and perhaps our frames could hardly bear much of it. If we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of that roar which lies on the other side of silence. As it is, the quickest of us walk about well-wadded with stupidity.”—Vol. i., p. 351.

“Character is not cut in marble—it is not something solid and unalterable. It is something living and changing, and may become diseased as our bodies do.”—Vol. iv., p. 182.

Old Mr. Featherstone's views of the Old Testament dispensation are as original, in their way, as those of Tennyson's “Northern Farmer”:—

“There's one thing I made out pretty clear when I used to go to church—and it's this: God A'mighty sticks to the land. He promises

land, and He gives land, and He makes chaps rich with corn and cattle.”

Solomon Featherstone was “not only of much blander temper, but thought himself much deeper than his brother Peter:”—

“Indeed, not likely to be deceived in any of his fellow-men, inasmuch as they could not well be more greedy and deceitful than he suspected them of being. Even the invisible powers, he thought, were likely to be soothed by a bland parenthesis here and there, coming from a man of property, who might have been as impious as others.”

Mrs. Cadwallader's social creed is stated for her in terms which, if they have all the severity of finished satire, have yet in them a lesson of the widest charity, and of a kind which to many of us is the most difficult of all to receive: for it is often much more easy to extend indulgence to our neighbours' sins than to their social deficiencies:—

“Her feeling towards the vulgar rich was a sort of religious hatred: they had probably made all their money out of high retail prices, and Mrs. Cadwallader detested high prices for everything that was not paid in kind at the Rectory: such people were no part of God's design in making the world; and their accent was an affliction to the ears. A town where such monsters abounded was hardly more than a sort of low comedy, which could not be taken account of in a well-bred scheme of the universe. Let any lady who is inclined to be hard on Mrs. Cadwallader inquire into the comprehensiveness of her own beautiful views, and be quite sure that they afford accommodation for all the lives which have the honour to co-exist with hers.”

The Middlemarch interpretation of “candour” is probably not confined to that town, where it meant the “taking an early opportunity to let your friends know that you did not take a cheerful view of their capacity, their conduct, or their position.” Nor is Mrs. Waule's notion of the absurdity of using ceremony between blood relations peculiar to that lady; “she was accustomed to think that entire freedom from the necessity of behaving agreeably was included in the Almighty's intentions about families.”

One brief extract more, and we will close the volumes. It is a little sermon, containing more than many long ones, upon a text from the “Pilgrim's Progress”—a passage from the trial of Faithful, which stands as a motto to the last chapter but one:—

"When immortal Bunyan makes his picture of the persecuting passions bringing in their verdict of guilty, who pities Faithful? That is a rare and blessed lot which some greatest men have not attained, to know ourselves guiltless before a condemning crowd—to be sure that what we are denounced for is solely the good in us. The pitiable lot is that of the man who could not call himself a martyr even though he were to persuade himself that the men who stoned him were but ugly passions incarnate—who knows that he is stoned, not for professing the Right, but for not being the man he professed to be."

So we take our leave of a work which,

if it stood alone, would have made an era in the literature of fiction. Following, as it does, a series of acknowledged masterpieces from the same hand, which gave a new character to the English "novel," it would have been much to have been able to say that it maintained the reputation of its author. But we shall be surprised if the mature judgment passed upon it by those who can appreciate the work of a true artist—and we will admit that these may not be the majority of mere novel readers—does not pronounce it the most perfect of the series.

HARVEST-HOME.—In 1845, when Captain Marryat was a gentleman farmer, at Langham, Norfolk, he thus described a harvest-home custom to a friend:—

"To-morrow the men have a harvest-home dinner, and the next day they put apart to get drunk; such being the invariable custom of the country. I proposed last year that they should get drunk on the day of the harvest dinner, but they scouted the idea—they would have a day for intoxication entirely. Such was the custom. It was true that they would lose a day's wages, but they must do as their forefathers had always done before them."

Notes and Queries.

THE American Government may point with pride to the success of the new Indian policy which has been in force nearly two years. The Indians have begun to work on the reserves secured to them by the Government, and have made greater advances in civilization than could have been supposed possible in the time. The White Earth reserve, where the soil is adapted for farming, supports about 1,000 Indians. Many have cast aside their blankets and cut their hair. Over 100 houses are building or built, in which a large part of the work is done by the Indians. This year they had on that one reserve 140 acres of wheat and many more of potatoes and garden products; they have 250 head of cattle, besides horses and hogs; there is a saw-mill cutting from 15,000 to 20,000 feet of lumber daily, run by a dozen Indians under the direction of one white man; two fine buildings accommodate a boarding school with seventy scholars and four teachers; and in a comfortable chapel built by the Episcopalians a Chippewa preacher gathers every Sun-

day a congregation of sixty to a hundred. "One has only to see," says an eye-witness, the "conscious pride with which men who, a year ago, were worthless savages, drive their oxen, and point to their gardens and houses to be convinced of the strong hold the new life has upon them." There are no complete mortality records of the population on the reserves, but it is believed that the Indians are not now decreasing in numbers, in spite of a circumstance which makes their advance in civilization a matter of great moment, the prevalence of pulmonary consumption among the women, owing to the heavy burdens they carry on their backs.

Pall Mall Gazette.

SELDOM has a simple story been told in more touching language than the account given by the *Toronto Globe* of a lamentable accident which lately befel a flock of sheep when passing over a bridge in Upper Canada. "There is," says the *Globe*, "a covered bridge at Peoria five hundred feet above high-water mark. A drover recently attempted to drive a thousand sheep across it. When about half way over, the bell-wether noticed an open window, and recognizing his destiny, made a strike for glory and the grave. When he reached the sunlight he at once appreciated his critical situation, and with a leg stretched towards each cardinal point of the compass, he uttered a plaintive 'Ma-a!' and descended to his fate. The next sheep and the next followed, imitating the gesture and the remark of the leader. For hours it rained sheep. The erewhile placid stream was incarnadine with the life-blood of moribund mutton, and not until the brief tail of the last sheep, as it disappeared through the window, waved adieu to the wicked world, did this movement cease."

HIS LITTLE SERENE HIGHNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "DORCHLAUCHTING" OF FRITZ REUTER.

CHAPTER IV.

Kagebein reads more of his poems. — What the Conrector said to them. — What the Rathskellermeister Kunst thought of concerts, and why he would give double rent. — How Doctor Hempel sang the Linen-weaver, Kagebein composed, and the Conrector was provoked. — How Zephire's health came to be pillowed on the Hofrath Altmann's vest. — Hofrath Fischer makes a speech which is very reasonable, but ends in a quarrel. — Kunst breaks the pipes with a stick, the Conrector goes off in anger, and attempts to play the Linen-weaver on his violin, in the middle of the Holy Night, but does not succeed, as he is sent to bed.

As the Herr Conrector passed the house of Buttermann the shopkeeper, near the market-place, he looked up at the second story, and said to himself:

"I wonder if the Princess Christel will come back here in the summer? Hm, hm! Perhaps she will want to take my Cicero de Officiis again. What a remarkable woman she is, goes about in her own rooms in leather breeches and a hussar's jacket, smokes a short pipe, and drinks port wine, reads Cicero, and, what is more, understands what she reads, for she is no fool."

Uttering these words half-aloud, he came to the wine cellar kept by his brother-in-law, Kunst; but almost recoiled from the threshold, for there sat Kagebein in the room, in all his glory, with his manuscript in his hand, reading a poem.

"Once a hen, with motherly anxiety,

Digging worms behind the garden wall

For herself, and for her children small,

Sweet example of maternal piety! —"

But he stopped abruptly, as he saw the Conrector, and although he looked a little flushed and embarrassed, he said, with considerable dignity, he would read the rest at another time.

"God bless you for your Christian consideration," said the Conrector, now coming fully into the room. "Digging worms for her chickens, (Küchen) was she?"

"What better could they ask?" said Hofrath Altmann, who sat behind the table, dressed in his fine clothes, trimmed with gold lace, and his hair as nicely arranged as the Conrector's himself. "Has not our future Court Poet — for he will be so yet, I heard a little bird saying so, in Strelitz, — done his very best, and brought the Platt-deutsch and the High German languages into concert, so to speak, with that word 'Küchen?'"*

* "Kuchen," adopted by Kagebein as a rhyme to "Suchen," is neither one thing nor the other, "Kuchlein" being High German, and "Kuken"

"Do me the favor," cried Kunst, the host, — a little red-faced man, who had to look up to every body, and with his thumb in one of his vest button-holes, ran up and down the room like the pendulum of a clock, — "do me the favor to say nothing about concerts. These new-fashioned concerts, where instead of quietly enjoying a glass of wine, one must sit down with the ladies in a hall, turn his eyes inside out, wag his head this way and that, keep time with his foot to the music, and run about the streets next day, like a hand-organ, humming all sorts of French airs!"

"You are right, there, Kunst," said the Conrector; "we have so many sweet German airs, that we have no need of these French concerts."

"I don't agree with you," said the Herr Rath Fischer. "Herr Rathskellermeister, why should you complain of the concerts? Here, bring me a fresh glass before the punch comes in, and do make the room a little warmer; it is confoundedly cold here."

"That is your business, Herr Rath. Do you think I can warm such a great barn of a place as this? I have often suggested to the magistrates, that they should let me have a wall built across, and make the room into two; but it is not so easy to get it done. I have even offered to pay double rent, if they will do it."

"That is honorable," said the Herr Rath, "and I will bring up the matter at the very next session."

"Take care to do it when the Treasurer isn't there, then; for he is particularly opposed to me."

"Herr Hofrath," said Kagebein, "a word with you," and he took the Hofrath into a corner. "So you really think I cannot fail to get the title of Court Poet?"

"I certainly believe you will get it, and if I can do anything — you know I am on friendly terms with Serene Highness —"

"Oh, you can do everything."

"But Rand has influence, too."

"A word with you, brother-in-law," said the Conrector to Kunst, and led him to another corner. "You say you would pay double rent, — why you pay no rent at all."

"Hold your tongue! I know that, but the treasurer is the only one, besides us two, who knows it; the others don't trouble themselves about the matter; and if I can get them to grant my petition, everything will go on as it has done."

"Look here, Kagebein," said the Hofrath, rubbing his head, "doubled is strong

Platt-deutsch for chicken. "Kuchen" in H. G. means cake.

er, and tripled is stronger yet. If you have me and Rand on your side, and not the Princess Christel, there is still something wanting. In your place, I would dedicate a volume of Poems to her, also; for although His Highness doesn't think much of women generally, still he would consult his sister in such a matter."

"I have a great epic poem," whispered Kägebein, "entitled 'The Beauty of the Bakery, or the Leap through the Black-thorn!'"

"That is fine; dedicate that to her, and then there will be no difficulty about the title."

"Gentlemen," cried Doctor Hempel, from the table, "the punch is here; you can discuss the rest of your secrets at another time."

When they were sitting together again, Hofrath Altmann said:

"Doctor, tell us if it is true, that old shoemaker Grabow's second son has gone crazy?"

"Yes, it is true; a remarkable case."

"Yes," said the Rath Fischer, "and he is so bad, that we sent old Bendschneider there yesterday, on the magistrates' account, as a watcher. He has been so before; it seems to come upon him by fits."

"What is the reason of it?" inquired the Conrector.

"Eh, who knows?" said the doctor. "His old mother thinks he has fallen in love with some distinguished lady."

"Nobody would go crazy on that account," said Kunst.

"Yes," said the Hofrath, "you would not, I dare say; you can laugh, you have a pretty wife, and have no idea how miserable an old bachelor or widower must be. Isn't it so, Conrector?"

"Your misery has never lasted long," said the Conrector. "You have been married three times, and I wager a bowl of punch before a year is out you will have a fourth wife."

"It may happen so, if it should be convenient," said the Hofrath.

"What would Serene Highness say to that?" asked the Rath Fischer.

"Eh, what!" said the Hofrath. "Let him say what he pleases; I shall not trouble myself much about Serene Highness in an affair like that. Serene Highness needs me more than I need him."

"Yes," said the Conrector, "you mean on account of the groschens. But after you were married the last time, it was a good while before you had insinuated yourself into his good graces again."

"Well, Conrector, it is much the same

with both of us. His Highness needs me on account of the groschens, and you because he is so much afraid of a thunder storm. He cannot spare either of us, and so you can get married whenever you please. You will wager a bowl of punch, that I shall have my fourth wife within a year; I will wager a bowl that you will have your second."

"That is right," said Kunst; "children take something! Remember the host. This that stands on the table, I shall set down to the Hofrath's account, and the second to my brother-in-law's."

"Hold!" cried the Conrector. "Don't be too sure, and you will not be disappointed. Put it all down to the Hofrath's account, he must pay it yet."

"Your word is a bridge upon which I am not obliged to walk," was the Hofrath's reply.

"Well, has the Conrector anybody in his eye, then?" asked the Rath Fischer.

"Yes indeed," laughed the Hofrath, "when he looks out of his window he can look into the window of his sweetheart."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Kägebein, in whose head the punch was beginning to work already, because he was a poet:

"To Syncerene his spirit flies,
To gaze into her lovely eyes."

"Kägebein!" cried the Conrector, stopping his ears, "let it go, we all know you can do it. But," turning to the Hofrath, "you do not mean that I have an eye to that old, yellow French woman, who lives across the street from my house?"

"Yellow French woman!" interrupted Doctor Hempel, "she is no more French than you or I. She is from Förstenburg, her father was the old tax-gatherer Soltmann, and as the only daughter by his second wife, she inherited a very nice little property. She was maid of honor to the Princess Christel, for many years, when she resided in Förstenburg, and once went with her to Paris, where she picked up a little French."

"And yellow?" said the Hofrath; "she is like a white dove only that she has a few freckles on her face, which are always a sign of a good tint." (The Hofrath said *teint*, which is no more Platt-deutsch than it is English.)

"Teint?" repeated the Conrector, "that is one of your distinguished expressions for skin, I suppose? You must have picked that up among his Highness's old foreign Court ladies?"

"Ho, ho!" said Herr Fischer, "he is trying to escape, he wants to turn the conver-

sation. Hold! How is it about the yellow French neighbor?"

"Brother-in-law, brother-in-law!" cried Kunst, stopping his pendulum motion for a moment, "what shall I think of you? I shall have to take you in hand!"

Here Kägebein interrupted, looking steadfastly at the wall, as if the poetry were inscribed there:

"His deeds malicious and unjust,
Crafty his thoughts, and full of guile,
His fame is vanity and dust,
He merits no fair lady's smile."

"Look here, Kägebein!" said the Conrector, as he finished his glass, "I have been favored with quite enough of your poetry for to-day, and I have behaved as well as anybody could expect; but if you are going to make a personal matter of it, I will sue you for libel. Rath Fischer and Doctor Hempel are my witnesses that I have given you fair warning."

But that was asking too much of a poet in full swing; Kägebein went on, undis-
mayed:

"No lady looks on thee with favor,
Nor will, with all thy best endeavor,
Yet better luck I wish to thee
This evening, drinking punch with thee."

"That is right!" cried Hofrath Altmann, "we will drink punch, and the Court Poet Kägebein shall have the first toast!"

"Yes, Conrector," said Rath Fischer, "and you shall give it."

"So I will," said the Herr Conrector, touching glasses with the poet. "May he live long and give up writing poetry!"

"Ha, ha!" cried the Hofrath, "why he has but just begun! Pay him in his own coin, Conrector! We Bramborgers must not allow ourselves to be outstripped by a Strelitzer, in the art of poetry."

"You are a sly old instigator, Hofrath, and you have learned it at our Serene Highnesses' Court, for there ——" If he had gone on he would probably have been guilty of contempt of Majesty, but he was fortunately interrupted. During all this talk, Doctor Hempel had been gazing fixedly into his glass, and when he saw that it was full he had drunk it; and when he saw that it was empty, he had filled it again, and so by degrees he had arrived at the physical condition where singing was necessary to his happiness; he looked stiffly into his glass, emptied it with the greatest deliberation and solemnity, and broke out in a stentorian bass:

"Die Lineweber haben eine Saubere Zunft."

"Have you got so far as that, neighbor?" cried the Rath Fischer, "have you got to the Linen weavers?"

"Karl!" cried Kunst to the boy, "bring in the other bowl, we have got to the Linen weavers!" and he waved Hofrath Altmann's cane over his head; for he had the habit, in his pendulum progress, of taking out one after another of his guest's canes, for exercise.

All this by-play had not interrupted Doctor Hempel in his song:

"Die Lineweber haben eine Saubere Zunft,
Harum, discharum —
Mittfasten halten sie Zusammen-kunft,
Harum, discharum —
Aschegraue, Dunkelblaue,
Mir ein Viertel, Dir ein Viertel,
Fein oder grob, Geld giebs doch,
Aschegraue, Dunkelblaue —"

Here the whole company joined in, loudly; stamping in chorus.

"Karl!" cried Kunst to the boy, "run to my wife, and ask her to send us in some pepper-nuts and apples."

"Die Lineweber haben sich ein Haus gebaut,
Harum, discharum,
Von buttermilk and sauerkraut,
Harum, discharum —"

began Doctor Hempel again.

"No, Doctor," interrupted Rath Fischer, "that is enough. If we were to sing through the whole of the Linen weavers, we should be sitting round the punch-bowl at sunrise to-morrow morning. Let us have a round song."

"Karl," cried Kunst, "run into my room and bring the great covered glass for the round song."

Kägebein looked at the wall again, and seemed to be considerably agitated.

"God bless us!" cried the Conrector to Doctor Hempel. "He is composing again."

"Die Lineweber schlachten alle Jahr zwei Schwein,"

began Doctor Hempel.

"Hush!" cried Hofrath Altmann, here is Kunst's great goblet, now we will begin: "

"Rund, Rund, Rund-Gesang —"

"Karl," cried Kunst again, "get my arm-chair for my brother-in-law, the Conrector; he must be president; and put a bit of tile under the short leg; —to keep it from wabbling," he explained to his brother-in-law.

"Come, now, begin!" cried Hofrath Altmann, and all joined in singing:

"Rund, Rund, Rund-Gesang und Rebensaft
Lieben wir ja Alle;

Darum trinkt mit Muth und Kraft
 Schäumende Pokale!
 Bruder, deine Schönste heisst ? ”

All eyes were turned upon Kägebein, who rose with an involuntary jerk, and whose face beamed with poetic fire, sentimental emotion, and chivalric ardor; as if the sun shone from one eye, the moon from another, and superfluous pine torches were kindled upon the nose between them. He steadied himself by grasping the back of the Conrector's chair with one hand, while he gesticulated with the other :

“Punch and Bishop we must not forget, —
 Everything be done with etiquette, —
 To the health of all your fair ones drinking
 And with kindest wishes of them thinking,
 Here I drink the health of my Zephire,
 And — and — and — ”

“And so do all the others here,” said the Conrector.

“And to all fair ladies, everywhere,” cried Kägebein, angrily, looking at the Conrector with indignation, as if the latter had attempted to pluck the finest laurel from his wreath.

“I shall not drink to Zephire and Zemire,” grumbled Doctor Hempel, in his deep bass, “they are dogs’ names. My mother-in-law had one, that she called Zemire, and my neighbor, Schultz the baker’s wife, has one called Zephire.

“Die Leineweber machten eine zarte musik.”

But here he was interrupted. Kägebein had removed his right hand from the Conrector's chair, — his only security, — to take the goblet, and was lifting it to drink to his Zephire, when the Doctor's contemptuous words fell upon his ear. It was as if, when he was in the midst of a verse, a beggar had come to the door, or as if, when he and his Zephire were sitting in the moonshine, somebody had poured a glass of cold water over their heads, or as if the arm which he had outstretched for knightly deeds had been suddenly arrested. When one's arm is thus suddenly arrested, and one is holding a full glass in one's hand, the cup naturally runs over, and so it did on the present occasion. Zephire's health overflowed upon the Hofrath Altmann's velvet vest.

“P-r-r-r-r!” puffed the Hofrath, whose face had also received a little kiss from Zephire, “the devil take such awkwardness!”

“Karl, bring a towel,” cried Kuust, “and clean up the Herr Hofrath.”

Kägebein stood for a moment quite astonished and confounded, then the fright

brought him partially to his senses, and he said, quite reasonably: “Herr Hofrath, Herr Hofrath, I could not help it. It made my hand tremble to hear Doctor Hempel call Zephire a dog's name.”

But when he saw Karl wiping up the punch, the poetic fire broke out anew :

“This is a sad affair to day,
 But see, the servant comes in haste,
 And, kneeling, gently wipes away
 The punch from the Herr Hofrath's vest.”

And then he turned to Doctor Hempel, who had risen and was standing by the window in the corner, and cried in a loud voice, while he pointed to Karl:

“I was unfortunate, but thou
 The cause of all the trouble art,
 Thy scornful words of my Zephire
 So deeply grieved my tender heart.”

Fortunately Doctor Hempel did not notice the poet's observations; he had been checked in his favorite song, and the Linen-weavers were still imprisoned in his throat; he improved the opportunity to let them out, and was singing his song to himself in the corner.

“Ad locus!” cried Kuust, “sub præclusionem, — that is to say, whoever does not sit down, must give a bowl of punch.”

“Down with you!” said the Conrector, pulling the poet down into his chair by the skirts of his coat. “You will be spilling over me, next.”

But this Babylonish confusion of tongues did not continue long; for though punch has the failing of making sensible people a little light-headed, it has also the good property of rendering some people, not over-gifted with intelligence, uncommonly sensible. It had this effect upon Rath Fischer. He got up and made a speech; as the Conrector observed afterwards, the most sensible he ever heard from him. He began by assuring the company that he, for his part, was quite sober; — a statement which nobody contradicted, though the Conrector muttered to himself, “He always is,” — then he looked at Kägebein, and added: “One of the company, however, was very drunk; but it was a benefit to the others, else they might not have been favoured with his fine thoughts, —” Here Kägebein was going to protest and defend himself; but the Conrector so far restrained him that he produced only one short verse: —

“Thanks for your kind remarks, my friend;
 Eat and drink with a joyous heart!
 Live in pleasure without end!
 Bid all anxious cares depart!”

"Very good!" said the Conrector, and turned to Rath Fischer:

"So, now go on!"

Rath Fischer blew his nose to give himself time for reflection, and said: "Hofrath Altmann might make himself quite easy, for, so far as he knew, punch left no traces."—"Cannot you see it yourself?" asked the Hofrath.—"Well, and if it did leave traces," continued the orator, "there was no great harm done, for the Hofrath had received this vest as a present from his Serene Highness, and his Serene Highness had more left than he knew what to do with. For the rest, they had come here to enjoy themselves in peace and quiet, and if Doctor Hempel had rather overdone the Linenweavers, he had his reasons for it; he had heard that Doctor Hempel's grandfather had been a linen weaver, and he thought well of the doctor for wishing to honour the old gentleman."

"That was a stupid joke!" cried the doctor; "his grandfather was no linen-weaver; he had held an office under Government; he had been a gate-keeper about the time that Rath Fischer's grandfather had been a policeman."

"My grandfather——" began Hofrath Altmann,—"was a letter-carrier for the Post," cried Kunst; "Karl! No, that will do! I don't want you,—only wanted to see if you were at your post."

"My grandfather,——" began Kägebein,—"was a blockhead-maker," muttered the Conrector. "Fie! for shame! Trying to make out your grandfathers more distinguished than other people's! We should all be thankful that our ancestors were good, honest people, who did their best for us, so that we have become what we are."

"You are right, brother-in-law," said Kunst, "for my grandfather——"

"We have had enough of that! Come:

"Rund, Rund, Rund-Gelang
Und Rebensaft——"

"Karl! fill the glasses!" cried Kunst, and, going to the corner, he selected a new stick and waved it over the heads of the company to beat the time for the song.

"Bruder, deine Schöne heist?"

sang Kägebein, turning to the Conrector.

"I have none," was the curt reply.

"Out with it! out with it! He must have one!" cried his comrades; but Kägebein knew what to do; he sang lustily:

"Nihilia, die soll leben! Nihilia, dies soll leben!"

Kunst had always been accustomed to a

stick with a crook; at this moment he held in his hand a stick with a head, and as he was beating the time with great energy, it flew out of his hand, broke Hofrath Altmann and Doctor Hempel's earthen pipes, and struck the Conrector.

"Karl!" cried Kunst, "fresh pipes for the two gentlemen!"

"Brother-in-law," said the Conrector, "how could you throw about my cane in that fashion! The gold head might be injured."

"That is your cane, is it?" said Kunst, snatching it out of his hand. "That is my father-in-law's cane."

"Yes, and my father-in-law's, too."

"My father-in-law gave me that cane on his death-bed."

"He gave it to me!" cried the Conrector, and he snatched it from Kunst again; "and, brother-in-law, mark this: *beatus possessor*."

"*Beati possidentis*," said Rath Fischer to himself.

"And this cane——" cried Kunst. "And this cane," cried the Conrector, "my father-in-law gave me on his death-bed; he said a man in my position ought to carry a gold-headed cane."

"Karl," cried Kunst, "take the stick away from him! But he must pay first. Nobody need come here who will not pay!"

"I have paid," cried the Conrector, and he buttoned up his pockets, threw his cloak over his shoulders, and marched off with the greatest dignity.

"You are right!" cried Rath Fischer, and followed him.

"Bravo!" cried Hofrath Altmann, also following. "If Kunst were to go about with a gold-headed cane, he would look like a pig's head brought to the table with a lemon in the mouth."

As the Conrector passed under the arched gateway of the Rathhaus, where Kunst had hung a lantern for this special occasion, a gust of wind struck him; he did not heed it, but, holding fast with one hand the old cloak, which was not buttoned, and streamed out behind him like a torn sail, he held up his cane before him with the other, and cried, "*My cane!*"

"You look like the flying Mercury, on the Dutch tobacco-packages," said the Hofrath.

"With a caduceus," laughed Rath Fischer.

"My cane!" cried the Conrector, paying no attention to their jokes, turned into his street, entered his house, and, in the hall, cried once more: "*My cane!*"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Dürten, coming to meet him, "what is the matter? What do you want? Come into the room."

"Kunst will take my cane from me!"

"What! Kunst will take your cane?"

"Kunst will take my cane!"

"Why, Kunst must be out of his head! Come, Herr Conrector, you have got excited; drink a glass of water, and go to bed. You will feel better in the morning."

"Kunst — Hold! Anna Maria Dorothea Holzen, eldest daughter of Holzen the master-cooper, I believe you are a thoroughly honest girl. I will deliver my cane into your charge. You shall be responsible for it!"

"Give it here, Herr Conrector; I will lock it up in my chest, and anybody that tries —"

"Kunst might invade the premises when I am in school."

"Eh! I'll invade him, if he should!" cried Dürten, flourishing the stick in the air. "But now go to bed."

"And Rath Fischer, too, he said: '*Beati possidentis*,'" said he.

"I don't understand," said Dürten, "but it must be something very foolish if Rath Fischer said it, for since the time when he sold my old father's garden —"

"Rath Fischer? Doctor Hempel? Doctor Hempel is a linen-weaver, —"

"Die Leineweber haben eine Saubere Zunft,"

sang the Conrector, and took down his violin, and was going to play the Linen-weavers on this Holy Night between the 24th and 25th of December; but Dürten Holzen was too quick for him. She snatched the fiddle bow from his hand. "Come, this is pretty business! I will smear your bow with tallow! How? You must sing, as Cantor, in the church, to-morrow, and you want to play the Linen-weavers in the middle of the night? What would people say? What would the neighbors say? What would the old yellow thing opposite say? Come, do you go to bed, and I will put away the fiddle bow and the cane, and when you are in bed I will come and take away the candle, so there will be no danger;" and upon that she departed, and he went to bed. After a little while, when she heard him snoring unmistakably, she went in and brought out his candle, and said to herself:

"Things must have gone wrong this evening, for he is not generally so; but he is not used to it, and cannot bear much; and then he got vexed with Kunst. Well, that is no matter, that is good for him; he learns to know the difference. To-morrow

he will have the headache and stay at home, and that is a good thing, too. I can go with Stining and Halsband on the ice, and look after them; for such young people ought not to be left alone."

In a little while all was dark in the Conrector's house, but if one could have seen through the darkness, and have looked into Dürten Holzen's sleeping-room, he would have perceived her lying softly asleep, with her hands folded on her bosom. Only innocent child-hands, and honest, hard-working hands, that are pure from unjust gains and wicked deeds, carry the evening prayer on into quiet, blessed dreams.

CHAPTER V.

Dürten surveys and measures her Christmas present. — The yellow woman brings a yellow cake. — Dürten's pride in Kirschil Cornucopie and Homer. — Kunst makes an invasion and conspires with the yellow woman. — The Herr Conrector finds a piece of white paper and has the headache in consequence of yesterday evening. — Dürten and Stining go on the ice with Halsband, who improves his privileges. — Kunst makes shameful attempts upon Dürten's loyalty with a glass of punch. — Dürten sits in judgment upon Stining, and Kunst congratulates his brother-in-law upon the yellow woman.

THE next morning, the Herr Conrector sat in his place as Cantor, at the church, and played the organ and sang with as much energy as the occasion called for and his headache would permit; Dürten Holzen, meanwhile, stood in the hall, and had hung her Christmas present on a nail, that it might appear to the best advantage. The sun shone brightly through the hall-window, for it was a beautiful white Christmas and winter day. The storm of yesterday evening was over, and the young people in the city were getting out their skates and sleds, and saying: "It would be fine on the ice to-day, for the wind has blown off the snow from the track."

Dürten Holzen held a hazel stick and a brush in her hand, but she did not proceed to her work; she turned her future property to the right and to the left, and up and down, and held it in the sunlight.

"It would do now," she said, thoughtfully, "but at Whitsuntide! How he will rub it, before that time, on those old rough benches! If he would only sit quietly, and have a cushion in his chair; but he never will. I might at least try the experiment of a cushion."

She went into her room, and came back with a spencer pattern, and laid the back piece here and there on the breeches, but it would not fit anywhere.

"Well," said she, "he may be able to tell

how a spencer is coming out of it, — I cannot. Perhaps Stining can help me.”

While she was engaged in these profound thoughts, the door opened. Dürten dropped her brush and came near crying for help, for she felt as if a whole band of robbers had broken into the hall, and she were about to be gagged and bound; — the neighbour from across the street stood there, in her yellow pelisse, and held in her hand a plate containing a cake as yellow as saffron.

Dürten was greatly terrified; but, being so decided a character, she quickly regained her self-possession, and then became ashamed and vexed at her own foolishness, and angry with its cause.

“Bon jour, Mademoiselle,” said the neighbour, making a very graceful bow.

Dürten Holzen slightly inflated her nostrils, threw back her head, and thrust her hands under her apron, in a very resolute manner, so that the hazel stick, which she still held, hung down at her side like a sword. “If you mean me, with your Mamsell,” said she, very coldly, and yet with great excitement, “I can only say that I make no pretensions to such a rank and title; I am only the Herr Conrector’s house-keeper.”

“Pardon, ma chere, I am far from wishing to disturb the peace of this amiable household, which has been established under the wings of modest intellect. I come en qualité of a friendly neighbour, to lay at your feet and the Conrector’s a modest offering for the joyful occasion of this festival day. Chose la is from the boulangere, Madam Schultz, who has just betrayed to me that you did not bake for the festival.”

So, Dürten Holzen, what now? You may still be angry, if you please, but you cannot afford to be rude; when a person comes to you with such fine language, and a saffron-coloured cake, you must at least show that you have manners. But you can still be angry, Dürten! And so she was.

“What!” she cried, “Schultz, — Baker Schultz! Does she bring us into the mouth of strange people, because we have not baked? We might have baked, as well as other people, but we did not *choose* to bake; and Schultz makes sport of us on that account?”

Not at all, — she had not spoken of it in that way, said Mamsell Soltmann, and began her fine speeches anew, holding out the plate to Dürten, so that Dürten was compelled to be civil in return, even if the Mamsell had worn ten yellow pelisses, one above the other. She could not receive

her guest in the hall, her own room was not yet ready for company, for she was very sparing of wood; so she dropped her stick, took out her hands from under her apron, and taking the plate in one hand, she opened the door of the Herr Conrector’s room with the other, and motioned the French woman to enter. Although she was still angry, a thrill of pride ran through her heart when she saw that the outlandish woman stepped over the threshold of the Conrector’s study with fear and trembling. It was really so. The poor yellow woman thought nothing of bringing the Herr Conrector a little cake for Christmas; but as she entered this sanctum-sanctorum, she felt like a young student when he enters for the first time, as a Freshman, the lecture room of some learned professor, where learning is, so to speak, dished out in bowls and administered in brimming ladles, and the very air of the room has a musty odor, from the quantity of wisdom it contains, and the length of time it has been the abode of learning.

Dürten set down the plate on the table, pushed aside the Herr Conrector’s arm-chair, and, placing another for the visitor, said:

“Sit down. He is not at home, he is at church.”

But the guest stood, quite confounded, before the Herr Conrector’s bookshelves, and contemplated the backs of perhaps fifty old leather-covered volumes with great veneration.

“And has he read all those through?” cried the Mamsell.

Another thrill of pride shot through Dürten’s heart. The air was not musty to her, she was quite accustomed to it.

“Read them through!” said she, and laughed as if she were laughing at a child. “Read them through! *Studied* them through, you should say! See here,” and she pulled out an old soldier, “this is Kirschli; this generally lies here; we always use this when we give private instructions. These six go back and forth with him to school, he teaches out of them there. Some get as far as these. I think they must be a sort of catechism, but some learn out of this,” and she took down a well-worn specimen of Homer. “This must be something like our Bible, for the Conrector reads in it every evening, sometimes softly, but often aloud, and then it sounds as fine as when they are singing in church. Of course one cannot understand a word of it; it is just as if you were to go to the Jewish Synagogue. And just see how it

looks inside!" and she held up the Greek letters for the Mamsell's observation.

She was admiring them, when the door bell rang, and the Rath Kellermeister, Kunst came into the room:

"Good morning!—My brother-in-law the Conector not yet home from church?"

"Not yet," replied Dürten, her angry mood returning, upon the sight of Kunst, especially as she noticed him prying into all the corners, which could only be from his anxiety to discover the gold-headed cane.

"Ah, so!" said he, and coughed a little to clear his throat, made the Mamsell rather a cavalier bow, looked at her with some curiosity, and then said, laughing to himself a little:

"So you are here too? Well, I congratulate you!"

"Pourquoi?" asked she, turning red.

"Why? Because—I should have said, the compliments of the season! You can reckon it against New-Year's, for I shall have so many people to congratulate then, that I may forget you," and with that he stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, and began to walk up and down the room.

"Dürten, when will he come?"

"When church is out."

"Hm! Hm!—Karl! Yes, so. I will

make some other calls in the city; for I don't see his stick anywhere."

"If you want a stick, I can help you to one," said Dürten, going out as quickly as if she kept an assortment of walking sticks on hand, and could equip all the idlers in Nigen-Bramborg.

"Here!" said she, holding out to the Rath Kellermeister the knotted hazel stick with which she had been beating the velvet breeches.

"Hm! Hm!—She is making fun of me.—Very good, I will remember; put it down to your account."

"I wish you a good morning," said the neighbor, who had noticed that there was something in the air. "Adieu!"

"Wait, wait!" said Kunst, "I have something to say to you, I will go with you.—You often visit my brother-in-law—well, no harm in it!—Well, Dürten, I have nothing to look for here."

"I thought so," said Dürten to herself, as the two went out together. "Truly!" she exclaimed, putting her hands on her sides, and watching them across the street, "he goes with her to her house. This is a regular conspiracy against the Herr Conector, I'll wager my life! *He* wants the cane, and what *she* wants—" The sentence was finished by a significant shudder.

Harper's Weekly announces the death, at Reading, Pennsylvania, at the age of fifty-six, of Mr. William M. Baird, a gentleman who was much interested in natural history, and especially in ornithology. Mr. Baird, while residing at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, commenced in 1838 a collection of the birds of the county, in which he was assisted by his younger brother, Prof. S. F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution; and the two carried on their labours in common for many years, during which time they published conjointly descriptions of two new species of small fly-catchers discovered by them in the vicinity of Carlisle, as also a list of the birds of Cumberland County. Having adopted the profession of the law, Mr. William Baird was obliged to give up his active labours in ornithology, and the work was continued by his brother, who, on receiving an appointment in connection with the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, carried to it the conjoint collection, which formed, in a measure, the basis of the magnificent series of North American birds in the institution, and which has served as the material for so much research on the part of naturalists in America and other countries.

We hear from Ceylon that there has been a deluge, which has done considerable damage; but the coffee districts are believed not to have suffered much. At Colombo a bank near the Pettah, or native suburb, had to be cut through in order to allow the water accumulated in the lake and its neighborhood to escape into the sea. Mr. S. Green, of Colombo (a gentleman who takes great interest in science, and has sent home to England a great number of very interesting minute insects new to science, and who has a splendid telescope by Cooke, the best in Ceylon), says in a private letter:—"We have had heavy rains here, which have inundated a great portion of the Western Province. A great many native houses have been destroyed, and one or two lives lost. Many natives took refuge in the cocoa-nut trees around their dwellings; but some were found already occupied by snakes that had climbed the trees to escape the flood. They were very fierce, and maintained their position. A friend of mine going over the paddy-fields in a boat, saw several dead snakes floating on the water, and others swimming about."

Nature.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
COINCIDENCES AND SUPERSTITIONS.

EVERY one is familiar with the occasional occurrence of coincidences, so strange—considered abstractly—that it appears difficult to regard them as due to mere casualty. The mind is dwelling on some person or event, and suddenly a circumstance happens which is associated in some altogether unexpected, and as it were improbable manner with that person or event. A scheme has been devised which can only fail if some utterly unlikely series of events should occur, and precisely those events take place. Sometimes a coincidence is utterly trivial, yet attracts attention by the singular improbability of the observed events. We are thinking of some circumstance, let us say, in which two or three persons are concerned, and the first book or paper we turn to, shows, in the very first line we look at, the names of those very persons, though really relating to others in no way connected with them; and so on, with many other kinds of coincidence, equally trivial and equally singular. Yet again, there are other coincidences which are rendered striking by their frequent recurrence. It is to such recurring coincidences that common superstitions owe their origin, while the special superstitions thus arising (that is, superstitions entertained by individuals) are innumerable. It is lucky to do this, unlucky to do that, say those who believe in common superstitions; and they can always cite many coincidences in favour of their opinion. But it is amazing how common are the private superstitions entertained by many who smile at the superstitions of the ignorant. We must suppose that all such superstitions have been based upon observed coincidences. Again, there are tricks or habits which have obviously had their origin in private superstitions. Dr. Johnson may not have believed that some misfortune would happen to him if he failed to place his hand on every post which he passed along a certain route; he would certainly not have maintained such an opinion publicly: yet, in the first instance, that habit of his must have had its origin in some observed coincidences; and when once a habit of the sort is associated with the idea of good luck, even the strongest minds have been found unready to shake off the superstition.

It is to be noticed, indeed, that many who reject the idea that the ordinary superstitions have any real significance, are nevertheless unwilling to run directly counter to them. Thus, a man shall be alto-

gether sceptical as to the evil effects which follow, according to a common superstition, from passing under a ladder; he may be perfectly satisfied that the proper reason for not passing under a ladder is the possibility of its falling, or of something falling from it: yet he will not pass under a ladder, even though it is well secured, and obviously carries nothing which can fall upon him. So with the old superstitions, that a broken mirror brings seven years of sorrow, which, according to some, dates from the time when a mirror was so costly as to represent seven years' savings; there are those who despise the superstition who would yet be unwilling to tempt fate (as they put it) by wilfully breaking even the most worthless old looking-glass. A story is not unfrequently quoted in defence of such caution. Every one knows that sailors consider it unlucky for a ship to sail on a Friday. A person, anxious to destroy this superstition, had a ship's keel laid on a Friday, the ship launched on a Friday, her masts taken in from the sheer-hulk on a Friday, the cargo shipped on a Friday; he found (heavens knows how, but so the story runs) a Captain Friday to command her; and lastly, she sailed on a Friday. But the superstition was not destroyed, for the ship never returned to port, nor was the manner of her destruction known. Other instances of the kind might be cited. Thus a feeling is entertained by many persons not otherwise superstitious, that bad luck will follow any wilful attempt to run counter to a superstition.

It is somewhat singular that attempts to correct even the more degrading forms of superstition have often been as unsuccessful as those attempts which may perhaps not unfairly be called tempting fate. Let us be understood. To refer to the example already given, it is a manifest absurdity to suppose that the sailing of a ship on a Friday is unfortunate; and it would be a piece of egregious folly to consider such a superstition when one has occasion to take a journey. But the case is different when any one undertakes to *prove* that the superstition is an absurdity; simply because he must assume in the first instance that he will succeed, a result which cannot be certain, and such confidence, apart from all question of superstition, is a mistake. In fact, a person so acting errs in the very same way as those whom he wished to correct; *they* refrain from a certain act because of a blind fear of bad luck, and *he* proceeds to the act with an equally blind belief in good luck.

But one cannot recognize the same objection in the case of a person who tries to correct some superstition by actions not involving any tempting of fortune. Yet it has not unfrequently happened that such actions have resulted in confirming the superstition. The following instance may be cited. An old woman came to Flamsteed, the first Astronomer Royal, to ask him whereabouts a certain bundle of linen might be, which she had lost. Flamsteed determined to show the folly of that belief in astrology, which had led her to Greenwich Observatory (under some misapprehension as to the duties of an Astronomer Royal). He "drew a circle, put a square into it, and gravely pointed out a ditch, near her cottage, in which he said it would be found." He then waited until she should come back disappointed, and in a fit frame of mind to receive the rebuke he intended for her; but "she came, back in great delight, with the bundle in her hand, found in the very place."

In connection with this story, though bearing rather on over-hasty scientific theorizing than on ordinary superstitions, we quote the following story from De Morgan's *Budget of Paradoxes*: "The late Baron Zach received a letter from Pons, a successful finder of comets, complaining that for a certain period he had found no comets, though he had searched diligently. Zach, a man of much sly humour, told him that no spots had been seen on the sun for about the same time — which was true — and assured him that when the spots came back, the comets would come with them. Some time after he got a letter from Pons, who informed him with great satisfaction that he was quite right; that very large spots had appeared on the sun, and that he had found a comet shortly after. I have the story in Zach's handwriting. It would mend the story exceedingly if some day a real relation should be established between comets and solar spots. Of late years good reason has been shown for advancing a connection between these spots and the earth's magnetism. If the two things had been put to Zach he would probably have chosen the comets. Here is a hint for a paradox: the solar spots are the dead comets, which have parted with their light and heat to feed the sun, as was once suggested. I should not wonder if I were too late, and the thing had been actually maintained." De Morgan was not far wrong. Something very like his paradox was advocated, before the Royal Astronomical Society, by Commander Ashe, of Canada, earlier we believe than the date

of De Morgan's remarks. The present writer happens to have striking evidence in favour of De Morgan's opinion about the view which Zach would probably have formed of the theory which connects sun-spots and the earth's magnetism. When the theory was as yet quite new, it was referred to by the present writer in a company of Cambridge men, mostly high mathematicians, and it was received at first as an excellent joke, and welcomed with laughter. It need hardly be said, however, that when the nature of the evidence was stated, the matter assumed another aspect. Yet, in passing, it may be mentioned that there are those who maintain that after all this theory is untrue, the evidence on which it rests being due only to certain strange coincidences.

In many instances, indeed, considerable care is required to determine whether real association or mere casual coincidence is in question. It is surprising how, in some cases, an association can be traced between events seemingly in no way connected. One is reminded of certain cases of derivation. Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred, for instance, would laugh at the notion that the words "hand" and "prize" are connected; yet the connection is seen clearly enough when "prize" is traced back to "prehendo," with the root "hend" obviously related to "hand," "hound," and so on. Equally absurd at a first view is the old joke that the Goodwin Sands were due to the building of a certain church; yet if moneys which had been devoted to the annual removal of the gathering sand were employed to defray the cost of the church, mischief, afterwards irreparable, might very well have been occasioned. Even the explanation of certain mischances as due to the circumstance that "there was no weathercock at Kiloe," may admit of a not quite unreasonable interpretation. We leave this as an exercise for the ingenious reader.

But when we have undoubted cases of coincidence, without the possibility of any real association (setting the supernatural aside), we have a problem of some interest to deal with. To explain them as due to some special miraculous intervention may be satisfactory to many minds, in certain cases; but, in others, it is impossible to conceive that the matter has seemed worthy of a miracle. Even viewing the question in its bearing on religious ideas, there are cases where it seems far more mischievous (as bringing ridicule on the very conception of the miraculous) to believe in supernatural intervention, than to reject

such an explanation on the score of antecedent improbability. Horace's rule, "*Nec deus interit nisi dignus vindice nodus*," remains sound when we write "*Deus*" for "*deus*."

Now there have been cases so remarkable, yet so obviously unworthy of supernatural intervention, that we are perplexed to find any reasonable explanation of the matter. The following, adduced by De Morgan, will, we have no doubt, recall corresponding cases in the experience of readers of these lines:—"In the summer of 1835," he says, "I made myself first acquainted with the tales of Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the first I read was about the siege of Boston in the War of Independence. I could not make it out: everybody seemed to have got into somebody else's place. I was beginning the second tale, when a parcel arrived: it was a lot of old pamphlets and other rubbish, as he called it, sent by a friend who had lately sold his books, had not thought it worth while to send these things for sale, but thought I might like to look at them, and possibly keep some. The first thing I looked at was a sheet, which, being opened, displayed 'A plan of Boston and its environs, shewing the true situation of his Majesty's army, and also that of the rebels, drawn by an engineer, at Boston, October, 1775.' Such detailed plans of current sieges being then uncommon, it is explained that 'The principal part of this plan was surveyed by Richard Williams, Lieutenant at Boston; and sent over by the son of a nobleman to his father in town, by whose permission it was published.' I immediately saw that my confusion arose from my supposing that the king's troops were besieging the rebels, when it was just the other way" (a mistake, by the way, which does not suggest that the narrative was particularly lucid).

Another instance cited by De Morgan is yet more remarkable, though it is not nearly so strange as a circumstance which we shall relate afterwards:—"In August, 1861," he says, "M. Senarmont, of the French Institute, wrote to me to the effect that Fresnel had sent to England in, or shortly after, 1824, a paper for translation and insertion in the *European Review*, which shortly after expired. The question was what had become of the paper. I examined the *Review* at the Museum, found no trace of the paper, and wrote back to that effect, at the Museum, adding that everything now depended on ascertaining the name of the editor, and tracing his papers: of this I thought there was no chance. I

posted the letter on my way home, at a post office in the Hampstead Road, at the junction with Edward Street, on the opposite side of which is a bookstall. Lounging for a moment over the exposed books, *sicut meus est mos*, I saw, within a few minutes of the posting of the letter, a little catchpenny book of anecdotes of Macaulay, which I bought, and ran over for a minute. My eye was soon caught by this sentence: 'One of the young fellows immediately wrote to the Editor (Mr. Walker) of the *European Review*.' I thus got the clue by which I ascertained that there was no chance of recovering Fresnel's papers. Of the mention of current *Reviews* not one in a thousand names the editor." It will be noticed that there was a double coincidence in this case. It was sufficiently remarkable that the first mention of a review, after the difficulty had been recognized, should relate to the *European*, and give the name of the editor; but it was even more remarkable that the occurrence should be timed so strangely as was actually the case.

But the circumstance we are now to relate, seems to us to surpass in strangeness all the coincidences we have ever heard of. It relates to a matter of considerable interest apart from the coincidence.

When Dr. Thomas Young was endeavouring to interpret the inscription of the famous Rosetta Stone, Mr. Grey (afterwards Sir George Francis Grey) was led on his return from Egypt to place in Young's hands some of the most valuable fruits of his researches among the relics of Egyptian art, including several fine specimens of writing on papyrus, which he had purchased from an Arab at Thebes, in 1820. Before these had reached Young, a man named Casati had arrived in Paris, bringing with him from Egypt a parcel of Egyptian manuscripts, among which Champollion observed one which bore in its preamble some resemblance to the text of the Rosetta Stone. This discovery attracted much attention; and Dr. Young having procured a copy of the papyrus, attempted to decipher and translate it. He had made some progress with the work when Mr. Grey gave him the new papyri. "These," says Dr. Young, "contained several fine specimens of writing and drawing on papyrus; they were chiefly in hieroglyphics and of a mythological nature; but two which he had before described to me, as particularly deserving attention, and which were brought, through his judicious precautions, in ex-

cellent preservation, both contained some Greek characters, written apparently in a pretty legible hand. That which was most intelligible had appeared at first sight to contain some words relating to the service of the Christian church." Passing thence to speak of Casati's papyrus, Dr. Young remarks that it was the first in which any intelligible characters of the enchorial form had been discovered among the many manuscripts and inscriptions which had been examined, and it "furnished M. Champollion with a name which materially advanced the steps leading him to his very important extension of the hieroglyphical alphabet. He had mentioned to me in conversation the names of Apollonius, Antiochus, and Antigonus, as occurring among the witnesses; and I easily recognized the groups which he had deciphered; although, instead of *Antiochus*, I read *Antimachus*; and I did not recollect at the time that he had omitted the M."

Now comes the strange part of the story.

"In the evening of the day that Mr. Grey had brought me his manuscripts," proceeds Dr. Young (whose English, by the way, is in places slightly questionable), "I proceeded impatiently to examine that which was in Greek only; and I could scarcely believe that I was awake and in my sober senses, when I observed among the names of the witnesses *Antimachus Antigenis* (sic); and a few lines further back, *Portis Apollonii*; although the last word could not have been very easily deciphered, without the assistance of the conjecture, which immediately occurred to me, that this manuscript might perhaps be a translation of the enchorial manuscript of Casati. I found that its beginning was, 'A copy of an Egyptian writing;' and I proceeded to ascertain that there were the same number of names intervening between the Greek and the Egyptian signatures that I had identified, and that the same number followed the last of them. The whole number of witnesses was sixteen in each. . . . I could not therefore but conclude," proceeds Dr. Young, after dwelling on other points equally demonstrative of the identity of the Greek and enchorial inscriptions, "that a most extraordinary chance had brought into my possession a document which was not very likely, in the first place, ever to have existed, still less to have been preserved uninjured, for my information, through a period of near two thousand years; but that this very extraordinary translation

should have been brought safely to Europe, to England, and to me, at the very moment when it was most of all desirable to me to possess it, as the illustration of an original which I was then studying, but without any other reasonable hope of comprehending it; this combination would, in other times, have been considered as affording ample evidence of my having become an Egyptian sorcerer." The surprising effect of the coincidence is increased when the contents of this Egyptian manuscript are described. "It relates to the sale, not of a house or a field, but of a portion of the collections and offerings made from time to time on account or for the benefit of a certain number of mummies of persons described at length in very bad Greek, with their children and all their households."

The history of astronomy has in quite recent times afforded a very remarkable instance of repeated coincidences. We refer to the researches by which the theory has been established that meteors and comets are so far associated that meteor systems travel in the track of comets. It will readily be seen from the following statements, all of which may be implicitly relied upon, that the demonstration of this theory must be regarded as partly due to singular good fortune:—

There are two very remarkable meteor systems—the system which produces the November shooting-stars, or *Leonides*, and that which produces the August shooting-stars, or *Perseides*. It chanced that the year 1866 was the time when a great display of November meteors was expected by astronomers. Hence, in the years 1865 and 1866, considerable attention was directed to the whole subject of shooting-stars. Moreover, so many astronomers watched the display of 1866, that very exact information was for the first time obtained as to the apparent track of these meteors. It is necessary to mention that such information was *essential* to success in the main inquiry. Now it had chanced that in 1862 a fine comet had been seen, whose path approached the earth's path very closely indeed. This led the Italian astronomer Schiaparelli to inquire whether there might not be some connection between this comet and the August shooting-stars, which cross the earth's path at the same place. He was able, by comparing the path of the comet and the apparent paths of the meteors, to render this opinion highly probable. Then came inquiries into the real paths of the November meteors, these inquiries being

rendered just practicable by several coincidences, as — (1) the exact observations just mentioned; (2) the existence of certain old accounts of the meteor shower; (3) the wonderful mastery obtained by Professor Adams over all problems of perturbation (for the whole question depended on the way in which the November meteors had been perturbed); and (4) the existence of a half-forgotten treatise by Gauss, supplying formulæ which reduced Adams' labour by one half. The path having been determined (by Adams alone, we take this opportunity of insisting)* the whole question rested on the recognition of a comet travelling in the same path. If such a comet were found, Schiaparelli's case was made out. If not, then, though the evidence might be convincing to mathematicians well grounded in the theory of probabilities, yet it was all but certain that Schiaparelli's theory would presently sink into oblivion. Now there are probably hundreds of comets which have a period of thirty-three and a quarter years, but very few are known — only three certainly — and one of these *had only just been discovered* when Adams' results were announced. The odds were enormous against the required comet being known, and yet greater against its having been so well watched that its true path had been ascertained. Yet the comet which had been discovered in that very year 1866 — the comet called Tempel's, or I. 1866 — was the very comet required to establish Schiaparelli's theory. *There* was the path of the meteors assigned by Adams, and the path of the comet had been already calculated by Tempel before Adams' result had been announced; and these two paths were found to be to all intents and purposes (with an accuracy far exceeding indeed the requirements of the case) *identical*.

To the remarkable coincidences here noted, coincidences rendered so much the more remarkable by the fact that the August comet is now known to return only twice in three centuries, while the November comet returns only thrice per century, may be added these: —

The comet of 1862 was observed telescopically by Sir John Herschel under remarkably favourable circumstances. "It passed us closely and swiftly," says Her-

schel, "swelling into importance, and dying away with unusual rapidity. The phenomena exhibited by its nucleus and head were on this account peculiarly interesting and instructive, *it being only on very rare occasions* that a comet can be closely inspected at the very crisis of its fate, so that we can witness the actual effect of the sun's rays on it." (This was written long before Schiaparelli's theory had attracted notice.) This comet was also the last observed and studied by Sir John Herschel. The November comet, again, was the *first comet ever analyzed with the spectroscope*.

It will be remarked, perhaps, that where coincidences so remarkable as these are seen to be possible, it may be questionable whether the theory itself, which is based on the coincidence of certain paths, can be accepted as trustworthy. It is to be noticed that, whether this be so or not, the surprising nature of the coincidence is in no way affected; it would be as remarkable (at least) that so many events should concur to establish a false as to establish a true theory. This noted, we may admit that in this case, as in many others, the evidence for a scientific theory amounts in reality only to extreme probability. However, it is to be noticed that the probability for the theory belongs to a higher order than the probability against those observed coincidences which rendered the demonstration of the theory possible. The odds were thousands to one, perhaps, against the occurrence of these coincidences; but they are millions to one against the coincidence of the paths as well of the November as of the August meteors with the paths of known comets, by mere accident.

It may possibly be considered that the circumstances of the two last cases are not altogether such as to assure us that special intervention was not in question in each instance. Indeed, though astronomers have not recognized anything supernatural in the series of events which led to the recognition of the association between meteors and comets, some students of archæology have been disposed to regard the events narrated by Dr. Young as strictly providential dispensations. "It seems to the reflective mind," says the author of the *Ruins of Sacred and Historic Lands*, "that the appointed time had at length arrived when the secrets of Egyptian history were at length to be revealed, and to cast their reflective light on the darker pages of sacred and profane history.

* Leverrier, Schiaparelli, and others calculated the path on the assumption that the occurrence of displays three times per century implies a periodic circulation around the sun in about thirty-three years and a quarter; but Adams alone proved that this period, and no other, must be that of the November meteors.

... The incident in the labours of Dr. Young seems so surprising that it might be deemed providential, if not miraculous." The same will scarcely be thought of such events (and their name is legion) as De Morgan has recorded; since it requires a considerable stretch of imagination to conceive that either the discovery of the name of a certain editor, or the removal of De Morgan's difficulties respecting the siege of Boston, was a *nodus* worthy of miraculous interposition. For absolute triviality, however, combined with singularity of coincidence, a circumstance which occurred several years ago to the present writer appears to him unsurpassable. He was raising a tumbler in such a way that at the moment it was a few inches above his mouth; but whether to examine its substance against the light, or for what particular purpose, has escaped his recollection. Be that as it may, the tumbler slipped from his fingers and fell so that the edge struck against one of his lower teeth. The fall was just enough to have broken the tumbler (at least, against a sharp hard object like a tooth), and he expected to have his mouth unpleasantly filled with glass fragments and perhaps seriously cut. However, though there was a sharp blow, the glass remained unbroken. On examining it, he found that a large drop of wax had fallen on the edge at the very spot where it had struck his tooth, an indentation being left by the tooth. Doubtless the softening of the shock by the interposition of the wax had just saved the glass from fracture. In any case, however, the surprising nature of the coincidence is not affected. On considering the matter it will be seen how enormous were the antecedent odds against the observed events. It is not an usual thing for a tumbler to slip in such a way: it has not at any other time happened to the present writer, and probably not a single reader of these lines can recall such an occurrence either in his own experience or that of others. Then it very seldom happens, we suppose, that a drop of wax falls on the edge of a tumbler and there remains unnoticed. That two events so unusual should be coincident, and that the very spot where the glass struck the tooth should be the place where the wax had fallen, certainly seems most surprising. In fact, it is only the utter triviality of the whole occurrence which renders it credible: it is just one of those events which no one would think of inventing. Whether credible or not, it happened. As De Morgan says of the

coincidences he relates, so can the present writer say for the above (equally important) circumstance, he can "solemnly vouch for its literal truth." Yet it would be preposterous to say that there was anything providential in such an occurrence. Swift, in his *Tale of a Tub*, has indicated in forcible terms the absurdity of recognizing miraculous interventions in such cases; but should it appear to some of our readers that, trivial though the event was, the present writer should have recognized the hand of Providence in it, he would remark that it requires some degree of self-conceit to regard oneself as the subject of the special intervention of Providence, and moreover that Providence might have contrived the escape in less complicated sort by simply so arranging matters that the glass had not fallen at all. So, at least, it appears to him.

There arises, in certain cases, the question whether coincidences may not appear so surprising, as to justify the assumption that they are due to a real though undiscerned association between the coinciding events. This, of course, is the very basis of the scientific method; and it is well to notice how far this method may sometimes be unsafe. If remarkable coincidences can occur when there is no real connection—as we have seen to be the case—caution must be required in recognizing coincidence as demonstrative of association.

Not to take any more scientific instances, of which perhaps we have already said enough, let us consider the case of presentiments of death or misfortune. Here, in the first place, the coincidences which have been recorded are not so remarkable as might at first sight appear, simply because such presentiments are very common indeed. A certain not unusual condition of health, the pressure of not uncommon difficulties or dangers, depression arising from atmospheric and other causes, many circumstances, in fact, may suggest (and do notoriously suggest) such presentiments. That some presentiments out of very many thus arising should be fulfilled is not to be regarded as surprising—on the contrary, the reverse would be very remarkable. But again, a presentiment may be founded on facts, known to the person concerned, which may fully justify the presentiment. "Sometimes," says De Morgan on this point, "there is no mystery to those who have the clue." He cites instances. "In the *Gentleman's Magazine* (vol. 80, part 2, p. 33) we read, the subject being presentiment of death, as follows:— 'In 1718, to come nearer the recollection

of survivors, at the taking of Pondicherry, Captain John Fletcher, Captain De Morgan" (De Morgan's grandfather), "and Lieutenant Bosanquet each distinctly foretold his own death on the morning of his fate.' I have no doubt of all three; and I knew it of my grandfather long before I read the above passage. He saw that the battery he commanded was unduly exposed — I think by the sap running through the fort when produced.* He represented this to the engineer officers, and to the commander-in-chief; the engineers denied the truth of the statement, the commander believed them, my grandfather quietly observed that he must make his will, and the French fulfilled the prediction. His will bore date the day of his death; and I always thought it more remarkable than the fulfilment of his prophecy that a soldier should not consider any danger short of one like the above sufficient reason to make his will. I suppose," proceeds De Morgan, "the other officers were similarly posted. I am told that military men very often defer making their wills until just before an action; but to face the ordinary risks intestate, and to wait until speedy death must be the all but certain consequence of a stupid mistake, is carrying the principle very far."

As to the fulfilment of dreams and omens, it is to be noticed that many of the stories bearing on this subject fail in showing that the dream was fully described *before* the event occurred which appeared to fulfil the dream. It is not unlikely that if this had been done, the fulfilment, in many cases, would not have appeared quite so remarkable as in the actual narrative. Without imputing untruth to the dreamer, we may nevertheless — merely by considering what is known as to ordinary testimony — believe that the occurrences of the dream have been somewhat modified after the event. We do not doubt that if every person who had a dream leaving a strong impression on the mind, were at once to record all the circumstances of the dream, very striking instances of fulfilment would occur before long; but at present, certainly, nine-tenths of the remarkable stories about dreams fail in the point we have referred to.

The great objection, however, to the theory that certain dreams have been intended to foreshadow real events, is the circumstance that the instances of the fulfilment are related, while the instances of

non-fulfilment are forgotten. It is known that instances of the latter sort are very numerous, but what proportion they bear to instances of the former sort, is unknown; and while this is the case, it is impossible to form any sound opinion on the subject, so far as actual evidence is concerned. It must be remembered that in this case we are not dealing with a theory which will be disposed of if one undoubted negative instance be adduced. It is very difficult to draw the line between dreams of an impressive nature — such dreams as we might conceive to be sent by way of warning — and dreams not specially calculated to attract the dreamer's attention. A dream which appeared impressive when it occurred but was not fulfilled by the event, would be readily regarded, even by the dreamer himself, as not intended to convey any warning as to the future. The only way to form a just opinion would be to record each dream of an impressive nature, immediately after its occurrence, and to compare the number of cases in which such dreams are fulfilled with the number in which there is no fulfilment. Let us suppose that a certain class of dreams were selected for this purpose. Thus, let a society be formed, every member of which undertakes that whenever on the night preceding a journey he dreams of misfortune on the route, he will record his dream, with his ideas as to its impressiveness, before starting on his journey. A great number of such cases would soon be collected, and we may be sure that there would be several striking fulfilments, and probably two or three highly remarkable cases of the sort; but for our own part, we strongly entertain the opinion that the percentage of fulfilments would correspond very closely with the percentage due to the common risks of travelling, with or without premonitory dreams. This could readily be tested, if the members of the society agreed to note every occasion on which they travelled: it would be found, we suspect, that the dreamers gained little by their warnings. Suppose, for instance, that ten thousand journeys of all sorts were undertaken by the members of the society in the course of ten years, and that a hundred of these journeys (one per cent., that is) were unfortunate; then, if one-tenth of the journeys (a thousand in all) were preceded by warning dreams, we conceive that about ten of these warnings (or one per cent.) would be fulfilled. If more were fulfilled there would appear, so far as the evidence went, to be a balance of mean-

* De Morgan writes somewhat inaccurately here for a mathematician. The sap did not run through the fort, but the direction of the sap so ran.

ing in the warnings; if fewer, it would appear that warning dreams were to some slight degree to be interpreted by the rule of contraries; but if about the proper average number of ill-omened voyages turned out unfortunately, it would follow that warning dreams had no significance or value whatever: and this is precisely the result we should expect.

Similar reasoning, and perhaps a similar method, might be applied to cases where the death of a person has been seemingly communicated to a friend or relative at a distance, whether in a dream or vision, or in some other way at the very instant of its occurrence. It is not, however, by any means so clear that in such instances we may not have to deal with phenomena admitting of physical interpretation. This is suggested, in fact, by the application of considerations resembling those which lead to the rejection of the belief in dreams giving warning against dangers. Dreams of death may indeed be sufficiently common, and but little stress could be laid, therefore, on the fulfilment of several or even of many such dreams. But visions of the absent are not common phenomena. That state of the health which occasions the appearance of visions is unusual; and if some of the stories of death-warnings are to be believed, visions of the absent have appeared to persons in good health. But setting aside the question of health, visions are unusual phenomena. Hence, if any considerable proportion of those narratives be true, which relate how a person has at the moment of his death appeared in a vision to some friend at a distance, we must recognize the possibility, at least that under certain conditions mind may act on mind independently of distance. The *à priori* objections to this belief are, indeed, very serious, but *à priori* reasoning does not amount to demonstration. We do not know that even when under ordinary circumstances we think of an absent friend, his mind may not respond in some degree to our thoughts, or else that our thoughts may not be a response to thoughts in his mind. It is certain that such a law of thought might exist and remain undetected—it would indeed be scarcely detectable. At any rate, we know too little respecting the mind to be certain that no such law exists. If it existed, then it is quite conceivable that the action of the mind in the hour of death might raise a vision in the mind of another.

We shall venture to quote here an old but well-authenticated story, as given by Mr. Owen in his *Debatable Land between*

this World and the Next, leaving to our readers the inquiry whether probabilities are more in favour of the theory that (1) the story is untrue, or (2) the event related was only a remarkable coincidence between a certain event and a certain cerebral phenomenon, in reality no way associated with it, or (3) that there was a real association physically explicable, or (4) that the event was supernatural. Lord Erskine related to Lady Morgan—herself a perfect sceptic—we wish, all the same, that the story came direct from Erskine) the following personal narrative:—“On arriving at Edinburgh one morning, after a considerable absence from Scotland, he met in the street his father’s old butler, looking very pale and wan. He asked him what brought him to Edinburgh. The butler replied, “To meet your honour, and solicit your interference with my lord to recover a sum due to me, which the steward at the last settlement did not pay.” Lord Erskine then told the butler to step with him into a bookseller’s shop close by, but on turning round again he was not to be seen. Puzzled at this he found out the man’s wife, who lived in Edinburgh, when he learnt for the first time that the butler was dead; and that he had told his wife, on his death-bed, that the steward had wronged him of some money, and that when Master Tom returned he would see her righted. This Lord Erskine promised to do, and shortly afterwards kept his promise.” Lady Morgan then says, “Either Lord Erskine did or did not believe this strange story: if he did, what a strange aberration of intellect! if he did not, what a stranger aberration from truth! My opinion is that he *did* believe it.” Mr. Owen deals with the hypothesis that aberration of intellect was in question, and gives several excellent reasons for rejecting that hypothesis; and he arrives at the conclusion that the butler’s phantom had really appeared after his death. “The natural inference from the facts, if they are admitted, is,” he says, “that under certain circumstances, which as yet we may be unable to define, those over whom the death-change has passed, still interested in the concerns of earth, may for a time at least retain the power of occasional interference in those concerns; for example, in an effort to right injustice done.” He thus adopts what, for want of a better word, may be called the supernatural interpretation. But it does not appear from the narrative (assuming it to be true) that the butler was dead at the moment when

Erskine saw the vision and heard the words. If this moment preceded the moment of the butler's death, the story falls into the category of those which seem explicable by the theory of brain-waves. We express no opinion.

We had intended to pass to the consideration of those appearances which have been regarded as ghosts of departed persons, and to the study of some other matters which either are or may be referred to coincidences and superstitions. But our space is exhausted. Perhaps we may hereafter have an opportunity of returning to the subject — not to dogmatize upon it, nor to undertake to explain away the difficulties which surround it, but to indicate the considerations which, as it appears to us, should be applied to the investigation of such matters by those who wish to give a reason for the belief that is in them.

At present we must be content with indicating the general interpretation of coincidences which appear very remarkable, but which, nevertheless, cannot be reasonably referred to special interpositions of providence. The fact really is that occasions are continually occurring where coincidences of the sort are *possible*, though improbable. Now the improbability in any particular case would be a reasonable ground for expecting that in that case no coincidence would occur. But the matter is reversed when a great multitude of cases are in question. The probable result then is that there *will* be coincidences. We may illustrate this by reference to a question of ordinary probabilities. Suppose there is a lottery with a thousand tickets and but one prize. Then it is exceedingly unlikely that any particular ticket-holder will obtain the prize — the odds are, in fact, 999 to 1 against him. But suppose he had one ticket in each of a million different lotteries all giving the same chance of success. Then it would not be surprising for him to draw a prize; on the contrary, it would be a most remarkable coincidence if he did not draw one. The same event — the drawing of a prize — which in one case must be regarded as highly improbable, becomes in the other case highly probable. So it is with coincidences which appear utterly improbable. It would be a most wonderful thing if such coincidences did not occur, and occur pretty frequently, in the experience of every man, since the opportunities for their occurrence enormously outnumber the chances against the occurrence of any particular instance.

We may reason in like manner as to su-

perstitions. Or rather, it is to be noted that the coincidences on which superstitions are commonly based are in many instances not even remarkable. Misfortunes are not so uncommon, for instance, that the occurrence of a disaster of some sort after the spilling of salt at table can be regarded as surprising. If three or four persons, who are discussing the particular superstition relating to salt-cellars, can cite instances of an apparent connection between a misfortune and the contact of salt with a table-cloth, the circumstance is in no sense to be wondered at; it would be much more remarkable if the contrary were the case. There is scarcely a superstition of the commoner sort which is not in like manner based, *not* on some remarkable coincidence, but on the occasional occurrence of quite common coincidences. It may be said, indeed, of the facts on which nearly all the vulgar superstitions have been based, that it would have amounted to little less than a miracle if such facts were not common in the experience of every person. Any other superstitions could be just as readily started, and be very quickly supported by as convincing evidence. If the present writer were to announce to-morrow in all the papers and on every wall that misfortune is sure to follow when any person is ill-advised enough to pare a finger-nail between ten and eleven o'clock on any Friday morning, that announcement would be supported within a week by evidence of the most striking kind. In less than a month it would be an established superstition. If this appears absurd or incredible, let the reader consider merely the absurdity of ordinary superstitions. Take, for instance, fortune-telling by means of cards. If our police reports did not assure us that such vaticination is believed in by many, would it be credible that reasoning beings could hope to learn anything of the future from the order in which a few pieces of painted paper happened to fall when shuffled? Yet it is easy to see why this or any way of telling fortunes is believed in. Persons believe in the predictions of fortune-tellers for the seemingly excellent reason that such predictions are repeatedly fulfilled. They do not notice that (setting apart happy guesses based on known facts) there would be as many fulfilments if every prediction had been precisely reversed. It is the same with other common superstitions. Reverse them, and they are as trustworthy as before. Let the superstition be that to every one spilling salt at dinner some great piece

of good luck will occur before the day is over; let seven years of good fortune be promised to the person who breaks a mirror; and so on. These new superstitions would be before long supported by as good evidence as those now in existence; and they would be worth as much, since both orders of superstition are worth nothing.

From Nature.

SEA-SICKNESS.

THE prevention of sea-sickness by means of a swinging cabin has nothing novel about it, but the originality and inventive merit in the suspended saloon devised by Mr. Bessemer, and now about to be actually constructed in a ship specially designed for it by Mr. Reed, the late Chief Constructor of the Navy, are of the highest order. The association of those names is in itself a sufficient guarantee that the idea will be carried into execution with complete security as respects the safety of the passengers and the seaworthiness of the ship, and a full knowledge of the scientific principles involved.

Persons suffering from sea-sickness complain not only of giddiness arising from themselves and everything about them being continually in motion, but also in particular of a qualm which comes over them every time the ship, or the part of it on which they are standing, is descending, sinking, as it were, from under their feet. An approach to this qualm is commonly felt in a garden swing during the descent, and also in jumping from considerable heights. There can be very little doubt that this is due to the fact that the intestines are then wholly or partially relieved from their own weight, and therefore exercise an unusual pressure against the stomach, liver, and diaphragm. This pressure produces the qualm, and its rapid and frequent alternations cause sufficient irritation to produce in most people sea-sickness, and in some persons more serious effects. Physiologists are by no means agreed as to how much of sea-sickness is due to this cause, and how much to the reaction upon the stomach of the brain-disturbance, due in part, perhaps, to the actual motion of the head, but largely to the optical effect of the motion. It is pretty certain that all these causes contribute to produce the effect of sea-sickness. It is beyond doubt that they all aggravate it.

Mere swinging cots or small cabins go

but a very little way to remedy any of these evils. Even if suspended in two directions, like a compass or barometer upon jimbals, the translatory motion, whether up or down, or to and fro, remains wholly unaltered, and even the oscillatory motion is not got rid of, but only altered in character, being reduced to a minimum at a point near the middle of the ship. The distressing effect upon the eye of the relative motion of surrounding objects also remains. These effects will not be wholly eliminated by Mr. Bessemer's invention; but some of them will be very much reduced, and it remains to be seen whether the reduction is sufficient to get rid of the sickness.

The design, as settled by Mr. Bessemer and Mr. Reed, includes the construction of large steam vessels of light draught, 350 feet long, 40 feet beam, drawing 7 feet of water, and worked by two pairs of paddle-wheels. In the middle of each of these is provided a well, or hole, for the reception of a saloon 70 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 20 feet high, constructed so as to form a box girder in itself, and suspended at its extremities upon a pair of trunnions, on which it can turn, so that it may be kept steady as the vessel rolls from side to side. The saloon is not allowed to swing quite freely, but its motion is controlled by hydraulic machinery, acting either upon a rocking arm or a tangent bar (it does not appear as yet which has been selected), which enables a man to regulate its position at his discretion. This man sits opposite a spirit level, and, by merely turning a handle which opens certain valves, can keep the bubble of the spirit level at zero, so as to keep the saloon virtually upright at all times. The chief novelty of the invention consists in two points—the great size of the swinging cabin or saloon, and the controlling of its motion by hand, instead of trusting to self-adjustment. Both these are very important improvements on the simple swinging cabin.

This attempt to neutralize the motion of the vessel addresses itself to one phase of motion only, namely the rolling. Mr. Bessemer makes no attempt at correcting either the translatory part of a ship's oscillation, or the pitching. He considers that in large vessels such as he proposes to use, both these motions will be small, and not sufficient to cause sickness when once the rolling motion is got rid of. We think there is very much to bear out his view of the case; but we also think that, considering the difference which always exists between experimental and actual circum-

stances, and especially when we bear in mind that the plan does not correct the whole of the motion, its absolute and entire success is not by any means to be looked upon as a certainty.

The experiment recently made at Denmark Hill must be regarded rather as showing the efficiency of the hydraulic apparatus for regulating the motion, than the effect of its being so regulated.

In the regular heaving of the sea, after the wind has blown sufficiently long to cause regular waves or swell, each particle of water describes a circle in a vertical plane. At the surface, the diameter of these circles is the whole height of the wave from valley to crest. These circles rapidly diminish in size as their depth below the surface increases. Taking into account this diminution, as well as the effect of a ship's breadth, it is certain that the ship will not follow this circular motion at all to the same extent as a cork floating on the surface. In moderately heavy weather, it is probable that in such a ship as is proposed by Mr. Bessemer, any fixed point could describe a circle of five or six feet in diameter, quite independently of any rotatory (or rocking) motion. It is much to be regretted that the model at Denmark Hill was not mounted on a crank or eccentric, so as to combine this motion with the simple rocking, and to ascertain how far it remained as a cause of real uneasiness, when the rocking had been eliminated. It is to be observed that a level does not give a fixed direction when a ship is moving upon waves. Apart from any rolling of the ship's own, it gives, when its centre is describing a circle uniformly, not the direction of actual gravity, but the resultant of gravity and of the centrifugal force. In fact, instead of being horizontal with reference to the earth, it is horizontal with reference to the effective wave surface. But as this is also the direction with reference to which a man has to balance himself in sitting or standing, it tells us what is practically, though not actually, the upright, and therefore is probably a better guide than a truly vertical or horizontal line.

It must not be supposed that the feeling of the deck sinking under one, or the motion which produces this effect, is an actual translatory motion shared by the whole vessel. By far the greater part of it is due to rocking about some centre (whether fixed or instantaneous), at some distance from the passenger, just as a boy moves really up and down on a see-saw, while the plank simply rocks about a fixed centre.

A very large portion of the apparent motion of translation will therefore be cured by neutralizing the rocking; and so far as rolling is concerned, we have no doubt that all rocking will be effectually cured. Even as regards pitching, we are disposed to think that in large vessels this is seldom very troublesome when there is pitching and nothing else. It is the combination of pitching with rolling which is so difficult to bear; and we have reason to know that a vessel's pitching is almost invariably accompanied with a roll of very considerably greater amount than the fore and aft motion. Apart from the much more confused and distressing character of the combined motion, we think that the pitching would be found to be a much smaller effect than is commonly believed, if the rolling were wholly got rid of.

On the whole, while we are unwilling to commit ourselves to any prophecy, either of complete success or of partial failure, we think very favorably of the proposal. As a mere scientific experiment it is one of the very highest interest. As a practical design it offers a sure prospect of realizing a large part of its intention, and a fair prospect of attaining a high degree of success. We feel confident that it will save a great many who would otherwise suffer, from being sea-sick at all, but we can hardly hope that there will not be sufficient residual motion in very heavy weather to cause some degree of uneasiness to very sensitive persons; nor would we venture to predict what will be the numerical reduction in the proportion of persons relieved from sickness, or the amount of alleviation to those not wholly saved from it.

It remains to say a few words on the question of safety. The inquiry of the timid will be, What if anything goes wrong? How will you control this great moving mass of 150 or 200 tons if a valve should give way or a pipe burst? The answer is immediate. In case of accident, the saloon would simply be disabled from moving independently of the ship, and the worst that could happen would be that the passengers would not get the relief desired, but would simply be as in the saloon of an ordinary vessel, and with much better ventilation. Even if the machinery broke down badly, it would be the work of a moment for those in charge to jam the saloon most effectually, so as to make it a fixed part of the ship. The hydraulic machinery is similar to that which has been for a long time used by Mr. Bessemer in controlling large masses of molten iron

and has, therefore, been fully tested and shown to be efficient.

From The Athenæum.

"LOVE IS ENOUGH." *

MR. MORRIS may be said to have, in point of form, enlarged the limits of English verse in his new poem. Its metrical construction, although fundamentally, perhaps, the only purely national one, had fallen into such total disuse, that its reviver might be fairly entitled to the claim of invention. It is the more singular that this species of rhythmical expression should have been ignored, as it clearly adapts itself with admirable pliability to the peculiar genius of our language. No stronger proof of this could be adduced than the latest production of the poet.

"Love is Enough" is, for the greater part, written in alliterative measure. This style of versification was habitual with Northern nations. It was rhymeless, like the poetry of the Greeks; but possessed no system of foot measure, depending on accent instead. The finest examples of this kind of verse are to be met with in the Icelandic songs of the Elder Edda, and in the Middle English poem of the fourteenth century, "Piers Ploughman." Some of the choicest of Eddaic pieces were translated with remarkable felicity in Mr. Morris's version of the Volsunga Saga; but the structure of his verse in the present work has a greater affinity with English than Norse models.

Let us briefly examine what was the general law which regulated all alliterative metres. Syllables of identical sound and following each other at regular intervals invariably bring about the harmonious unison of a couplet. The Icelandic language possessed a much stricter rule of alliteration than the Anglo-Saxon. In the former it was absolutely requisite that the first line of a couplet should possess two alliterative syllables; the second line being rigorously enchained to it from the necessity that its initial letter should reiterate the preceding alliteration. The only modification of this latter rule was, that occasionally a short syllable was allowed to precede it. To make this sort of structure clear, we will quote two lines from a fourteenth century Icelandic poem:

Skapan ok fœðing skirn ok prýði

Skysend full, at betri er gulli.

* *Love is Enough; or, the Freeing of Pharamond: a Morality.* By William Morris. (Ellis & White.)

The chief distinction between this metre and that in use amongst the Anglo-Saxons was that here we find a strict regulation as to the number of times the alliteration may be employed. Not only was it forbidden to exceed or fall short of the three alliterative accents, but these must also succeed each other at stated periods.

The Anglo-Saxons allowed themselves more latitude. They sometimes only employed two alliterative syllables in couplets of four, five, and even six accents, while, on the other hand, they would not scruple to exceed the number of three. The opening lines of "Piers Ploughman" may, however, be cited as the more regular specimen of alliteration:—

In a somer seson
When softe was the sonne,
I shoop me into shroudes
As I a sheep weere,
In habit as a heremite,
Unholy of werkes,
Wente wide in this world
Wondres to here.

It is manifest that Mr. Morris has greatly improved on this measure. Under his hands it has assumed statelier proportions. The rise and fall of its sound-waves have acquired a more majestic sweep. The fusion of the two short lines of a couplet, as formerly used, into one, thus obtaining four accents in a single line, at once gives more scope to narrative, and allows of more freedom in the employment of the alliteration.

It would be impossible here to enter into the minutiae of Mr. Morris's treatment of alliteration, and of his deviation from the old writers in this respect. A few points that have struck us most may, however, be briefly enumerated here. Mr. Morris does not confine himself to the three customary alliterative syllables in a couplet. An exquisite specimen of this kind may, however, stand here:—

It shall change, we shall change, as through rain
and through sunshine
The green rod of the rose-bough to blossoming
changeth.

A slighter alliteration, as here in "bough" and "blossoming," is so repeatedly to be met with in the track of the principal one, that it cannot be imputed to accident, and often enhances the melodious beauty of the verses. The alliteration is not always confined to a couplet, but is sometimes arranged in metrical clauses, from one and a half to two or three lines, apparently in harmony with

the spirit of the narrative. For example :—

Thou hast followed my banner amidst of the
battle,
And seen my face change to the man that they
fear,
Yet found me not fearful nor turned from be-
houlding.

Occasionally, we find a double alliteration of double consonants, which has a very fine effect, as thus :—

There is a place in the world, a great valley,
That seems a green plain from the brow of the
mountains.

And again :—

By thy fair wife, long dead, and thy sword-
smitten children,
By thy life without blame, and thy love without
blemish.

Sometimes a single line will contain a complete alliterative verse, as thus :—

O woe, woe is me that I may not awaken!

As a splendid example of the general character of the metre, we will quote the following lines :—

Who shall ever forget it? the dead face of thy
father,
And thou in thy fight-battered armour above it,
Mid the passion of tears long held back by the
battle;
And thy rent banner o'er thee, and the ring of
men mail clad,
Victorious to-day, since their ruin not a spear-
length
Was thrust away from them. — Son, think of
thy glory,
And e'en in such wise break the throng of these
devils!

Here, it appears to us, we detect an admirable innovation on the old system. This consists in the rise of a new alliterative wave before the preceding one has completely subsided, and produces an inexpressibly rich and far-reaching echo of sound. By such means the sense is thrown into vivid relief. We not merely realize a scene, or an image, by means of a mental effort, but are brought into an immediate sensuous contact with it. Triumphs of this kind are of the essence of poetry. The least sensitive ear must, in the verses above cited, become conscious of the strong forcible colouring which the use of alliteration imparts to the description.

A metre which possesses such remarkable rhythmical capacities, while at the same time it allows the poet almost the latitude of prose, might have been chosen as the appropriate form for an English

Iliad, had we any such. It certainly seems to possess, to a greater extent than blank verse, the quality of minutely assimilating its modulation to every gradation of the thought which it clothes.

We must not forget here to point out the crowning beauty of this poem — its songs. They are based on the same metrical arrangement as the other portions, excepting that rhyme is superadded. This at once transforms narrative into lyrical poetry. The melodiousness of their liquid numbers makes them unique of their kind. We select the shortest, that it may answer for the rest :—

Love is Enough : though the World be a-wan-
ing,

And the woods have no voice but the voice of
complaining,

Though the sky be too dark for dim eyes to
discover

The gold-cups and daisies fair blooming there-
under,

Though the hills be held shadows, and the sea a
dark wonder,

And this day draw a veil over all deeds passed
over,

Yet their hands shall not tremble, their feet
shall not falter;

The void shall not weary, the fear shall not alter
These lips and these eyes of the loved and the
lover.

Turn we now to the story. In celebration of the marriage of an emperor and empress a Morality is performed. A pair equally happy, although they be but humble peasant-folk. Giles and Joan, look on wonder-eyed from amidst the throng of people. The bride is held up in the crowd by the Goodman, and their *naïve* remarks form a charming introduction, as likewise the couple charmingly conclude the poem, by settling that they will invite the player-king and player-maiden, who are also a newly-wedded pair, to their homestead, and treat them there to the best cheer.

In the Morality itself, in harmony with the character of that species of mediæval play, we find one allegorical personage introduced. It is Love, who appears under various disguises, — as a king, as a pilgrim, as a maker of pictured cloths, — and who might be regarded as the real hero of the play, considering how completely he triumphs over its ostensible one, King Pharamond. This king, the liberator of his country, whose five years' reign has been distinguished by the most glorious achievements, falls unaccountably into a strange deathlike lethargy. It avails not that by order of the physicians he is taken on board ship, or induced to

assist at the tournament or the hunt: for even should a momentary gleam of animation sparkle up, it straightway is quenched again, and leaves him "with no life in his lips," says the deeply-concerned Oliver, his foster-father, who likened him rather

To King Nimrod carved fair on the back of the high-seat
When the candles are dying, and the high moon is streaming
Through window and luffer white on the lone pavement,
Whence the guests are departed in the hall of the palace.

At last, in his garden, with none but the lilies for listeners, the King, partly roused from his trance, reveals to Master Oliver the secret of his malady. He loves, but the loved one has appeared to him in dreams only. He proceeds to describe how

Five years are passed over since in the fresh dawning
On the field of that fight I lay wearied and sleepless,
Till slumber came o'er me in the first of the sunrise;
Then as there lay my body rapt away was my spirit,
And a cold and thick mist for awhile was about me,
And when that cleared away, lo, the mountain-walled country
'Neath the first of the sunrise in e'en such a spring-tide
As the spring-tide our horse hoofs that yestereve trampled:
By the withy-wrought gate of a garden I found me,
'Neath the goodly green boughs of the apple full-blossomed;
And fulfilled of great pleasure I was as I entered
The fair place of flowers, and wherefore I knew not.
Then lo, mid the birds' song a woman's voice singing,
Five years passed away, in the first of the sunrise.

Since then, through all the turmoil and strife of his stormy glorious career, the vision of her remains in his heart. As great armies fell back before the rumour of his coming, and freed cities welcomed his entrance, it ever seemed to him that she beckoned him onward, and over and over again his spirit met her in that same "mountain-walled country," with its green plain and narrow gorge, "fulfilled by a black wood of yew-trees." But when his empire was well established, every invader conquered, the vision seemed to fade, while his longing grew but the more eager and fierce. At last, but a month from the

time he is speaking, he found himself once again

Fulfilled of all joy at the edge of the yew-wood;
Then lo, her gown's flutter in the fresh breeze of morning,
And slower and statelier than her wont was aforetime,
And fairer of form, toward the yew-wood she wended.
But woe's me! as she came and at last was beside me,
With sobbing scarce ended her bosom was heaving,
Stained with tears was her face, and her mouth was yet quivering
With torment of weeping held back for a season.
Then swiftly my spirit to the King's bed was wafted,
While still toward the sea were her weary feet wending.
— Ah, surely that day of all wrongs that I hearkened,
Mine own wrongs seemed heaviest and hardest to bear —
Mine own wrongs and hers — till that past year of ruling
Seemed a crime and a folly. Night came, and I saw her
Stealing barefoot, bareheaded, amidst of the tulips
Made grey by the moonlight: and a long time Love gave me
To gaze on her weeping. Morn came, and I wakened —
I wakened and said: — Through the World will I wander,
Till either I find her, or find the World empty.

The upshot of this is, that he and his foster-father start in quest of the dream-land and dream-maiden. And three weary years of seeking have elapsed before we meet them again in a forest among the hills of a foreign land. The King has fallen sick, and well-nigh despairs of success. Nevertheless, they journey on once again, till Pharamond, quite exhausted, feels his limbs fail under him, and sinks down on the highway, which is covered by a thick mist. Oliver, sorely troubled, departs in search of help; for, the mist growing lighter,

There come sounds through its dulness,
The lowing of kine, or the whoop of a shepherd,
The bell-wether's tinkle, or clatter of horse-hoofs.
A homestead is nigh.

While he is gone, Love himself approaches the King; they hold converse together, interrupted by delicious snatches of song, during which the latter again falls asleep. Then at last Azalais, the dream-girl, draws near. Love departs joyful, and she,

seeing him lying there by the wayside,
with

— beauty sore blemished

By sorrow and sickness, and for all that the
sweeter,

stoops down and kisses him.

Thus the long quest is ended. The seeker has found the sought, the lover his loved one. But still there is no peace for him. The memory of the kingdom he has left, of the vacant throne, of his people yearning to see his face again, now that his desire is attained, comes back to him once more, drawing him thither. He therefore returns across the sea with his faithful Oliver. But his city knows him no more, and he discovers "that much may be forgot in three years' space."

A new king sits on his throne, and he passes unrecognized through the throng of many well-known faces. Oliver would have him once again draw his sword and conquer his empire afresh. But Pharamond is not minded thus. Having left all for Love, he likewise finds that "Love is Enough" for him, and to Oliver's question,—

In what land of the world shall we dwell now
henceforward?

he makes answer —

In the land where my love our returning abideth,
The poor land and kingless of the shepherding
people,
There is peace there, and all things this land are
unlike to.

On considering this story, this dream within a dream rather, we are conscious of a strangely-mingled sensation, in which exquisite enjoyment is yet tinged by a shade of regret. The rare mastery with which Mr. Morris handles an unusual and truly magnificent form of versification,—a form the full scope of which reveals itself in passages where the grandeur of conception requires to be vigorously embodied,—is father to the wish that the subject thus presented had been possessed of loftier proportions.

In this metre we may repeat Homer would for the first time become truly naturalized on English soil. In this metre some of the grand but fragmentary Norse tales might, for the first time, unfold their eagle plumage to the full, or the Arthurian legends at last attain to complete development. Mr. Morris has already, in his earliest work, selected some incidents from the latter for poetical presentation, and he was singularly successful. Why should he not once again select this sub-

ject for more exhaustive treatment?—for it seems to be the only really national tradition which contains inherent, epic and narrative capacities. And the mysticism, the weird sweetness, of these Celtic legends, their strange, dreamy fascination, would marvellously harmonize with some of the most distinctive characteristics of Mr. Morris's genius.

Surely the fact of Mr. Tennyson having, in a manner, for the first time selected this theme, could not and ought not to act as a deterrent motive. As it is, his Idyls, beautiful as they are for the greater part, do not pretend to any faithful rendering of the spirit of the old tale, but aim at a perfectly modern and individual treatment. So far from precluding, this method of dealing with the subject would rather seem to challenge a fresh attempt, starting from an entirely different conception. There would be a double charm in this: that of the work itself in the first instance; in the second, the pleasure which is always experienced in instituting a comparison of the dissimilarity of treatment between similar subjects. For in this treatment, of course, reside the Alpha and Omega of the poet's power; and we are inclined to think that, on the whole, it is rather a gain than a loss to Art that the same theme should be handled over and over again. If we had as many "King Arthurs" as the Greeks possessed tragedies concerning the woes of the house of Agamemnon, or the Italians representations of the Madonna, we should probably find that in some way we could not fail to attain some culminating achievement. And one inestimable result would certainly be arrived at, the poet would at once have a type, a firm substratum, which, like the block of marble under the sculptor's hands, he could mould, elaborate, and fashion forth into perfect loveliness, while, nevertheless, he in some senses would be bound down by the necessary conditions of his material. This, it appears to us, is an immense advantage to the poet, and it will be a subject of regret if he does not avail himself of it. That King Pharamond is no such type, it is unnecessary to add. He is, in fact, but a vague shadowy king, whose deeds impress us with a sense of unreality akin to his dreams. Who can deny, however, that these possess an exquisite enchantment, which transports us for the time into a land of mingled romance and *faërie*, or resist the undefinable sweet glamour they cast over him? In fact, this kind of poetry always produces on our imagination

an effect somewhat resembling the impression received on looking at a familiar landscape through the inellow emblazonry of a painted casement. We cannot say that objects we see thus are idealized; for to idealize is not to lose sight of reality, but to sever what is impure and transient from the lofty and imperishable. Here, however, if the comparison be permissible, we see reality, not enhanced, but transformed. We behold her through an unfamiliar medium of strange and deceptive splendour; and it is in this splendour, glowing as well as soft, that the present poem is steeped.

From The St. James Magazine.
THE TWO BROTHERS.

NEVERTHELESS, this wicked hatred distressed me, and on one occasion I lost all patience over it. It occurred as follows:—

People who live in the Vosges are great observers of high days and holidays, principally those instituted for children.

First, in point of date, is the *fête* of St. Nicholas, the great patron saint of Lorraine. He is represented with a tall twig basket on his back, a bell in one hand, and a rod in the other, that has been steeped in vinegar. The second *fête* is Christmas Day, which comes decked out with wooden swords, cakes, and in the houses of the rich, small fir-trees loaded with gilded nuts, ribbon, wax-lights and sweets. The third *fête* is New Year's Day, and then comes Twelfth Night, which is the merriest of all, when snow lies deep on the ground.

A large number of children go their rounds in the village dressed in long white gowns, to figure the drapery of the three kings from the East. With their painted paper crowns on, and wooden sceptres over their shoulders, they look exactly like kings in a pack of cards.

Thus attired, they enter every hut and house, singing an old ballad, of which the words are in such old *patois* that it is almost difficult to make them out; but they mean, "the three kings have come to worship the Lord;" after which prefatory announcement the children suddenly fall down prostrate, crying out in a chorus, "We kneel."

The villagers send them away with nuts, dried plums, apples, eggs, and butter. The grand time for them is when they come to the school-house, which they enter majestically, singing, and exciting

the universal admiration of their school-fellows, while Herod, who is hidden under the doorway, stands waiting for his turn to enter.

The girls and boys all envy these short-lived Magi, and when the singers have left, the master takes this opportunity to relate the story of the three kings, as it is told in the Bible; how they came to adore our Lord in the small village of Bethlehem, in Judea; and how they found Him in a crib among cattle and poor shepherds. He describes the lovely bright star going before the three kings, showing one carrying incense, another myrrh, and the third, gold.

I told them this story, and the little girls sat straining their eyes as they listened, and leaning over the front railing in undivided attention, while the boys sat with crossed arms in deep thought.

A few days later, I thought I would see how much they had retained of the story, and questioned them about it. Not one of the boys could remember a word; even George could make neither head nor tail out of it. I told Louise to stand up and try, which she did instantly, and related the tale of the three kings from beginning to end in a clear, ringing voice, taking her time leisurely over it, and making it as impressive as I could myself.

"Very well told, Louise; sit down. I have not been so pleased with you for a long time."

Her face was glowing over with joy, and George's features were suddenly overcast.

Now, on that same day, when school was over, I opened the windows, in order to change the air of the room a little, and on doing so I saw the children running through the snow; some of them were standing in a long string on a slide that the frost had glazed over round our fountain.

Boys and girls were together, shouting, waving their arms, striking their wooden shoes on the ice; while the more accomplished among them were on all fours, sliding along on their heels and hands, or in a sitting posture. It was a pleasant thing to see all these little women's round faces and red noses coming out of their coifs and hoods, and the boys swaying to and fro to keep steady.

I had been observing all this for a minute or more when Louise, full of fun and excitement, got on the ever-lengthening slide among the boys. She skimmed on like a fearless bird, with her open mantle flowing out like wings on both sides. At the same moment George hurried forward, and, giving her a push with his elbow as

he went by to get on before her, threw her down in the snow.

I was indignant, rushed out, picked her up, and called George back.

Hot tears were running down his cousin's cheeks; luckily she was not hurt.

George pretended he did not hear, and thought he would run off.

"Come back, sir," I called; "come back directly, you mischievous boy."

I then took hold of him by the arm and led him into the school-room, saying as we went along,

"You did it on purpose; I am sure you did." He was very white, but did not answer.

"Did you do it on purpose? Answer me this moment."

But George was too proud to tell a story, and, without uttering a syllable, sat at the farther end of a bench, looking with a fierce fixed gaze straight in front of him.

"As you will not answer," I continued, "it is certain you did it on purpose, thinking you would pay Louise back for knowing the story of the three kings better than you. You wanted to hurt her . . . it is the wickedest . . . you deserve to be punished. I mean to keep you in; you shall not go home to dinner."

Saying this I left the school-room, locking the door and taking the key with me. I was quite upset.

I sent my wife to inform George's parents that he was punished, and when I went down to the school-room again, a little before one o'clock, I found the boy sitting on the same bench, with his elbows on the table, his cheeks in the palms of his two hands, and still gazing on the same spot in front of him.

"Are you sorry for what you have done?" I asked gently. Not a word.

"Say you will never do it again." No reply. I felt very embarrassed and annoyed, as I went about the school-room getting things ready for the afternoon lessons.

His mother arrived soon after, carrying the child's dinner under her apron. Her eyes were swollen. I told her what had occurred. She looked at George very sadly as she placed the porringer before him; he, however, ate heartily, and, when he had done, walked to his desk, where he patiently waited the return of his schoolfellows.

"Ah, Monsieur Florent!" said his mother, on leaving the house, "it is a terrible affliction; but they are all the same — they are Rantzaus all over" . . .

When Louise came back she appeared perfectly happy, and from time to time

cast a glance of satisfaction at her cousin.

For the next six weeks, whenever I questioned George he did not look me in the face, for he had what schoolboys call a spite against me. When they feel this sort of thing they fancy they conceal it by looking sideways.

"Look at me, George," I said; but he did not, and remained silent and gloomy the whole winter.

One spring day, however, he happened to know his lesson better than Louise or any one in the school, and I held him up as a pattern to the others.

His eye instantly met mine, and he appeared reconciled.

CHAPTER III.

EVENTS of a more serious nature took place at about this time in the village.

Our mayor, M. Fortin, died. He had lived over eighty years, had been a soldier, public-house keeper, a dealer in timber, and, finally, the mayor of Chaumes — a station he had filled for many years.

His end had been looked forward to by the housewives of the village a long time before it took place, as all had set their eyes beforehand on some object or other in which they were desirous to invest on the sale of the mayor's properties. One had made up her mind to purchase the large painted soup-tureen; another, the plates; a third, the kettle, or the side-board, or the table.

Mayor Fortin held out a long time in spite of his rheumatism; he clung to life until the report spread that he had expired in the night; and this time it was true.

His sale was the largest I have witnessed in the mountains, and it was also a most arduous contest, several villagers having had leisure to set their hearts on the same article.

I will pass over in silence an account of the formality of placing seals on all the mayor's possessions, and that of taking them off again. I will say nothing of all the preliminary noticing, posting, and other usual ceremonies that are gone through every where. I will describe the sale itself, and the manner of transferring property to the last and highest bidder, on which occasion the mountaineer's love of gain was shown in all its native violence. My wife had long envied two of the mayor's brass candlesticks; she had thought of them for three long years, and on the morning of the sale came to me saying, —

"We really are in want of a few little

things, Florent; and we *must* have a pair of candlesticks; we might just as well buy the mayor's, what say you?"

I knew these candlesticks were her weak point, and answered, —

"All right, Marie-Barbe; we can leave at eleven, after school."

But she could not wait so long patiently, and came to look at the clock several times, through the sash-window.

From my place in the school-room I could see what was going on round the mayor's house. The sale had commenced very early, and all sorts of things had been carried out on the tables brought down in the yard. There were gridirons, cauldrons, kettles, roasting-jacks, bottles, chairs, clocks; in fact, movables which for fifty years had accumulated from the cellar to the loft; spinning-wheels, bundles of flax, the winder, the barometer, table-linen, bed-linen, . . . and, Heavens above! what money must have been spent on that house! Such houses are perfect gulfs, and women never have enough; if they were listened to, one would buy every thing.

The crier, Lemoine, and the attorney, Bajolet de Lorquin, with his head clerk, Schott, were in the centre of the busy crowd. Lemoine's shouts, from the top of the table on which he stood, could be heard at the other end of the village.

"Going, going; one—two—two. No one to bid any higher? A magnificent kettle—three francs, ten sous."

He then lifted the kettle for every body to take stock of it.

"Three francs, ten sous."

"Four francs," cried a voice.

"Four francs," went on Lemoine; "one, two, the kettle is going for four francs. No one says a word more? Going, going—one, two, three—gone! The kettle belongs to Pierre Jean Machet."

I could follow all this, and notice my wife coming down every now and then besides. Such exciting scenes do not, fortunately, occur very often, as they would put an end to all teaching and learning in a village. As to my scholars, they were quite impatient to be on the field of action; therefore, just on the stroke of eleven I called for prayers, and the last word, "Amen," was scarcely uttered, when a general scramble out ensued, the children flocking off like sheep, and wishing me a hearty good-bye.

I was not sorry to get rid of them, for my wife was again at the sash-window, reminding me it was high time to be off.

"I'm ready," I replied, much amused; and to the sale we went.

It was a great relief to find that the brass candlesticks were not yet sold, though such small articles were nearly all disposed of. The plates, glasses, saucepans, and other kitchen utensils, had just been carried off; the cupboard, chairs, and armchairs were now coming on. Marie-Barbe pulled me on by the arm, till we got all among the people, who not only swarmed around, but filled the mayor's house from roof to cellar, and were shouting from the windows to their friends in the street. It was a fearful din.

"Come this way, Monsieur Florent," cried Botte, the forest-keeper, as soon as he saw us. He was a good-humoured, stout man, and his big green over-coat, with a hood to it, was rather tight for his corpulent figure. "This way, Monsieur and Madame Florent," he again cried, clearing a passage for us with his wide shoulders.

"So you, too, have a mind to bid for something, Monsieur Florent?" he asked.

I was going to reply that we meant to have the candlesticks, but my wife stopped me by pulling my arm.

"Well," she put in, "that all depends, Monsieur Botte; we shall see."

We were close to the table, near the clerk, who was making entries in a register on a desk; and there was the lawyer in a great passion with parties who were known to be bad pay and would insist on bidding without offering any caution. He, after some altercation, settled them by striking their names off the list; the consequence was, they clenched their fists at him, threatening all manner of things. The *gendarme* Lallemand was fortunately standing by, with his hand resting on the hilt of his sword; and, when the confusion became too unbearable to be tolerated, he had but to cast a glance around, and look at the riotous in a way which quieted them instantly. After this, unruly purchasers made up for their disappointment by drinking the wine of the sale, for it was a great fashion in those times to keep up people's spirits by giving them, as much wine as they liked. Some drank as many as two and three measures of red or white, and, though it cost nothing at the time, they found it very dear the next day. We were pretty quiet when we once found standing-room among the crowd. The villagers exchanged friendly greetings, many offering to take wine with me, and talking, as we did so, over their great bargains, principally of the landed property that was going to be sold. There was an end to bidding such small sums as two

and three francs; hundreds and thousands were coming on, and purchasers were not plentiful. The two Jews, Samuel Levy and tall Judas Mayer d'Imling, were present. They were standing with others at the farther end of the deceased mayor's ground-floor room. Short drovers' sticks hung from a leather cord to their wrists, and flat caps were pulled over their eyes. There were present also the Resignat brothers, Monsieur Barabino der Harberg, Monsieur Bauquel de Saintquirin, Monsieur R'straph d'Abrecheville, surnamed "the Prince," on account of his immense fortune; finally, all the big heads of the environs, and, besides these, there were Jean and Jacques Rantzau in the dark, looking on at the sale of small things as if it bored them immensely. One was bald and tall, the other square and thick-set, with a frizzly head and full beard; both had long hooked noses, glassy eyes, and wide jaws tightly pressed together. They were equally pale, and did not seem to attend to what the Jews were telling them. I could see all this by looking over people's heads and standing on the tips of my toes. My wife looked at nothing but the brass candlesticks and the sale of the remainder of the furniture. Suddenly she caught my arm; Lemoine was holding up the candlesticks.

"A pair of brass candlesticks!" he cried (he was as hoarse as could be after two hours' incessant shouting); "two fine candlesticks!" He then had to stoop down, and ask how much they were priced at.

"Two francs," replied Monsieur Bajolet.

"Two francs; two magnificent candlesticks!" cried Lemoine, looking round. "Forty sous; *allons*, ladies, a little spirit!"

I was going to bid fifty sous, but my wife, with more cunning, said, "Forty-five sous."

Lemoine looked our way.

"Forty-five sous; going, going; forty-five sous! no higher bidder? One — two — three — gone!"

He handed the candlesticks to my wife, good-humouredly saying, "A splendid bargain, Madame Florent; they are worth four francs as true as two farthings."

Marie-Barbe did not stay the sale out, but, being fully satisfied with her candlesticks, left soon after; but I was much interested in the novel proceedings, and waited for the grand sale of immovables, when francs would be bid by hundreds and thousands. A spectator of such scenes as these fancies all the time that he feels his blood boiling, while the greed he notices in others, their frenzy, and shouts,

seem to be contagious, and that he is undergoing the same sensations as the chief actors. I was, therefore, riveted to the spot, looking forward to the sale of fields, meadows, orchards, and the house as if they concerned me.

Father Botte, who was standing next to me, said, "This is only the beginning as yet, Monsieur Florent; the skirmishing is over, and now the real fight is coming on."

He was right. Towards half-past eleven, all the furniture being sold, there was some talk of putting the rest of the sale off to the following day; but the attorney, who was a sly fox, seeing the purchasers were in good condition and getting warm, exclaimed, "Lemoine, there will be plenty of time for rest to-morrow. It is well to beat while the iron is hot; let us go into the house."

The clerk then took his register under his arm, Lemoine carried the desk, and all entered the large, full room. The attorney took possession of the centre, and Monsieur Bajolet read out the terms of sale. They were very simple. Cash was to be forthcoming at the end of a year and a day, including interest at five per cent., or ready money could be paid down immediately, according to the wish of purchasers.

After this the sale began, a thick crowd of people pressing round the table. I was somewhat behind, and could only see the faces of those in front of me — Samuel Levy, Jean and Jacques Rantzau, and tall Judas Mayer.

The first things sold were an orchard and a few corn and oat fields on the slope, the boundaries and everything connected with each being minutely described, but neither did hundreds nor thousands come down, the Jews having little to do with the proceedings.

Now and then the attorney would assist Lemoine by repeating the prices. He also stepped outside from time to time to say that such or such an orchard was going to be sold. A few men, until then kept back by their remonstrating wives, would slowly come in; for if women love movables, men love immovables, which gives rise to quarrelling between them, the husband wanting to buy what his wife will not let him, when they come to hands, the latter holding out to the end, and screaming at the top of her voice, "No, no, no!"

These were the sort who came in and collected round the table. Up to this time the people of the place and environs alone had invested.

I was going to leave, as it was nearly twelve, and I feared Marie-Barbe was waiting for dinner, when, just as I had turned away, the notary, raising his voice, said, —

"We are going to sell, in one lot, the five acres of land that extend from the river-side to the large meadow of Jacques Rantzaui, which it joins at the upper end, and which is better known as the meadow of Guisi. Let it be understood that it is all to be sold in one lot. Now, Lemoine, go on."

Upon which Lemoine climbed up on his chair, crying out, —

"Five acres of meadow-land for fifteen hundred francs; fifteen hundred francs for five acres of land; three hundred francs per acre; five acres for fifteen hundred francs!"

"Two thousand!" bid one of the Jews.

"Two thousand two hundred!" struck up the other.

They went on in this way for some time, each bidding a hundred francs higher in turn until they reached three thousand, when Monsieur Botte whispered, —

"Samuel is Jean Rantzaui's man, and Judas stands there for Jacques; the fight is between the two brothers."

I turned and took a look at Jean and Jacques; they appeared cool enough, but gloomy. This lasted about half an hour, the rival bidders coming to four thousand francs by adding on fifty to each offer. At this point the Jews hesitated, not daring to bid higher without a sign from the brothers.

All at once Jean's face brightened. "Four thousand five hundred!" he thundered.

"Five thousand!" said Jacques with a smile.

"Five thousand five hundred!" retorted Jean.

"Six thousand!" shouted Jacques, without looking at his brother; but his eyes were sunken in and his teeth clenched.

"Six thousand five hundred!" roared Jean.

When Jacques heard this he burst into a fit of laughter, and, clearing a passage through the crowd, left the house with his hands thrust in his pockets, saying, "It is too dear for me."

As Jean passed me a moment after, I heard him say, "It is rather heavy pay, but such a meadow as that in one piece would be too good a thing for a single person; I wanted my share, and now I have it."

As he walked down the street very slowly I followed him; Samuel, the Jew,

kept by his side. They were seen coming along from a distance by Jacques and tall Judas, both standing at the door looking at them. All the good humour shown by Jacques at the sale had abandoned him; his mirth had turned into sadness when he reflected that the fine Guisi meadow he had always hoped to have all to himself at the death of old Fortin was now, so to say, cut in two by the piece Jean had bought.

When I came to consider how deeply the two brothers hated each other, I felt a kind of apprehension on my own account, fancying I had given Jacques some annoyance by punishing his son for rude behaviour to Louise. This fear was all the more grounded as there was a rumour afloat that Jacques would succeed Monsieur Fortin as mayor of Chaumes, in which office he would have it in his power to injure me considerably. I felt uneasy the whole evening through lessons, perplexed as I was by my difficulties with the two children of such men as these Rantzaus. I was as much in fear of one as of the other, never having had an example of such dangerous dispositions.

On the same day, towards seven, I was talking of them to my wife over supper, and she was advising me to be always on my guard, when we heard some one come up-stairs, then knock at our door.

"Come in," said Marie-Barbe.

It was George, with a basket on his arm.

"Good evening, Monsieur and Madame Florent; I have brought you something with my parents' compliments."

My wife lifted up the lid of the basket. It contained splendid pork chops and lovely black puddings, tastefully laid out on a large dish. We both expressed our admiration.

"I declare!" cried my wife, "how shall we ever thank you —"

"We killed a pig yesterday," said George, "and my father gave particular orders that the best part should be kept for you."

We were quite astonished.

I made George fill his pockets with nuts, telling him he was to convey our thanks to his parents for their kind attention.

He said he would, and left us in high spirits. Thus, instead of our being on a bad footing with Jacques Rantzaui, as we had feared was the case, he looked on us as friends, such presents as the above being made to none who are not on pleasant terms with each other.

I need not add that those chops and black puddings, coming as they did from the hands of Madame Charlotte Rantzaui,

were the very best we had ever eaten. Seasoning is not spared in such a larder as hers; besides, with the exception of Madame Guerito Simon, the brewer's wife, no other cook in the place could come up to her. What delighted us most, however, was the certainty that we lived in peace with every one. Without quiet all else is bitterness. I perceived that, though the two Rantzaus hated each other, they were sensible enough to leave their neighbours alone, and that they considered education as a great good.

Monsieur Jean bowed whenever I had the honour to meet him in the village or elsewhere; his brother pulled his hat off to me likewise; consequently I enjoyed perfect calm in the performance of my duties.

No one had a better right than Curé Jannequin to inculcate Christian feelings in the hearts of the notables at Chaumes, and that by reason of his great age and holy profession. I shall never forget how nicely he one day told Jean some big truths, without seeming to be talking at him at all.

It was on a Thursday morning, during the heated term, and about three months after the death of Monsieur Fortin. The curé had sent me word to say an accident had happened up in the heights, and that we were to carry the holy Viaticum to the hamlet of Bruyères. Thursday is a kind of holiday, and all the school-children are sent out to pick up sticks in the forest; therefore it was not easy to find a boy to carry the bell. Fortunately, George Rantzaucame our way. "George," said I, "run and tell your father there is some one dying at Bruyères, and I want you to carry the bell. There is no time to lose."

Boys are always pleased to run for any thing, and are particularly fond of taking part in all ceremonies, even mournful ones; so off he went. I returned to the vestry, where I dressed, and had just finished when he came back. I then clothed him in a surplice, and gave him a hand-bell. The curé was waiting for us at the presbytery, whither we hurried, and thence set out, carrying the holy Viaticum.

It was a very serious case: John Peter Abba, one of Jean Rantzaus' woodcutters, had fallen off a great fir-tree he was in the act of lopping, and his thighs having struck against a great protruding root, all the lower part of his body was deadened by the blow, and inert. As we strided along, all the old people came running to their windows, saying a short prayer. When we were once on the slope, and had got in

the narrow sandy path which runs along among broom and heath, the heat was so intense we had to slacken our pace; no one spoke, yet thoughts of death suggested the following:—

"What is man, O God? These millions of swarming insects around; these ants, which manifest Thy greatness and love; even the soil under our feet teems with life, whereas one of our poor fellow-men lies yonder without hope, and helpless. What would man be more than an insect if eternal life had not been promised him?"

Our faces were covered with perspiration, and the curé, somewhat bent with age, was compelled to stop every now and then to take breath. The austere aspect of the heights, the barren soil on which grew nothing but brambles and heath, the perpendicular rocks on a line, the mid-day calm, which was so complete that the slightest rustle or cry of the grasshopper could be heard, are to be put down among those things one can fancy, but not describe.

I had never come so far, and it seemed quite extraordinary that human beings should live so much out of the way. Every other minute I wondered how they gained a livelihood, what they ate. I looked about and saw nothing. I wondered what sort of homes they had, and it was a full hour's walk farther on before I perceived a few old hovels roofed with wood. Instead of windows there were loopholes, some of which were stuffed with straw to keep the air out, and others filled with cracked panes of glass to let the light in. The doors were unhung and stood awry; the steps outside were worn and disjointed; altogether they were most wretched hovels, more like dens for wild beasts than habitations for human beings. I thought I knew all about misery before I came here, but I soon changed my mind. From the front of one of these abominable homes a group of men, women, and children stood looking at us. The men were in linen trousers, worn out at the knees; the women's gowns were in the same condition, while their hair hung down their backs like skeins of flax. What more can I say? Nothing, but that this place is Las Bruyères.

On a little elevation in the background stretched a few patches of field that looked as if they had been turned over, but on which, for want of water, nothing grew. It was hard to find out that these were potato-fields.

When we came to John Peter Abba's

door, George rang his bell, and the wretched people fell on their knees. We first entered a kind of kitchen, having a hearth in one corner, which was covered with ashes; the beams of the ceiling were so low we had to take our hats off. An old grey-haired woman was seated on a stool. She was half doubled in two, and had thrown her yellow, skinny arms over her head; she did not move, but now and then a sudden sob would make her shake all over. Monsieur Jean Rantzau and Louise were standing by her, for they had hurried to Bruyères, and Monsieur Jean was saying,—

“Come, Zâlie, pick up courage. I shall not forsake you — never — never. John Peter was a good labourer; an old companion — one of my father’s men. Fear nothing — trust to me.”

But the afflicted woman did not answer. She had her head on her knees, and was barefoot. I had never seen anything so harrowing, and turned quite pale; so did the curé. Monsieur Jean went on,—

“You must bear in mind, Zâlie, that you have still your good son Cyriaque; he will never be out of work. I shall always employ him.”

We heard all this from the entrance, where we stood wiping our faces after the hot walk. George again rang his bell, and we entered. Jean Rantzau made a low bow; his eyes were full of tears. Louise was crying also. We remained thus a moment, in silence, to compose ourselves. Monsieur Jean pointed to the back door, and whispered, “He is in there.” Monsieur le Curé uncovered the holy Viaticum: then I and George followed him. The others fell in behind, all excepting the stricken old woman.

From Fraser’s Magazine.

THE PUBLIC LANDS OF THE UNITED STATES.

WHEN, in 1783, the treaty was signed by which Great Britain recognized the independence of her revolted American colonies, and the United States were admitted into the family of nations, the Confederacy owned no public lands whatever. It is true that lying within its borders was a large tract of unoccupied territory, amounting, in the aggregate, to about two hundred and twenty-six millions of acres; but this land belonged to the individual States, not to the Federal Government.

The English charters had given to several of the colonies the coast of the Atlantic as their eastern boundary, and had defined, though very loosely, their northern and southern limits; westward, however, their territorial rights stretched across the whole breadth of the continent to the shores of the Pacific—a trifling distance of some two thousand miles.

The French possessions, on the other hand, extended from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico; their eastern boundary was not very clearly defined, but the line drawn not only ignored the claims of the English colonists to the western territory, but even infringed upon the limits of some of the colonies themselves.

In support of their pretensions, the French erected forts and block-houses, at intervals, from the Great Lakes, through the western part of Pennsylvania, to the Ohio; then along the banks of that stream to its junction with the Mississippi; whence their chain of military posts followed the course of the latter river to its mouth. France, indeed, displayed an amount of energy and perseverance in her efforts to establish her colonial empire in America upon a secure and permanent basis, which contrasts rather curiously with the supineness and indifference manifested at one time by Great Britain with regard to the security and defence of her American possessions; she having left the people of the colonies for a considerable period to protect themselves as they best might against the encroachments of their formidable rivals. At a later day, however, it must be admitted that England showed no unwillingness to draw the sword on behalf of her American subjects.

To return. The English colonists found themselves, by these proceedings of the French, hemmed in, and, in defiance of what they considered to be their rights, prevented all expansion westward. A conflict between the two races was, under these circumstances, sooner or later inevitable. A collision, in fact, took place, so early as 1753, on the banks of the Ohio, between some English settlers and the garrison of one of the forts already referred to. Both parties to the quarrel hastened to lay the story of their injuries at the feet of their respective sovereigns. The consequence was a long and sanguinary war between England and France, in which half Europe became involved, and which extended to even the most distant parts of the globe: so that, to quote Macaulay’s words, “In the quarrel of potentates, of whose very existence they

were ignorant, black men fought on the coast of Coromandel, and red men scalped each other in the wilds of America."

In the New World, Braddock's defeat temporarily delayed, but could not avert, the final catastrophe. The French, indeed, fought out the quarrel with a valour and a constancy which extorted the praises of even their enemies; but the superior numbers and indomitable resolution of the Saxon in the end prevailed; Canada was conquered; and the forts on the Ohio were necessarily abandoned. France, it is true, still retained Louisiana, which comprehended—not simply the present area of the State bearing that name—but a vast tract of territory, extending from the Gulf to the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude; and from the Mississippi, on the east, to the Mexican frontier on the west. But, by the time the people of the English colonies had become a nation, the French power in America had been so thoroughly broken, that no further opposition to the expansion of the Confederacy was to be apprehended from it.

The conflicting claims of the various States to the western territory—derived, as already stated, from their old colonial charters—threatened, indeed, to lead to serious legal difficulties, if not to an actual collision, between the inhabitants of some sections of the Confederacy: for the boundaries of several of the colonies had been so carelessly defined, that they actually in some places overlapped each other; and the difficulty was of such a nature as, apparently, to offer almost insuperable obstacles to a solution which should be equally satisfactory to all parties. The question was, nevertheless, amicably settled; and in a manner highly creditable to the good sense of the inhabitants of the several States interested. Instead of wrangling with each other as to the justice of their respective claims to the unsettled territory, they all, without exception, in the course of a few years, embraced a proposition which had been made by, I believe, Alexander Hamilton, that they should cede their rights in the lands lying beyond their borders to the Federal Government. New York took the initiative in the matter; Virginia imitated her example in 1784; she was followed by Massachusetts and Connecticut; and, subsequently, by the two Carolinas and Georgia.

It has been found impossible to ascertain, with anything like accuracy, the boundaries of the respective cessions of territory of the above States; but they may be said, in general terms, to have in-

cluded the entire area now occupied by Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. These various gifts placed the Confederacy in possession of over two hundred million acres of land.

In 1803, Louisiana was purchased from France; and this acquisition, alone, added no less than one million square miles of territory to the Union. In 1819 Florida was ceded by Spain to the United States, and in 1816 Texas was annexed: the latter State, however, retained the title to the unoccupied lands within her limits. In 1848 and 1853, California, New Mexico, Nevada and Montana were acquired, partly by conquest, and partly by purchase; and so recently as 1837 the United States obtained one more accession of territory by buying Alaska of Russia. The total aggregate of lands, therefore, acquired by the Federal Government, since the revolution, may be roundly stated at 1,834,000,000 acres.

When the United States first became possessed of large tracts of unoccupied territory, it was hoped and believed by American statesmen, that the sale of the public lands would prove such an ample source of revenue to the country, that taxation would be materially lessened throughout the Union. In this, however, they were in error; the expected rush of emigration from Europe did not take place, and the territory lying beyond the borders of the thirteen original States was, in the early days of the republic, only gradually occupied.

The fact is, it is a fallacy to suppose that *labour* is all that is requisite to make wild lands productive: *capital* is quite as essential; and capital, necessarily, flows but slowly into a new country, where there is little security for life or property. The sales of the public lands, consequently, for the first decade of the republic, only amounted to about one hundred thousand dollars a year. At the end of the second, they brought in some seven hundred thousand dollars per annum. But it was not until 1819 that the public territory really became an appreciable source of revenue to the country. At that time the sales produced three millions of dollars a year, and continued to increase until, in 1836, they rose so high as twenty-one millions. Since that period, however, from causes to be hereafter referred to, the sales have steadily declined, and they now only average some four millions of dollars annually.

Not only were the founders of the Confederacy disappointed in their expectations of deriving a large revenue from the public

lands; but they little dreamt that one portion of them (the Louisiana purchase) was destined to become the source of those bitter dissensions between the North and South which, culminating in the late civil war, threatened, at one time, the disruption of the republic. For it was on the question whether, or not, the inhabitants of the Southern States should be allowed to carry their slaves with them into the "Territories," and still retain their rights of ownership in their human chattels, that the first serious divergence of sentiment on the subject of slavery arose between the two sections of the United States. What Mr. Wendell Phillips used to speak of as the "inevitable" conflict was, indeed, averted for a time, but only for a time, by the Missouri Compromise Act of 1820; and the repeal of that measure, in 1854, simply precipitated a collision which, from the growing exasperation of feeling on both sides, was certain, sooner or later, to have occurred.

All danger, however, of the national territory ever again being a source of discord between the North and South having now been, it is to be hoped, set at rest for ever, the public lands—wrested from slavery at a fearful expenditure of blood and treasure—will, there can be no doubt, prove of almost incalculable advantage to the people of the Union. What disposition has been made by the United States of this magnificent inheritance in the past, and how it is proposed to deal with it in the future, I shall now proceed to show.

Up to the present time, about four hundred and forty million acres of the national territory have passed out of the possession of the Federal Government, in various ways. Of these lands over seventy-five million acres have been bestowed upon schools and colleges. Sixty millions have been granted to revolutionary veterans, or their immediate descendants; and to the soldiers who fought in the wars of 1812 and 1847, and in the various wars with the Indians. Twenty-two million acres have been appropriated for the purpose of building railways; while thirteen millions have been reserved for the Indian tribes. The residue has either been sold, or acquired by settlers under the "Pre-emption" and "Homestead" Acts.

There are no less than five different ways of acquiring a title to Government lands—1st, by buying them at public auction. 2nd, by private purchase at the Land Office. 3rd, by virtue of a land warrant, granted for military service. 4th,

by pre-emption. 5th, under the "Homestead" law.

From time to time, large quantities of land are offered at public sale, in conformity with a proclamation of the President of the United States, or with a notice to that effect issued by the Land Office. The reserved price of the Government is one dollar and a quarter an acre; but in certain localities, and, especially, in the vicinity of railways, land is worth much more; hence the periodical auctions. Any of the lots, however, offered at public sale, if not then disposed of, can be purchased, subsequently, at the minimum Government rate, at the Land Office. Indeed, at all times any quantity of land can be obtained at \$1 25c. per acre, the purchaser being privileged to select any plot of ground which has not already been appropriated, or is not reserved for sale at auction. As, at the present time, there are no less than seventy million acres of the national territory—surveyed and ready for immediate occupation—in the various Western States, lying between the thirty-second and forty-eighth parallels of north latitude, intending settlers have the choice of a wide variety of soil and climate. And, each year, the Government orders fresh surveys of the wild lands to be made, so as to keep the supply well in advance of the demand.

The national territory has been surveyed and laid out in what are termed Townships; each township being six miles square, and containing thirty-six lots, or sections as they are commonly called, of six hundred and forty acres each. To every soldier who fought in any of the wars, except the last, a quarter section, or one hundred and sixty acres of land, has been granted; and, as has been already stated, no less than sixty million acres have thus been appropriated by the Federal Government.

The grant of seventy-five million acres of land to schools and colleges appears enormous, and almost incredible; but it is, nevertheless, a fact. The way in which it has been done is this: In the earliest "Ordinance for ascertaining the best mode of disposing of lands in the Western Territory," it was enacted that Lot 16 of every Township should be "reserved," for ever, for the maintenance and support of the public schools within the limits of said Township. A subsequent Act appropriated Lot 36, also, for the same purpose. Thus, in every Township which has been, or shall be incorporated in the West, two sections, or 1,280 acres of land, are set apart for the purposes of education; so

that to all children in the community, whether their parents be citizens or not, gratuitous instruction is offered by the State, without the necessity of imposing any tax whatever for this purpose.

The system of making grants of land to railway companies, for the purpose of enabling them to construct lines through thinly settled districts, although it has in many instances led to jobbery and corruption, has yet on the whole been of great advantage to the country. For by this means railways have been built which otherwise could not have been constructed for many years to come. Indeed, it was thus that the Pacific Railroad—the most stupendous undertaking of its kind on the American continent—was carried through successfully.

The plan adopted is simple enough: the Government “donates,” to use an American idiom, every alternate section of land through which a projected line of railway is to run, to the company, and recoups itself by selling the intermediate sections at double the usual price, i.e. \$2 50c. instead of \$1 25c. per acre. This it has no difficulty in doing, the advantage of possessing access to a market by means of the line more than doubling the value of land in its vicinity. The railway company, on the other hand, not only has nothing to pay for the “right of way,” but is also able to dispose of its surplus lands at a handsome price. In this way the inhabitants of the particular State or States through which the line of railway runs are benefited, while the Government suffers no loss.

By the Pre-emption Law (the operation of which has, however, been to a certain extent superseded by the Homestead Act) any settler, or “squatter,” on unoccupied land, belonging to the United States, enjoys the privilege of buying it at the minimum Government price whenever it shall be offered for sale, or, if unable or unwilling to do this, of obliging whoever else shall purchase it to pay him for the various improvements he has effected; and as the value of these improvements is, in all cases, to be assessed by a jury—consisting usually of the immediate friends and neighbours of the settler—he is quite safe to receive fair compensation for the buildings he has erected and the labour he has bestowed upon the land.

This just and considerate measure was passed many years ago, to remedy what was felt to be the cruel injustice to which settlers in the Western Territories were subjected from the existing law, which treated the unfortunate squatter as a mere

trespasser, without a particle of property in the land he had redeemed from the wilderness.

In this way, a man who had settled upon a plot of ground, and with the labour of years brought it under cultivation, might be surprised any day by the appearance of a stranger who would show him a deed of purchase from the Federal Government covering the land in question, and at the same time serve him with a notice of ejection. The squatter could not be brought to see the justice of a law by which the wild land he had reclaimed, and the rude log cabin his own hands had erected—which had been his home for years and in which his children had been born—should be wrested from him at the bidding of a distant government, and another man enjoy the fruits of his labours. The consequence was that the *vezata questio* as to the ownership of the land was, not unfrequently, settled by the squatter putting a rifle bullet through the head of the new claimant; and, such was the state of public sentiment in the community of which the offender was a member, that it was almost impossible to find a jury to convict him of murder for so doing. Indeed, throughout the West a feeling of bitter animosity against the Government was growing up, which threatened to result in a chronic state of agrarian outrage and resistance to the law, such as still exists, or lately existed, in some parts of Ireland. Fortunately, however, Congress was wise in time; the Pre-emption Act was passed in 1840, and the angry feelings engendered by a rankling sense of injustice gradually died out, so that at the present day the United States has no citizens more loyal than the settlers in the Far West.

The Homestead Law was enacted in 1862; under it, every native born or naturalized citizen is entitled to a farm of 160 acres *without any payment whatever*, the sole condition attached to the gift being that the claimant shall reside upon the land for the term of five years, at the expiration of which period the farm becomes his absolute property. Furthermore, in order that a man may be afforded an opportunity of making a fresh start in life, untrammelled by previous pecuniary embarrassments, one section of the Act provides that “No lands thus acquired shall in any event become liable to the satisfaction of any debt contracted prior to the issuing of the patent therefor.”

But the settler is allowed only one chance of obtaining a “homestead;” if he

sell or abandon his claim before the five years have expired, he never obtains another. The sale, in fact, of a "homestead right," as it is termed, not only conveys no title to the purchaser, but is regarded by the Government as *prima facie* evidence of abandonment, and the original claim is cancelled.

So rapid, nevertheless, is the increase in the value of the public lands when once settled upon, that a very considerable proportion of all those who take up their quarter section under the Homestead Act, instead of waiting the five years for a free deed, prefer, before the expiration of the term, to pay the Government price of \$1 25c. per acre, and thus perfect their title at once. And they do this in order not to lose an opportunity of effecting an advantageous sale should one present itself. Of course, having *bought* the land, the clauses of the Act rendering the sale of a "homestead right" null and void cease to be operative, and the seller conveys a perfectly good title to the purchaser.

Indefeasibility of title, and the ease with which the conveyance of real estate is effected, are, indeed, not among the least of the advantages of the land system of the United States. In most of the new States the titles to all lands lying within their limits are derived primarily from the Federal Government, the only exceptions to the rule being those instances in which grants had been made by other Governments to their citizens of lands in provinces subsequently ceded to the United States. When acquiring territory in this manner, a stipulation has, of course, always been inserted in the treaties that private property should be respected; and, in this way, American jurists have been called upon to decide on the titles to grants of lands in California, made by Spain or Mexico, which, originally worth but little, became, after the discovery of gold in that State, and the consequent rush of emigration to it, of enormous value. In Louisiana, also, similar difficulties have occasionally arisen as regards the construction of the early French patents. But, on the whole, there has been very little litigation, the Government of the United States having generally, when there was anything like a fair show of right on the part of a claimant, confirmed him in possession of the property, the title to which he professed to have derived from patents issued by the former owners of the soil.

It was with a knowledge of these facts that, several years ago, a very daring at-

tempt was made to perpetrate a serious fraud upon the Federal Government, and its tragic termination created considerable sensation in Washington at the time.

A Dr. Graham applied at the Land Office for a deed recognizing him as the owner of a large tract of land in California, which he represented himself to have purchased of the heirs of the individual to whom it had originally been granted by the Mexican Government. It support of his claim, the Doctor produced various documents in the Spanish language. One of them purported to be the patent by which the grant had in the first instance been made; in others, the several persons in whom the title to the lands had subsequently been vested were enumerated; and the contract for the sale of the estate to him was, to all appearance, equally without a flaw. Everything, in fact, seemed so perfectly *en règle*, that Dr. Graham obtained his deed with very little trouble.

The Doctor was a man of fine presence, highly accomplished, and of most gentlemanlike manners. These advantages, combined with the presumed fact of his being a millionaire, obtained for him the *entrée* to the best circles of the capital. After a time, however, reports begun to be spread abroad that no such persons as those from whom he stated he had bought the property had ever had an existence, and that, in fact, the whole claim was fraudulent. These rumours acquiring consistency, the Government ordered the arrest of Dr. Graham, and he was brought to trial for forgery. The result was a conviction. On the verdict being pronounced, the prisoner poured into a glass of water which stood near him a few drops of a colourless fluid, drank it off, and immediately, to the surprise and dismay of the spectators, fell to the ground — a corpse.

When once a patent has been issued for a grant of land, the title to the property on the part of the grantee becomes absolutely unchallengeable, except in the contingency of his having, as in the above cited instance, obtained the deed by fraud. If, indeed, as has sometimes happened, the United States sells unoccupied land to which it has no legal claim, it is under the necessity of indemnifying the rightful owner; but no defect in the title on the part of the Government affects the purchaser; he is secured against all possibility of loss.

As, after land has passed out of the hands of the Government, the registration of all subsequent transfers of it is en-

forced by law, there is not at any time the slightest difficulty in ascertaining at the Record Office in whom the title to a piece of real estate was last vested. In fact, what Lord St. Leonards' Registration of Lands Titles Bill would have done for England had it been compulsory, instead of permissive, the laws of, I believe, without exception, every State in the Union have effected for its citizens. Thus it very rarely happens that disputed titles to land occupy the attention of either the Federal or State courts.

The facilities, again, in all the States for the conveyance of real property are such that the title to an estate of ten thousand acres may be embraced within the compass of a single page of foolscap; while the expense of drawing up and registering the deed need not exceed five dollars. In this way, land in the United States is dealt in, and passes from one person to another, with almost the same readiness that the most ordinary commodities of commerce do here.

The result, indeed, of the land policy of the American people is shown in the fact that not only does nearly every farmer own the land he tills, but that there are, at the present time, in the United States, over six million freeholders, out of a population of about forty millions.

The contrast between the state of things above described and that which exists in this country is curious enough. Here, every generation witnesses the aggregation of the bulk of the landed property in fewer and fewer hands. In America each year, it has been computed, adds over sixty thousand freeholders to the community.

It is true that the accuracy of the return of the number of landowners in England in the last published census has been questioned on very high authority, and it doubtless much exceeds 30,776, the figures therein given; but the fact is beyond question that the owners of agricultural land in this country are rapidly becoming fewer and fewer. Of individuals owning a house and the half rood or so of ground it stands upon, there are, probably—owing to the operations of building societies and other causes—considerably more now than there were thirty or forty years ago. The land thus held, however, forms but a very small proportion of the whole, and it may be confidently asserted that at least *eigh-tenths* of the landed property in Great Britain is in the possession of less than *ten thousand persons*; indeed, as it is a well-known fact that three noblemen own be-

tween them *one-quarter* of all Scotland, the estimate given above of the number of proprietors is, probably, rather over than under the mark.

In this country, in fact, not only the law of primogeniture, but the whole scope of modern legislation has had a tendency to divorce the great mass of the people from the land. In the United States, on the other hand, every effort has been made by the State to create and foster a multitude of small freeholders.

Of course no comparison in this respect can fairly be instituted between a country like America, possessing practically almost inexhaustible supplies of land, and one with so small an area as England, without a fair allowance being made for the different conditions of political and social existence imposed upon the latter by her circumscribed limits. Still, the contrast between the policy deliberately adopted by each of the two nations with regard to the soil is none the less marked. As to which is the better of the two systems for the great mass of the people, some evidence is afforded in the growing discontent in this country with the existing state of the law as regards real property—a discontent which, though it may possibly be stifled for a time, will ultimately, there can be but little doubt, insist on making itself heard.

W. C. M.

From The Spectator.

THE MAORI CHARACTER.

WHAT manner of men are they, really and truly, those bronze-skinned aboriginal dwellers in our great New Zealand colony? Why are they so unlike, not only the natives of Australia, the huge neighbour of their island in the Southern Seas, but all other savages concerning whom we have reliable information, and like only to the grand red men of American romance, as poetical, but far more human than they? When the Maori, having proved themselves impracticable subjects for the extirpation policy which has been successfully pursued elsewhere, were fighting us a few years ago, with bravery and obstinacy which nobody could deny, we had very vague notions about them. They were to us "anthropophagi and men," who made themselves grotesquely terrible by tattooing carried to a height of barbarous art not to be found elsewhere. Certain samples of their industrial products which were exhibited in London displayed solid-

ity and accuracy of workmanship and curious elaborateness of decoration, such as we habitually associate with the handiwork of the Chinese and the Japanese. We heard of national songs amongst them, leading people who cared about such matters to hope that a sequence of traditions might be made out, which should establish another great difference between them and all the savages of the Southern world, by supplying a proximate history of their past. We heard of the upspringing of a wild, passionate, religious enthusiasm, under the direction of a martial leader, which had a distant, dwarfed resemblance to the origin of Mohammedanism. But, on the whole, they were "black fellows," and they had had no charming books written about them, except Dr. Hochstetter's, which was originally published at Arkansas, in the German language, and afterwards, in the English version, at Stuttgart, so that the delightful accounts it gave of the sublime beauty of the interior of the island and of the sunny salubrity of its climate, probably extended to few beyond those who resorted to its pages with a purpose. There were plenty of books and pamphlets about the settlers and the sheep; but the writers generally confined themselves to assurances that the Maori never came in sight in their respective districts, or to cheerful anticipations of their speedy reduction to "harmlessness," a readily interpreted phrase in the mouths of a certain class of colonists. There has been no gradual preparation of the public mind for such a revelation of the Maori character as that made by the lately published official documents, and for the present attitude of the Maori race, which is quite as surprising as the great social revolution of Japan, and, except from the strictly commercial-exporting point of view, much more important to us, the elder brethren of these extraordinary people, towards whom they yearn with a most affecting eagerness. They fought us bravely, for as long as they could, and they are not ashamed of it, nor of their defeat. They do not mourn dumbly, like the Delawares, in stubborn endurance of extinction; but like men to whom a revelation has been made, which they have hearkened to with strong will and lofty intelligence, they have sprung "full statured in an hour" towards the civilization which the conqueror now holds out in the hand that has sheathed the sword. We have destroyed the old things, and they demand of us the new. They ask for guidance, instruction, all the material of civilization, with an as-

tonishing perception of its moral meaning and results. They take so lofty a view of the new bonds between them and England, that they unconsciously present a model of government such as old nations are striving after with various fortune; they realize the unseen, they seize upon the abstract ideas of sovereignty, of the complicated bonds of a great political and social community, and they pour out their feelings to the men who are to them the embodiment of these ideas, in language full of grave, dignified pathos. Long years of homage in innumerable varieties of idiom have not brought to the Queen of England any words more simply beautiful than those in which she is referred to in a letter written 23rd July, 1872, by one of "her Maori children" to Dr. Featherston, Agent-General for New Zealand, to whose personal influence with the tribes, during his residence in the island for thirty years, much of the present peace, prosperity, and extraordinary progress of the Maori is due. He had, during eighteen years' continuous tenure of office as Superintendent, constant official communication with the tribes of the Wellington province, and from 1861 to 1865 maintained peace in this portion of the colony. It has a strange effect to come in a dry official record on such a passage as this, addressed by one of the former principal promoters of the Maori-King movement to his "father and friend," now, as his "loving son" has it, "appointed by our Queen to bear the burdens of this island into her presence":—

"O Sire, salutations! I send greeting to the greatest of our benefactors, to one whose love has been felt by those who are dead and gone, as well as by the living! O Sire, salutations! Your letter has been received, and both I and my tribe have seen it. Great is my satisfaction that you should still remember us, residing, as you now are, in the midst of the great world, and near the fountain of life!"

The celebrated chief Wi Tako contributes a letter to this remarkable correspondence, which puts the native character in an unexpected light. Wi Tako withdrew himself in 1862 from all communication with Europeans, fortified his pah, raised the rebel flag, moved from place to place attended by a bodyguard of 100 men, and on being invited to meet Sir George Grey at Otako, refused to receive the Governor except in his own pah, and under the "King's" flag. But he ultimately yielded to Dr. Featherston's personal influence, met the Governor on neutral ground, took the oath of allegiance,

and became a valuable ally. His letter, which may be taken as widely if not completely representative, shows perfect belief in the wisdom, and reliance on something more than the good faith,—on the kind, just, brotherly feeling of the English Government. This man and his fellows have entered upon their new allegiance with a chivalrous loyalty that finds highly poetic utterance, and has an underlying note of steadfast patience, entirely acquiescent in the honest working of an unknown, uncomprehended machinery, which is perhaps the most utter contradiction of all to our notions of even the noblest savage. The eager whole-souledness of their aspiration to the civilization of their conqueror is combined with an entire reasonableness quite as curious as an attribute of the state of childhood, whether national or individual. “The fidelity of your native tribes to their absent chief has not diminished. We are greatly rejoiced because your plans are clear and comprehensive. I have told you that the island is at peace. This is the result of the good policy of the Government. They are securing the confidence of the people.” Then follows a clear abstract of certain tribal conferences, and reference to the matters to be brought before the English Parliament by “the loving father,” who is “yonder, seeking out the advantage of this country.”

There is quite an Ossianic loftiness about many of the speeches made by the Maori chiefs to Sir George Bowen, Governor of New Zealand, during his “progress” last April, when he travelled overland through the central, once hostile, districts, lately inaccessible to Europeans, from Wellington to Auckland, and visited both shores of the great Lake Taupo, the geographical and strategical course of the island, from whence to the chief towns of all the provinces the mail-coach roads are being rapidly completed. A universal chorus of welcome greeted the Governor, welcome in which there is not a touch of servility, couched in language which must have had a strange effect upon the Master of Blantyre, who was of the Governor’s party. It is such as might have been spoken by the Highland chieftains, children of the Mist, when the clans were gathered to declare for the unseen, unknown object of their imaginative romantic loyalty, full of the poetic fervour of one feeling common to all, yet strangely distinct, and true to the spirit of clanship. The “tangi” or lament for an aged chief, at which they assisted, is just like a Highland “coronach,”

lofty, eloquent, full of poetry, and without the slightest touch of the grotesque. Of what other “savage” death ceremony could that be said? Few more romantic or wonderful spectacles have been witnessed than the *korero*, or conference, at Tokano, the native settlement at the south end of the lake, which was held by the Governor and the great chiefs. The lake, as large as that of Geneva, glittered in the sunshine, surrounded with a noble chain of mountains, with the snow-clad ridge of Ruapehu (9,200 feet high) towering above them, and the great volcano Tongariro (6,200 feet high) sending its clouds of steam and smoke up into the deep blue sky.

With countless flags flying—there was great competition for Union Jacks—and soft-swelling songs of welcome, came the tribes and their chiefs to greet the Governor, to tell him how eagerly they longed for “English education,” for the “English tongue,” for the faces and voices of their white brethren, for the roads, and the laws, and the knowledge of other lands and other people which he could send them. Among the number of striking phrases, these may be taken at random from many speakers:—

“Come, O Governor! and see us. You are the father of the people. We have been swimming in the ocean, and know not where to go. We feel that we are now touching the shore, and you have come to help and guide us to land. We have long been searching for a proper course to take. We are now beginning to think we have found the right way. We will listen to you, in hope that our troubles may now end. All the followers of the King will hear what you say to-day. Welcome, my father. There is no knowledge in Hauraki; come and see it. Come hither from the place where you have been laying down life-giving principles of action. Come and see the death of Tarara, and the people who last saw him. His soul has gone, taken hence by the strong hand of death. Himself selected the day of his departure. Had he been bound with chains, it had not been possible to detain him. Though his spirit has fled, his voice still lives, and he bids you all welcome.”

All this is blended with keen practical suggestions, shrewd comments on the Governor’s admirable speeches, and explicit declarations that they expect the land question to be speedily dealt with (happily the Maori know nothing of the historical precedent furnished by Ireland,—if they did, their confidence might be shaken); also very plain intimations that the collective loyalty of the tribes is not to lessen their respective independence.

"Let chiefs of other tribes," says Poihipi Hioromatangi, "be responsible for the good conduct of their own people; they must not interfere with us." Paora Rauhihi observes tersely:—"We have long been wishing to see you. *I never saw a Governor before.* Welcome." And one fine old chief, Tahira, made a little speech, which for sense and a lingering pathetic regret is matchless:—

"Welcome," said he. "All I can do is to greet you. I cannot make myself one with you so thoroughly as my friends around you have, because our thoughts are not yet the same; but when I find that I can dwell quietly and without being disturbed in my own place, then perhaps I shall see my way clear to do as others have done. It were better that the position of the land were made clear. My hands are quite clean. I do not know your thoughts. Unite yourselves with us to-day, because it has been through you that this place is what it is."

Every line of the Report is worth reading and full of suggestion. So these are the Maori, the brown men of the fairest of islands, with the finest climate in the world, who offer an absolute contradiction to the conviction usually produced by making acquaintance with savage lands, that the natives are blots on the beauty and grandeur of the scene. To read the official reports concerning the Maori of the present, and Dr. Hochstetter's description of their country, is to have a wide field opened up for speculation upon the future of the race, under its double aspect of romance and reality.

A sad and striking contrast presents itself at the other side of that wide strip of silver sea which divides the Maori from the Aborigines of the Australian continent. The Eighth Report of the Board for the Protection of the Aborigines in the colony of Victoria is a record of well sustained, praiseworthy efforts on the part of the gentlemen who have undertaken so humane a task, with satisfactory results as regards the number and condition of the protected persons. But every characteristic which the official records bring out into view in the Maori is wanting in the Victorian aborigines. These people seem to be hopelessly vagrant by nature, and lamentably unable to resist drink. These are the great obstacles, the deadly enemies the Board have to contend with, and considering their strength, and the difficulty of making the recipients of such beneficence appreciate its motive or its advantage, it is satisfactory to record that the number of aborigines now settled on the stations under the control of the

Board is 567, of whom 327 are males and 240 females. The Board declares that the number of deaths reported (the total number of aborigines in Victoria is 1,638) does not support the conclusion that the aborigines are decreasing at the rate that several estimates would seem to show. It is plain that their task is a hard and a dispiriting one, and the encouragement of freely-expressed public approbation ought to be given to the Board, whose object is, to use the words of their own Report, "to rescue the people from misery and degradation, and if they cannot make them useful citizens, to prevent them at least from remaining a burden on the State."

From The Spectator.

ANIMAL GROTESQUES.

It is curious to see modern science, under the guidance of Mr. Darwin's great intellectual impulse, so far returning upon its tracks as to find a new store of humour in those grotesque recasts and reconstructions of animal forms which amused the old Greeks and Egyptians with the conceptions of centaurs, chimæras, bird-headed men, and so forth. Here are two humorous books, both of which have evidently been suggested by Mr. Darwin's conception that the divergence of different directions of animal development depends upon mere incidents of climate, food, the characteristics of competing races of animals, and so forth, all of which incidents differ in every different locality, and that, therefore, the real combinations of animal forms might have been very different from what they are. The drawings of "Grotesque Animals," by W. E. D. Cooke, R.A., F.Z.S., &c. (Longmans), are efforts of fancy in exhausting the permutations and combinations of animal forms supposed to be most incompatible with each other, and are full of the humorous extravagance of startling and monstrous amalgamations. The other book, by Mr. Charles Bennett and Mr. Brough (Ward, Lock, and Tyler), is a very clever attempt to show by what insensible gradations you can make almost any kind of animal shade off into man,—so that you can hardly catch the gradations by which you pass from the prize ox in the stall to the ox-headed grazier who is looking at him, or by which you pass from the dull and greedy vulture to the dull and greedy man of prey who fattens on the garbage of human society. Mr. Cooke's book is really a work of art as well as a

work of humour, so gracefully as well as so oddly are the animal forms combined into the most night-marish of new species. It is impossible to describe grotesque effects which appeal solely to the eye; but nothing can exceed the oddity of the conception in the very first plate in the book, for instance, where the head of a cockatoo with gay ruffled feathers is issuing from a spiral (Ammonite) shell, and the compound creature is supported by a single stout human leg and foot, while a lamb-headed servant, with a conical (Turitella) shell for a fool's cap, also a monopod, follows the haughty cockatoo-headed fop at a respectful distance. These oddities of conception must be seen to be enjoyed. But the grotesque humour of both books is evidently due to the new impulse which Mr. Darwin has given to the conviction of a physical relationship between all forms of animal life, human and otherwise, and the impression he has given us that combinations of organs which are arbitrary and impossible under existing conditions might have been possible under conditions not very widely varied. What were exercises of the merest arbitrary fancy to the nations of the ancient world, have gained for us a sort of remote significance from the knowledge how very slight a change of conditions might have changed the direction of development, so that what was grotesque by virtue of its arbitrariness to the ancient world, is still more grotesque to us because part of that arbitrariness has disappeared. As cousins are apt to feel the grotesqueness of the moral contrasts between them far more than strangers, for the very reason that they are not so far off as they might seem, so the new sense of affinity between the various animal types and forms and organs adds a certain keenness of flavour to the grotesqueness of the contrasts they present.

For the word "grotesque,"—taken primarily, we suppose, from the twisted and distorted character of forms seen in the dim light of a grotto,—applies especially to the twisted and distorted parodies on human functions and passions which we seem to see winding away from us into the deep gloom of the lower animal types. It was this feeling which gave its rare grotesqueness to the wisdom of *Æsop*. The voluntary distortion of his moral wisdom when it was made to issue from the mouth of the frog, or the ass, or the fox,—the sense of the relation and also the disproportion between the thought and cunning and passions of men, and the various undignified animals whose forms he peopled with these

human qualities,—produced exactly that impression of twisted and dislocated forms which is implied in the word "grotesque." Hazlitt has put this very powerfully in commenting in *Æsop's* humour, saying of him:—"Ape and slave, he looked askance at human nature, and beheld its weaknesses and errors transferred to another species. . . . He saw in man a talking, absurd, obstinate, proud, angry animal, and clothed these abstractions with wings, a beak, or a tail, or claws, or long ears as they appeared embodied in these hieroglyphics in the brute creation. His moral philosophy is natural history. He makes an ass bray wisdom and a frog croak humanity." If *Æsop* had lived in our day, he would have probably felt the moral grotesqueness of his fables to be far more instead of less striking. The odd distortion which his fancy invented for the sake of effect, might have a certain tone of semi-reality now. Our cunning may really be related by something like immemorial descent to that of the fox,—our rapacity to that of the wolf,—our industry to that of the beaver or the bee. Animal passions are not so much the distorted forms of human passions, as human passions are the partially straitened forms of animal passions,—straitened by conscience and reason and the possession of a divine soul. But this does not make the grotesqueness in the likeness less, but rather greater. What we see in the animal world, still bears to what we find in ourselves something of the same relation that a gargoyle representing a human head bears to the real image of a man; and we feel the thrill and pathos which is involved in all the higher forms of the "grotesque" only the more in gazing at the animal world, so far as we really believe that there is a common ancestry for those strange instincts which we dimly trace winding away into the subterranean life of brute existence. Unquestionably one reason why the grotesqueness of animal life is taking gradually so much more important a place in the modern world of literature than it had in the ancient, is that in the ancient world it was connected simply with the sharp contrasts and analogies traced by keen intellectual wit, while in the modern world a feeling of sympathy between the lower and the higher form of life is growing up to shade off the intellectual contrasts. The grotesque suggestions of *Æsop's* fables have no pathos in them. But the grotesque suggestions of the greatest of modern *Æsops*—a much greater than *Æsop*,—Hans Christian Andersen, are full of pathos, and

solely on this account, that his speaking animal have a real relationship to man, and feel as men feel, only with a more embarrassed and limited and less articulate voice. The kinship between the lower animals and man is the greatest of all sources of the higher grotesque effects, — those effects in which the sense of ludicrous difference and distortion is modified by an undercurrent of feeling of real affinity. Andersen's "Ugly Duckling," his toads and storks, and a hundred other of his creations, have all the wisdom and wit of Æsop, and combine with it a tender feeling of animal infirmity as akin to human infirmity, as well.

And it is probably for some reason of the same general kind that modern literature has devoted so much more attention to the pathetic side of what is most grotesque in man himself. Sir Walter Scott's grotesques, his Dominie Sampson, Davie Gellatly, Laird of Dumbiedikes, and so forth, almost all have a touch of the kind of pathos in them which comes from a sympathy with animal inarticulateness, with that helplessness of nature that has never fully gained the faculty of speech or self-knowledge, and that takes us back to the lower races of creatures for illustrations of it. It was, perhaps, Sir Walter's great sympathy with animals that gave him this wonderful power of sketching the intermediate world between consciousness and unconsciousness in man. Even Shakespeare shows little sign of this kind of command of the grotesque. His fools and madmen, touching as they are, are not touching from their creatureliness; but from eclipsed or disfigured human qualities. And his conceptions of Caliban and Ariel have none of that sort of pathos in them. They are marvellous feats of creative fancy, but do not excite our pity. Even on the stage you see how much the taste for the higher kind of grotesque feeling has grown. Robson's greatest efforts used to be produced by delineating the struggle of dumb affections to express themselves dimly without words, in actions so grotesque that you knew not whether to laugh or to cry, but the pathos of which was at least as profound as their humour. And the grotesque humour of America is in a great degree of the same kind, — especially in such poems as "Little Breeches" and "The Prairie Bell," and such tales as Bret Harte's, — studies of rude natures helplessly struggling for a half-utterance. It would seem, too, that the great Russian author Turguenieff has produced studies of the grotesque of a pathos even higher, and precisely of the

same type, — where the secret of the pathos lies in the deep sympathy of the writer with the dumb, unconscious, creaturely phases of animal or human feeling. Indeed, every writer we have named, from Scott to Turguenieff, has proved that his sympathy with the lower animals was as living as his sympathy with the dumb inarticulate feelings of men hardly yet set free from the dumbness of the lower animals. Mr. Darwin's doctrine has not come before the way had been prepared for it by a quite new current of sympathy between our race and the grotesque germs of human feeling in the races beneath our own.

From The Spectator.

BRIDES AND BRIDALS.*

THE subject of Mr. Jeaffreson's new work will make it popular with a larger class of people than could have been interested in his studies of doctors, lawyers, and clergymen, while the novel attractions of many of the materials he has collected will be recognized by most readers. Marriage, and the customs connected with it, afford a wide field for anecdote. We are taken back to early times in such a chapter as that on "Marriage by Capture;" but almost every age presents some notable features. The Fleet marriages of one century, the Gretna Green marriages of another, the espousals and pre-contracts which once were of undisputed validity, the lay marriages and publication of banns in the market-place that came in under the Commonwealth, are treated in turn by Mr. Jeaffreson, and furnish him with much curious matter. Then we have chapters on wedding-dresses, wedding-rings, wedding-cake, and last, not least, wedding-presents. Besides these matters, which are intimately, some might say painfully, associated with the marriage ceremony, Mr. Jeaffreson deals with the legal consequences of matrimony, even going on to discuss a subject which is hardly mentioned at weddings, and which he delicately calls dissolution of partnership. In one of Mr. Charles Reade's novels, indeed, we hear of an allusion to divorce while the Maire is proclaiming the indissolubility of the civil marriage which he has just performed, but the circumstances there are altogether exceptional. Moreover, with regard to

* *Brides and Bridals.* By John Cordy Jeaffreson. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1872.

Mr. Jeaffreson's statement of the laws affecting the property of married women, we have to observe that the provisions of the Act of 1870 have escaped his attention. He says that "the law which renders a husband the possessor of his wife's property is at present productive of grievous injustice in every class of the community. It gives the profligate husband the power to squander on his vicious enjoyments the money which his unoffending wife acquires by inheritance or industry." Two pages later we are told of the husband's responsibility for the debts contracted by his wife before marriage. "To this day," says Mr. Jeaffreson, "he is thus made commercially responsible for her, in consideration of his right to take and hold her property." A reference to the "Married Women's Property Act, 1870," would have shown Mr. Jeaffreson that a husband is no longer responsible for the debts of his wife contracted before marriage; that a wife's earnings are in most cases made her separate property, and that much the same rule applies to property she may acquire by inheritance.

While we regret that Mr. Jeaffreson has lost sight of the change thus recently introduced, we must allow that he professes to deal mainly with matters of a much earlier date. It may be difficult for the student of history, who has observed the tendency of our ancestors to treat the wife as the property of her husband, to believe that such a concession can have been made without a social revolution. Mr. Jeaffreson reminds us in his chapter on the discipline of wives, that an old Welsh law empowered a husband to give his wife "three blows with a broom-stick on any part of her person except her head"; pointing out at the same time that though the punishment was limited to three blows, it might be repeated as often as the husband thought fit. "The Anglo-Saxon husband," says Mr. Jeaffreson, "suspended from a convenient nail the stick with which he habitually chastised his wife;"—a touching domestic picture which reminds us of a criticism we once met with on a work of Mr. Tupper's. After a pretty severe castigation of that eminent man, the reviewer wound up with these words,—"We now replace the flagellum on its usual nail." A parallel of this nature would, of course, lead us to contrast the literary delinquency for which Mr. Tupper was punished with the domestic offence the Anglo-Saxon wife may be supposed to have committed, and upon that point there can be little doubt of the general verdict

of reviewers. However, though Anglo-Saxon husbands were probably violent and arbitrary enough in ruling their households, we question if any of them would have gone so far as that Duke of Somerset whom Mr. Jeaffreson holds up as a pattern of outraged propriety. The duke's second wife on one occasion ventured to put her arm round his neck and gave him a kiss, on which "the astonished and outraged Duke" exclaimed, "Madam, my first wife was a Percy, and yet she would not have taken such a liberty." It is perhaps significant of the subjection of women that in earlier times not only were marriages sometimes contracted at an age when the bride could have no choice in the matter, but espousals were often made in infancy. The instance of the daughter of Edward I., who was espoused when four days old, and married before she had completed her first year, is no doubt extreme, especially as she died at the age of six. But the opposite extreme is reached by the case of two persons who were engaged to each other when twenty years old and did not marry till sixty years had elapsed, postponing the match out of deference to some relations who disapproved of it.

The necessity of being married sooner or later is forcibly inculcated by a chapter showing the attacks that have been made at different times on celibacy. In Henry VIII.'s time a writer who, perhaps, considered that the King, like the Mormons mentioned by Artemus Ward, was very much married, and would therefore look with favour on such a proposal, recommended a tax on bachelors. In 1690 a pamphlet was published which cited a law of Lycurgus to the effect that "they who lived unmarried and childless should be debarred from all sports, and forced to go naked in the winter about the marketplace." Five years later Parliament imposed a tax on bachelors varying with the social standing of each offender. An unmarried Duke, after attaining the age of twenty-five, paid £12 10s. a year. An archbishop had to pay a shilling more; a bishop was taxed at £5 1s.; a dean at £2 11s.; a doctor of divinity, law, or physic, at a guinea; and a gentleman at six shillings a year. A Parliament elected by female suffrage might view such taxes with favour, but we can not think that they were originally introduced with any design of promoting wedlock. Mr. Jeaffreson shows that the same Act by which these dues were imposed, contained other provisions for taxing births and marriages, so that whether a man took a wife or re-

mained single he had in either case to make a present to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. If the tax on marriage was lighter in proportion than the tax on celibacy, that was regulated not out of regard to the greater excellence of the married state, but with reference to the reduced ability of paying. We almost wonder that such a graduated tax on all the states and relations of life did not make special provision for the case of a man who married an heiress. Had any rule of that kind prevailed, there would have been singular fitness in the publication of the portions of newly-made brides, of which Mr. Jeaffreson gives us a sample:—

"The editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* used to announce marriages thus:—'Mr. Baskett to Miss Pell, with £5,000;' 'Mr. Davis to Mrs. Wylds, with £400 per ann.;' 'the Lord Bishop of St. Asaph to Miss Orell, with £30,000;' 'J. Whitcombe, Esq., to Miss Allen, with £40,000;' 'Mr. N. Tillotson, the eminent preacher among the people called Quakers, and a relative of Archbishop Tillotson, to Miss —, with £7,000;' 'Mr. P. Bowen to Miss Nicholls, of Greenhithe, with £10,000;' 'Sir George C. to Widow Jones, with £10,000 a year, besides ready money.' At the same time the Scotch—more gallant than their fellow-countrymen of South Britain—whilst announcing the amount of a bride's fortune, used also to mention her personal and moral endowments, as qualifications scarcely less important than her money. 'On Monday last,' runs a matrimonial announcement in the *Glasgow Courant* (1747), 'Dr. Robert Hamilton, Professor of Anatomy and Botany in the University of Glasgow, to Miss Molly Baird, a beautiful young lady with a handsome fortune.' Another marriage, which occurred in the same year, is announced in the same journal thus:—'On Monday last Mr. James Johnstone, merchant in this place, was married to Miss Peggy Newall, a young lady of great merit, and a fortune of £4,000.'"

Among the curiosities of marriage, of which Mr. Jeaffreson has made a large collection, a place must be given to the wedding of a deaf and dumb man, for whom a special service had to be devised. A certain set of signs was prescribed by the Bishop of London, to whom the puzzled clergyman referred the matter, and though the rubric could not be exactly followed, the marriage was considered binding. The same difficulty does not seem to have arisen in the case of espousals, for we are told that "a spousal contract was firmly made if a marriageable man presented a ring to a marriageable woman, and she silently accepted it." But this was probably a mere figment of ecclesiastical law,

like the old theory under which marriages between persons "spiritually related" were declared invalid. Properly speaking, spiritual relationship existed between god-parents and their god-children, but it was soon extended to the descendants of both, and at last it assumed gigantic proportions. According to Mr. Jeaffreson, "there were jurists who insisted that every person who touched a child during the administration of baptism, or on its way from the font, became one of its spiritual relations. Some even went so far as to maintain that the quality of kinship was imparted at a christening to every person who accidentally brushed against the robe of a newly-baptized infant." Subtleties of this kind would of course be prevalent in the days of pre-contracts. When there was no legitimate means of putting an end to a marriage which produced nothing but unhappiness, it was a grand discovery that you were spiritually related to one with whom you had no spiritual affinity. But we are touching upon ground from which we have already warned Mr. Jeaffreson, and for fear of being tempted to follow his example by entering on the question of divorce, we must here take our leave of his volumes.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

"THE WHITE MAN'S GRAVE."

It would seem as if we were perpetually engaged in an undertaking like that of Penelope's web when carrying on the management of the vast empire which our enterprise has constructed for us in so many quarters of the world. Events, stronger either than policy or sentiment, shape our course. We can, apparently, neither resist the influences which tend towards disintegration in one quarter, nor those which tend towards consolidation in another. Twenty years ago we let go a huge dependency, as large as England itself—the Orange Free State, in South Africa—and suffered it to develop into a Republic. Now, it seems likely to return to us, as it were, with interest: its people, or a large portion of them, incited by the diamond discoveries on the Vaal River—for diamonds, like gold, have a wonderful power for causing mere differences of language and race to be forgotten among men—appear to contemplate reunion with us, under some kind of federation beneath the British flag. In India we annex a kingdom—Oude—in one year,

and drop a kingdom — Mysore — a few years later, under motives which, however rational or defensible in each particular case, are wholly unconnected with those general precepts of statesmanship which old philosophers and young politicians are so ready to lay down for us. In America we give our zealous aid to every effort to stretch the geographical limits of the Dominion of Canada in a narrow belt from the Atlantic to the Pacific; and yet at the same time the precarious nature of our connection with it is quietly admitted by all of us. In the Levant we have let the Ionian Islands fall from us, but we have built up a new and thriving dependency at Aden; and now the philanthropic and commercial interests urge on us the acquisition of Zanzibar, with its hundred thousand commercial inhabitants, and its hold on the vast interior of Eastern Africa. On the Western side of the same continent we have just created the colony of Lagos, and purchased, for a few thousand pounds, certain Dutch forts and possessions on the feverish Gold Coast, the principal, Elmine, being close to our own headquarters at Cape Coast Castle. And by the same mail, apparently, which brings this intelligence, comes terrible news of sickness and death such as to raise the question, What are we to do with Sierra Leone, which is becoming too unhealthy to hold? One-fourth, it appears, of the hundred or so individuals who constitute the white population of this unfortunate colony have died within the year.

There is something not quite easily explicable in the sanitary history of Sierra Leone, the "white man's grave" as it has been termed in melancholy volumes of travel-romance. Sierra Leone does not present, like its neighbour, the Gold Coast, a long strip of burning sand, washed by the ocean on the one hand, by the pestilential waters of innumerable brackish creeks on the other. Nor is it sheltered in an unhealthy way from purifying winds. Its rocky hills rise boldly from the sea, and, if they are still somewhat overgrown with rank vegetation, there has been certainly time enough in eighty years of settlement to take energetic measures for its removal. It is the very first place of rendezvous of the fierce landward winds from the central and southern Atlantic —

Notus and Auster, black with thunderous clouds
From Serra Liona.

The old Peninsular navigators gave it the name by which it is still known, not, as is sometimes said, on account of its being

haunted by lions, but because the perpetual roar of the sea along its rocky and cavernous coast sounded like the voice of those animals. They dreaded the everlasting storms which seemed to gather on its summits. "They" (its peaks), says Dapper, the Dutch geographer, in 1670, "seem to blaze and flash incessantly with lightning, and also to give out such a terrible rumbling and grumbling of thunder, that it may be heard at sea twenty-five miles off." It presents, in short, a very different climate from those regions to which we habitually attach the notion of special unwholesomeness — regions in which the sultry calm of months is only broken by weeks of monsoon; but it is deadly notwithstanding. In the eighty years which have elapsed since its occupation not the slightest advantage seems to have been attained by skill and experience in fighting the unrelenting enemy. Few white denizens survive a few years' trial of it; few of these escape suffering from permanent results of their sojourn there. Such is Sierra Leone; and although the few white traders on the Gold Coast boast that their climate is, on the whole, somewhat less unhealthy, the difference is at all events but slight as regards the European constitution. Yet this region, so disastrous for Europeans, is one in which its own black children luxuriate in vigorous life. There are few sounder specimens of humanity than our fifty thousand black cultivators of the rich soil of Sierra Leone, though many of them are not indigenous but descended from rescued slaves. Still more hardy are the maritime races of the coast — the well-known "Kroomen" of Atlantic navigation. And long generations of war, slave-hunting, and massacres, have hardly thinned the swarming multitude up to the very gates of the bloody capitals of Ashantee and Dahomey.

It is no doubt a discouraging reflection that the only colony in the world which was originally founded from purely disinterested motives — with a view to the suppression of the slave trade — should have been condemned to a lingering and morbid existence, not from the mistakes of men (unless the original choice of the site be so esteemed), but from the act of God, as lawyers phrase it. "I fear," said even Lord Grey, the staunch defender of our colonial government, twenty years ago — and things have not mended since — "it must be admitted to have disappointed the expectations of its philanthropic founders." Nevertheless, that our anti-slave-trade policy in general, of which the maintenance

of Sierra Leone formed a part, has been on the West Coast of Africa thoroughly successful for its purpose, can hardly be contested even by those to whom that policy is in itself indifferent. But the world has greatly changed since the British flag was raised at Sierra Leone in 1787. The West Indies, directly opposite, have almost ceased to be receptacles for slaves. Cuba alone remains, a perishing anomaly. Even for many years before President Lincoln's emancipation, there was no outlet in the direction of the United States. There can be little substantial fear of the trade reviving in Brazil. We may pretty fairly assume that (as far as the maritime trade from the western side of the great slave continent is concerned) this abomination has come to an effectual and permanent end. If so, is there any sufficient reason for maintaining our sovereignty, and with it our annual loss of useful lives, in this insalubrious region?

The answer can only be given in terms admitting that something is to be said on both sides of the question, unless by politicians of the *à priori* colour, who never admit of more than one. The trade of the British West African coast is of some value, and that increasing. It is represented by the annual sum of about a million and a half, including exports and imports, of which Sierra Leone stands for more than a third. Whether that trade would continue equally to flourish if our establishments (which are almost wholly maintained by local funds) were withdrawn, may perhaps be doubtful. But, however this might turn out, it is almost certain that our withdrawal would deal a heavy blow to the character of that trade. It is very questionable whether the half-caste dealers into whose hands it would fall would be restrained by any superfluity of scruple from wandering back into the old bad path. We have, indeed, said that the commerce in slaves from West Africa to other parts of the world is not likely to revive. But a strong impulse would probably be given to the domestic traffic. The negro is still addicted, in the most disappointing way for philanthropists, to the buying and selling of his fellow-blacks. The very uncertainty of the traffic—the fights, massacres, captures which it provokes, the many accidents to which a slave adventure by vessel or caravan is liable—while rendering the returns extremely uncertain, give the attractive character of gambling to the business. It furnishes the dealer with the emotions which the lottery, the turf, and the Stock Exchange supply

to Europeans. When a British expedition, thirty years ago, ascended the Niger to open the interior country, its leaders left half way up the river a party of intelligent emancipated coloured persons to look after a "model farm." When they descended, they found the intended civilizers of the wilderness driving slaves, whom they had purchased, with cart-whips—the temptation was too strong for them. The objection to the retention of these settlements arising from their unhealthiness is no doubt a serious one; but we must not overrate it. Many trades and industries, the continuance of which is essential to human comfort, are terribly exacting in their demands on human life. Yet no one dreams of requiring their abandonment; nor does their perilousness operate to deter volunteers from engaging in them, any more than aspirants after colonial employment are frightened from accepting it at Sierra Leone. The only question is, whether the object is one which it is for the public benefit to secure; if it be so, we must not look too closely at the risk to human life involved in pursuing it, supposing it incurred only by men who are masters of themselves and able to count the cost.

One precaution, however, is plainly demanded; and it appears that Lord Kimberley has announced that its importance will henceforth be fully recognized. If these places—and Sierra Leone in particular—are still to be held as British dependencies, their administration should be carried on as far as possible—much further than has hitherto been recognized as possible—through the employment of natives or acclimatized half-castes. In this course of policy there should be no hesitation and falling back. "Patronage," as regards these settlements, should be absolutely renounced. No broken-down statesman about Parliament—no broken-down gentleman about town—no honest, industrious, likely aspirant with some interest and ready to take anything—should be sent to death or the hospital at Sierra Leone. It may seem hard to official judgment to refuse such a favour to one only too ready to be thankful for it; but the rule is for the general interest, and should as such be sternly adhered to. What available material for the public service the native and mixed population of the coast may contain is of course as yet but imperfectly known; but after eighty years of colonization and the expenditure of great sums on education it is reasonable to suppose that the race in question, which

already furnishes the lower class of Government servants, can be trained to furnish the higher also. There is one incidental point connected with this subject on which we stand in need of better information than we appear to possess. The tract of land called "Liberia," lying on the same coast with Sierra Leone, and a little eastward of it, was occupied by citizens of the American Union fifty years ago, with a view to colonization by emancipated negroes from the States. Following American precedent, they formed themselves into a Republic, with a coloured President. And we believe that they remain so to this day; but it is remarkable how little intelligence respecting them and their proceedings has become public in this country. The Americans are apt to vaunt their bold experiments a little beforehand; but they are very apt also to succeed in them. According to the "Almanach de Gotha," Liberia possesses a Senate and House of Representatives, a supreme court of justice, a diplomatic corps, and a "Church distinct from the State." But the same authority adds that out of the eighteen thousand "civilized" negroes who inhabit it—in the midst of some seven hundred thousand "indigenous"—three thousand are "preparing to emigrate." Further particulars desired.

From The Athenæum.

THE TRUE STORY OF THE SHIPS LENT BY CHARLES I. TO SERVE AGAINST THE FRENCH PROTESTANTS.

HISTORICAL research has strange surprises for those who engage in it. If ever anything seemed proved by sufficient evidence it was the story told by Mr. Forster, in his "Sir John Eliot," about the loan of the ships to be used against the Protestants of Rochelle. Nobody, in fact, who had read the documents on which Mr. Forster relied could reasonably have come to any other conclusion than that Charles and Buckingham deliberately gave over the ships for use against the Protestants. And yet, in the course of the investigations which are now being made under the authority of the Camden Society, fresh evidence has been brought to light which entirely overthrows the received explanation.

That the first application made by the French in January, 1625, was cheerfully responded to by Charles and Buckingham, as well as by James, there can be

no doubt whatever. The English Government was, at that time, still hopeful of converting the French alliance into a reality, and was willing to pay almost any price that might be asked. But when the contracts for the ships were signed in March, we already hear of double dealing, culminating in the letter of May 18, in which Sir John Coke informed Pennington, the commander of the expedition, that no clauses in the contract should entangle him "in the civil wars of the French if any happen, or against those of our religion in that kingdom or elsewhere." The contract mentioned having directly bound the King to allow the ships to be used "against whomsoever, except the King of Great Britain." The ordinary view of the case of course is, that Charles and Buckingham wanted to cheat Pennington. If this part of the story stood alone, I should have no documentary evidence to bring against it. But, knowing what I do know of the future course of the affair, I have no doubt that they meant to cheat the French. In favour of this view it may at least be urged that it is the logical result of the situation. On the 18th of May, the chance of converting the French alliance into a league for an avowed war was almost desperate. Buckingham had just started for France, on that expedition which is chiefly remembered on account of his impudence in making love to the Queen, but which was undertaken in the hope of inducing Lewis to engage openly in the continental war, and especially to take part in a joint attack upon Flanders. Whether his diplomacy failed or not, Buckingham would be unwilling to allow the ships to be used against the Protestants. If he could effect a peace in France, the ships could be used for an old scheme of his, in an expedition against Genoa. If he failed, he would wish to keep them at home.

His diplomacy did fail, and we then find a series of delays. The ships were ready in April; but Pennington was told that he would be wanted to escort Henrietta Maria to England; and in one way or another, the ships were detained so long that they only reached Dieppe on the 12th of June. When Pennington reached his destination he found that the French spoke freely of employing him against Rochelle, and being unable to reconcile the contradictory orders which he had received, he made up his mind to slip back to England on the 27th, on the plea that Dieppe Roads were an unsafe anchorage.

The first thought of Charles or Bucking

ham,—the French despatches are not precise as to the person from whom the words came,—was to assert boldly that the ships were not bound to fight against Rochelle. But the words of the contract were too clear, and to all outward appearance the King made up his mind to comply with the wishes of the French. Buckingham apparently threw himself heart and soul into their cause. He himself went down to Rochester to take part in negotiations between the French Ambassador Effiat and the owners of the merchant ships, of which, with the single exception of the King's ship the Vanguard, the squadron was composed. He wrote on the 16th of July to Pennington to hasten back with all speed to Dieppe, and on the 18th he followed his directions up by an order to place the ships unreservedly in the hands of the French. As if this were not enough, he despatched his confidential servant, Edward Nicholas, to accompany Effiat to Dieppe to see that the surrender was really effected. If more be wanted in the way of proof that Buckingham was in earnest, we have numerous letters detailing the efforts made by Nicholas to carry out his instructions, which appear, on the face of these letters, to have failed simply from the mutinous resolve of the crews to take no part in fighting against Rochelle.

And now let us look behind the scenes. On the 19th of July, Buckingham writes to Pennington, on hearing of mutinous proceedings amongst the sailors, that he "cannot but wonder as well as be sorry that any such disorder should happen as the withdrawing of the mariners from their duty and obedience"; and that he requires him to surrender the ships "according to the directions" he had given by his secretary Nicholas. The very next day Pembroke was sending the following message to Pennington:—

"That the letters which Capt. Pennington sent the Lord Duke of Buckingham's Grace to himself and the Lord Conway was the best news that could come to the Court, and that the King and all the rest were exceeding glad of that relation which he made of the discontent and mutinies of his company and the rest. And that if such a thing had not fallen out, they should have been constrained to have sent him advice to have devised to have brought some such thing to pass, if the French should accept of the service of that ship alone—i.e. the Vanguard, the others having at first refused to follow to Dieppe—without the rest; and that he should carry it

on fairly with them, but still to keep himself master of his ship, and if they proceeded so far as to offer to take the possession of her, that then his men should take him prisoner and bring away the ship. And that the said Capt. Pennington might believe him that he had thus much to deliver, it being the King's will and the rest, that it was far from them that any of his ships should go against any of the Protestants."

A pretty message truly to come to a man whose whole anxiety was to obey orders if he could find out what those orders were. And now let us see how Clarendon's future friend, Nicholas, was behaving. *Habemus confitentem reum*. His despatches, at the time indeed, are written with the utmost gravity, as if his ostensible mission was his real one. But the next year, when his master was called in question for this affair, he wrote to Pennington about the ships:—

"You are to satisfy the Parliament by whose and what warrant you delivered them to the French. The masters of the merchant ships have some of them said that it was by my Lord's command, and by reason of threatening speeches which I used to them by order from my Lord, but this will be, I doubt, disproved by many witnesses. . . . It is true that before the ambassador or his people I did often charge them aloud to deliver them over according to my Lord Conway's letter, and the King's pleasure, but I fell from that language when we were private with the masters; and you may remember how often I told you I had no warrant or order from my Lord for delivery over of those ships."

From a paper written about the same time, of which the draft is in Nicholas's handwriting, we glean further particulars:

"My instructions," he says, "were to this effect. To employ my best endeavour to hinder, or at least delay, the delivery of the ships to the French, but therein so to carry myself as that the ambassador might not discern but that I was sent of purpose and with full instructions and command to effect this desire, and to cause all the ships to be put into his hands. Accordingly, when the Vanguard came into the road of Dieppe, and that Capt. Pennington sent for me to come aboard, I acquainted the ambassador with it, and told him, if I went to the captain, I made no doubt but to persuade him to come ashore with me, notwithstanding he was—as the ambassador complained to me—so obstinate that he refused to come out of his ship to the Duke de Montmorenci, who importuned

him there by many kind invitations and noble messages; but the ambassador would not permit me to go aboard, but commanded me to write to Capt. Pennington to come ashore, which I did as pressing as the ambassador desired, which took effect. When he was come the ambassador interposed still between us so as I could not have a word in private with him, but was forced to let fall a word now and then as I purposely walked by him, to bid him look well whether he had sufficient warrant to deliver the ships, which I did lest the ambassador . . . should draw a promise or engagement from the captain to deliver the ships, before I should have opportunity privately to advertise him to beware how and on what warrant he did surrender the fortresses of the kingdom into the hands of a foreign prince."

In the end Buckingham outwitted himself. Having news from Paris that peace with the Huguenots was *almost* made, he dashed at the conclusion that it was quite made, and finally directed the delivery of

the ships, which he fancied would please Lewis and not hurt the Huguenots. It turned out, however, that the peace was not made, and all this long mystification went for nothing.

The facts thus disclosed have, I believe, a bearing beyond their immediate scope. Not only in this affair of the ships, but in all other matters, during the early years of the reign, the general sincerity of Charles and Buckingham can be placed beyond question. All known evidence goes to sustain the view that they honestly wished to carry out the warlike policy which had been accepted by the Parliament of 1624, and to beat down Spain and its allies. The suspicions of the Parliament of 1625, however intelligible, were quite unfounded. It was their thorough incapacity, conjoined by their duplicity in seeking to carry out their avowed policy by underhand contrivances, which brought contempt upon their claims to statesmanship.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

THE HABITS OF THE COATI-MONDI. — Sailors from South America occasionally, among other pets, bring a small animal, which, because of its long nose, they invariably call an Ant-eater. Thus was a little stranger introduced to our care a few years ago. A glance was enough to see that it was no ant-eater at all, but a pretty female Coati-Mondi. Gallant Jack Tar, her master on ship, unconscious of the incongruity, had made a namesake of her, and called her Jack. Science had already named her *Nasua*, and in a matter-of-fact way, for the word interpreted just means — *Nosie*. The animal was about the size of a cat, with a thick, coarse fur, of a brownish hue on the back and sides, and underneath shades from yellow to orange. The long tail was ornamented by a series of black and yellowish brown rings. Her nasal prominence reminded me of a queer Spaniard, once employed in the government service to detect spurious coin. His "counterfeit detector" was a sensitive proboscis. By sticking this organ into the glittering heaps he literally "nosed" out the bad from the good. To that man his nose was the instrument of his profession; and to *Nasua* her nose was equally important. It even prompted a nick-name and a juvenile pun — "*Nosie's nose knows too much!*" Inappetently inquisitive, she was incessantly intruding that organ into every thing. Having made no allowance for an extra-tropical temperature, this little South American made a failure in an attempt to lift with her nose the lid of a pot in the cook's domain. The next attempt, a successful one, was on the knife-box, whose

closely-fitting lid was pried open, and every article inspected, in happy ignorance of the proverb about edged tools. It was enough that any thing was hollow to excite her curiosity, which was of a thoroughly simian type. The dinner-bell was turned over; but unable to detach the clapper and chain, it was soon abandoned in disgust. A round sleigh-bell received more persevering attention. Unable to get her nose or paws into the little hole at the side, the clatter within set her wild with excitement, and evoked a desperate attack on the little annoyance with her teeth. She then gave it up as a bootless job. A bottle of hartshorn was next made the subject of investigation. We had purposely loosened the cork, and promised ourselves a "nice sell;" and *we* got it — not *Nosie*. She was not in the least disconcerted by the drug. In fact she had a strong nose for such things. A man gave her his tobacco-box. Resting it on the floor between her two paws, which possessed uncommon flexibility, she turned it over and over, round and round, exercising alternately her nose; claws, and teeth upon it with great energy, but to no avail. It seemed that the smell of its contents infatuated her, as she showed no disposition to stop. The man opened the box for her. She was in rapture. In went the nose, also both front paws. Very soon that wonderfully mobile organ had separated every fibre, so that the mass seemed trebly increased. The same man let her have his dirty pipe, when her velvety nose was instantly squeezed into the rank nicotine bowl. — REV. S. LOCKWOOD, PH. D., in *Popular Science Monthly* for December.

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THE POET TO HIS HELPMATE, ON THEIR SILVER WEDDING DAY.

OUR silver wedding! Let thine ears, my dearest,
List thy bald rhymester's poor but grateful
lay;

Its burden thoughts of love and blessing, nearest
To the knit hearts that hold their feast to-day.

And wherefore not? We dared not trust its com-
ing

Beforehand. Now, my darling, it hath come!
Let the Queen-Bee leave care to-day for hum-
ming

The old and apt refrain of "Home, sweet
home."

And let me, as on that far August morning,
Once more seal blest assurance with a ring.
That worn staunch pledge will deem no fresh
adorning

As meant upon its trust a slur to fling.

As it hath clasped five times five years thy fin-
ger,

So long thy love hath clung around my life.
Of old it stirr'd the verse-gift in thy singer,
And, lo! 'tis fresh to wake it now, true wife!

Two streams that rise apart at diverse sources,
Commingling at full strength flow jointly on:
Each league thenceforth their individual forces
Lose type distinct, and deepening blend in one.

Not coy nor strange, like fitful Arethuse,
The weaker with the stronger joys to glide;
One path, one channel, both conspire to choose,
And meet one term in the blue ocean's tide.

So flows by choice our dual stream united:
Life's rough and smooth, its weal and woe,
we breast

With equal heart. Is not our tear-vale lighted
By Love's kind star, that speaks of *hope* and
rest?

Hope—for young lives, out-rising from our
union,

Wax stronger round us in the good old ways:
And their on-coming prompts a sweet commun-
ion

Of themes and thoughts about the after-days.

Rest—for I wot we trust that faithful leading
Will set their steps aright, and gender peace
And temper'd pride to our old age, a-reading
Our life again in them, till ends our lease.

God hath been good to us, beyond the telling!
Ah, dearest, under Him, for me and mine
Cherish the life that lights our woodland dwell-
ing:

Still round this elm thy living ivy twine.

Possess thy soul in calm and quietness!
The day were dark without thee. Life is dear
Through its surroundings. But a wilderness
'Twould be to me with thee not alway near.

Give me that hand, love! Onward calmly mov-
ing

Meet we the years or months that yet shall be

Together, if God will; intent on proving
The spell, to keep hearts young, of constancy.

So — which I ask not — should we see our golden,
As now we see our silver nuptial day,
By the same charm will these dim eyes be holden,
And thine, I know, my Love, will look *my way*.
August 26, 1872. Saint Pauls.

OLD AGE.

A SONGLESS bird, a garden without flowers,
A river-bed dried up in thirsty hours,
A sterile field untutored by the plough,
A withered blossom on a withering bough,
A flickering light that fails when needed most
To warn the sailor from a treacherous coast,
A thought that dies ere yet 'tis fully born,
A hope that gleams like poppies 'midst the
corn, —

Fair idle weeds that flaunter in the sun,
Fair morning hopes that fail ere day be done,
Fair Life, so seeming-fair, so coldly bright,
Fair Life, beloved of Love, and youth's de-
light, —

At early dawn, how fresh thy face appears! —
The twilight sees it furrowed o'er with tears.
Spring flowers are sweet, but autumn's woods
are dry,

Spring birds are silent 'neath a wintry sky;
Spring thoughts that wake to deeds inspire no
more,

When the dull day-light fades along the shore;
The ice-blocked stream can bear no precious
freight, —

The stripped and sapless oak stands desolate,
And the hill fortress that defied the foe
In crumbling fragments fills the vale below.

Yet is there golden beauty in decay,
As Autumn's leaves outshine the leaves of May;
The calm of evening with its roseate light,
The starry silence of the wintry night;
The stillness of repose when storms are o'er,
And the sea murmurs on a peaceful shore;
The brooding memories of the past that make
The old man young again for Beauty's sake;
The hope sublime that cheers the lonely road
Which leads him gently to the hills of God.

Spectator.

JOHN DENNIS.

WINTER.

Or autumn sunshine there are glimpses still;
The sheaves are garnered in, the harvest done,
The leaves have left their branches ev'ry one,
And garbed in snowy white each distant hill.

No woodland music, save the robin's trill —
Our latest warbler in the choral train;
As those dear links in friendship's holy chain,
When some we loved are lost, will bind us still.

The last few daisies hide beneath the snow,
The frost gems glisten on each naked bough,
And Nature's beauty slumb'ring even now
Is far surpassing artificial show.

Tinsley's Magazine.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

I HAVE always sympathized with the famous senior-wrangler who, on being invited to admire *Paradise Lost*, inquired, "What does it prove?" To the theory, indeed, on which his question is generally supposed to be based, that any human composition is worthless which does not end with the magical letters Q. E. D., I can by no means yield an unqualified assent. I fully share the ordinary prejudice against stories with a moral. No poem or novel should be conspicuously branded with a well-worn aphorism, and declare to the whole listening universe that honesty is the best policy. The tracts which in the days of our childhood went to prove that little boys who didn't go to church would be drowned in a millrace or gored by a bull, and the more pretentious allegories where abstract qualities are set masquerading in frigid forms of flesh and blood, moved, like the figures on a barrel-organ, not by passions but by a logical machinery grinding out syllogisms below the surface, are equally vexatious. And yet I fancy that the senior-wrangler had a dim perception of a more tenable theory. Some central truth should be embodied in every work of fiction, which cannot indeed be compressed into a definite formula, but which acts as the animating and informing principle, determining the main lines of the structure and affecting even its most trivial details. Critics who try to extract it as a formal moral, present us with nothing but an outside husk of dogma. The lesson itself is the living seed which, cast into a thousand minds, will bear fruit in a thousand different forms. The senior-wrangler was therefore unreasonable if he expected to have *Paradise Lost* packed for him into a single portable formula. The true answer to him would have been, "Read and see. The world will be changed for you when you have assimilated the master's thought, though you have gone through no definite process of linking x and y with a and b . Though the poem proves nothing, it will persuade you of much. It is not a demonstration, but an education."

These remarks, certainly obvious enough,

are but a clumsy comment on part of Hawthorne's preface to the *House of the Seven Gables*; they roughly express, therefore, Hawthorne's theory of his own art; and they are preparatory to the question, so far as it is a rational question, what do his romances prove? Abandoning the absurdity of answering that question as one would answer a hostile barrister or a Civil Service examiner, one may still attempt to indicate what is for some persons the most conspicuous tendency of writings in which the finest, if not the most powerful genius of America has embodied itself. Compressing the answer to its narrowest limits, one may say that Hawthorne has shown what elements of romance are discoverable amongst the harsh prose of this prosaic age. And his teaching is of importance, because it is just what is most needed at the present day. How is the novelist who, by the inevitable conditions of his style, is bound to come into the closest possible contact with facts, who has to give us the details of his hero's clothes, to tell us what he had for breakfast, and what is the state of the balance at his banker's — how is he to introduce the ideal element which must, in some degree, be present in all genuine art? A mere photographic reproduction of this muddy, money-making, bread-and-butter-eating world would be intolerable. At the very lowest, some effort must be made at least to select the most promising materials, and to strain out the coarse or the simply prosaic ingredients. Various attempts have been made to solve the problem since Defoe founded the modern school of English novelists by giving us what is in one sense a servile imitation of genuine narrative, but which is redeemed from prose by the unique force of the situation. Defoe painting mere every-day pots and pans is as dull as a modern blue-book; but when his pots and pans are the resource by which a human being struggles out of the most appalling conceivable "slough of despond," they become more poetical than the vessels from which the gods drink nectar in epic poems. Since he wrote novelists have made many voyages of discovery, with varying success, though they have seldom had the fortune to touch upon so marvel-

lous an island as that still sacred to the immortal Crusoe. They have ventured far into cloudland, and returning to *terra firma*, they have plunged into the trackless and savage-haunted regions which are girdled by the Metropolitan Railway. They have watched the magic coruscations of some strange *Aurora Borealis* of dim romance, or been content with the domestic gas-light of London streets. Amongst the most celebrated of all such adventurers were the band which obeyed the impulse of Sir Walter Scott. For a time it seemed that we had reached a genuine Eldorado of novelists, where solid gold was to be had for the asking, and visions of more than earthly beauty rewarded the labours of the explorer. Now, alas! our opinion is a good deal changed; the fairy treasures which Scott brought back from his voyages have turned into dead leaves according to custom; and the curiosities, upon which he set so extravagant a price, savour more of Wardour Street than of the genuine mediæval artists. Nay, there are scoffers, though I am not of them, who think that the tittle-tattle which Miss Austen gathered at the country-houses of our grandfathers is worth more than the showy but rather flimsy eloquence of the "Ariosto of the North." Scott endeavoured at least, if with indifferent success, to invest his scenes with something of—

The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream.

If he too often indulged in mere theatrical devices and mistook the glare of the foot-lights for the sacred glow of the imagination, he professed, at least, to introduce us to an ideal world. Later novelists have generally abandoned the attempt, and are content to reflect our work-a-day life with almost servile fidelity. They are not to be blamed; and doubtless the very greatest writers are those who can bring their ideal world into the closest possible contact with our sympathies, and show us heroic figures in modern frock-coats and Parisian fashions. The art of story-telling is manifold, and its charm depends greatly upon the infinite variety of its applications. And yet, for that very reason, there are moods in which one wishes that the mod-

ern story-teller would more frequently lead us away from the commonplace region of newspapers and railways to regions where the imagination can have fair play. Hawthorne is one of the few eminent writers to whose guidance we may in such moods most safely entrust ourselves; and it is tempting to ask what was the secret of his success. The effort, indeed, to investigate the materials from which some rare literary flavour is extracted is seldom satisfactory. After cataloguing all the constituents, the analytical chemist is often bound to admit that the one all-important element is too fine to be grasped by his clumsy instruments. We are reminded of the automaton chess-player who excited the wonder of the last generation. The showman, like the critic, laid bare his inside, and displayed all the cunning wheels and cogs and cranks by which his motions were supposed to be regulated. Yet, after all, the true secret was that there was a man inside the machine. Some such impression is often made by the most elaborate demonstrations of literary anatomists. We have been mystified, not really entrusted with any revelation. And yet, with this warning as to the probable success of our examination, let us try to determine some of the peculiarities to which Hawthorne owes this strange power of bringing poetry out of the most unpromising materials.

In the first place, then, he had the good fortune to be born in the most prosaic of all countries—the most prosaic, that is, in external appearance, and even in the superficial character of its inhabitants. Hawthorne himself reckoned this as an advantage, though in a very different sense from that in which we are speaking. It was as a patriot, and not as an artist, that he congratulated himself on his American origin. There is a humorous struggle between his sense of the rawness and ugliness of his native land and the dogged patriotism befitting a descendant of the genuine New England Puritans. Hawthorne the novelist writhes at the discords which torture his delicate sensibilities at every step; but instantly Hawthorne the Yankee protests that the very faults are symptomatic of excellence. He is like a

sensitive mother, unable to deny that her awkward hobbledohoy of a son offends against the proprieties, but tacitly resolved to see proofs of virtues present or to come even in his clumsiest tricks. He forces his apologies to sound like boasting. "No author," he says, "can conceive of the difficulty of writing a romance about a country where there is no shadow, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity, as is happily" (it must and shall be happily) "the case with my dear native land. It will be very long, I trust, before romance-writers may find congenial and easily-handled themes either in the annals of our stalwart republic, or in any characteristic and probable events of our individual lives. Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens and wallflowers need ruins to make them grow." If, that is, I am forced to confess that poetry and romance are absent, I will resolutely stick to it that poetry and romance are bad things, even though the love of them is the strongest propensity of my nature. To my thinking, there is something almost pathetic in this loyal self-deception; and therefore I have never been offended by certain passages in *Our Old Home* which appear to have caused some irritation in touchy-Englishmen. There is something, he says by way of apology, which causes an American in England to take up an attitude of antagonism. "These people think so loftily of themselves, and so contemptuously of everybody else, that it requires more generosity than I possess to keep always in perfectly good-humour with them." That may be true; for, indeed, I believe that deep down in the bosom of every Briton, beneath all superficial roots of cosmopolitan philanthropy, there lies an ineradicable conviction that no foreigner is his equal; and to a man of Hawthorne's delicate perceptions, the presence of that sentiment would reveal itself through the most careful disguises. But that which really caused him to cherish his antagonism was, I suspect, something else: he was afraid of loving us too well; he feared to be tempted into a denial of some point of his patriotic creed; he is always clasping it, as it were, to his

bosom, and vowing and protesting that he does not surrender a single jot or tittle of it. Hawthorne in England was like a plant suddenly removed to a rich soil from a dry and thirsty land. He drinks in at every pore the delightful influences of which he has had so scanty a supply. An old cottage, an ivy-grown wall, a country churchyard with its quaint epitaphs, things that are commonplace to most Englishmen and which are hateful to the sanitary inspector, are refreshing to every fibre of his soul. He tries in vain to take the sanitary inspector's view. In spite of himself he is always falling into the romantic tone, though a sense that he ought to be sternly philosophical just gives a humorous tinge to his enthusiasm. Charles Lamb could not have improved his description of the old hospital at Leicester, where the twelve brethren still wear the badge of the Bear and Ragged Staff. He lingers round it, and gossips with the brethren, and peeps into the garden, and sits by the cavernous archway of the kitchen fireplace, where the very atmosphere seems to be redolent with aphorisms first uttered by ancient monks, and jokes derived from Master Slender's note-book, and gossip about the wrecks of the Spanish Armada. No connoisseur could pore more lovingly over an ancient black-letter volume or the mellow hues of some old painter's masterpiece. He feels the charm of our historical continuity, where the immemorial past blends indistinguishably with the present, to the remotest recesses of his imagination. But then the Yankee nature within him must put in a sharp word or two; he has to jerk the bridle for fear that his enthusiasm should fairly run away with him. "The trees and other objects of an English landscape," he remarks, or, perhaps we should say, he complains, "take hold of one by numberless minute tendrils as it were, which, look as closely as we choose, we never find in an American scene;" but he inserts a qualifying clause, just by way of protest, that an American tree would be more picturesque if it had an equal chance; and the native oak of which we are so proud is summarily condemned for "John Bullism" — a mysterious offence common to many things in England.

Charlecote Hall, he presently admits, "is a most delightful place." Even an American is tempted to believe that real homes can only be produced by "the slow ingenuity and labour of many successive generations," when he sees the elaborate beauty and perfection of a well-ordered English abode. And yet he persuades himself that even here he is the victim of some delusion. The impression is due to the old man which still lurks even in the polished American, and forces him to look through his ancestors' spectacles. The true theory, it appears, is that which Holgrave expresses for him in the *Seven Gables*, namely, that we should free ourselves of the material slavery imposed upon us by the brick-and-mortar of past generations, and learn to change our houses as early as our coats. We ought to feel — only we unfortunately can't feel — that a tent or a wigwam is as good as a house. The mode in which Hawthorne regards the Englishman himself is a quaint illustration of the same theory. An Englishwoman, he admits reluctantly and after many protestations, has some few beauties not possessed by her American sisters. A maiden in her teens has "a certain charm of half blossom and delicately-folded leaves, and tender womanhood shielded by maidenly reserves, with which, somehow or other, our American girls often fail to adorn themselves during an appreciable moment." But he revenges himself for this concession by an almost savage onslaught upon the full-blown British matron with her "awful ponderosity of frame, . . . massive with solid beef and streaky tallow," and apparently composed "of steaks and sirloins." He laments that the English violet should develop into such an overblown peony, and speculates upon the whimsical problem, whether a middle-aged husband should be considered as legally married to all the accretions which have overgrown the slenderness of his bride. Should not the matrimonial bond be held to exclude the three-fourths of the wife that had no existence when the ceremony was performed? A question not to be put without a shudder. The fact is, that Hawthorne had succeeded only too well in misleading himself by a common fallacy. That pestilent personage, John Bull, has assumed so concrete a form in our imaginations, with his top boots and his broad shoulders and vast circumference, and the emblematic bull-dog at his heels, that for most observers he completely hides the Englishman of real life. Hawthorne had

decided that an Englishman must and should be a mere mass of transformed beef and beer. No observation could shake his preconceived impression. At Greenwich Hospital he encountered the mighty shade of the concentrated essence of our strongest national qualities; no truer Englishman ever lived than Nelson. But Nelson was certainly not the conventional John Bull, and, therefore, Hawthorne roundly asserts that he was not an Englishman. "More than any other Englishman he won the love and admiration of his country, but won them through the efficacy of qualities that are not English." Nelson was of the same breed as Cromwell, though his shoulders were not so broad; but Hawthorne insists that the broad shoulders, and not the fiery soul, are the essence of John Bull. He proceeds with amusing unconsciousness to generalize the ingenious theory, and declares that all extraordinary Englishmen are sick men, and, therefore, deviations from the type. When he meets another remarkable Englishman in the flesh, he applies the same method. Of Leigh Hunt, whom he describes with warm enthusiasm, he dogmatically declares, "there was not an English trait in him from head to foot, morally, intellectually, or physically." And the reason is admirable. "Beef, ale, or stout, brandy or port-wine, entered not at all into his constitution." All Englishmen are made of those ingredients, and if not, why, then, they are not Englishmen. By the same method it is easy to show that all Englishmen are drunkards, or that they are all teetotalers; you have only to exclude as irrelevant every case that contradicts your theory. Hawthorne, unluckily, is by no means solitary in his mode of reasoning. The ideal John Bull has hidden us from ourselves as well as from our neighbours, and the race which is distinguished above all others for the magnificent wealth of its imaginative literature, is daily told — and, what is more, tells itself — that it is a mere lump of prosaic flesh and blood, with scarcely soul enough to keep it from stagnation. If we were sensible we should burn that ridiculous caricature of ourselves along with Guy Fawkes; but meanwhile we can hardly complain if foreigners are deceived by our own misrepresentations.

Against Hawthorne, as I have said, I feel no grudge, though a certain regret that his sympathy with that deep vein of poetical imagination which underlies all our "steaks and sirloins" should have been intercepted by this detestable lay

figure. The poetical humorist must be allowed a certain licence in dealing with facts; and poor Hawthorne, in the congenial atmosphere of the Liverpool Custom-house, had, doubtless, much to suffer from a thick-skinned generation. His characteristic shyness made it a hard task for him to penetrate through our outer rind — which, to say the truth, is often elephantine enough — to the central core of heat; and we must not complain if he was too apt to deny the existence of what to him was unattainable. But the problem recurs — for everybody likes to ask utterly unanswerable questions — whether Hawthorne would not have developed into a still greater artist if he had been more richly supplied with the diet so dear to his inmost soul? Was it not a thing to weep over, that a man so keenly alive to every picturesque influence, so anxious to invest his work with the enchanted haze of romantic association, should be confined till middle age amongst the bleak granite rocks and the half-baked civilization of New England? “Among ourselves,” he laments, “there is no fairy land for the romancer.” What if he had been brought up in the native home of the fairies — if there had been thrown open to him the gates through which Shakspeare and Spencer caught their visions of ideal beauty? Might we not have had an appendix to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and might not a modern *Faerie Queen* have brightened the prosaic wilderness of this nineteenth century? The question, as I have said, is rigidly unanswerable. We have not yet learnt how to breed poets, though we have made some progress in regard to pigs. Nobody can tell, and perhaps, therefore, it is as well that nobody should guess, what would have been the effect of transplanting Shakspeare to modern Stratford, or of exiling him to the United States. And yet — for it is impossible to resist entirely the pleasure of fruitless speculation — we may guess that there are some reasons why there should be a risk in transplanting so delicate a growth as the genius of Hawthorne. There are more ways, so wise men tell us, of killing a cat than choking it with cream; but it is a very good way. Over-feeding produces atrophy of some of the vital functions in higher animals than cats, and the imagination may be enfeebled rather than strengthened by an over-supply of materials. Hawthorne, if his life had passed where the plough may turn up an antiquity in every furrow, and the whole face of the country is enamelled

with ancient culture, might have wrought more gorgeous hues into his tissues, but he might have succumbed to the temptation of producing mere upholstery. The fairy land for which he longed is full of dangerous enchantments, and there are many who have lost in it the vigour which comes from breathing the keen air of everyday life. From that risk Hawthorne was effectually preserved in his New England home. Having to abandon the poetry which is manufactured out of mere external circumstances, he was forced to draw it from deeper sources. With easier means at hand of enriching his pages, he might have left the mine unworked. It is often good for us to have to make bricks without straw. Hawthorne, who was conscious of the extreme difficulty of the problem, and but partially conscious of the success of his solution of it, naturally complained of the severe discipline to which he owed his strength. We who enjoy the results may feel how much he owed to the very sternness of his education and the niggard hand with which his imaginative sustenance was dealt out to him. The observation may sound paradoxical at the first moment, and yet it is supported by analogy. Are not the best cooks produced just where the raw material is the worst, and precisely because it is there worst? Now, cookery is the art by which man is most easily distinguished from beasts, and it requires little ingenuity to transfer its lessons to literature. At the same time it may be admitted that some closer inquiry is necessary in order to make the hypothesis probable, and I will endeavour from this point of view to examine some of Hawthorne's exquisite workmanship.

The story which perhaps generally passes for his masterpiece is *Transformation*, for most readers assume that a writer's longest book must necessarily be his best. In the present case, I think that this method, which has its conveniences, has not led to a perfectly just conclusion. In *Transformation*, Hawthorne has for once the advantage of placing his characters in a land where “a sort of poetic or fairy precinct,” as he calls it, is naturally provided for them. The very stones of the streets are full of romance, and he cannot mention a name that has not a musical ring. Hawthorne, moreover, shows his usual tact in confining his aims to the possible. He does not attempt to paint Italian life and manners; his actors belong by birth, or by a kind of naturalization, to the colony of the American artists in

Rome; and he therefore does not labour under the difficulty of being in imperfect sympathy with his creatures. Rome is a mere background, and surely a most felicitous background, to the little group of persons who are effectually detached from all such vulgarizing associations with the mechanism of daily life in less poetical countries. The centre of the group, too, who embodies one of Hawthorne's most delicate fancies, could have breathed no atmosphere less richly perfumed with old romance. In New York he would certainly have been in danger of a Barnum's museum, beside Washington's nurse and the woolly horse. It is a triumph of art that a being whose nature trembles on the very verge of the grotesque should walk through Hawthorne's pages with such undeviating grace. Let him show but the extreme tip of one of his furry ears—or were they not furry?—and he would be irretrievably lost. Mr. Darwin or Barnum would claim him as their own, and he would pass from the world of poetry into the dissecting-room or the showman's booth. In the Roman dreamland he is in little danger of such prying curiosity, though even there he can only be kept out of harm's way by the admirable skill of his creator. Perhaps it may be thought by some severe critics that, with all his merits, Donatello stands on the very outside verge of the province permitted to the romancer. But without cavilling at what is indisputably charming, and without dwelling upon certain defects of construction which slightly mar the general beauty of the story, it has another weakness which it is impossible quite to overlook. Hawthorne himself remarks that he was surprised, in rewriting his story, to see the extent to which he had introduced descriptions of various Italian objects. "Yet these things," he adds, "fill the mind everywhere in Italy, and especially in Rome, and cannot be kept from flowing out upon the page when one writes freely and with self-enjoyment." The associations which they called up in England were so pleasant, that he could not find it in his heart to cancel. Doubtless that is the precise truth, and yet it is equally true that they are artistically out of place. There are, to put it bluntly, passages which strike us like masses of undigested guide-book. To take one instance—and, certainly, it is about the worst—the whole party is going to the Coliseum, where a very striking scene takes place. On the way, they pass a baker's shop.

"The baker is drawing his loaves out

of the oven,' remarked Kenyon. 'Do you smell how sour they are? I should fancy that Minerva (in revenge for the desecration of her temple) had slyly poured vinegar into the batch, if I did not know that the modern Romans prefer their bread in the acetous fermentation.'"

The instance is trivial, but it is characteristic. Hawthorne had doubtless remarked the smell of the sour bread, and to him it called up a vivid recollection of some stroll in Rome; for, of all our senses, the smell is the most powerful in awakening associations. But then what do we who read him care about the Roman taste for bread "in acetous fermentation?" When the high-spirited girl is on the way to meet her tormentor, and to receive the provocation which leads to his murder, why should we be worried by a gratuitous remark about Roman baking? It somehow jars upon our taste, and we are certain that, in describing a New England village, Hawthorne would never have admitted a touch which has no conceivable bearing upon the situation. There is almost a superabundance of minute local colour in his American romances, as, for example, in the *House of the Seven Gables*; but still, every touch, however minute, is steeped in the sentiment and contributes to the general effect. In Rome the smell of a loaf is sacred to his imagination, and intrudes itself upon its own merits, and, so far as we can discover, without reference to the central purpose. If a baker's shop impresses him unduly because it is Roman, the influence of ancient ruins and glorious works of art is of course still more distracting. The mysterious Donatello, and the strange psychological problem which he is destined to illustrate, are put aside for an interval, whilst we are called upon to listen to descriptions and meditations, always graceful, and often of great beauty in themselves, but yet, in a strict sense, irrelevant. Hawthorne's want of familiarity with the scenery is of course responsible for part of this failing. Had he been a native Roman, he would not have been so pre-occupied with the wonders of Rome. But it seems that for a romance bearing upon a spiritual problem, the scenery, however tempting, is not really so serviceable as the less prepossessing surroundings of America. The objects have too great an intrinsic interest. A counter-attraction distorts the symmetry of the system. In the shadow of the Coliseum and St. Peter's you cannot pay much attention to the troubles of a young lady whose existence is painfully ephemeral.

Those mighty objects will not be relegated to the background, and condescend to act as mere scenery. They are, in fact, too romantic for a romance. The fountain of Trevi, with all its allegorical marbles, may be a very picturesque object to describe, but for Hawthorne's purposes it is really not equal to the town pump at Salem; and Hilda's poetical tower, with the perpetual light before the Virgin's image, and the doves floating up to her from the street, and the column of Antoninus looking at her from the heart of the city, somehow appeals less to our sympathies than the quaint garret in the House of the Seven Gables, from which Phœbe Pyncheon watched the singular idiosyncracies of the superannuated breed of fowls in the garden. The garret and the pump are designed in strict subordination to the human figures: the tower and the fountain have a distinctive purpose of their own. Hawthorne, at any rate, seems to have been mastered by his too powerful auxiliaries. A human soul, even in America, is more interesting to us than all the churches and picture-galleries in the world; and, therefore, it is as well that Hawthorne should not be tempted to the too easy method of putting fine description in place of sentiment.

But how was the task to be performed? How was the imaginative glow to be shed over the American scenery, so provokingly raw and deficient in harmony? A similar problem was successfully solved by a writer whose development, in proportion to her means of cultivation, is about the most remarkable of recent literary phenomena. Miss Brontë's bleak Yorkshire moors, with their uncompromising stone walls, and the valleys invaded by factories, are at first sight as little suited to romance as New England itself, to which, indeed, both the inhabitants and the country have a decided family resemblance. Now that she has discovered for us the fountains of poetic interest, we can all see that the region is not a mere stony wilderness; but it is well worth while to make a pilgrimage to Hawthorne, if only to discover how little the country corresponds to our preconceived impressions, or, in other words, how much depends upon the eye which sees it, and how little upon its intrinsic merits. Miss Brontë's marvellous effects are obtained by the process which enables an "intense and glowing mind" to see everything through its own atmosphere. The ugliest and most trivial objects seem, like objects heated by the sun, to radiate back the glow of passion with which she has regarded them.

Perhaps, this singular power is still more conspicuous in *Villette*, where she had even less of the raw material of poetry. An odd parallel may be found between one of the most striking passages in *Villette* and one in *Transformation*. Lucy Snowe in one novel, and Hilda in the other, are left to pass a summer vacation, the one in Brussels and the other in pestiferous Rome. Miss Snowe has no external cause of suffering but the natural effect of solitude upon a homeless and helpless governess. Hilda has to bear about with her the weight of a terrible secret, affecting, it may be, even the life of her dearest friend. Each of them wanders into a Roman Catholic church, and each, though they have both been brought up in a Protestant home, seeks relief at the confessional. So far the cases are alike, though Hilda, one might have fancied, has by far the strongest cause for emotion. And yet, after reading the two descriptions — both excellent in their way — one might fancy that the two young ladies had exchanged burdens. Lucy Snowe is as tragic as the innocent confidante of a murderess; Hilda's feelings never seem to rise above that weary sense of melancholy isolation which besieges us in a deserted city. It is needless to ask which is the best bit of work artistically considered. Hawthorne's style is more graceful and flexible; his descriptions of the Roman Catholic ceremonial and its influence upon an imaginative mind in distress are far more sympathetic, and imply a wider range of intellect. But Hilda does not touch and almost overawe us like Lucy. There is too much delicate artistic description of picture-galleries and of the glories of St. Peter's to allow the poor little American girl to come prominently to the surface. We have been indulging with her in some sad but charming speculations, and not witnessing the tragedy of a deserted soul. Lucy Snowe has very inferior materials at her command; but somehow we are moved by a sympathetic thrill: we taste the bitterness of the awful cup of despair which, as she tells us, is forced to her lips in the night-watches; and are not startled when so prosaic an object as the row of beds in the dormitory of a French school suggest to her images worthy rather of stately tombs in the aisles of a vast cathedral, and recall dead dreams of an elder world and mightier race long frozen in death. Comparisons of this kind are almost inevitably unfair; but the difference between the two illustrates one characteristic — we need not regard it as a defect — of Haw-

thorne. His idealism does not consist in conferring grandeur upon vulgar objects by tinging them with the reflection of deep emotion. He rather shrinks than otherwise from describing the strongest passions, or shows their working by indirect touches and under a side-light. An excellent example of his peculiar method occurs in what is in some respects the most perfect of his works, the *Scarlet Letter*. There, again, we have the spectacle of a man tortured by a life-long repentance. The Puritan clergyman, revered as a saint by all his flock, conscious of a sin which, once revealed, will crush him to the earth, watched with a malignant purpose by the husband whom he has injured, unable to summon up the moral courage to tear off the veil, and make the only atonement in his power, is undoubtedly a striking figure, powerfully conceived and most delicately described. He yields under terrible pressure to the temptation of escaping from the scene of his prolonged torture with the partner of his guilt. And then, as he is returning homewards after yielding a reluctant consent to the flight, we are invited to contemplate the agony of his soul. The form which it takes is curiously characteristic. No vehement pangs of remorse, or desperate hopes of escape, overpower his faculties in any simple and straightforward fashion. The poor minister is seized with a strange hallucination. He meets a venerable deacon, and can scarcely restrain himself from uttering blasphemies about the communion-supper. Next appears an aged widow, and he longs to assail her with what appears to him to be an unanswerable argument against the immortality of the soul. Then follows an impulse to whisper impure suggestions to a fair young maiden, whom he has recently converted. And, finally, he longs to greet a rough sailor with a "volley of good round, solid, satisfactory, and heaven-defying oaths." The minister, in short, is in that state of mind which gives birth in its victim to a belief in diabolical possession; and the meaning is pointed by an encounter with an old lady, who, in the popular belief, was one of Satan's miserable slaves and dupes, the witches, and is said—for Hawthorne never introduces the supernatural without toning it down by a supposed legendary transmission—to have invited him to meet her at the blasphemous sabbath in the forest. The sin of endeavouring to escape from the punishment of his sins had brought him into sympathy with wicked mortals and perverted spirits.

This mode of setting forth the agony

of a pure mind, tainted by one irremovable blot, is undoubtedly impressive to the imagination in a high degree; far more impressive, we may safely say, than any quantity of such rant as very inferior writers could have poured out with the utmost facility on such an occasion. Yet I am inclined to think that a poet of the highest order would have produced the effect by more direct means. Remorse overpowering and absorbing does not embody itself in these recondite and, one may almost say, over-ingenious fancies. Hawthorne does not give us so much the pure passion as some of its collateral effects. He is still more interested in the curious psychological problem than moved by sympathy with the torture of the soul. We pity poor Mr. Dimmesdale profoundly, but we are also interested in him as the subject of an experiment in analytical psychology. We do not care so much for his emotions as for the strange phantoms which are raised in his intellect by the disturbance of his natural functions. The man is placed upon the rack, but our compassion is aroused, not by feeling our own nerves and sinews twitching in sympathy, but by remarking the strange confusion of ideas produced in his mind, the singularly distorted aspect of things in general introduced by such an experience, and hence, if we please, inferring the keenness of the pangs which have produced them. This turn of thought explains the real meaning of Hawthorne's antipathy to poor John Bull. That worthy gentleman, we will admit, is in a sense more gross and beefy than his American cousin. His nerves are stronger, for we need not decide whether they should be called coarser or less morbid. He is not, in any proper sense of the word, less imaginative, for a vigorous grasp of realities is rather a proof of a powerful than a defective imagination. But he is less accessible to those delicate impulses which are to the ordinary passions as electricity to heat. His imagination is more intense and less mobile. The devils which haunt the two races partake of the national characteristics. John Bunyan, Dimmesdale's contemporary, suffered under the pangs of a remorse equally acute, though with apparently far less cause. The devils who tormented him whispered blasphemies in his ears; they pulled at his clothes; they persuaded him that he had committed the unpardonable sin. They caused the very stones in the streets and tiles on the houses, as he says, to band themselves together against him. But they had not the refined and humorous

ingenuity of the American fiends. They tempted him, as their fellows tempted Dimmesdale, to sell his soul; but they were too much in earnest to insist upon queer breaches of decorum. They did not indulge in their quaint play of fancy which tempts us to believe that the devils in New England had seduced the "tricksy spirit," Ariel, to indulge in practical jokes at the expense of a nobler victim than Stephano or Caliban. They were too terribly diabolical to care whether Bunyan blasphemed in solitude or in the presence of human respectabilities. Bunyan's sufferings were as poetical, but less conducive to refined speculation. His were the fiends that haunt the valley of the shadow of death; whereas Hawthorne's are to be encountered in the dim regions of twilight, where realities blend inextricably with mere phantoms, and the mind confers only a kind of provisional existence upon the "airy nothings" of its creation. Apollyon does not appear armed to the teeth and throwing fiery darts, but comes as an unsubstantial shadow threatening vague and undefined dangers, and only half detaching himself from the background of darkness. He is as intangible as Milton's Death, not the vivid reality which presented itself to mediæval imaginations.

This special aptitude of mind is probably easier to the American than to the English imagination. The craving for something substantial, whether in cookery or in poetry, was that which induced Hawthorne to keep John Bull rather at arm's length. We may trace the working of similar tendencies in other American peculiarities. Spiritualism and its attendant superstitions are the gross and vulgar form of the same phase of thought as it occurs in men of highly-strung nerves but defective cultivation. Hawthorne always speaks of these modern goblins with the contempt they deserve, for they shocked his imagination as much as his reason; but he likes to play with fancies which are not altogether dissimilar, though his refined taste warns him that they become disgusting when grossly translated into tangible symbols. Mesmerism, for example, plays an important part in the *Blithedale Romance* and the *House of the Seven Gables*, though judiciously softened and kept in the background. An example of the danger of such tendencies may be found in his countryman, Edgar Poe, who, with all his eccentricities, had a most unmistakable vein of genius. Poe is a kind of Hawthorne and *delirium tremens*. What

is exquisitely fanciful and airy in the genuine artist is replaced in his rival by an attempt to overpower us by dabbings in the charnel-house and prurient appeals to our fears of the horribly revolting. After reading some of Poe's stories one feels a kind of shock to one's modesty. We require some kind of spiritual ablation to cleanse our minds of his disgusting images; whereas Hawthorne's pure and delightful fancies, though at times they may have led us too far from the healthy contact of every-day interests, never leave a stain upon the imagination, and generally succeed in throwing a harmonious colouring upon some objects in which we had previously failed to recognize the beautiful. To perform that duty effectually is perhaps the highest of artistic merits; and though we may complain of Hawthorne's colouring as too evanescent, its charm grows upon us the more we study it.

Hawthorne seems to have been slow in discovering the secret of his own power. The *Twice-Told Tales*, he tells us, are only a fragmentary selection from a great number which had an ephemeral existence in long-forgotten magazines, and were sentenced to extinction by their author. Though many of the survivors are very striking, no wise reader will regret that sentence. It could be wished that other authors were as ready to bury their innocents, and that injudicious admirers might always abstain from acting as resurrection-men. The fragments which remain, with all their merits, are chiefly interesting as illustrating the intellectual developments of their author. Hawthorne, in his preface to the collected edition (all Hawthorne's prefaces are remarkably instructive) tells us what to think of them. The book, he says, "requires to be read in the clear brown twilight atmosphere in which it was written; if opened in the sunshine it is apt to look exceedingly like a volume of blank pages." The remark, with deductions on the score of modesty, is more or less applicable to all his writings. But he explains, and with perfect truth, that though written in solitude, the book has not the abstruse lore which marks the written communications of a solitary mind with itself. The reason is that the sketches "are not the talk of a secluded man with his own mind and heart, but his attempts . . . to open an intercourse with the world." They may, in fact, be compared to Brummell's failures; and though they do not display the perfect grace and fitness which would justify him in presenting

himself to society, they were well worth taking up to illustrate the skill of the master's manipulation. We see him trying various experiments to hit off that delicate mean between the fanciful and the prosaic which shall satisfy his taste and be intelligible to the outside world. Sometimes he gives us a fragment of historical romance, as in the story of the stern old regicide who suddenly appears from the woods to head the colonists of Massachusetts in a critical emergency; then he tries his hand at a bit of allegory, and describes the search for the mythical carbuncle which blazes by its inherent splendour on the face of a mysterious cliff in the depths of the untrodden wilderness, and lures old and young, the worldly and the romantic, to waste their lives in the vain effort to discover it—for the carbuncle is the ideal which mocks our pursuit, and may be our curse or our blessing. Then perhaps we have a domestic piece,—a quiet description of a New England country scene—touched with a grace which reminds us of the creators of Sir Roger de Coverley or the Vicar of Wakefield. Occasionally there is a fragment of pure *diablerie*, as in the story of the lady who consults the witch in the hollow of the three hills; and more frequently he tries to work out one of those strange psychological problems which he afterwards treated with more fulness of power. The minister, who for an unexplained reason, puts on a black veil one morning in his youth and wears it until he is laid with it in his grave—a kind of symbolical prophecy of Dimmesdale; the eccentric Wakefield (whose original, if I remember rightly, is to be found in *King's Anecdotes*), who leaves his house one morning for no particular reason, and though living in the next street, does not reveal his existence to his wife for twenty years; and the hero of the *Wedding Knell*, the elderly bridegroom whose early love has jilted him, but agrees to marry him when she is an elderly widow and he an old bachelor, and who appals the marriage-party by coming to the church in his shroud, with the bell tolling as for a funeral,—all these bear the unmistakable stamp of Hawthorne's mint, and each is a study of his favourite subject, the borderland between reason and insanity. In many of these stories appears the element of interest, to which Hawthorne elung the more closely both from early associations and because it is the one undeniably poetical element in the American character. Shallow-minded people fancy

Puritanism to be prosaic, because the laces and ruffles of the Cavaliers are a more picturesque costume at a masked ball than the dress of the Roundheads. The Puritan has become a grim and ugly scarecrow, on whom every buffoon may break his jest. But the genuine old Puritan spirit ceases to be picturesque only because of its sublimity; its poetry is sublimed into religion. The great poet of the Puritans fails, so far as he fails, when he tries to transcend the limits of mortal imagination—

The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble as they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.

To represent the Puritan from within was not, indeed, a task suitable to Hawthorne's powers. Mr. Carlyle has done that for us with more congenial sentiment than could have been well felt by the gentle romancer. Hawthorne fancies the grey shadow of a stern old forefather wondering at his degenerate son. "A writer of story-books! What kind of business in life, what mode of glorifying God, or being serviceable to mankind in his day and generation may that be? Why, the degenerate fellow might as well have been a fiddler!" And yet the old strain remains, though strangely modified by the time and circumstance. Every pure Yankee represents one or both of two types—the descendant of the Puritans and the shrewd peddler; one was embodied in the last century in Jonathan Edwards, and the other in Benjamin Franklin; and we may still trace both in literature and politics the blended currents of feeling. It is an equal mistake—as various people have had to discover before now—to neglect the existence of the old fanaticism or enthusiasm—whichever you please to call it—in the modern Yankee, or to fancy that a fanatic is a bad hand at a bargain. In Hawthorne it would seem that the peddling element had been reduced to its lowest point; the more spiritual element had been refined till it is probable enough that the ancestral shadow could not have recognized the connection. The old dogmatical framework to which he attached such vast importance had dropped out of his descendant's mind, and had been replaced by dreamy speculation, obeying no laws save those imposed by its own sense of artistic propriety. But we may often recognize, even where we cannot express in words, the strange family likeness which exists in characteristics which are superficially antagonistic. The

man of action may be bound by subtle ties to the speculative metaphysician; and Hawthorne's mind, amidst the most obvious differences, had still an affinity to his remote forefathers. Their bugbears had become his playthings; but the witches, though they have no reality, have still a fascination for him. The interest which he feels in them, even in their now shadowy state, is a proof that he would have believed in them in good earnest a century and a half earlier. The imagination, working in a different intellectual atmosphere, is unable to project its images upon the external world; but it still forms them in the old shape. His solitary musings necessarily employ a modern dialect, but they often turn on the same topics which occurred to Jonathan Edwards in the woods of Connecticut. Instead of the old Puritan speculations about predestination and freewill, he dwells upon the transmission by natural laws of an hereditary curse, and upon the strange blending of good and evil, which may cause sin to be an awakening impulse in a human soul. The change which takes place in Donatello in consequence of his crime is a modern symbol of the fall of man and the eating the fruit of the knowledge of good and evil. As an artist he gives concrete images instead of abstract theories; but his thoughts evidently delight to dwell in the same regions where the daring speculations of his theological ancestors took their origin. Septimius, the rather disagreeable hero of his last romance, is a peculiar example of a similar change. Brought up under the strict discipline of New England, he has retained the love of musing upon insoluble mysteries, though he has abandoned the old dogmatic guide-posts. When such a man finds that the orthodox scheme of the universe provided by his official pastors has somehow broken down with him, he forms some audacious theory of his own, and is perhaps plunged into an unhallowed revolt against the Divine order. Septimius, under such circumstances, develops into a kind of morbid and sullen Hawthorne. He considers — as other people have done — that death is a disagreeable fact, but refuses to admit that it is inevitable. The romance tends to show that such a state of mind is unhealthy and dangerous, and Septimius is contrasted unfavourably with the vigorous natures who preserve their moral balance by plunging into the stream of practical life. Yet Hawthorne necessarily sympathizes with the abnormal being whom he creates. Septimius illustrates the danger of the musing temperament, but

the dangers are produced by a combination of an essentially selfish nature with the meditative tendency. Hawthorne, like his hero, sought refuge from the hard facts of commonplace life by retiring into a visionary world. He delights in propounding much the same questions as those which tormented poor Septimius, though, for obvious reasons, he did not try to compound an elixir of life by means of a recipe handed down from Indian ancestors. The strange mysteries in which the world and our nature are shrouded are always present to his imagination; he catches dim glimpses of the laws which bring out strange harmonies, but, on the whole, tend rather to deepen than to clear the mysteries. He loves the marvellous, not in the vulgar sense of the word, but as a symbol of the perplexity which encounters every thoughtful man in his journey through life. Similar tenets at an earlier period might, with almost equal probability, have led him to the stake as a dabbler in forbidden sciences, or have caused him to be revered as one to whom a deep spiritual instinct had been granted.

Meanwhile, as it was his calling to tell stories to readers of the English language in the nineteenth century, his power is exercised in a different sphere. No modern writer has the same skill in so using the marvellous as to interest without unduly exciting our incredulity. He makes, indeed, no positive demands on our credulity. The strange influences which are suggested rather than obtruded upon us, are kept in the background so as not to invite, nor, indeed, to render possible the application of scientific tests. We may compare him once more to Miss Brontë, who shows us, in *Villette*, a haunted garden. She shows us a ghost who is for a moment a very terrible spectre indeed, and then, rather to our annoyance, rationalizes him into a flesh and blood lover. Hawthorne would neither have allowed the ghost to intrude so forcibly, nor have expelled him so decisively. The garden in his hands would have been haunted by a shadowy terror of which we could render no precise account to ourselves. It would have refrained from actual contact with professors and governesses; and as it would never have taken bodily form, it would never have been quite dispelled. His ghosts are confined to their proper sphere, the twilight of the mind, and never venture into the broad glare of daylight. We can see them so long as we do not gaze directly at them; when we turn to examine them they are gone, and we are left in doubt whether they were realities or an ocular delusion

generated in our fancy by some accidental collocation of half-seen objects. So in the *House of the Seven Gables* we may hold what opinion we please as to the reality of the curse which hangs over the family of the Pyncheons and the strange connection between them and their hereditary antagonists; in the *Scarlet Letter* we may, if we like, hold that there was really more truth in the witch legends which colour the imaginations of the actors than we are apt to dream of in our philosophy; and in *Transformation* we are left finally in doubt as to the great question of Donatello's ears, and the mysterious influence which he retains over the animal world so long as he is unstained by bloodshed. In *Sep-timius* alone, it seems to me that the supernatural is left in rather too obtrusive a shape in spite of the final explanations; though it might possibly have been toned down had the story received the last touches of the author. The artifice, if so it may be called, by which this is effected, and the romance is just sufficiently dipped in the shadow of the marvellous to be heightened without becoming offensive, sounds, like other things, tolerably easy when it is explained: and yet the difficulty is enormous, as may appear on reflection as well as from the extreme rarity of any satisfactory work in the same style by other artists. With the exception of a touch or two in Scott's stories, such as the impressive Bodach Glas in *Waverley* and the apparition in the exquisite *Bride of Lammermoor*, it would be difficult to discover any parallel.

In fact Hawthorne was able to tread in that magic circle only by an exquisite refinement of taste, and by a delicate sense of humour, which is the best preservative against all extravagance. Both qualities combine in that tender delineation of character which is, after all, one of his greatest charms. His Puritan blood shows itself in sympathy, not with the stern side of the ancestral creed, but with the feebler characters upon whom it weighed as an oppressive terror. He resembles, in some degree, poor Clifford Pyncheon, whose love of the beautiful makes him suffer under the stronger will of his relatives and the prim stiffness of their home. He exhibits the suffering of such a character all the more effectively because, with his kindly compassion, there is mixed a delicate flavour of irony. The more tragic scenes affect us, perhaps, with less sense of power; the playful, though melancholy, fancy seems to be less at home when the more powerful emotions are to be excited;

and yet once, at least, he draws one of those pictures which engrave themselves instantaneously on the memory. The grimmest or most passionate of writers could hardly have improved the scene where the body of the magnificent Zenobia is discovered in the river. Every touch goes straight to the mark. The narrator of the story, accompanied by the man whose coolness has caused the suicide, and the shrewd, unimaginative Yankee farmer, who interprets with coarse, downright language the suspicions which they fear to confess to themselves, are sounding the depths of the river by night in a leaky punt with a long pole. Silas Foster interprets the brutal, commonplace comments of the outside world, which jar so terribly on the more sensitive and closely interested actors in the tragedy. "Heigho!" he soliloquizes, with offensive loudness, "life and death together make sad work for us all. Then I was a boy, bobbing for fish; and now I'm getting to be an old fellow, and here I be, groping for a dead body! I tell you what, lads, if I thought anything had really happened to Zenobia, I should feel kind o' sorrowful." That is the kind of sympathy one gets from the Silas Fosters of this world, who insist upon forcing their discordant chorus upon us, like the grave-diggers in *Hamlet*. At length the body is found, and poor Zenobia is brought to the shore with her knees still bent in the attitude of prayer, and her hands clenched in immitigable defiance. Foster tries in vain to straighten the dead limbs. As the teller of the story gazes at her, the grimly ludicrous reflection occurs to him that if Zenobia had foreseen all "the ugly circumstances of death—how ill it would become her, the altogether unseemly aspect which she must put on, and especially old Silas Foster's efforts to improve the matter—she would no more have committed the dreadful act than have exhibited herself to a public assembly in a badly-fitting garment."

That is a true touch of genius; and here probably it is as well to close an attempt at the analysis of an almost unique writer. Such attempts, as I admitted at starting, are not very profitable, however tempting. Nor do I flatter myself that I have thrown any new light on the question of why we should feel what every one feels. Be that as it may, Hawthorne is specially interesting because one fancies that, in spite of the marked idiosyncracies which forbid one to see in him the founder of a school—as, indeed, any rivalry would be dangerous—he is, in some sense, a characteristic em-

bodiment of true national tendencies. If so, we may hope that, though America may never produce another Hawthorne, yet other American writers may arise who will apply some of his principles of art, and develop the fineness of observation and delicate sense of artistic propriety for

which he was so conspicuous. On that matter, at least, we can have no jealousies; and if our cousins raise more Hawthornes, we may possibly feel more grateful than for some of their other productions.

INSANITY IN THE MIDDLE AGES. — The middle ages were a period of upheaval, when every thing was swallowed up in the bottomless abyss of scholasticism and demonology, and medicine became a routine of superstitious practices. Such and such a plant was considered beneficial, if gathered at the new moon; but deadly poison, if at the moon's wane. Science, art, and literature, went down in the storm, and wars, battles, pestilence, and famine, were the order of the day. As God was invoked in vain, men turned to Satan. The belief in the devil was universal, and the world became a hell. Now both science and experience show that the prevailing notions of a given period are very rapidly taken up by the insane, and by them distorted into grotesque shapes, with a uniformity resembling the symptoms of epidemic disorders. This phenomenon is of daily occurrence. Thus, accordingly as France is ruled by a king, an emperor, or a president, those insane persons who imagine themselves to be somebody, claim the rank of president, emperor, or king, as the case may be. Just now, respectable women patients at Salpêtrière, Ste.-Anne, Vacluse, and Ville-Evard asylums, solemnly assure the physicians in charge that they are *pétroleuses*; while men of unquestionable patriotism will tell you that they guided the Prussians up the heights of Sedan. The phenomenon therefore of diabolic possession in the middle ages is perfectly natural. The calamities attendant on continual wars had so enervated the people, that they were fit subjects for all manner of mental disorder; and this, taking form from the prevailing ideas of the times, found expression in demoniacal possession.

During the middle ages the devil was everywhere — *ubique dæmon*. There was one religious sect whose adepts were ever spitting, hawking, and blowing the nose, with a view to expel the devils they had swallowed. A trace of this still remains in some localities, where one who sneezes is saluted with "God bless you!" Such beliefs were universal. Thus a certain prior of a convent had around him constantly a guard of two hundred men, who hewed the air with their swords, so as to cut to pieces the demons who were assailing him. Demons were even cited to appear before ecclesiastical

tribunals. — A curious and a pitiful epoch, when the possessed and their exorcists were madmen alike!

This view of insanity was favored by the philosophical, or rather the theological ideas of the time. According to these, man was of a twofold nature. On the one hand was *the flesh*, mere matter; on the other, *the soul*, a direct emanation from Deity, passing through this vale of tears, on its way to the ineffable glory of heaven. The body is but the soul's dwelling-place — a temple or a den, accordingly as its invisible inhabitant is the servant of God or of Satan. Therefore, when the soul is deceased, the treatment must regard the soul alone, which is governed by laws of its own, and is merely in juxtaposition with the body for a moment. No doubt the ideal of purity thus held up was sublime; yet the result of it was the upsetting of the body's equilibrium; and this reacted on the mind. But this theory led to still more serious consequences; for it was admitted into science, and checked the progress of the medical art. When in 1828 Broussais attacked it, he was accused of blasphemy, and of "sapping the foundations of society." Now, however, we know that the faculties of the mind are not independent of the conditions of the body. Take a slight dose of sulphate of quinine, and you lose, for the time being, the faculty of recollection; swallow a little hashish, and you are transiently insane. — DU CAMP, in *Popular Science Monthly* for December.

"SWEETNESS AND LIGHT." — I take the following verse from a short poem by Bishop Ken, entitled "The Poet" (*Church Poetry*, J. & C. Mczley, 4th edit., 1855, page 238) :—

"A poet should have heat and light;
Of all things a capacious sight;
Serenity with rapture joined;
Aims noble; eloquence refined,
Strong, modest; sweetness to endear;
Expressions lively, lofty, clear."

Notes and Queries.

HIS LITTLE SERENE HIGHNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "DORCHLAUCHTING" OF
FRITZ REUTER.

THE Herr Conrector had played on the organ, after church, a couple of fugues from Sebastian Bach, in which his headache might have been plainly discerned, and finished with:

"Unsern Eingang segne Gott,
Unsern Ausgang gleichermassen,"

and then came home. Finding on the hall table a piece of white paper which was a part of Dürten's spencer pattern: "H-m!" said he, "it is too bad how paper is wasted!" and he folded it up, and put it in his pocket, resolving to scold Dürten for her carelessness. But he was diverted from his purpose by the sight of Mamsell Soltmann's offering standing on his study table.

"What is that?" asked he.

"Oh, that is from *her*," said Dürten, pointing across the street, and looking as innocent as if the Herr Conrector had been on terms of intimacy with "the yellow woman" for years. "Kunst has been here too."

"About the cane?" asked the Conrector, hastily.

"Why, yes; what else should he come for? But I fooled him well."

"That is right," said the Conrector, but said nothing more, and threw himself into his arm-chair.

"Now he is sitting just across from here," said Dürten, looking at her master with a compassionate glance, as if she would say: "Unhappy man, wandering blindly on the brink of an abyss! Why don't you ask me? I could tell you."

But he asked no questions, and she said:

"Herr Conrector, are you going out this afternoon? After church, I mean."

"No. Why?"

"Then I would go out on the ice a little while with Stining and Halsband."

"You can do so," said he, putting his hand to his head. "Now leave me; I will have a nap before dinner."

"As innocent as a child," said Dürten, as she left the room; "he dreams of nothing."

In the afternoon, after service, there was a merry company upon the ice. The wind had blown off yesterday's snow from the smooth surface of the lake, and had piled it in great drifts upon the banks; the sun was dropping down behind the beeches of the Broda wood, and his Highness's new pleasure house, — which he called a Belvidere and Rand and the Nigen-Bramborger's a Belmandür, — and his last beams were

reflected from the lake as from a mirror of steel. And on the smooth, bright ice floated and glided merry forms, young men on skates, and young girls trying to skate and slide, laughing and joking and screaming when they came near falling. Then there were the sledges, chairs on runners, and the young men pushed them, and the young girls rode in them, and veils and feathers waved in the wind, and cheeks grew rosy in the clear winter air, and the cheeks of the young men and maidens were close together, and sometimes the lips also, and they were off like the wind, out of sight of curious spectators, and what happened then? Well, it was honest business, it was all right, — those were skating privileges. Oh, winter-joys, beautiful winter-joys, filling the heart with strength and gladness in spite of winter's cold and Christmas frost, and a soil frozen like iron and steel; they only know you in your full splendor, who have been born and reared under Northern skies, and baptized in the waters of the Northern seas!

There was a little booth erected on the ice, in which the Rathkellermeister's Karl was very busy with a punch-pot, for Kunst himself was too dignified to attend to it; he gave an eye to the business occasionally, and called "Karl!" now and then; and then the others would call "Karl!" and hold out their empty glasses.

Amid all this confusion, there shot back and forth, like a flash of lightning, a young fellow, broad in the shoulders and slender in the hips, and supple as a reed when it is shaken by the wind, and everybody was looking at him with admiration as he turned round on one foot and cut circles and figures of 8, and Jochen Tiemann said to Krischan Biemann: "Hold on! I can do that!" and — slap! — he was lying on his back with his feet in the air, and the young fellow flashed by, towards the shore, and cried: "Never mind! Once is not always! You will do it yet."

"So, Stining, so, Dürten, come now; but first have a glass of punch."

"Oh, no, Halsband —" said Dürten, but he was already giving the order; "Karl! Three glasses of punch, Karl!"

The two girls came forward with short steps and now and then a little slide, and when they reached the booth, Halsband handed each of them a glass of hot punch, and as Dürten took the first sip she glanced around to see what people said to her dissipation, and as she took the second she wondered what the Herr Conrector would have said if he had seen her, and when she had finished the glass, she felt as if she

were in a fair way to waste her poor old father's little remaining substance in riotous living. It grew black before her eyes, and the sun seemed to be going the wrong way. Just at this moment a young gentleman came skating up, pushing a sledge in which a young lady was sitting, and as she was about to get out the young man begged for his "sledge-right," and kissed her directly on the mouth.

Halsband was ready with his sledge.

"So, Stining, come —"

"Hold!" cried Dürten, and pointed to the lady. "Do you do things in that fashion? You are not to kiss my sister Stining here on the open lake. I will rather go myself." And she seated herself in the sledge without more ado.

What could the poor fellow do? He was obliged to give Dürten a ride first, while Stining came tripping and slipping along behind them. Dürten was very comfortable, and felt that she was doing a praiseworthy thing and sacrificing herself for her sister; but the others were decidedly vexed. The sun was going down, as Halsband came sweeping round on his way back, and restored Dürten to her sister.

"So," said Dürten, "it is sun-down; we ought to go home."

"No," said Halsband, "you don't get off like that. First my sledge-right!" He took hold of Dürten, and kissed her heartily. "And now," said he, "what is right for one sister must be right for the other too. Get in, Stining."

"It will be too late," cried Dürten.

"Dürten," said Stining, with a beseeching glance at her sister, "he came over from Nigen-Strelitz on purpose to give me this ride."

But Halsband grasped her in his arms, seated her in the sledge, and away they sped over the shining mirror.

"But the sledge-right, the confounded kissing!" called Dürten after them. They did not hear her; only a couple of shoemaker's apprentices heard it, and saw Dürten creeping back to the shore.

They were gliding over the lake, rushing, flying! Here past a reedy nook, there a little grove. Stining held fast to the chair with both hands; her head swam; if it had not been Halsband she would have screamed for help. And the way seemed more and more lonely and quiet and solemn; the sun had gone, and had left its last greeting to the earth inscribed in rosy letters on the gray sky; and on the opposite side, towards the east, over the Nemerow wood, arose the moon, as round and red as the cover of a copper kettle.

Many who read this may have no idea how charming it is to be on the ice in the early moonlight; but Karl Nahmaker of Gustrow knows, and my cousin August of Tessin, and the two will remember what sorrow it cost us to go home. Ah, then the pleasure was just at its height!

And here, too, the pleasure was just at its height, but it was as pure and innocent as with us boys in our childhood. Far out in the curve of the lake, where the great beeches grow, Wilhelm Halsband thrust his skate into the ice, and bent down and kissed Stining on her white cheek. That was not sledge-right, it was a different sort of right, — the right which one human heart has to another.

"Oh, Wilhelm!" said Stining.

"Stining, I brought you here to tell you something. I cannot bear this any longer. I must be free from this cursed runner-business. If his Highness will not let me go by fair means, he shall by foul; I will do some stupid trick and get turned off."

"For God's sake, Wilhelm!" begged Stining, standing up and throwing her arms around him.

"Stining, Stining! it cannot be helped, — there is no other way. See, you are so industrious and so faithful," and he pressed her to his heart, "and I will work from morning to night. But if we wait longer we shall grow old and cold in our best, truest, warmest love. What does such a man as His Highness know about it? He values me merely for my legs, not for my heart."

"Ah, Wilhelm, Wilhelm," said she, and laid her hand on his arm, "don't do anything to make us still more unhappy!" But suddenly a powerful feeling thrilled this gentle soul; she drew back a step, and cried: "But if he only values you so — What! Are we not also human beings?"

"That is right, Stining," cried the warm-hearted young fellow, taking her in his arms and kissing her again; "we have always found each other when we have sought each other."

"Now come," said Stining, seating herself in the sledge. "It is enough; we are one. Bless me, what will Dürten say?"

"Eh, Dürten —"

"Halsband," cried Stining, "I have little insight; but I know so much: if anyone can help us, and will help us, it is Dürten."

And Dürten? She was running back and forth on the shore like a hen that has hatched duck's eggs and sees her unnatural offspring taking to the water, and knows not how she is ever to get them back

Dürten was raging, and her feet were freezing.

"Good evening, Dürten," said the Rathkellermeister, "is he here too? I mean my brother-in-law."

"He is not here," said Dürten, coldly.

"Karl," cried the Rathkellermeister, over towards the booth, "bring a right hot glass of punch for Dürten Holzen!"

"Much obliged to you; do you think I am a Judas, to sell my master for a glass of punch? You want to get his cane, don't you? Look here: here I stand on the open lake; you can cut my throat if you like, but you'll never get the cane from me. Oh, you went home with Mamsell Soltmann this noon, and no doubt you two held wise counsel together!"

"Karl," cried Kunst, "you needn't bring the punch; she won't have it. But the cane, I shall get that yet, and without cutting your throat, either. Just wait till New Years. And Mamsell Soltmann? Well, she is very well acquainted with my brother-in-law, — there she was in his room, — and last evening I heard a little bird, — don't you see, if he takes her it is not a bad bargain at all. She is good-looking, and has money —"

"And she is *yellow*!" cried Dürten, "and yellow she will always be," and she ran away from him.

Just then Halsband and Stining came up to the booth.

"See, here we are," said Stining.

"So," said Dürten, crossly, "then it is all settled."

"Dürten," said Stining, "are you angry with me?"

"Angry!" repeated Dürten, and stamped on the ground as if she would pierce through a foot and a half of frost; "no, I am not angry, but my feet are freezing, and I am provoked with that fellow," and she pointed to the Rathkellermeister, who was superintending Karl, as he packed up the glasses and crockery.

"Well, now we will go home," said Halsband. "I will just take back the sledge, and then I will go with you."

"Halsband," said Dürten, and she spoke in a more decided tone than Stining thought needful, "that cannot be to-night. Our father is playing cards this evening at Bohnsacken the tailor's, and I must look after the Herr Conrector; Stining is coming with me."

"Well, then, I can come too."

"I have nothing to say to that, — that is the Conrector's affair, if people choose to invite themselves to his house."

"Eh, I will ask him myself; I know him

well enough. I have often had to bring him to Serene Highness in a thunder-storm."

"Halsband," cried Dürten, provoked because she had no other excuses, "you are as bold and impudent as all the other old fellows. Come, Stining!" And she drew her sister away.

Halsband laughed.

As the two sisters walked homewards.

Dürten said: "Stining, tell me the truth, — *did he kiss you?*"

"Yes," said Stining, shortly, "if you must know; he kissed me."

"Did he kiss you very much?" asked Dürten.

"You have grown very inquisitive, living with your old Conrector," said Stining, a little feminine spite arising in her bosom; "yes, he kissed me very much."

"How many kisses did he give you?" asked Dürten, as if she were the Judge of Nigen-Bramborg, and were asking a criminal how many bushels of wheat he had stolen out of the barn.

"We did not count them," said Stining, sharply.

"Stining, Stining! If our blessed mother were living, — you were always her darling, — what would she say?"

"She would say nothing," was the reply, but the vexation was gone from Stining's voice; the thought of her mother had softened her. "She would be glad she had got such a brave son-in-law."

"Oh, God bless him! He has long legs."

"Well, Dürten, he is quite determined to marry me, and he has just told me he means to do some stupid thing, so that Serene Highness may dismiss him."

"So, will he do that? Well, he has done stupid things enough, and he can hardly fail to do more. But I am glad he has such a design. It would be a fine thing if he could really provoke Serene Highness."

And here I must acknowledge with regret that Dürten Holzen ought, by good rights, to have been sentenced to two years in the House of Correction for high-treason, for she added: "Serene Highness is a regular old donkey, to have such a bad opinion of us women."

By this time they had come to the Trep-tow gate. Kunst was close behind them. As they were passing through, who should come walking up, on the wall, but the Herr Conrector, and who should be with him but the yellow woman!

"Come!" cried Dürten, as she noticed that Stining stood still.

"No," said Stining, "I am going to ask him about Halsband."

"You must not!"

But Stining stood before the Herr Conrector.

"Good evening."

"Good evening, Stining!"

"Oh, Herr Conrector, I want to ask you, — I am going to spend the evening with Dürten, — if you would not be willing that Halsband should come in for a little while, so that we might all be together?"

"Yes, indeed, my dear little Stining, yes indeed. And Dürten can make you some coffee or something hot."

"Many congratulations!" said Kunst, making a profound bow as he passed.

"Why?" asked the Conrector, hastily.

"Oh, because —" was the intelligent answer, and Kunst went through the gate; Stining dropped a curtesy and followed him.

"Good heavens!" cried Dürten, wringing her hands as if her child had fallen into the water, "how did they come together? — how did they come together?"

"They probably met each other on the wall," said Stining, quietly.

And so it was. The Herr Conrector had gone out walking, Mamsell Soltmann had met him; he had thanked her for the cake; Mamsell Soltmann had turned about and walked with him, vexing him, unwittingly, with her constant prattle of French phrases.

CHAPTER VI.

How the Mamsell comes to see the Herr Conrector, and how she quarrels with him. — Why Karl Siemssen must go into Secunda, and what fine prospects greet him there. — How Dürten's cushion flies at the Herr Conrector's head, and how he reads off his wisdom from her spencer pattern. — How the cushion led to a kissing, and how the Rathkellermeister Kunst sent the Herr Conrector an account. — Dürten offers herself as advocate for her master, and positively refuses to pay. — The Conrector goes about his business, and makes spiteful red marks in the school books.

NEW YEAR had come, the holidays were over, and school was to begin the next day. The Herr Conrector was ready; but the Herr Rector Dankwart had indulged his appetite too freely during the holidays, and he now lay in bed, leaving all his honor and dignity, as principal of the school, to the Herr Conrector; and all the work also.

The Herr Conrector was sitting in his room, the day before school began again, Dürten was cleaning in the passage, when the door opened, and Mamsell Soltmann entered. She greeted Dürten rather distantly, and walked right up to the door of the Conrector's room and knocked. "Come in!" cried his voice, and the woman actually went in.

"Truly!" said Dürten to herself, "she has done it. She has neither shame nor fear! What does she want of him?"

And now she was possessed by a dreadful curiosity. She would have given half her life to know what was going on inside. She took three steps towards the door, then she stopped. "What! — listen! Listen to my master? No!" she cried, and ran out of the back door into the yard. Here she stood, freezing, for a moment. "This is not at all necessary," she reflected, and returned to the passage. "I was here when she came; I can remain here, and if I should happen to overhear a word, my conscience need not trouble me." But she heard nothing, and it was not long before the Mamsell came out, the Conrector giving her his company to the street-door, and saying: "This afternoon, at three o'clock, then. — Dürten," he said, as he went back to his room, "before I forget it, — have coffee ready this afternoon; I expect company;" and with that he returned to his study.

"So," said Dürten, "expects company! Goes walking with her on the wall! One is scarcely out of bed, when she comes to see him; coming again, this afternoon, to coffee! It has certainly begun; I shall have to make up a bed for her, the next thing."

At three o'clock that afternoon, Mamsell Soltmann appeared punctually, and with her a young fellow of fifteen, in a short coat, which we should call a hunting-jacket now-a-days, with a long neck and extremely large hands, which hung down awkwardly from the sleeves, not knowing where to bestow themselves, and prophesying, meanwhile, that the young fellow would grow to be a man of fine stature, — that is to say, if what is true of dogs holds good for boys also; for my friend Zacheus, the watchmaker, says: "Do you see, judging by his joints and his paws, the dog must grow larger." Well, what is lacking may yet be supplied.

This was Mamsell Soltmann's nephew, a clergyman's son from the country, who, as wholesome but raw dough, was now to be shoved into the Gymnasial bake-oven; and the Conrector was to examine him for the purpose of ascertaining whether as coarse bread he should be placed in Tertia, or as fine bread in Secunda, or as a wheaten roll in Prima itself.

The examination began; the Conrector smoked tobacco, the young fellow perspired, and Mamsell Soltmann drank coffee. Dürten sat in the next room and grumbled to herself, and sewed on a soft cushion, which she was making. For the

Herr Conrector, or for the velvet breeches? She did not know.

In those times the country pastors understood Latin very well, and had also a good knowledge of New-Testament Greek; but in other branches of learning, as Mathematics, French, etc., they were not so well posted. Karl Siemssen's father had poured out his stock of Greek and Latin over the head of his son, and though some of it had dried on the hair, most of it had penetrated to the brains. The boy read his New Testament as if he had accompanied St. Paul as an errand-boy on his journey to Corinth and Ephesus. With Homer it did not go so well. The Conrector closed the book, and said, kindly: "That will come yet, my son. Now, a little Latin."

Oh, yes! The boy read his Cicero like water, the Conrector tried him with the *Oratio obliqua* and Livy; they did not trouble him; he gave him more difficult passages, out of Virgil and Horace and Tacitus. They did not help the matter; Karl routed all the old fellows out of the field. "Pity, pity!" said the Conrector to himself, "the boy must go into Prima; the Rector will get him; I should be glad to keep him in Secunda."

Now came Mathematics,—here the Magister matheseos—Karl knew nothing at all about them.

"Never mind, my son, never mind!" said the Conrector, and laughed in his sleeve; the boy must be placed in Secunda, after all. Then came French. "Herr Conrector," said Karl, "I have never studied French."

"Not? Well, never mind, my son. Non omnia possumus omnes. French is the meanest, pitifullest language that exists on the face of the earth; it is properly nothing but a corrupted Latin."

Mamsell Soltmann pricked up her ears.

"Tell me, my son, what is the Latin for man?"

"Homo."

"And what is the word in French?"

"I do not know," said Karl, growing more and more depressed on account of his ignorance, while for the same reason the Conrector grew more and more cheerful and lively; he should certainly be obliged to put the boy in Secunda.

"Think a moment, my son; what is the French for man?"

"I do not know," said Karl.

"See! You take away the o from homo, and put the article with the apostrophe before it, and it is l'homme, and that is the French for Man. What is the Latin for Window?"

"Fenestra."

"Right! And what is it in French?"

"I do not know," said Karl.

"It is very easy, my son; see! you take off the a and put on a silent e, and then you knock out the s from the middle, and put a little hat over the e, and you have it—fenêtre. What is the Latin for Day?"

"Dies."

"And what is it in French?"

"I do not know," said Karl.

"Now, just think, my son, think! What can be easier? You don't remember? Well, it is le dit, le dit."

"But it isn't, though!" cried Mamsell Soltmann; "it is le jour."

"Le jour! Bon jour!" cried the Conrector, springing up from his chair, and running about the room. "If you know better than I, why don't you examine your nephew yourself?"

"But it was wrong," said the Mamsell, sharply, and she also stood up.

"Wrong!" cried the Conrector. "He must go into Secunda."

"But his papa had the strongest hopes that he would go into Prima."

"Papa,—papa? What sort of a thing is that?" asked the Conrector, to escape from the embarrassing point of his French.

"Papa? Why, his father."

"And you call his regular father papa?"

"It is more refined."

"Oh, refined! Papa and Mama are more refined than Father and Mother; and when the little, innocent children speak to their parents, instead of saying Vatting and Mutting, they must say Papa-ing and Mama-ing, or Pa-pa-king and Ma-ma-king, as if they had been born among the Chinese. Well, the boy must go into Secunda. Why, he has no French at all!"

"But, Herr Conrector——"

"But, Mamsell——" and the strife grew more violent. Dürten listened eagerly, in her room; she had heard it all, and she folded her hands, and said, earnestly:

"Thank God! they are quarrelling. Oh, what a yellow gosling you are, to think that you know better than the Herr Conrector himself!"

"That is my affair!—that is my affair!" she heard the Conrector saying, in the passage. "My son, you will come into Secunda, into my class, at eight o'clock to-morrow morning; and if I have my way, I will make a fine scholar of you."

So the next morning Karl Siemssen stood in Secunda among a crowd of lively young fellows, who had been enjoying the holidays for a fortnight, and were still full of fun and mischief.

"Here is a new boy!" cried one.

"What the devil, in the middle of the term!" cried another.

"What is your name?" asked a third.

"Karl Siemssen," was the reply.

"How! Are you going to introduce new fashions here?" cried the first. "Nobody speaks High-German here; we talk Platt-deutsch. Shall we initiate him a little?"

"Hold!" cried another, coming out from behind a desk, "leave him alone! I know him; he is a good fellow. Leave him in peace for to-day. How are you, Karl? I am glad you have come. To-day we shall treat you as company, but to-morrow you must be initiated. First, we shall lay you over the table and pound you with lexicons; then we shall give you a ride, that is to say, on the edge of the table, and afterwards we shall toss you. That is done in this way: Six couple cross their hands, as if they would dance a schottische with the ladies. You will be stretched on them, at full length, and then we shall toss you, — once, — twice, — thrice! — up to the ceiling; you fall down, and we toss you again and again and again, so long as your bones and ours hold out."

"But if you should let me fall?"

"Speak Platt-deutsch, Karl! High-German will only make it worse for you. Yes, it does happen sometimes that they fall; but I don't know that any great harm ever came of it, except when Langnickel had an arm broken; and that was not properly our fault, it was the Herr Conrector's, for he came in just then, and we ran away, and Langnickel fell to the floor. Nobody could help it."

A pleasant prospect for the poor clergyman's son!

"Here is something new, too!" cried Karl Wendt, and he pulled out from the Herr Conrector's chair a fine, soft cushion.

"Let us see!" said Pagel Zarnewitz.

"Eh, let me look at it first!" said Karl.

"Show it to us!"

"Take it, then!" cried Karl, throwing the cushion at his head. Pagel threw it back, and the cushion went round the class as if they were playing ball; one threw it to another, and he to a third, and just as Pagel Zarnewitz had aimed it at Karl Siemssen, it went by him, and struck the Herr Conrector, — who that moment opened the door, — right in the eyes. All hurried to their places behind the desks. Who had done it?

If the Herr Conrector had been a young schoolmaster who believed it his duty to uphold his dignity under all circumstances,

and, in his preceptor's pride, changed the school-house into a house-of-correction, he would have held a day of judgment now, and if he had discovered the unlucky wight who had served him such a trick, he would have executed upon him the full sentence of the law. As it was, however, he only said: "You must be more careful. This did not signify, to be sure, being only a soft cushion; but suppose it had been a stone!" For he had the feeling that he could forgive himself much when he had been industrious, as he believed the boys to have been. He picked up the cushion and walked along the row of benches, looking closely at the boys, and reading their faces, for he was skilful in that art. Pagel Zarnewitz sat there, rubbing his hands under the desk, and stared the Conrector boldly in the face, as if to say: "You will learn nothing from me!" His very assurance excited the Herr Conrector's suspicions, and to show Pagel that it was so, he said: "No, Pagel, I do not care to know who threw it. But can you tell me, Musche Pagel, who brought the cushion into the school-room?"

"No, Herr Conrector," stammered Pagel, — he was a great stammerer, — "I do not know."

"Does anyone know?" he asked again. No, nobody knew. "Well, I shall find out." And the lessons began.

The Conrector had a way of jotting down memoranda on stray bits of paper during school hours, and because he was an industrious and careful man, he had worked on in advance during the holidays, and had filled his largest scrap of paper quite full on one side. This he now took out and unfolded, and began to teach the boys. Suddenly there was a burst of loud laughter in the class; he looked up angrily. "Who —"

All the boys sat there with broad, red faces, ready to die with laughter.

"Who is laughing?" asked the Conrector again. "What are you laughing at? Fools laugh!" he cried, and, laying down his book, he walked up to the Primus: "What are you laughing at, Musche Rascal?"

The Primus concealed himself, as well as he could, behind Pagel Zarnewitz's back, and looked stiffly into his book with the most solemn face in the world; but Pagel, who sat in front of him, and had no place of refuge, laughed right in the Herr Conrector's face.

"What are you laughing at, Pagel?" thundered the Conrector, now really angry.

"At the spen — spen — spen —. At the jack — jack — jack —. At the pat — pat — pat —. See, see, I can't get it out."

The Conrector's patience was quite exhausted; then a voice from the hindmost bench cried:

"At Dürten Holzen's jacket pattern!"

"Ha, ha! Musche Karl Wendt! Ha, ha! Musche Rascal! There you are again! Come out here, — here to the desk!"

Karl Wendt, who was a daring fellow, must come out, and he did so; but instead of placing himself before the Conrector for execution, he sprang to the desk, caught up the Conrector's memoranda, unfolded the paper, and handed it to the old gentleman. The Conrector first stared at Karl Wendt, in astonishment at his audacity, then at the singular appearance which his paper of notes had suddenly assumed, and at last he perceived, written crossways on the back, the words: "Jacket-pattern for Dorothea Holzen."

"What, — what? Preserve us! How came that among my papers? And were you laughing at that?"

"Yes, — yes, — yes," went, rather foolishly, round the class.

"Hm, hm!" said the Conrector to himself, "Dürten Holzen, — first plays me that trick with the cushion, and then with the pattern, — hm, hm! — We had gone as far as the 27th chapter, before Christmas. What are you standing here for, Musche Karl, and staring at me? Go back to your place, and begin." And now the lesson really began.

When the clock struck twelve, the Herr Conrector took his comforters for the brain, his books, under one arm, and his comforter for the flesh, the cushion, under the other, and went home. As he tried to open his house-door, he found it very awkward having something to hold under both arms, and his books slipped out and fell into the snow. He threw down the cushion angrily in the porch, gathered up his books and opened the door in a noisy way, and also slammed the door of his study as he went in.

Dürten Holzen was that morning the happiest creature in all Nigen-Bramborg, and the Nigen-Bramborg hares played the first violin to her happiness. That is to say, the hares, in consequence of the deep snow, had eaten all the green cabbages out of the gardens, and not a soul in the city had green cabbages to eat, except Dürten Holzen, who had had the foresight to plant a little in the house-garden, where the hares had not ventured. It was a little dish, to be sure, still there

was a dish, and it was the Herr Conrector's favorite dish. This she had cooked for to-day, for her heart was full of joy. The yellow Mamsell had provoked him yesterday, and he had quarrelled with her; she, on the contrary, had provided him a soft seat for his weary school hours, and now he sat thereon in warmth and comfort; and before her, on the hearth, the cabbage was gently stewing, in the most delightful manner, without the slightest suspicion of burning, and the fried potatoes crackled in the pan; and the sausage and bacon were cooking as intelligently as if they had been used to it all their lives. The clock struck twelve. All was ready! Dished up! For the Herr Conrector always appeared punctually at the stroke of the bell. Now the doors slammed, — that was the wind; and Dürten stepped into the passage, arrayed in a snow-white apron and a snow-white cap, with the dishes in her hands. The door was open, and there lay her cushion in the snow!

An indiscreet woman would have dropped the dishes, but Dürten controlled herself; she might possibly have struck her hands together, if they had not been occupied with the cabbage and sausage. She said to herself, "So! that is my thanks!" and carried the dishes into the room, and placed them on the table, then seated herself, and gazed fixedly at her empty plate.

The Herr Conrector sat down to the table. He looked very much out of humor, but the odor of the cabbage enlivened him a little, and a slight smile played about his lips; but vexation still predominated in his face.

Dürten did not look exactly vexed; she looked quiet and self-absorbed. She was altered in some way; a couple of weeks ago she would have pulled out the full register and sung her master such a choral and moral that his ears would have rung again; but now she sat in silence and ate nothing. The Herr Conrector did not neglect his duty in that respect, and every fresh attack on the cabbage was accompanied by a suppressed sigh from Dürten. When he had satisfied his appetite, he became aware of her unusual behaviour, and laying down his knife and fork, he asked:

"Why do you eat nothing?"

"Oh, I have such a weight on my breast," said Dürten, and looked sideways out of the window.

"Hm!" said the Herr, "then you should take a little drop of bitters; but your cabbage is very fine!" and he made another attack upon it, thinking to himself: "For

open, there is nobody better than Dürten; only that confounded old cushion!" He added, aloud: "What in the world made you think of making that old cushion?"

"I thought nothing but good," said Dürten, gently.

"The boys thought nothing but evil, when they threw the stupid thing in my face. I have told you, before, I didn't want such trash there; I knew well enough where it came from."

Dürten had it on her tongue's end to say, he must be a fine Conrector not to keep his boys in better order; but she restrained herself, and when he had finished his dinner, she took the dishes into the kitchen, saying to the cushion, as she passed it: "Lie there, then! You may lie long, for all me." The Herr Conrector took his arm-chair, and composed himself for a nap.

THE apprehensions of the Canadians as to the issue of the third and last question now pending between them and the United States are not, on the whole, to be wondered at. Their luck under the Treaty of Washington has been none of the best, and it is natural that after having seen one game surrendered for them at starting by the British Government, and having lost a second to the Americans "off the reel," as the phrase is, they should be a little nervous about the results of the third, considerable as were originally supposed to be the odds in their favour. It was fully imagined at the date of the Washington Treaty by Canadian and American fishermen alike that the value of the American fisheries to Canada was insignificant, and that the valuation by the Fishery Commission of the respective fishing privileges conceded to each other by Great Britain and the United States, would result in the establishment of a considerable claim for compensation against the Treasury of the latter. The *St. Johns* (New Brunswick) *Telegraph*, however, sounds a note of alarm to its Government upon this head, and states that it is informed that the government of the United States is already in a position to give detailed evidence as to the number and nature of the food fishes caught on their coasts, and that among their expert witnesses will be men whose powers of "calculation" will be so great that they will probably prove that the privileges conceded to American fishermen are a mere bagatelle compared with the privilege of access to the great American fisheries. It must be borne in mind, adds the journal from which we quote, with pardonable bitterness, "that our American cousins are good at boundary questions, arbitrations, calculations, and bargains generally. They are pleasant to meet and to know—we would not ask better—but in the matter of bargain-making we are painfully impressed with the feeling of our inferiority, and hence the need of timely and well-decided preparations by our Government for the Fishery Commission. If such preparation is not made

—and we cannot learn that it is—our raw recruits of untrained witnesses will be subject to a most ignominious defeat at the hands of the trained veterans of the United States."

Pall Mall Gazette.

A LETTER from Naples in the *Grenzboten* draws an alarming picture of the condition of that city and of the surrounding country. "Southern Italy," says the writer, "is a huge den of robbers; not only the mountains and the fields, but the large towns, are full of them. The higher officials of the towns are now tolerably honest, but their subordinates form a sort of Camorra, whose sole object is plunder. At the cab-stands in Naples there are persons who extort money under various pretexts from every one who takes a cab; in all public eating-houses and theatres there are swarms of pickpockets who do an excellent business, and are on very friendly terms with the gendarmes and police. Thieves are stationed in the squares and markets and in the most frequented streets; in the hotels they have private relations with the servants, and in the harbour with the custom-house officials. Nearly all the porters at the water-side belong to this Camorra, and it seldom happens that twenty per cent. of the luggage which they carry to the custom-house does not disappear. At this moment—the autumn of 1872—the sums offered by the commandants in the province of Basilicata alone for the capture of brigands amount to 86,142 lire; 23,515 lire are offered for the capture of Capuccino, 21,565 for that of Alfano, and 500 for that of a woman named Parente. If the State is ready to pay such enormous sums for the capture of a single brigand, they must indeed be formidable. Manzi, who has now escaped, is the perpetrator of 120 murders, and yet the jury only found him guilty "with extenuating circumstances!"

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE IRISH BRIGADE IN THE SERVICE OF FRANCE (1698-1791).

THE existence of a brigade of soldiers in the service of France, composed exclusively of British subjects, and annually recruited from our shores, is a very striking fact, and one whose causes and significance may have been too much overlooked by modern politicians. No one can fail to be struck by this who happens to read a work on the Irish Brigade, by Mr. J. C. O'Callaghan, to which we have had occasion to refer in the course of our researches. The book itself is bad, full of inaccuracies and exaggerations, and unmistakably disloyal in its tone, yet it is interesting, and it affords food for much serious reflection.

The origin of the Irish Brigade in the service of France can hardly be assigned to any definite date; for although the Brigade was not fully and finally organized until 1698, yet the first germ of its existence may be discovered nearly thirty years before.

As early as the year 1671, Charles II. had permitted the Comte de Hamilton to levy a body of over fifteen hundred men in Ireland for the service of the King of France. This regiment was known by the name of the *régiment de Hamilton*, and was broken up at the Count's death in 1676, and its members drafted into other French corps. Among them was a young Irishman of the name of Lee, who afterwards, at Lord Mountcashel's death in 1694, succeeded to the command of his regiment — the first and not the least distinguished of the Irish Brigade. There had been Irish troops in the Spanish service ever since the desertion of Sir Edward Stanley in 1587; and from 1632 to 1658 a regiment of cavalry and one of infantry, both entirely composed of Irishmen, fought under the banners of France. But although these troops by their valour tended to create a reputation for the Irish soldiery on the continent of Europe, they can not be said to have been in any way connected with the Irish Brigade of the eighteenth century, or to have any claim upon our attention here. In the spring of 1690, when James was hard pressed in Ireland, he implored Louis XIV. to send him over some French troops, whose experience and prestige would be invaluable to his irregular and dispirited army. Louis accordingly sent over about six thousand men to Ireland, under the Comte de Lauzun, but demanded in exchange a similar number of Irish troops, to aid him in his own wars

on the Continent. Accordingly a body of over five thousand men and officers of the Irish army sailed for France in the transports which had brought over De Lauzun's forces to Ireland. On landing at Brest these Irish troops were formed into three regiments, commanded respectively by Lord Mountcashel, the Honourable Daniel O'Brien, afterwards Lord Clare, and the Honourable Arthur Dillon; Lord Mountcashel being commander-in-chief of the whole brigade. Although this body, which was afterwards known by the name of the "Old Brigade," was the forerunner of the real Irish Brigade, yet the latter famous corps can hardly be said to have been finally organized for nearly ten years more. Nevertheless Lord Mountcashel's Irishmen did good service to the cause of France during the years 1690 and 1691, in Savoy against Victor Amadeus, and in Spain against the Duke of Medina Sidonia. Within three months after the conclusion of the treaty of Limerick, more than eighteen thousand Irishmen — Jacobites or otherwise — passed over into France with James II. Among them was a large proportion of trained soldiers, who had been recruited in Ireland during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., and who in virtue of the capitulation of Limerick were permitted to accompany their fallen monarch to his asylum in France. Some of the regiments had been only lately raised for the service of James in Ireland, but the "King's" dismounted dragoons dated from 1685, the regiment of Mountcashel from 1683, and the Royal Foot Guards from 1662. These eighteen thousand Irish troops in the pay of the French king, although two-thirds of them were nominally in the service of James, fought bravely for the cause of France, until the peace of Ryswick secured for a brief period the tranquillity of Europe. Their ranks were constantly recruited from Ireland, and, without giving any credence to the exaggerated statements of Mr. O'Callaghan on this point, we can well believe that a considerable number of Irish Roman Catholics found their way to France during the six years immediately following the treaty of Limerick; and, indeed, throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century Jacobite agents were established in various parts of Ireland for the purpose of enlisting men for the French service, and their efforts appear to have been completely successful.

The first service in which the Irish Brigade was appointed to take a part after its organization in 1692 was an expedition

against England. This proposed invasion was planned in the interest both of James and of Louis; the former aimed at recovering his lost throne, the latter at delivering a home-thrust at the able and intrepid chief of the League of Augsburg. But England was saved from invasion in 1692, as she had been in 1588, and as she was so often afterwards, by the intervention of the elements. Contrary winds prevented the French from embarking their troops on board the transports, while they enabled the Dutch squadron of Van Allemonde to effect a junction with the British fleet under Admiral Russell. The consequent naval engagement off Cape La Hogue between the allied fleets and the French, under the gallant Admiral de Tourville, and the brilliant and decisive victory of the English and Dutch, entirely destroyed the French navy, and effectually put a stop to any attempts at an invasion of England for some time afterwards. James, who had watched the destruction of his hopes from the cliffs of La Hogue, retired to Saint Germain immediately after the engagement, and the Irish troops were ordered to join the armies of the French king in Flanders, in Germany, in Spain, and in Italy. During the campaigns of 1692 and 1693 the Irish had abundant opportunities of wreaking their vengeance upon the English king and his armies, and were especially conspicuous by their bravery at the bloody battle of Neerwinden, where William was completely defeated, and compelled to retire before the superior force of his great military rival the Marshal Duke of Luxemburg. Throughout the war, indeed, the Irish Brigade was present at almost every battle or skirmish of importance, and won for itself a reputation without which it would have hardly survived the peace of Ryswick. But nowhere was their valour more distinguished than at the celebrated battle of Marsaglia. About six thousand men of the Brigade were present in the French army, which was under the command of Marshal Catinat. At the commencement of the engagement Prince Eugene succeeded in breaking the French centre, but before he could take advantage of this success the thin battalions of Clare's regiment immediately took the place of the disorganized French regiments, and charged the Germans with such fury that they in their turn were obliged to fall back. Throughout the battle these Irish troops stood their ground, and Colonel Wauchop leading up his regiments to the charge at a critical juncture, Eugene was at length compelled

to retire, leaving Catinat master of the field.

As by the peace of Ryswick Louis XIV. had acknowledged William of Orange to be the lawful King of Great Britain, it was manifestly impossible for him any longer to allow the army of James, as such, to remain in his dominions. Unwilling, however, to banish the soldiers who had so ably assisted him in his struggles with the League of Augsburg, the French king determined to take the greater part of James's troops into his own service, and by uniting them with the brigade of Mountcashel, already mentioned as being in his own army, to organize an Irish Brigade or band of mercenaries into which all future refugees from Ireland might be enlisted; and while thus providing a career for themselves, might assist his own troops in future wars. The army of James numbered over 12,000 men, and the brigade of Mountcashel about 6,000, making together more than 18,000 men, out of which early in 1698 was formed the new Irish Brigade. The reorganization of the Irish troops was attended with considerable difficulty, from the extraordinary number of officers which were to be found among their ranks, and which may easily be accounted for by the peculiar origin of the regiments. It was found impossible to include the greater part of these Irish officers in the new Brigade; but they were allowed to retain their rank, and received a small allowance from the treasury of France. Dissatisfied with this treatment, they presented a petition to the French king, setting forth at some length their real or imaginary grievances in true Irish fashion; in answer to which the generous Louis formed them into a distinct corps of officers, to serve wherever he might be desirous of employing them, and granted them the full pay attached to their nominal rank. This corps of "reformed" officers, as they were called, proved a valuable adjunct to the Brigade during the early part of its career, and was itself distinguished upon many occasions.

The war of the Spanish Succession, which began almost immediately after the formation of the Irish Brigade, enabled Louis to turn their services to a good account, and in one of the earliest engagements of the war they behaved in a way that confirmed their growing reputation on the Continent, and satisfied the French king of his wisdom and foresight in securing their services.

The city of Cremona, then belonging to the Spanish dominion in Northern Italy,

was in the early part of the year 1702 an important military centre. A gallant Spanish officer, Don Diego de la Concha, was commandant of the citadel, and Marshal Villeroi, as commander of the French and Spanish troops, had made the city his head quarters during the winter. The Marquis de Crenan and the Comte de Revel, distinguished French generals, held subordinate commands, and Colonels Arthur Dillon and Walter Bourke, with some 600 men of the Irish Brigade, raised the entire strength of the garrison to about 5,000 men. At no great distance lay Prince Eugene at the head of a small force, too weak to besiege Cremona, and yet conscious of the immense importance of its reduction. He accordingly throughout the winter devoted his particular attention to the surprise of the town; and having put himself into communication with a priest of the name of Cozzoli living within Cremona, he contrived to have a subterranean passage opened from the main sewer of the city into the priest's house. The greatest laxity of discipline prevailed among the garrison, and the sentries on the walls were both few and careless. Eugene had no difficulty in introducing by degrees about 500 men through the subterranean passage into the priest's keeping, and preparations were accordingly made for an attack on the morning of the 1st of February, 1702. In addition to his own corps of about 4,000 men, the Prince ordered De Vaudemont, at the head of 5,000 more, to march round the city, and, crossing the river Po by a bridge of boats on the west, to enter the town by the gate known as the Po Gate, and effect a junction with the forces of Eugene within its walls. The attack was well planned, and early in the morning the gates of All Saints and Saint Margaret were opened by Father Cozzoli's cellar-men, and Eugene might have taken possession of the city almost without striking a blow, had not Monsieur d'Entragues, a French officer of rank, happened to be reviewing a regiment of marines in one of the squares of the town at four o'clock in the morning. These troops opposed the entrance of the Germans with the greatest bravery, and although they were soon overpowered by Eugene's superior force, the noise of the conflict aroused the sleeping garrison, and gave time for a hurried arming and assembling of the other troops. Before the allies had recovered from their surprise, however, Eugene had installed himself in the Podesta, or Town Hall, and all the eastern part of the city was in the

hands of the Germans. Marshal Villeroi, hurrying from his quarters with a slender escort, was taken prisoner; Crenan and Montyon were also taken, De la Concha and Desgrigny were mortally wounded, D'Entragues was killed; and the Germans were already congratulating themselves on their victory, when a body of men, who had been despatched to take possession of the Po Gate, at which the Prince de Vaudemont would have to enter the town, found the road barred by a small detachment of Irish, under the command of Major O'Mahony, who defended the way until the remainder of their countrymen, together with a few Spanish and French troops, came to their assistance; and, in spite of repeated charges, both of cavalry and grenadiers, they occupied the fortifications of the gateway, and, despatching fifty of their number to break down the bridge of boats, so as to prevent Vaudemont from attacking them in the rear, they showed a bold front to the Germans in the city. For upwards of nine hours did this devoted band resist every attempt made by Eugene to force their position. In vain did the flower of the German infantry advance resolutely against their barricades; in vain did the terrible Austrian cuirassiers sweep over all obstacles and penetrate into the midst of the Irish: the Irish remained firm. The Baron de Freiberg, one of the bravest officers in the Austrian army, vowed that he would dislodge them or perish in the attempt; his troops were beaten back, and he himself was slain. Negotiations were tried with no better effect. Eugene sent an Irishman in his own service, one MacDonnell, to treat with O'Mahony, thinking that the persuasions of a compatriot could not but be successful, but the messenger was taken prisoner and the Prince defied. At length, about three o'clock in the afternoon, Eugene, seeing that De Vaudemont could not cross the river to join him, and unable to hold the town with his actual force, was compelled slowly and reluctantly to retire, carrying with him a marshal of France and other distinguished prisoners, but leaving Cremona as he had entered it in the morning, a Spanish and not a German city. In their heroic defence of Cremona the Irish were reduced from 600 to 250 men, having lost no less than 87 officers and 263 men. The large proportion of officers among the killed and wounded was the result of the peculiar organization of the Brigade already referred to, and which must always be borne in mind in considering the results of any encounter

in which the Irish troops were engaged. The Marquis de Revel, now the commander of Cremona, selected O'Mahony as the officer to be sent to apprise Louis XIV. of the failure of Eugene's attempt; and the delighted monarch, to mark his appreciation of O'Mahony's services and those of the Irish generally, received him with special favour, made him a handsome present, and settled on him a pension of a thousand livres.

Beyond their savage persecution of the Camisards in the Cevennes, nothing worthy of note is recorded of the Irish troops from Cremona until the great French defeat in 1704. The Brigade at Blenheim formed part of the division of Marshal Marcin, which was opposed to the allied forces under Prince Eugene; and, although not more than two thousand strong, they distinguished themselves by their gallant conduct throughout the day; and when, at its close, the defeat of Tallard by Marlborough rendered it necessary for Marcin to draw off his division, to the Irish, under the command of Lord Clare, was assigned the important and honourable duty of protecting the retreat. In this position they opposed a successful resistance to Prince Eugene, and thus while the main body of the Allies under the Duke of Marlborough obtained a complete victory over Marshal Tallard, the division of Marcin was enabled to effect its retreat in tolerably good order. In the Italian campaign of the next year, the Irish mustered in much greater force than at Blenheim, and in the undecisive battle of Cassano between the Duc de Vendôme and Prince Eugene they attracted general attention by their valour; and the great French commander himself, who was not given to flattery, wrote of them in the highest terms to Louis XIV. At the battle of Ramillies the brigade sustained a severe loss in its colonel, Charles, fifth Viscount Clare, together with a great number of inferior officers and men. This Lord Clare was one of the bravest of the brave officers who distinguished the Irish Brigade; his daring charges had turned the fortune of the day at the first battle of Blenheim, and his skill and courage had saved the retreating army of Marcin at the second. It was while endeavouring to rally the flying troops at Ramillies that he received the wounds of which he soon afterwards died. He was succeeded in his title and in the nominal command of his regiment by his infant son, afterwards the Marshal Thomond and the hero of Fontenoy.

During the years 1705 and 1706, the Irish took part in the various military operations in Italy, Germany, and Spain, and were especially distinguished at the battle of Calcinato. But our space forbids us to enter into any details of the military operations of these years, or those which immediately followed, and we must content ourselves with saying that the influence of the Irish Brigade at Almanza, at Oudenarde, at Malplaquet, and at Dettingen, was not of any considerable importance. We must, therefore, pass over a period of forty years in a somewhat abrupt manner in order to be able to devote our attention to the most celebrated if not the most glorious event in the annals of the Irish Brigade.

On the 1st of May, 1645, Marshal Saxe invested Tournay, which by virtue of the Barrier Treaty was garrisoned by Dutch troops. Although broken down in constitution and so weak as to be unable even to mount his horse, the mind of the great Marshal was as clear and as active as ever; and the eighty thousand Frenchmen who composed his army were not to be beaten, as braver Frenchmen have been beaten in our own time, by any defect in generalship. Ere the army had been long before Tournay, the Duke of Cumberland, who commanded the allied forces in the Netherlands, set out from Brussels to raise the siege, at the head of a force composed of English, Hanoverian, Dutch, and Germans, to the number of about fifty thousand men, of whom nearly twenty thousand were British. Marshal Saxe, leaving about fifteen thousand men to keep the garrison of Tournay in check, advanced to meet the allies, and established himself in a strong position on the plain of L'Escaut, having the village of Antoin to his right, with the wood of Barré to his left, and his right centre resting upon the little village of Fontenoy. Strong as was this position by nature, it was fortified and protected in front by redoubts, and the only possible approach, the narrow and rugged space between Barré and Fontenoy, was commanded by no less than one hundred and ten pieces of cannon. The French army was inspired by the presence of both the King and the Dauphin; and Marshal Saxe, anxious to secure a safe retreat for the royal party in case of accidents, stationed large detachments of troops to guard the bridges over the Scheldt and to keep up communications in his rear. The absence of these troops as well as those which had been left before Tournay reduced the Mar-

shal's army to about fifty-five thousand men, a force not much greater numerically than that of the allies, but far superior in one respect; namely, that it was free from the jealous counsels and the divided action which prevailed in the opposite camp. At six o'clock on the morning of the 11th of May the cannonade began. The Dutch, under the Prince of Waldeck, undertook to carry Antoin and Fontenoy by assault; but being unable to penetrate the enemy's lines at either of these points, and having suffered severely from the fire of the French batteries, they retreated in confusion to a distant part of the field, and could not be prevailed upon to take any further part in the action. A detachment of British troops, under General Ingoldsby, which had been despatched to penetrate the wood of Barré and storm the redoubts beyond it, also failed; but the Duke of Cumberland, with the main body of the army, consisting of about fourteen thousand English and Hanoverian troops, advanced steadily through the terrible cross fire of the enemy's batteries upon the French centre. The nature of the ground prevented the cavalry from accompanying this column of attack, but a few light field-pieces were dragged along by the infantry. As soon as the Guards, who were in the front of the English column, arrived within fifty paces of the enemy, their commander, Lord Charles Hay, made a formal salute, and called upon the French Guards to fire. "Messieurs," said the Count d'Anteroche, "*nous ne tirons jamais les premiers; tirez vous-mêmes!*" These courtesies soon gave place to more serious proceedings; and the English, after a deadly volley, moved slowly but steadily forward, driving back the Guards and the various French regiments which successively opposed their advance. Like a great wave the British column moved on, overwhelming every obstacle in its irresistible progress, and the stoutest hearts in the French army quailed at its approach. The French infantry was beaten, the French cavalry was in confusion, many of the bravest of the French officers were killed, and defeat seemed inevitable. Marshal Saxe implored the King to retreat while there was yet time, and not to expose any longer a life so valuable to France to the dangers attendant upon a general retreat. But Louis determined to stand his ground, and ordered the Marshal to make a final effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day. At the suggestion of Count Lally, colonel of one of the Irish regiments which bore his name, four

pieces of cannon which had been reserved for the defence of the royal position, were directed full upon the victorious column; and the household troops, the reserves, and the Irish Brigade, which had not yet been engaged, were drawn together by Marshal Saxe and hurled against the English flank with the energy of despair. So distinguished were the Irish troops in this charge that to them is usually ascribed the fortune of the day. For the English, unassisted by cavalry and abandoned by the entire Dutch force, were staggered by this final onslaught; they halted, wavered, and fell into confusion. At length, says Voltaire, "*ils se raillèrent; mais ils céderent; ils quittèrent le champ de bataille sans tumulte, sans confusion, et furent vaincus avec honneur.*" The Irish Brigade on this eventful day was composed of the regiments of Clare, Dillon, Bulkeley, Roth, Berwick, Lally, and Fitzjames, commanded by Count Arthur Dillon and Lord Clare. These two gallant officers won for themselves undying laurels at the battle of Fontenoy, and lived to serve their adopted country with equal honour both in peace and war. But distinguished as was their career, there was an officer in the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy who was destined to play a more prominent part in the world's history than either Count Dillon or Lord Clare, and whose name has acquired a lasting reputation among the number of the brave and unfortunate.

But it is not possible in an article like the present to find space for any account of the life of COUNT LALLY. The history of his command in India alone would furnish materials for a volume, and, indeed, occupies a considerable space in the pages of one of the most valuable writers on the military history of that country.

During the absence of Lally and his Irish contingent in the East, the Brigade at home, from a combination of causes, fell rapidly into decay. It had risen to its highest pitch of fame, at Fontenoy, but received a death-blow in the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. From that day it began to decline. The eight years of peace, followed by seven years of war in which the French arms were seldom successful, tended greatly to demoralize the Irish regiments, while the repeal of so many of the more stringent laws against the Roman Catholics in Ireland soon after the accession of George III. enabled the Irish to serve in the army of their lawful sovereign, and thus took away what had been doubtless one of the chief inducements to enlist in a foreign service.

Of the bravery of the Irish troops in the French service, and of the valuable assistance rendered by them to the French cause, there can be no question. Their conduct at the siege of Barcelona in 1697 has been warmly eulogized by the great commander Vendôme, and their prowess at Cremona, at Cassano, at Fontenoy, and at numerous other battles and sieges during the eighteenth century, calls for our highest admiration. The peculiar constitution of the Irish regiments was not without its influence upon their conduct in the field. Most of the regiments, notably that of Lord Clare, were raised and recruited entirely from the estates of their commanding officer, and were composed as well of cadets of his house as of his dependants and retainers, many of whom claimed relationship with their leader, though moving in an humble walk of life. The regiments of Bourke and Dillon, who distinguished themselves so gloriously at Cremona, were recruited in Galway and Roscommon from the followers of the chiefs of the above names. Thus the "clannish" feeling was present to a very great degree in the Irish regiments; and in fighting side by side with their own relations and neighbours their national bravery was increased, while a spirit of mutual confidence and mutual assistance was engendered, which contributed much to their steadiness and efficiency in the field.

The fact is, that out of Ireland the Irish have always proved themselves to be admirable soldiers, and the peculiar circumstances of the formation and position of the Brigade in France rendered its services especially valuable to that country. A large proportion of its members, as we have already shown, must have been of a superior class to that from which the ordinary soldier is usually drawn, and the honourable rivalry which existed between them and the French troops, combined with their intense national hatred of the English, to whom they were so often opposed, to render the Irish daring and resolute soldiers. The number of officers in the Irish Brigade must have exercised a considerable influence upon the character of the troops. In addition to the regular allowance for each battalion, a large number of supernumerary or "reformed" officers, as they were called, were to be found in the Irish ranks, and at a time when personal courage was of so much value in battle, the presence of so many high-spirited gentlemen cannot but have been of considerable importance. These officers, in many instances relations or connections of

the commander of their regiment, were men of the highest social position in their own country. The greatest and noblest houses of Ireland had their representatives in the Brigade; the Butlers, the Burkes or Burghs, the Fitzgeralds, the O'Neills, the O'Briens, the Talbots, the Nugents, the Plunketts, and the Dillons sent many a stout heart and strong arm to do the bidding of French commanders, and to fight against their countrymen and their allegiance on the blood-stained fields of Flanders and Castille. The last service in which the Irish Brigade was engaged on the side of France was the expedition against the British West India Islands in 1779 and 1780. Early in the former year, Count Arthur Dillon, with a contingent of some 1,400 men, served under the Count d'Estaing after the taking of Grenada by the French, and, although unsuccessful in an attempt to wrest Savannah from the British at the end of 1779, he took part in the expedition against St. Eustache in the next year, which resulted in the capture of that place by the French. The last occasion on which any member of the Irish Brigade was engaged in the service of France was at the siege of Brimstone Hill in the island of St. Christopher, "the Gibraltar of the Antilles," which was taken from us by the French, after a siege of thirty-one days, in the early part of the year 1782. Count Dillon, the commander of the Irish forces, was made governor-general of the island, which he held until the peace of 1783, when it was restored to Great Britain. The Irish Brigade was not broken up until 1791, in which year a decree of the National Assembly abolished all distinctions between foreign troops in the service of France and native French regiments. Upon this, a part of the Brigade chose to remain in France, and became merged in the general army of the Republic, while six regiments, commanded respectively by Count Walsh de Serrant, the Duke de Fitzjames, the Honourable Henry Dillon, Viscount Walsh de Serrant, Colonel Daniel O'Connell, and Colonel Conway, preferred to emigrate with the French Legitimists. This last remnant of the Irish Brigade was taken into the service of England, from whose territory the Brigade had been originally raised and constantly recruited, and against whose armies it had fought for a hundred years. England received back again into her allegiance these erring subjects, who had been for three generations among the bravest, the most constant, and the most implacable of her foes.

From The Spectator.

DRYDEN AND MODERN STYLE.

SUCH cheap reprints of Dryden as the "Globe Edition" mark, we trust, the coming-back of a taste for poets who were the delight of days that did not know the lurid tints of Byron, or the artfully natural music of Tennyson. The recoil from the stiff squareness of line, the balanced antithesis, and the polished wit which threatened to make poetry sink to the level of acrostics, is at last going to the opposite extreme of mystic feebleness. The wave of Romanticism which brought Byron, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, has also brought a crowd of imitators, who threaten to make life a burden by their wailing incoherency; by their affected use of antique phrases; by their lackadaisical laments for nothing in particular; and by their general inability to say plain things in plain words, or to write with the simplicity, the vigour, and the homely richness which were once the crowning glories of English verse. The pre-Raphaelites are pictorially taking the side of the Ritualists, who in turn are depraving taste by their glorifications of a barbaric art, because it sets off the tenets of the sacerdotal mythology. Mr. Rossetti's considerable capacity for writing verse is wedded to a passion for obscurity of thought and feeling. Mr. Swinburne's genius for melodious utterance is united to a vicious taste that too often disfigures pure English as well as pure thought. The great genius of Mr. Browning is linked with such contempt for the intelligence of the English people, that he shovels rough jottings out of his note-book, calls them poetry instead of conundrums, and thus leaves the mystic product for the wonder of all coming time. But we reach the height of artistic barbarity only when we go to the bodyguard of critics who wait on these potentates, and salute them in words that ordinary minds would scarcely use to qualify Dante. The preference of Swinburne to Shelley has become a commonplace instead of a joke. An artistic sect, in fact, has risen to preach a gospel, to make converts, to hurl anathemas, and to issue sentences of excommunication. We see the evangel revealed in such signs as the haunting of studios, the dilettantism, the petty form of fetishism which is called the worship of Art, the belief in mythical saints, the capacity for attending to the trivialities of Ritualism, and the weak denunciation of all windows that do not happen to be peaked. All this betrays a feebleness of mental backbone, a tendency to moral

curvature of the spine, which will draw forth the laughter of the next generation. We owe to that weakness the copies of mediæval barbarity which the more fanatical office-bearers of the pre-Raphaelite sect place on the walls of the Exhibitions, not only with perfect gravity, but with loud rebukes to those old-fashioned people who doubt whether the colouring of the green angels, with grimy, woeful faces, and bodies so limp that they could be folded up in a carpet-bag, is quite equal to the colouring of Titian. We are indebted to the high priests of the same sect for verses in which some pretty sentiment is expressed with the stammering feebleness of a devotee who is half a self-indulgent Pagan and half a monk; who worships Venus one hour, and sings matins the next; who fancies that the very trees cannot be poetical unless they be scented with incense, nor the daylight unless it be brightened by the twinkle of red tapers, set in brass candlesticks; who would bring back dead forms of thought and a dead phraseology, as the Ritualists try to galvanize the corpse of a dead creed. Yet, we repeat, the feeble tunefulness of half-monkish, half-Pagan sentimentality is praised in words that would suffice to laud the higher flights of Dante. Such is Romanticism run mad. It is not a whit more sane or less ludicrous than the classical monstrosity that, in Westminster Abbey, represents Chatham declaiming to astonished nymphs and sea-horses, which do not understand a word of English, and were never in the House of Lords in their lives. The next age will laugh as heartily at the carefully simulated insanity which breaks out in pre-Raphaelite verse and picture as we laugh at the grotesque struggles of the fat, fox-hunting, church-going, old-port stupidity of the Georgian era to imitate the sculptured Paganism of Greece. We need a new *Dunciad* to place on the gibbet of epigrammatic scorn those sectaries who write and paint as if they fancied that the first duty of art was, not to be true, but to be queer, and who look down with Pharisaic contempt on the simple, straightforward mind which, like Opie, mixes its colours, not with theories, but with brains. Less than the wit of a Pope would make the whole of England ring with laughter at the feeble copies of half-barbaric art which the sect is placing on stained window and in puffed books. A hearty burst of contempt from the lungs of Common-sense would blow these phantoms of a diseased imagination into nothingness. Meanwhile, the best advice that can be given to the high priests of the sect

is that they should clear their minds of Cant.

In the midst of a misty Romanticism, we repeat that we see a pre-eminently healthy sign in the republication of such classics as Dryden. No better medicine than a dose of Dryden could be prescribed for any man who is suffering from the measles of artistic ritualism. He will, no doubt, find the fare so coarse and rough that he will at first be revolted, and, pitching *Absalom and Achitophel* to the other side of the room, he will fall back for solace on some feeble, flimsy, undefined, and shrieking spectre, which has not got the gift of articulate speech. But we assure the patient that the cure will be complete if the dose be taken daily for a month. Dryden's muscular genius, his flesh-and-blood figures, and his manly English, will seem strangely real and healthful, after the hot air and the mysticism of verses which, like precociously Evangelical children, are too good to live. We take Dryden because he is singled out by the Sect as a frightful example of depravity. The Rubens of poetry, he shocks all who love refinement, grace, soft music, tenderness, the sweetness of life, the half-heard notes which link, as with unseen chains, the louder harmonies of song and colour. He disgusts many who do not lie ill of the pre-Raphaelite measles, and criticism was wont to deny that he was a poet at all. Milton said that Dryden was "a rhymester, but no poet," and criticism has been saying much the same thing ever since. Nor would it be difficult to write a scathing review of all that came from his pen, or to show how wooden is much of the verse that he meant to be poetical, how hard are even the loftiest notes of his song, and how short are the flights that he can take even when his power of wing is at its best. If we go to him for that indefinable, impalpable, but unmistakable something called poetry, he will not bear a comparison, we do not say with Burns, or Shelley, or Coleridge, but with far smaller men. It is almost ludicrous to pass from Tennyson's *Two Voices* to those parts of the *Hind and the Panther* in which Dryden tries to pierce a little below the superficial crust of dogmatic theology. The new poet is profounder than the old even as a philosopher, and he states the best of the floating arguments for a life to come with a power which might be envied by a mere theologian; but he never forgets that the first office of a poet is to sing, and the hues of poetry and philosophy are shot through and through each other, so

that the tints come and go, vanish and glisten, as they move. The lines of Dryden, on the other hand, simply give a rather shallow logic the voice of vigorous declamation, which might almost as well have taken the form of prose as of verse. So far, Dryden was no poet.

But those mystic sectaries who flaunt that fact contemptuously forget to ask how far it was the result of Dryden's own lack of native power, and how far it is due to the age in which he lived. Every one who can sing at all in these days sings with some degree of melody. The smallest scrap of verse in a magazine or a newspaper, although signed by an unknown hand, is more free from scientific or prosaic thoughts and words, and more swiftly breaks into song, than the occasional verses even of Dryden and Pope. But is it possible that self-conceit can be so Olympian as to fancy that what is easy to the puniest throats of these days would lie beyond the compass of Dryden's vocal powers, if Dryden were living at the present time? The truth is that such a man could have sung any tune of which he had heard the key-note. A poet is, of all men, the most susceptible to the impressions of his day. Keats, in whom the poetic temperament had almost a diseased strength, said that he often found himself like an instrument on which the passing wind made music; and such, in less degree, is the experience of minds more robustly made. It is the secret of that recoil from the artificial melody of Pope which reached its full force after the French Revolution. When thought grew deeper, feelings more natural, and the revolt against the sacerdotal sanctities of the Church more loud than they had been since the Reformation, the poetry of the age took the same hue and note. Men went back to the old ballads for snatches of wild barbaric melody, at the bidding of the impulse which made Rousseau paradoxically prefer a life of savagery to such civilization as kings, monks, priests, soldiers, and statesmen had brought to France. And when poetry became more natural, less obedient to the petty rules of the schools, and bolder in its flights, it did but follow the age, and give voice to what all men were feeling. There is not the slightest reason to imagine that Byron, Shelley, and Coleridge would have sung as they did if they had been born a hundred years earlier, and it is highly probable that they would have cast in their lot with the school which was richest in epigram and wit. In fact, Byron did wish that his age would permit him to

follow in the footsteps of Pope, for whom he had an extravagant and even perverse admiration. He first gained fame as a copyist of the *Dunciad*, but he soon found that the 'wailings' of *Childe Harold* were more to the mind of a discontented time than any number of exotic epigrams, and so he put aside, with a half-affected sigh, the dream of rivalling the *Moral Essays*. In precisely the same fashion did another set of influences draw Dryden away from mysticism and music to epigram and heroics. He fell on an age which is perhaps the most contemptible in the whole range of English history, with the doubtful exception of the time that prepared men for the worship of George IV. The manly dignity and earnestness of Elizabeth's reign had fled away as if for ever. The moral austerity of Puritanism had been driven into hiding by that Blessed Restoration which furnished England with a King who became the pensioner of France by divine right; with a Court which was guided by a well filled harem, and sanctified by a platoon of apostolically ordained right reverend fathers in God; with a license which had dropped the veil of decorum when crossing the Channel from France, and had sunk into a swinish grossness. Loyalty could do nothing higher than desecrate the remains of the prince of English rulers, soldiers, and statesmen. Religion blossomed into no higher flower of sanctity than the composition of a liturgy in honour of a Blessed Martyr who had united some family virtue, some grace of manner, some taste for the picturesque points of dress, and some turn for rhetorical piety, to a remarkable talent for telling lies. No great man could have lived in the political or the courtly atmosphere. Greatness betook itself to the loneliness of the study. The grim Hebrew earnestness of Puritanism fled into the twilight of conventicles, away from the influences which would have softened the rigour of its fanaticism, and away also from the classes which it would have braced into a manliness that would have smitten dead the lingering sacerdotalism of the English people. In high places patriotism and religion were meaningless names. The realities were to be found only among the classes which lay far from Court and fashion. Philosophy had in the hands of Hobbes become a reasoned plea for absolutism, and the profounder parts of his system had as yet done nothing higher than cast doubt on all the sanctities of life. Theologians busied themselves with blustering little incredibilities that have happily at last

passed away from the view of all men who do not wait on priests.

Such was the time of Dryden, and the higher flowers of poetry could not bloom in that atmosphere. One great poet did, indeed, still live, and still sing with Hebraic majesty and sublimity; but he was blind, poor, and lonely, — "with darkness and with dangers compassed round, and solitude." He had drawn the tone of his inspiration from a nobler time, and his organ music seemed so monotonous and so dull to the men who were the examplars of taste, that they went after the light fiddling band which was led by Dryden. The author of *Abdolom and Achitophel* was admirably fitted to be the laureate of such an age. Burdened by no small scruples or deep convictions, apt to catch any tune that might happen to be liked by the crowd, gifted with extraordinary force of brain, with wit, and with such a mastery over the mechanism of words as comes to few men in a whole race, he said, with incomparable power, what the triflers of the Court, the intriguers of the Parliament House, the loungers of the green-room, the literary dictators of the coffeehouses were thinking or feeling about the narrow strip of life which lay between Whitehall and Temple Bar. London called for heroic comedies, spiced with sonorous rhetoric and indecency; and what it demanded Dryden gave. The taste for personal satire inevitably gathered the strength of a passion in the neighbourhood of a Court and a Senate where life was one long scandal; and Dryden lashed the sins, the follies, the frailties, the infirmities of courtier, politician, and poet with a whip such as had been wielded by the satirists neither of Greece nor of Rome. A time which had lost an ear for the deeper melodies of life could still cheer rhetorical bravuras, sounding verse, and feats of rhythmical "execution," — just as people who turn wearily away from the austere sublimities of Sebastian Bach or Haydn may be moved to superficial admiration by the brilliancy of Verdi; and so Dryden wrote odes like *Alexander's Feast*, which, although enormously over-praised, is still a fine piece of artificial music. Such was the office that Dryden did for his age. But he could have done far higher work if there had been any call. His taste was pure, as he showed by his reverence for Shakespeare and Milton, at a time when the one was deemed a barbarian and the other a pedant. And the compass of his song grew with every year of his life. His poems are on a heightening scale of excellence, and his

finest glow of song is to be found in the Fables which he wrote at a time of life when the voice usually begins to fail. Had he been born a hundred and fifty years later he would have written as mystically, as musically, and as poetically as the age could have wished.

Now, however, the chief value of Dryden comes from his ruddy, sturdy English health. Whatever may have been the sins of the Restoration, it was not a time of hypocrisy, and indeed it spoke its mind with astonishing frankness. It called the earth to inspect its rascality, and Dryden took the inventory in the spirit of the day. Nor was it an age of puny sentimentality, or of sickly analysis of motives. Even its blackguardism was eminently healthful in comparison with the diseased curiosity of some less depraved times; and here, again, it found in Dryden a faithful secretary. He spoke out with a downright frankness and simplicity, which bring the refreshment of common-sense to a mind tired of the artificially tortuous subtlety of writers who only half know what they mean, and who waste time in microscopically examining their own small souls. And the English of Dryden is for all time a model of the manly, straightforward, rapid, vigorous style which misty sectaries would kill if they could. His coarseness will hurt no one who is not already vicious, and the study of his healthy simplicity and vigour would help to exterminate a poetical sect which draws much of its inspiration from a diseased self-consciousness and self-conceit. We do not, indeed, go to him for the highest notes of song. His poetry has not the sunny, healthful gaiety of Chaucer, whose verse recalls the green fields and the voice of birds; nor does it reach the same rank as Spenser's, which seems to come from fairyland; nor has it any kinship with that of Shakespeare, whose touch awakes whatever is musical in life or thing; or with that of Milton, whose cathedral music peals forth a fit jubilation to the hierarchies of blazing seraphim that he saw with the inner eye, which was only filled with a more heavenly radiance when it was shut out from the light of day. Dryden stands in a far lower place, but in his own circle he has no superior; and, as the satirist, the reasoner in verse, the magnificent declaimer, the master of descriptive epigram, he will draw forth the homage of distant generations, long after some pretentious names of later days shall have slept in forgetfulness.

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THE SCIENTIFIC GENTLEMAN.

PART II.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN I got up, about two hours after, I was in a very uncomfortable state of mind, not knowing in the least what I ought to do. Daylight is a great matter, to be sure, and consoles one in one's perplexity; but yet daylight means the visits of one's friends, and inquiries into all that one has done and means to do. I could not have such an inmate in my house without people knowing it. I was thrusting myself, as it were, into a family quarrel which I knew nothing of—I one of the most peaceable people—!

When I went down stairs the drawing-room was still as I had left it, and the sofa and its cushions were all marked with dust where my poor visitor had lain down. I believe, though Mary is a good girl on the whole, that there was a little spite in all this, to show me my own enormity. A decanter of wine was left on the table too, with the glass which had been used last night. It gave the most miserable squalid look to the room, or at least I thought so. Then Mary appeared with broom and dust-pan, severely disapproving, and I was swept away, like the dust, and took refuge in the garden, which was hazy and dewy and rather cold on this October morning. The trees were all changing colour, the mignonette stalks were long and straggling, there was nothing in the beds, but asters and dahlias and other autumn flowers. And the monthly rose on the porch looked pale, as if it felt the coming frost. I went to the gate and looked out upon the Green with a pang of discomfort. What would everybody think? There were not many people about except the tradespeople going for orders and the servants at their work. East Cottage looked more human than usual in the hazy autumn morning sun. The windows were all open, and White was sweeping the fallen leaves carefully away from the door. I even saw Mr. Reinhardt in his dressing-gown come out to speak to him. My heart beat wildly and I drew back at the sight. As if Mr. Reinhardt was anything to me! But I was restless and uncomfortable and could not compose myself. When I went in I could not sit down and breakfast by myself as I usually did. I wanted to see how my lodger was, and yet I did not want to disturb her. At last I went to the door of the west room and listened. When I heard signs of

movement inside I knocked and went in. She was still in bed; she was lying half smothered up in the fine linen and downy pillows. On the bed there was an eider-down coverlet covered with crimson silk, and she had stretched out her arm over it and was grasping it with her hand. She greeted me with a smile which lighted up her beautiful face like sunshine.

"Oh, yes, I am better.—I am quite well," she said. "I am so happy to be here."

She did not put out her hand, or offer any thanks or salutations, and it seemed to me that this was good taste. I was pleased with her for not being too grateful or affectionate. I believe if she had been very grateful and affectionate I should have thought that was best. For again the charm came over me—a charm doubled by her smile. How beautiful she was! the warm nest she was lying in, and the pleasure and comfort she evidently felt in being there, had brought a little colour to her cheeks—just a very little—but that became her beauty best. She was younger than I thought. I had supposed her to be over thirty last night, now she looked five or six-and-twenty, in the very height and fulness of her bloom.

"Shall I send you some breakfast?" I said.

"Oh, please! I suppose you don't know how nice it is to lie in a soft bed like this, to feel the nice linen and the silk, and be waited upon? You have always been just so, and never known the difference? Ah! what a difference it is."

"I have been very poor in my time," said I.

"Have you? I should not have thought it. But never so poor as me. Let me have my breakfast, please: tea with cream in it. May I have some cream? and—anything—whatever you please; for I am hungry; but tea with cream."

"Surely," I said; "it is being prepared for you now."

And then I stood looking at her, wondering. I knew nothing of her, not even her name, and yet I stood in the most familiar relation to her, like a mother to a child. Her smile quite warmed and brightened me as she lay there in such childish enjoyment. How strange it was. And it seemed to me that everything had gone out of her mind except the delightful novelty of her surrounding. She forgot that she was a stranger in a strange house, and all the suspicious unpleasant circumstances. When Mary came in with the tray she positively laughed with pleasure, and

jumped up in bed, raising herself as lightly as a child.

"You must have a shawl put round your shoulders," I said.

"Oh, let me have the beautiful one you put over me last night. What a beauty it was! Let me have that," she cried.

Mary gave me a warning look. But I was indignant with Mary. I went and fetched it almost with tears in my eyes. Poor soul! poor child! like a baby admiring it because it was pretty. I put it round her, though it was my best: and with my cashmere about her shoulders, and her beautiful face all lighted up with pleasure, she was like a picture. I am sure the Sleeping Beauty could not have been more lovely when she started from her hundred years' sleep.

I went back to the dining-room and took my own breakfast quite exhilarated. My perplexities floated away. I too felt like a child with a new toy. If I had but had a daughter like that, I said to myself—what a sweet companion, what a delight in one's life! But then daughters will marry; and to think of such a one, bound to a cruel husband, who quarrelled with her, deserted her—Oh, what cruel stuff men are made of! What pretext could he have for conduct so monstrous? She was as sweet as a flower, and more beautiful than any woman I ever saw; and to leave her sitting in the dust at his closed door! I could scarcely keep still, my indignation was so great. The bloodless wretch! without ruth, or heart, or even common charity. One has heard such tales of men rapt up in some cold intellectual pursuit; how they get to forget everything, and despise love and duty, and all that is worth living for, for their miserable science. They would rather be fellows of a learned society than heads of happy houses; rather make some foolish discovery to be written down in the papers, than live a good life and look after their own. I have even known cases—certainly nothing so bad as this—but cases in which a man for his art, or his learning, or something, has driven his wife into miserable solitude, or still more miserable society. Yes, I have known such cases: and the curious thing is, that it is always the weak men, whose researches can be of use to no mortal being, who neglect everything for science. The great men are great enough to be men and philosophers too. All this I said in my heart with a contempt for our scientific gentleman which I did not disguise to myself. I finished my breakfast quickly, longing to go back to my guest, when

all at once Martha and Nelly, the Admiral's daughters, came running in, as they had a way of doing. They were great favourites of mine, or, at least, Nelly was — but I was annoyed more than I could tell to see them now.

"We came in to ask if you were quite well," said Nelly. "Papa frightened us all with the strangest story. He insists that you came home quite late, leaning on Mary's arm, and was sure you must have been ill. You can't think how positive he is, and what a story he made out. He saw you from his window coming along the road, so he says; and now I look at you, Mrs. Musgrave, you are a little pale."

"It was not I, you can tell the Admiral," I said. "I wonder his sharp eyes were deceived. It was a — friend — I have staying with me."

"A friend you have staying with you? Fancy, Nelly! and we not to know."

"She came quite late — yesterday," said I. "She is in — very poor health. She has come to be — quiet. Poor thing, I had to give her my arm."

"But I thought you were at the Stokes' last night?" said Martha.

"So I was; but when I came back it was such a lovely night: you should have been out, Nelly, you who are so fond of moonlight. I never saw the Green look more beautiful. I could hardly make up my mind to come in."

Dear, dear, dear! I wonder if all our fibs are really kept an account of? As I went on romancing I felt a little shiver run over me. But what could I do?

Nelly gave me a look. She was wiser than her sister, who took everything in a matter-of-fact way. She gave me a kiss, and said, "We had better go and satisfy papa. He was quite anxious."

Nelly knew me best, and she did not believe me. But what story could I make up to Lady Denzil, for instance, whose eyes went through and through me, and saw everything I thought.

Then I went back to my charge. She had finished her breakfast, but she would not part with the shawl. She was sitting up in bed, stroking and patting it with her hand.

"It is so lovely," she said, "I can't give it up just yet. I like myself so much better when I have it on. Oh! I should be so much more proud of myself than I am, if I lived like this. I should feel as if I were so much better. And don't ask me, please! I can't, I can't get up to put myself in those dusty hideous clothes."

"They are not dusty now," I said, and

a faint little sense of difficulty crossed my mind. She was taking everything for granted, as if she belonged to me, and had come on a visit. I think if I had offered to give her my Indian cashmere and the best things I had, she would not have been surprised.

She made no answer to this. She continued patting and caressing the shawl, laying down her beautiful cheek on her shoulder for the pleasure of feeling it. It was very senseless, very foolish — and yet it was such pretty play that I was more pleased than vexed. I sat down by her, watching her movements. They were so graceful always — nothing harsh or rough or unpleasant to the eye, and all so natural — like the movements of a child.

I don't know how long I sat and watched her — almost as pleased as she was. It was only when time went on, and when I knew I was liable to interruption, that I roused myself up. I tried to lead her into serious conversation. "You look a great deal better," I said, "than I could have hoped to see you last night."

"Better than last night? Indeed, I should think so. Please, don't speak of it. Last night was darkness, and this is light."

"Yes, but — I fear I must speak of it. I should like to know how you got there, and if some one, perhaps, ought to be written to — some one who may be anxious about you."

"Nobody is anxious about me."

"Indeed, I am sure you must be mistaken," I said. "I am sure you have friends, and then — I don't want to trouble you, but you must remember I don't know your name."

She threw back the shawl off her shoulders all at once, and sat up erect.

"My name is Mrs. Reinhardt, I told you," she said, "and I hope you don't doubt my word."

It was impossible to look in her face, and say to her, "I don't know anything about you. How can I tell whether your word is to be trusted or not?" This was true, but I could not say it.

I faltered, "You were ill last night, and we were both excited and confused. I wish very much you would tell me now once again. I think you said you would."

"Oh, I suppose I did," she said, throwing the shawl away, and nestling down once more among the pillows. A look of irritation came over her face. "It is so tiresome," she said, "always having to explain. I felt so comfortable just now, as if I had got over that."

There was an aggrieved tone in her

voice, and she looked as if, out of her temporary pleasure and comfort, she had been brought back to painful reality in an unkind and uncalled-for way. I felt guilty before her. Her face said plainly, "I was at ease, and all for your satisfaction, for no reason at all, you have driven me back again into trouble." I cannot describe how uncomfortable I felt.

"If I am to be of any use to you," I said, apologetically, "you must see that I ought to know. It is not that I wish to disturb you."

"Everybody says that," she murmured, with an angry pull at the bed-clothes; and then, all at once, in a moment, she brightened up, and met my look with a smile. My relief was immense.

"I am a cross thing," she said; "don't you think so? But it was so nice to be comfortable. I felt as if I should like to forget it all, and be happy. I felt good — But never mind; you cannot help it. I must go back to all the mud, and dirt, and misery, and tell you everything. Don't look distressed, for it is not your fault."

Every word she said seemed to convince me more and more that it *was* my fault. I could scarcely keep from begging her pardon. How cruel I had been! And yet, and yet — My head swam, what with the dim consciousness in my mind of the true state of affairs, and the sense of her view of the question, which had impressed itself so strongly upon me since I came into the room. Which was the right view I could not tell for the moment, and bewilderment filled my mind. I could only stare at her, and wait for what she pleased to say.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER my visitor had got over her little fit of passion I took up my shawl — my good shawl, which she had flung from her — and put it away; and then I sat down by the bedside to hear her story. She had begun to think; her face had changed again. Her bewildered sort of feeling (which I could not understand, but yet which seemed so natural) that she had got over all that was disagreeable, passed away, and her life came back to her, as it were. She remembered herself, and her past, which I did not know. She did not speak for some time, while I sat there waiting. She kept twitching at the clothes, and moving about restlessly from side to side. The look of content and comfort which had filled up the thin outline of her beautiful face, and given it

for the moment the roundness of youth, disappeared. At last she looked up at me almost angrily as I sat waiting.

"Oh! you are so calm," she said. "You take it all so quietly. You don't know what it is to have your heart broken, and your character destroyed, and yourself driven mad. To see you so calm makes me wild. If I am to tell my story I must get up; I must be my own self again; I must put on my filthy clothes."

"They are not filthy now. There are some clean things, if you like to use them," I said, softly; but I was very glad she should get up. I left her to do so with an easier mind, and had the fire made up in the dining-room that she might not be in the way of visitors. It was a long time before she came, and when she at last made her appearance I found she had again wrapped herself in my Indian shawl. To tell the truth, I did not like it. I gave a slight start when I saw her, but I could not take it from her shoulders. She had put on her old black gown, which had been carefully brushed, and the clean cuffs and collar I had put out for her, and had dressed her hair in the fashionable way. She was dressed as poorly as a woman could be; and yet it appeared she had all the pads and cushions which young women are so foolish as to wear, for her hair. She was tall, and very slight, as I had remarked last night, but my shawl about her shoulders took away the angularity from her figure, and made it dignified and noble. To find fault with such a splendid creature for borrowing a shawl! I could as soon have remonstrated with the Queen herself.

"This is not the pretty room you brought me to last night," she said.

"No; this is the dining-room. I thought it would be quieter and pleasanter for you, in case any one should call."

"Ah! yes, that was very considerate for my feelings," she said; "but I am used to it, I am always thrust into a corner now. It did not use to be so before that man came and ruined me. Whereabouts is it that he lives?"

"You can see the house from the window," said I.

Then she went to the window and looked out. She shook her clenched fist at the cottage; her face grew dark, like a sky covered by a thunder-cloud. She came back and seated herself in front of me, wrapping herself close in my shawl.

"When I married him I was as beautiful as the day. That was what they all said," she began. "I was nineteen, and

the artists used to go on their knees to me to sit to them. I might have married anybody. I don't know why it was that I took him, I must have been mad; twenty years older than me at the least, and nothing to recommend him. Of course he was rich. Ah! and I was so young, and thought money could buy everything, and that it would last for ever. We had a house in town and a house in the country, and he gave me a lovely phaeton for the park, and we had a carriage and pair. It was very nice at first. He was always a curious man, never satisfied, but we did very well at first. He was not a man to make a woman happy, but still I got on well enough till he sent me away."

"He sent you away!"

"Yes. Oh! that was nothing; that got to be quite common. When he thought I was enjoying myself, all at once he would say, 'Pack up your things; we will go to the country to-morrow;' always when I was enjoying myself."

"But if he went with you, that was not sending you away."

"Then it was taking me away — which is much the same — from all I cared for; and he did not always go with me. The last two times I was sent by myself, as if I had been a prisoner. And then, at last, after years and years of oppression, he turned me out of the house," she said — "turned me out! He dared to do it. Oh! only think how I hated him! He said every insult to me a man could say, and he turned me out of his house, and bade me never come back. One day I was there the mistress of all, with everything heart could desire, and the next day I was turned out without a penny, without a home, still so pretty as I was, and at my age!"

"Oh! that was terrible," I cried, moved more by her rising passion than by her words — "that was dreadful. How could he do it? But you went to your friends —?"

"I had no friends. My people were all dead, and I did not know much about them when they were living. He separated me from everybody, and he told lies of me — lies right and left. He had made up his mind to destroy me," she cried, bursting into sobs. "Oh! what a devil he is! Everything I could desire one day, and the next turned out —!"

Looking at her where she sat, something came into my throat which choked me and kept me from speaking, and yet I felt that I must make an effort.

"Without any — cause?" I faltered, with a mixture of confusion and pain.

"Cause?"

"I mean, did not he allege something — say something? He must have given some — excuse — for himself."

She looked at me very composedly, not angry, as I had feared.

"Cause? excuse?" she repeated. "Of course he said it was my fault."

She kept her eyes on me when she said this; no guilty colour was on her face, no flush even of shame at the thought of having been slandered. She was a great deal calmer than I was; indeed, I was not calm at all, but disturbed beyond the power of expression, not knowing what to think.

"He is very clever," she went on. "I am clever myself, in a kind of a way, but not a match for him. Men have education, you see. They are trained what to do; but I was so handsome that nobody thought I required any training. If I had been as clever as he is, ah! he would not have found it so easy. He drove me into a trap, and then he shut me down fast. That is four years ago. Fancy, four years without anything, wandering about, none of the comforts I was used to! I wonder how I gave in at the time: it was because he had broken my spirit. But I am different now; I have made up my mind, until he behaves to me as he ought, I will give him no peace, no grace!"

"But you must not be revengeful," I said, knowing less and less what to say. "And if you were not happy before, I am afraid you would not be so now."

She did not make any answer; a vague sort of smile flitted over her face, then she gave a little shiver as of cold, and wrapped the shawl closer. "A shawl suits me," she said, "especially since I am so thin. Do you think a woman loses as much as they say by being thin? It is my heart-disease. When it comes on it is very bad, though afterwards I feel just as well as usual. But it must tell on one's looks. Could you tell that I was thin by my face?"

"No," I said, and I did not add, though it was on my lips, "O woman, one could not tell by your face that you were not an angel or a queen. And what are you? what are you?" Alas! she was not an angel I feared.

A little while longer she sat musing in silence. How little she had told me after all. How much more she must know in that world within herself to which she had now retired. At length she turned to me, her face lighted up with the most radiant

smile. "Shall I be a great trouble to you?" she asked. "Am I taking up anybody's room?"

She spoke as a favourite friend might speak who had arrived suddenly, and did not quite know what your arrangements were, though she was confident nothing could make her coming a burden to you. She took away my breath.

"N—no," I said; and then I took courage and added: "But your friends will be expecting you, the people where you live—and you are better——"

I could not, had my life depended on it, have said more.

"Oh, they will not mind much," she said. "I don't live anywhere in particular. When one thinks that one's own husband, the man who is bound to support one, has a home, and is close at hand, how do you think one can stay in a miserable lodging? But he does not care, he will sit there doing his horrible problems, and what is it to him if I was to die at his door? He would be glad. Yes, he would be glad. He would have me carted away as rubbish. He cares for nothing but his books and his experiments. I have sat at his door a whole night begging him to take me in, begging out of the cold and the snow, and his light has burnt steady and he has gone on with his work, and then he has gone to bed and taken no notice. Oh, my God! I should have let him in had he been a cat or a dog."

"Oh, surely, surely you must be mistaken," I cried.

"I am not mistaken. I heard the window open; he looked down at me, and then he went away. I knew he knew me, and so he did last night. He knew I was there; and he had a fire lighted in the room where he works. So he knew it was cold, too; and I, his wife, his lawful wedded wife, sitting out in the chill. Some time or other he thinks it will be too much for me, and I will die, and he will be free."

"It is too dreadful to think of," said I. "Oh, I don't think he could have known that you were there."

She smiled without making any further reply. She held out her thin hands to the fire with a nervous shiver. They would have been beautiful hands had they not been so thin, almost transparent. She wore but one ring, her wedding-ring: and that was so wide that it was secured to her finger with a silk thread. I suppose she perceived that I looked at it. She held it up to me with a smile.

"See," she said, "how worn it is. But

I have never put it off my finger; never gone by another name, or done anything to forfeit my rights. Whatever he may say against me he cannot say that."

At this moment she espied a chair in a corner which looked more comfortable than the one she was seated in, and rose and wheeled it to the fire. She said no "By'r leave" to me, but did it as if she had been at home, and there was something so natural and simple in this that I did not know how to object to it, but yet—I have had many a troublesome responsibility thrown upon me by strangers, but I was never so embarrassed or perplexed in my life. She drew the easy-chair to the fire, she found a foot-stool and put her feet on it, basking in the warmth. She had my velvet slippers on her feet, my Indian shawl round her shoulders—and here she was settled and comfortable—for how long? I dared not even guess. A sick sort of consciousness came upon me that she had established herself and meant to stay.

After a while, during which I sat and watched, sitting bolt upright on my chair, and gazing with a consternation and bewilderment, which I cannot express, upon her graceful attitude as she reclined back, wooing every kind of comfort, she suddenly drew her chair a little nearer to me, and put her hand upon my knee.

"Look here," she said hurriedly; "you must see him for me. If any one could move him to do his duty it would be you. You must see him, tell him I am—willing to go back. Perhaps he may not listen to you at first, but if you keep your temper and persevere——"

"I?" said I, dismayed.

"Yes, indeed, who else? only you could do it. And if you are patient with him and keep your temper—the great thing with him is to keep your temper—I never could do it, but you could. It would not be difficult to you. You have not got that sort of nature, one can see it in your face."

"But you mistake me, I—I could not take it upon myself," I gasped.

"Not when I ask you? You might feel you were not equal to it, I allow. But when I ask you? Oh, yes, you can do it. It is not so very hard, only to keep your temper, and to take no denial—no denial! Make him say he will not be so unkind any more. Oh, how tired it makes me even to think of it!" she cried, suddenly putting up her hands to her face. "Please don't ask me any more, but do it—do it! I know you can."

And then she sat and rocked herself gently, with her hands clasped over her face.

This explanation had been too much for her, and somehow I felt that I was blameable, that it was my fault. I sat by her in a kind of dream, wondering what had happened to me. Was I under a spell? I did not seem able to move a step or raise a hand to throw off this burden from me. And the curious thing was that she never thanked me, never expressed, nor apparently felt, any sort of gratitude to me, but simply expressed her will, and took my acquiescence as a right.

CHAPTER VII.

I CANNOT tell how I got through that day; she got through it very comfortably, I think. In the evening she asked me to go into the pretty room she had been in last night.

"I am so fond of what is pretty," she said; "I like everything that is nice and pleasant. I never would sit in any but the best rooms in the house if I had a house like this."

"But—some one might come in," I said. "To be sure, the time for callers is over, but still my neighbours are very intimate with me, and some one might come in."

"Well?" she said, looking up in my face. "If they do, I don't mind. You may have objections, perhaps, but I have none. I don't mind."

"Oh! if you don't mind," I said in my consternation; and I took up the cushion she had placed in her chair, and carried it humbly for her, while she made her way to the drawing-room.

I think I was scarcely in possession of my senses. I was dazed. The whole position was so extraordinary. I was ashamed to think of any one coming in and finding her there: not because I was ashamed of her, but for my own sake. What was I to say to anybody? How was I to explain myself? I had taken her in without knowing anything of her, and she had taken possession of my house! Fortunately, no one came that night. She placed herself on the sofa, where she had lain in her wretchedness the night before. She stretched herself out upon it, lying back with an air of absolute enjoyment. She had got a book,—a novel—which she was reading, not taking very much notice of me; but now and then she would pause to say a word. I think had any one seen us seated together that evening, without knowing anything of the circumstances, he would have decided that she was the lady of the house and I her humble and rather stupid companion. But I was more than rather stupid—I felt like

a fool; and that in nothing more than this—that I could not for my life tell what to do.

"Nobody is coming to-night, I suppose?" she said at last, putting down her book.

"No, I suppose not."

"I thought from what you said you had always some one coming; and I like seeing people; I should like of all things to see some of the people here. Do you think if they saw me it would make any difference—? Oh! I can't tell you exactly what I mean. I mean—but it is so very unpleasant to be always obliged to explain;" and then she yawned, and then she said: "I am so tired; I think I shall go to bed. Hush! was not that some one at the door?"

"It is my next neighbour going home," I said.

"Does Reinhardt know the people about here?"

"He has not gone into society at all; but many of them know him to speak to," said I.

"Ah! that is always the way; you hide me out of sight, and you send word to your people not to come; but everybody is quite ready to make friends with him. Oh! I am so tired,—I am tired of everything; life is so dull, so monotonous, always the same thing over, no pleasure, no amusement."

"I live a very dull, quiet life," I said, as firmly as I could; "I cannot expect it to suit you; and, perhaps, to-morrow you will be able to make arrangements to go to your own home."

"Ah!" she said, giving a curious little cry. She looked at me, catching her breath; and then she cried, "My own home!—my own home! That is at the cottage yonder; you will open the door for me, and take me back there—"

"But how can I? Be reasonable," I said. "I scarcely know—your husband; I don't know—you: how can I mediate between you? I don't know anything of the circumstances. There must have been some cause for all this. Indeed, it will be a great deal better to go home and get some one to interfere who knows all."

"Don't you believe in feelings?" she said, suddenly. "I do. The first time I saw Reinhardt I had the feeling I ought not to have anything to do with him, and I neglected it. When I saw you, it went through and through me like an arrow: 'This is the person to do it.' And I always trust my feelings. I am sure that you can do it, and no one else."

"Indeed, indeed, you are mistaken."

"Oh! I am so tired," she cried again.

"Let me go to bed. I can't argue to-night; I am so dreadfully tired."

This was her way of getting over a difficulty, and what could I do? I could not stop her from going to bed; I could not turn her out of my house. I went to the door of the west room with her, more embarrassed and uncomfortable than could be described. She turned round and waved her hand to me as she shut the door. The light of the candle which she held shone upon her pale beautiful face. She had my shawl still round her. I, too, had a candle in my hand, and as I strayed back through the long passage I am sure I looked like a ghost. Bewilderment was in my soul. Had I taken a burden on my shoulders for life? was I never to be free again? never alone, as I used to be? It had only lasted one day; but there seemed no reason why it should ever come to an end.

Then I went back and sat over the fire in the drawing-room, till it died away into white ashes, trying to decide what I should do. To consult somebody was of course my first thought; but who could I consult? There was not one creature on the Green who would not blame me, who would not be shocked at my foolishness. I did not dare even to confess it to Lady Denzil. I must keep her concealed till I could persuade her to go away. And to think she should have been disappointed that nobody came! Good heavens! if anybody did come and see her, what should I do? Looming up before my imagination, in spite of all my resistance to it, came a picture of a possible interview with Mr. Reinhardt. It drove me half wild with fear to think such a thing, and yet I felt as one sometimes does, that out of mere terror I should be driven to do it, if I could not persuade her to go away. That was my only hope, and I felt already what a forlorn hope it was.

And thus another day passed, and another night. She was quite well-behaved, and sometimes her beauty overwhelmed me so that I felt I could do anything for her, and sometimes her strange calmness and matter-of-course way of taking everything filled me with irritation. She never looked or spoke as if she were obliged to me, neither did she ever imply, by anything she said or did, that she meant to go away. She would stand for a long time by the window, gazing at the East Cottage; she even stepped out into the garden through the drawing-room window, and went and stood at the gate, looking out, though I called her back, and trembling

lest she should be seen (and, of course, she was seen); but the answer she gave me when I objected put a stop to the controversy.

"You are afraid to let people see me," she said; "but I don't mind. There is nothing to be ashamed of in looking at Reinhardt's house. If any one calls, it is quite the same to me. Indeed, I would rather be seen than otherwise. I think it is right that people should see me."

To this I made no answer, for my heart was growing faint. And then she turned, and seized my arm—it was in the garden.

"Oh!" she said, "listen to me. When are you going to see him? Are you going to-day?"

As she spoke the sound of footsteps quite close to us made me start. I had my back to the gate, and she was standing close to the verandah, so that she saw who was coming though I could not. She dropped my arm instantly; she subdued her voice; she put on a smile; and then she half-turned, and began to gather some rosebuds from the great monthly rose, with the air of one who is waiting to be called forward.

"Oh, Mrs. Musgrave! we have found you at last," said a voice in my ear, and, turning round, I saw the Stokes—Lottie, and Lucy, and their brother Everard, a short way behind, following them on to the lawn.

"At last?" I said.

"Yes, and I think we have a very good right to complain. Why, you have shut yourself up for two whole days. The Green is in a commotion about it," said Lottie, as she kissed me; and she threw a quick glance at the stranger, whom she did not know, and asked me, "Who is that?" with her eyes.

"And somebody said you had visitors, and we would not believe it," Lucy began, open-mouthed.

"And so she has—one visitor, at least," said my guest, turning round, with her hand full of roses. Then she stopped short, and a look, which was half alarm, crept over her face. Everard Stoke was coming up behind.

"How do you do, Mrs. Musgrave?" he said, in his languid way. "It is not my fault if I came in unceremoniously. It's the girls who are to blame."

"There is no one to blame," said I, turning round and holding out my hand to him.

But even in the moment of my turning round a change had come over him. He gave a slight start and he looked straight

over my shoulder at my companion. I said to myself perhaps they knew each other, and forgave him his rudeness. But the next moment he went on hastily, "We must not stay now. Lottie, I have just remembered something I promised to do for my mother. I have just thought of it. Mrs. Musgrave will excuse me. Come away quick, please."

"Why, we have just arrived!" said Lucy, full of a girl's resistance.

"Come!" her brother said; and before I could speak he had swept them away again, leaving me in greater consternation than ever. My companion had turned back, and was busy again among the roses, gathering them. I had not her even to respond to my look of wonder. What was the meaning of it? Could they have known each other, Everard and she?

"Your friends are gone very soon," she said, without turning to me; "it is rather strange; but I suppose they are strange people. Oh! how sweet those roses are—I never thought such pale roses could be so sweet."

I made her no answer, and, what was strangest of all, she did not seem to expect it, for immediately after she went back into the drawing-room, and the next minute I heard her voice singing as if on the way to her own room. The more I thought of it the more strange it seemed.

That night she began to question me about my neighbours on the Green, and somehow managed to bring the conversation to the people who had called.

"I thought I knew the man's face, I must have met him out," she said, looking at me steadily.

Everard Stoke did not bear a good character on the Green. To have known him was no recommendation to any one; and this encounter did not increase my happiness. But after that first evening it did not disturb her. Next day went on like the previous one. I told the servants not to admit any visitors, and I felt as if I must be going mad. I could think only of one subject, my imagination could bring forward but one picture before me, and that was of a meeting with Mr. Reinhardt, which I kept going over in my mind. I said to myself I could not do it, I could not do it, with an angry vehemence, and yet I seemed to see just how he would look, and to hear what we were to say. It seemed to be the only outlet out of this impossible position in which I stood.

CHAPTER VIII.

"LADY DENZIL says she must see you, please, ma'am," said Mary at my room door.

It had lasted for a week and I was downright ill. She would not go away; when I represented to her that I could not go on keeping her, that she must go to her own home, wherever that was, she either moaned that she had no home, or that I must open a way for her back to her husband. She was quite unmoved by my attempts to dislodge her. I told her I had people coming, and she assured me she did not mind; that there was plenty of room in the house, and that, if I wished it, she would change into a smaller chamber. This drove me almost out of my senses. I could not turn her out by force. I dared not face the criticisms of my neighbours—I shut myself up. I got a headache which never left me, and the result was, that I was quite ill. I had been lying down in my own room to try to get a little quiet and respite from the pain in my head; and I was impatient in my trouble, and felt disposed to turn my back on all the world.

"I cannot see her," I said, impatiently. "I am not well enough to see any one."

"Please, ma'am, is that what I am to say?" asked Mary.

Then I recollected myself. Lady Denzil was my close friend and counsellor. I had been admitted into the secret places of her life, and she knew me in every aspect of mine. I would not send such a reply to my old friend. I rose from my sofa and went stumbling to the door, feeling more miserable than I can say. "Tell her I have a very bad headache, Mary. I will try to see her to-morrow. Give her my love, and say that I could not talk to-day, nor explain anything. If she will please leave it till to-morrow!"

"Please, ma'am," said Mary, earnestly, "I think it would be a deal better if you could make up your mind to see my lady to-day."

"I cannot do it—I cannot do it!" I said. "If you but knew how my head aches! Give her my dear love, but I must keep quiet. If you tell her that, she will understand."

"If you won't give no other answer, ma'am—" said Mary, disapprovingly; and I had lost my wits so completely that I actually locked the door when she went downstairs, in case some one should force the way. I went back to my sofa and lay down again. I had closed the shutters,

I don't know why—not that the light hurt me, but because I did not feel able to bear anything. I never lost my head in the same way before. I was irritable to such a degree that I could not bear any one to speak to me—this was, I suppose, because I felt that nobody would approve of me, and was ashamed of myself and my weakness. While I lay thus, she began to sing downstairs; she had a pretty voice: there was a quaver in it, which was in reality a defect, but did not appear so when she sang. Her voice, I felt sure, could be heard half over the Green, and Lady Denzil would be sure to hear it, and what would they think of me? They would think she was a relation, somebody belonging to me, whom I had a motive for hiding. No one would believe that she was a mere stranger whom I knew nothing of.

I kept as much away from her as I could during the day, and in the evening when I came downstairs, I managed to start out by myself for a walk. I thought the fresh air would do me good, and, as all the people were at dinner, I was not likely to meet any one. When I felt myself outside, and it was fine, I stood still for a moment, and in my weakness three or four different impulses came upon me. In the first place I had a temptation to run away. It seems absurd to write it, but my feeling of nervous irritation was so great that I actually entertained for a moment the idea of abandoning my own house because this strange woman had taken possession of it. And then I thought of rushing to Lady Denzil, whom I had not long before sent away from my door, and entreating her to come and save me. When I had made but a few steps from my own gate a nervous terror made me turn again, and, turning round suddenly, I almost ran against some one coming in the opposite direction. I made a half-conscious clutch at him, when I saw who it was, and then tried to hurry past in the fluctuations of my despair. But he stopped, struck, I suppose, by the strangeness of my looks.

"Can I do anything for you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes—everything," I gasped forth, not knowing what I said.

"I? that is strange—that is very strange! but if it should be so?—Will you lean upon my arm, Mrs. Musgrave? you are very much agitated."

"Yes," I said. "I am very much agitated; but I will not lean upon you, for perhaps you will think I am your enemy—though I don't mean to be anybody's enemy, heaven knows."

"Ah!" he said. This little cry came from him unawares, and he fell back a step, and his face, which was like ivory, took a yellower pale tint. I do not mean that I observed this in my agitation at the moment, but I felt it. His countenance changed. He already divined what it was.

"I am very sure of that—that you mean only to be kind to all the world," he said. He had a slight foreign accent, a roll of the *r* which is not in an English voice, and he spoke very deliberately, like one to whom English was an acquired language. I think this struck me now for the first time.

Then we paused and looked at each other—he on his guard; I, trembling in every limb, trying to remember what I had said in my imaginary interviews with him, and feeling as if my very mind had gone. I made a despairing attempt to collect myself, to state her case in the best possible way, but I might as well have tried any impossible feat of athletics. I could not do it.

"There is a lady," I faltered, "in my house."

A kind of smile crossed his face at the first words. He gave a nod as if to say, "I know it;" but again a change came over him when I finished my sentence.

"In your house!"

"Yes, in my house," I went on, finding myself at last wound up to speech. "I found her on Friday last at your door—seated in the dust, almost dying."

Here he stopped, making an incredulous movement—a shrug of the shoulders, an elevation of the eyebrows.

"It is true," I said: "she has heart-disease: she could scarcely walk the little distance to my house. Had you seen her as I did, panting, gasping for very breath—"

"I should have thought it a fiction," he said, bitterly, "and I know her best."

"It was no fiction. Oh, you may have had your wrongs. I say nothing to the contrary," I cried; "for anything I can tell, you may have been deeply wronged; but she is so beautiful, and so young, and loves pleasure and luxury so——"

I think he heard only the half of what I said, and that struck him like an unexpected arrow. He turned from me and walked a few steps away, and then came back again. "So beautiful and so young," he cried. "Who should know that so well as I?—who should know that so well as I?"

"You know it, and still you let her sit at your door all through the lonely night. I would not let a tramp shiver at mine if

I could help it. You let her perish within reach of you. You condemn her at her age, with her lovely face, unheard——”

He put out his hand to stop me. He was as much agitated as I was. “Her lovely face,” he said to himself,—“oh, her lovely face!” That was the point at which I touched him. It woke recollections in him which were more eloquent than anything I could say.

“Yes,” I said, “think of it.” I do not know by what inspiration I laid hold upon this feature of the story—her beauty; perhaps because it was the real explanation of the power she had acquired over me.

But in a minute more he had overcome his agitation; he came to a sudden pause in front of me, and looked me in the face, though there were signs of a conflict in his. “It is vain to attempt to move me,” he said, hoarsely. “I do not know why you should take it in hand, or why you should try to attain your object in this way. I did not expect it from such as you. Her lovely face—does that make her good or true, or fit for a man’s wife?”

“No doubt it was for that you married her,” said I, with an impulse I could not restrain.

He turned away from me again; he made a few hasty steps and then he came back. “I do not choose to discuss my own history with a stranger,” he said; and then softening into politeness: “You said I could do something for you. What can I do?”

This question suddenly brought me to a standstill, for even in my perplexity and confusion, and the state of semi-despair I had been thrown into by my visitor, a vestige of reason still remained in my mind. After all he must know her and his own concerns better than I could. His question seemed to stop my breath. “She is in my house,” I said.

“You are too charitable, Mrs. Musgrave,” he said, harshly. His voice sounded loud and sharp to me after the subdued tones in which we had been speaking, but we were the only two living creatures visible on the Green. Everything was quiet and gray around us, and the night beginning to fall.

“I did not mean to be charitable,” I said, feeling that there was, without any consciousness of mine, a tone of apology in my voice. “I did not expect—what has happened. I meant her to leave me—next day.”

“She will never leave you as long as you will keep her and give her all she

wants,” he said, in the same sharp, harsh voice.

“Then heaven help me,” I cried, in my confusion, “what am I to do?”

He seized my arm, so that he hurt me, in what seemed a sudden access of passion. “It will teach you to thrust yourself into other people’s concerns—to meddle with what does not concern you,” he said. He had come quite close to me, and his ivory face was flushed with passion. I think it was the only time I was ever so spoken to in my life. The effect was bewildering, but I was more surprised than afraid. In short, the curious shock of this unexpected rage, the rude sudden touch, the angry voice, brought me to myself.

“I think you forget yourself, Mr. Reinhardt,” I said.

Then he dropped my arm as if the touch burned him, and turned away, and shook, as I could see, with the effort to control himself. His passion calmed me, but it swept over him like a storm. He muttered something at length, hurriedly, in which there was the word “pardon,” as if he were forced most unwillingly to say it—and then he turned round upon me again: “I may have forgotten myself, as you say; but you force me to face a subject I would give the world to forget, and in the only way that makes it unavoidable. Good heavens! your amiability and your Christianity, and all that, force me to take up again what I had put from me for ever. And you look for politeness, too!”

I did not make any answer: what was the use? At bottom, I did blame myself; I should not have interfered; I should have been firm enough and strong enough to take her to her home, wherever it was, next day, and to have left my neighbour’s concerns alone. Therefore I did not stand upon my defence. I let him say what he would; and I cannot tell how long this went on. I suppose the interval was not nearly so long as it seemed to me. He stood before me, and he smiled and frowned, and ground his teeth, and discharged, as it were, bitter sentences at me. Englishmen can be brutal enough, but no Englishman, I think, would have done it in that way. He seemed to take a pleasure in saying everything that was most disagreeable. When he scowled at me I could bear it, but when he smiled and affected politeness I grew so angry that I could have struck him. Poor wretch! perhaps there was some justification for him after all.

“Because you are a woman!” he cried. “A woman!—what it is to be a woman! it gives you a right to set every power of

hell in motion, and always to be spared the consequences; to upset every arrangement of the world, and disturb the quiet, and put your fingers into every mess, and always to be held blameless. That is your right. Oh, I like those women's rights! I should have knocked down the man who had interfered as you have done; but, because you are a woman, I must come out of my quiet, I must derange my life, to save you from your folly. God in heaven! was that what those creatures, those slaves, those toys were made for? to interfere — for ever to interfere — and to be spared the consequences, at any cost to us?"

I don't know how I bore it all. I got tired after a while of the mere physical effort of standing to listen to him. I did not try to answer at first, and after the torrent began I could not, he spoke so fast and so vehemently. But at length I turned from him and walked slowly, as well as I was able, to my own door. He paused for a moment as if in surprise, and then turned and walked on with me, talking and gesticulating. "Nothing else would have disturbed me," he said; "I had made my arrangements. How was I to tell that a fool, a woman, would thrust herself into it, and put it on my honour as a gentleman to free her? What has honour to do with it? Why should I trouble more for a woman — an old woman — a plain woman — than for a man? Bah! Ah, I will be rude; yes, I am rude; it is a pleasure — it is a compensation. You are plain; you are old. You have lost what charms. Therefore, what right have you to be considered? Why should you not bear your own folly? Why should I interfere?"

"Pray make yourself quite easy about me," I said, roused in my turn. "I did not appeal to you on my own account, and anything you can do for me would be dearly purchased by submitting to this violence. Go your own way, and leave me to manage my own concerns."

He stopped, bewildered; and then he asked with confusion, "What do you call your own concerns?"

"Nothing that can any way affect you," I said, and in my passion I went in at my own gate and closed it upon him. I stood on one side defying him, and he stood on the other with confusion and amazement on his face.

"You do not wish my help any more?"

"No more. I shall act for myself, without thought of you," I said.

He stood and gazed at me for a moment, and then suddenly he turned round and left me. I looked after him as he walked

rapidly away, and I confess that, notwithstanding my indignation and pride, my heart sank. He was the only creature that could help me, and I had driven him away. I had taken once more upon myself the task which it had made me half frantic to think of. My heart fell. I looked back upon my house, which had been such a haven of quietness and rest for so many years, and felt that the Eden was spoiled — that it was no longer my paradise. And yet I had rejected the only help! I was very forlorn, standing there with my hand upon my gate under the chilly October stars, having thrust all my friends from me, and refused even the only possible deliverance. "I cannot allow myself to be insulted," I said to myself, trying to get some comfort from my pride, but that was cold consolation. I turned round to go in, sighing and ready to sink with fatigue and trouble; and then I suddenly heard moans coming from the house, and Mary calling and beckoning from the open door.

CHAPTER IX.

"Oh, ma'am, the poor lady's took bad — the poor dear lady's took very bad!" This was Mary's cry as she hurried me in. The windows were all wide open to give her air. She was lying on the sofa gasping for breath, her mouth and her eyes wide open, two circles of red upon her cheeks, and that wildly anxious look upon her face which always accompanies a struggle for breath. I did not feel at all sure that she was not dying. I called out to my cook to run instantly for the doctor. Both the women had been in the room running about as she gave them wild orders, opening the windows one after another, fetching her fans, eau-de-Cologne, water, wine — as one thing after another occurred to her. She stretched out her hands to me as I came in, and grasped and pulled me to her; she said something which I could not make out in her gasping, broken voice, and I nodded my head and pretended to understand, saying, "Yes, yes," to calm her. "Yes, yes." It did not seem to matter what one said or promised at such a moment. For some time, every gasp looked to me as if it must be her last. I bathed her forehead with eau-de-Cologne, I wetted her lips with wine; I had hard ado not to cry out, too, and groan over her distress. I shut down now one window, now another, fearing the cold for her, and then opened them again, in obedience to her gestures to give her air. I seem to see and to feel now, as I recall it, the room

so unlike itself, with the cold night air blowing through and through it, and the great squares of blackness and night, with a bit of sky in one, which broke confusedly the familiar walls, and made it doubtful to my bewildered and excited mind whether I was out of doors or in—whether the chairs and sofa and the lamp on the table had been transported into the garden, or the garden had invaded the house. The wind made me shiver, the flame of the lamp wavered even within its protecting glass, darkness and mystery breathed in, and, in the centre, absorbing all thoughts, was this struggle between, as I thought, death and life. I cannot tell how time passed, or how long we were in this suspense; but it seemed to me that half the night must have been over before the doctor came in evening dress, with huge white wristbands, as if he were going to perform an operation. Notwithstanding the anxiety I was in, this fantastic idea moved my mind. But it was a relief beyond description when he came: the responsibility, at least, seemed to be taken off my shoulders. I had scarcely permitted myself to hope before, that the paroxysm was already beginning to subside; but now it became evident to me; and Dr. Houghton gave her something, I don't know what, which he had called at his house to get when he was told what was the matter. I sat down beside the sofa, feeling half stupefied with the sensation of relief, and watched her breathing gradually grow calmer and the struggle abate. I think my own brain had given way slightly under the tension. It seemed to me that the room behind me was full of people whispering and flitting about, and that all kinds of echoes and murmurs of voices were coming in at the open windows. I suppose it was only my own maids, and Susan from the Admiral's next door, who had come to see what was the matter; but the strange sensation of being almost in the open air, and the worn-out state in which I was, produced this effect. I could not move, however, to put a stop to it. I could do nothing but sit still and watch. And thus the scene of the first evening, when I brought this strange inmate home to my house, reproduced itself, with another bewildering effect before my eyes. She was no longer dusty and miserable; her poor black dress was neat and covered by my shawl; her hair had been elaborately dressed, and, though a little disordered, still showed how carefully it had been arranged; but otherwise, the attitude, the look, was

exactly the same. Her head was thrown back in utter exhaustion upon the dark velvet pillow, which showed it in relief, like a white cameo on the dark background of the *pietra dura*. Her eyes were softly closed, and her lips. The doctor, who had gone away to write a prescription, was struck by her wonderful beauty, as I had been that night. He started in his surprise when he came back and saw how she had dropped asleep. He drew me aside in his amazement; the discovery flashed upon him all in a moment, as it had done on me. When a woman is very ill—when one's mind is full of anxiety for her—her beauty is the last thing one thinks of. So that the sudden sight of her confounded him. "How beautiful she is!" he said in my ear, with a certain agitation; and though I am only a woman, I had been agitated, too, when I found it out.

It was just when the doctor had said this that my eye was suddenly caught by a strange figure at one of the open windows. It stepped on to the sill, dark against the blackness without, and there paused a moment. Had this occurred at any other time, I should, no doubt, have been very much frightened. I should have rushed to the window and demanded to know what he wanted, with terror and indignation; but to-night I took it as a matter of course. I did not even move, but kept still by the side of my patient's sofa and looked at him, and when he came in it seemed to me the most natural thing in the world. He entered with a sudden, impetuous movement, as if something had pushed him forward. He advanced into the middle of the room—into the little circle round the sofa. It was Mr. Reinhardt. He had never been in my house before, or in any house on the Green, and Dr. Houghton looked at him and looked at me with positive consternation. For my part, I gave him no greeting; I did not say a word. It seemed natural that he should come, that was all.

The curious sort of smile upon his face; he was wound up to some course of action or other. What he thought of doing, I cannot tell. His face looked as if he had come with the intention of taking her by the shoulders and turning her out. I don't know why I thought so, but there was a certain mixture of fierceness, and contempt, and impatience in his look which suggested the idea. "I have come to put a stop to all this. I shall not put up with it for a moment longer." Though he did not speak a word, this seemed to sound in my ears somehow, as if he had said it in his mind. But when he came to the sofa and

saw her laid out in that dead sleep, her face white as marble, the blue veins visible on her closed eyelids, the breath faintly coming and going, he came to a sudden pause. I think for the first moment he thought she was dead. He gave a short cry, and then turned to me wildly as if I was responsible. "You have killed her," he said. He was in that state of suppressed passion that he did not himself know, I divined, what it would come to. He would have railed at her had he found her conscious, he would have railed at me if I would have let him: he was half mad.

"Tell him," I said, turning to the doctor. Dr. Houghton was a man of the world, and tried very hard not to look surprised. He put his hand upon Mr. Reinhardt's shoulder to draw him away, but he would not be drawn away. He stood fast there, with his brows contracted and his eyes fixed on the sleeping face: he listened to the doctor's explanations without moving or looking up. He said not a word further to any one, but drew a chair in front of the sofa and sat down there with his eyes fixed upon her. Oh, what thoughts must have been going through his mind. The woman whom he had loved—I do not doubt passionately in his way—whom he had married, whom he had cast away from him! And there she lay before him unconscious, unaware of his presence, beautiful as when she had been his, like a creature seen in a dream.

"He had better be got to go away before she wakes," Dr. Houghton said in my ear. "Do you think you can make one more exertion, Mrs. Musgrave, and send him away? Can you hear what I am saying? She will be in a very weak state, and any excitement might be dangerous. I don't know what connection there is between them, but can't you send him away? Who is this next?"

This time it was a very timid figure at the window, a halting, furtive old man peeping in. And somehow this, too, seemed quite natural to me. I felt that I knew everything that happened as if I had planned it all beforehand. "It is his servant come to look for him," said I. And the doctor went to the window with impatience and pulled poor old White in, and shut it down.

"The draught goes through and through one," he said, with a shiver. It was quite true; I was trembling with cold where I sat by the sleeping woman's side; but it had not occurred to me to shut the window; everything seemed unchangeable, as if we had nothing to do with it except to accept

whatever happened. When White came in he looked round him with great astonishment, and made me a very humble, frightened bow, while he whispered and explained to the doctor how it was he had taken the liberty. Then he gradually approached his master;—but when he saw the figure on the sofa consternation swallowed up all his other sentiments. He flung his arms above his head and uttered a stifled cry, and then he rushed at his master with a sudden vehemence which showed how deeply the sight had moved him. He put his hand upon Mr. Reinhardt's shoulder and shook him gently.

"Sir, sir!" he cried; then stooped to his ear and whispered, "Master; Mr. Reinhardt; master!" Reinhardt took no notice of the old man, he sat absorbed with his eyes fixed on that marble, beautiful face. "Oh, sir, come with me! oh, come with me, my dear master!" said the old man. "You know what I'm saying is for your good—you know it's for your good. It's getting late, sir, time for the house to be shut up. Oh, Mr. Reinhardt—sir, come away with me! come with me—do!"

Mr. Reinhardt pushed him impatiently away, but did not answer a word; he never moved his eyes from her for a moment. They seemed to me to grow like Charon's eyes, like circles of fire, while he gazed at her. Was it in wrath—was it in love?

"Mrs. Musgrave, ma'am," cried White, turning to me, but always in a voice which was scarcely above a whisper, "oh, speak to him! It ain't for his good to sit and stare at her like that. I know what comes of it. If he sits like that and looks at her it'll all begin over again. He ain't a man that can stand it, he ain't indeed. Oh, my lady, if you'll be a friend to him, speak and make him go."

"Ah!" said a soft, sighing voice. "Ah, old White!" We all started as if a shell had fallen among us, and yet it was not wonderful that she should wake with all this conversation going on by her bed; and besides, she had slept a long time, more than an hour. She had not changed her position in the least, all she had done was to open her eyes. I don't know whether it was simply her supreme yet indolent self-estimation which kept her from paying us the compliment of making any movement on our account, or if it was from some consciousness that her beauty could not be shown to greater advantage. But certainly she did not move. She only opened her eyes, and said, "Ah, old White!"

But oh, to see how the man started, who was nearer to her than White! It was as

if a ball or a sword-stroke had gone through him. He sprang from his chair, and then he checked himself and drew it close and sat down again. He glanced round upon us all as if he would have cleared not only the chamber but the world of us, had it been possible, and then he leant over her and said sternly, "There are others here besides White."

"Ah!" Either she was afraid of him or pretended to be; she clutched at my sleeve with her hand, she shrank back a little, but still did not change her attitude nor raise herself so as to see his face.

"I am here," he went on, his voice trembling with passion. "I whom you have hunted, whose life you have poisoned. Oh, woman! you dare not look at me nor speak to me, but you wrong me behind my back. You whisper tales of me wherever I go. Here I had a moment's peace and you have ruined it. Tell these people the truth once in your life. Is it I that is in the wrong or you?"

A frightened look had stolen over her face, her eyebrows contracted as with fear. Her eyes became full of tears, and the corners of her beautiful mouth quivered. Heaven forgive me! I asked myself was it all feigning, or had she something kinder and better in her which I had never seen till now? But those eyes, which were like great cups of light filled with dew, once more turned to him. She remained immovable, looking up to his face, when he repeated hoarsely, "You or I, which is in the wrong?"

She answered with a shiver which ran all over her, "I." Her voice was like a sigh. I did not know what his wrongs might be, but whatever they were, at that moment there could be no doubt about it. He, a hard, unsympathetic, inhuman soul, it must be he that was in the wrong, not she, though she confessed it so sweetly; and if this effect was produced upon me, what should it be upon him?

Mr. Reinhardt shook like a leaf in the wind. He had not expected this. It was a surprise to him. He had expected to be blamed. It startled him so, that for the moment he was silent, gazing at her. But old White was not silent. "Oh, master, master, come away, come home," he pleaded, wringing his hands; and then he came and touched my shoulder, and cried like a child. "Speak to him, send him away!" he cried. "It is for his own good. If she speaks to him like that, if she keeps her temper, it is all over; it will have all to be begun again."

Reinhardt made a long pause. He

looked as if he were gathering up his strength to speak again, and when he did so, it was with the fictitious heat of a man whose heart is melting. "How dare you say 'I,'" he said, "when you do not mean it? when all your life you have said otherwise? You have reproached me, stirred up my friends against me, kept your own sins in the background and published mine. You have done this for years, and now is it a new art you are trying? Do not think you can deceive me," he cried, getting up in his agitation, "it is impossible. I am not such a credulous fool."

She kept her eyes on the ceiling, not looking at him; the moisture in them seemed to swell, but did not overflow. "I may not change then?" she said, very low. "I may not see that I am wrong? I am not to be permitted to repent?"

He turned from her and began to pace up and down the room; he plucked at his waistcoat and cravat as though they choked him. More than once he returned to the sofa as if with something to say, but went away again. When White approached, he was pushed away with impatience, and once with such force that he span round as he was driven back. This last repulse seemed to convince him. "Be a fool, then, if you will, sir," he said, sharply, and withdrew altogether into a corner, where he watched the scene. I do not think Reinhardt even saw this or anything else. He was walking up and down hastily, like a man out of his mind, struggling, one could not but see, with a hundred demons, and tempting his fate.

He came back again, however, in his tumultuous uncertainty, and bent over her once more. "Talk of repentance—talk of change," he cried bitterly. "Often have you pretended as much. Do you hear me, woman?" (bending down so close that his breath must have touched her)—"how often have you done it? how often have you pretended? Oh, false, false as death!"

She put her hand upon his shoulder, almost on his neck. He broke away from her with a hoarse cry; he made another wild march round the room. Then he came back.

"Julia!" he cried; "Julia, Julia, Julia! mine!"

She lay still as a tiger that is going to spring. He fell on his knees beside her, weeping, storming in his passion. Good Lord! was it my doing; was I responsible? White gave me a furious look, and rushed out of the room. The husband and wife were reconciled.

CHAPTER X.

THIS is about the end of the story so far as I am concerned. He spent the night there by her sofa, kissing her dress and her hands, and watching her in a transport of passion and perhaps delight. For the last I would not answer. It must have been at best a troubled joy; and a man's infatuation for a beautiful face is not what I call love, though it is often a very tragic and terrible passion. He took her away in the morning, but not to his own house. They went straight from mine to London, that great receptacle of everybody's misery and happiness. I saw them both before they left, though only for a moment. She was still lying on the sofa as when I left her, and the half disorder of her hair, the exhaustion in her face, seemed rather to enhance her beauty. Any one else would have looked jaded and worn out, but a faint flush of triumph and satisfaction had stolen over her (partly, perhaps, produced by her weakness), and woke the marble into life. She stretched out her hand to me carelessly as I went in. She said, with a smile, "You see my feeling was right. I always trust my feelings. I knew you were the person to do it, and you have done it. I felt it whenever I saw your face."

"I hope it will be lasting, and that you may be happy," I said faltering, not knowing what tone to take.

"Oh, yes, it is to be hoped so. He is going to take me to London," she answered, carelessly. "I am quite sorry to leave your nice house, everything has been so comfortable. It is small and it is plain, but you know how to make yourself comfortable. I suppose when one has lived so long one naturally does."

This was all her thanks to me. The husband took the matter in a different way. They had a fire lighted and coffee taken to them in the drawing-room (which was left in the saddest confusion after all the disturbance of the night); and it was when the carriage he had ordered was at the door, and she had gone to make herself ready, that he came to me. I was in the dining-room with my breakfast on the table, which I was too much worn out to take. His face was very strange; it was full of suppressed excitement, with a wild, strained look about the eyes, and a certain air of heat and haste, though his colour was like ivory as usual. "I have to thank you," he said to me, very stiffly, "and if I said anything amiss in my surprise last night, I hope you will forgive it. I can

only thank you now; nothing else is possible. But I must add, I hope we shall never meet again."

"I assure you, if we do, it shall not be with my will," said I, feeling very angry, as I think I had a right to be.

He bowed, but made no reply; not because words failed him. I felt that he would have liked nothing better than to have fallen upon me, and metaphorically torn me to pieces. He had been overcome by his own heart or passions, and had taken her back, but he hated me for having drawn him to do so. He saw the tragic folly of the step he was taking. There was a gloom in his excitement such as I cannot describe. He had no strength to resist her, but she was hateful to him even while he adored her. And doubly hateful, without any counterbalancing attraction, was I, who had, as it were, betrayed him to his fate.

"I trust your wife and you will be happy—now," I said, trying to speak firmly. He interrupted me with a hoarse laugh.

"My wife!"

"Is not she your wife?" I said, in alarm.

He laughed again, even more hoarsely, with a sharp tone in the sound. "What do you call a woman who is taken back after—everything? Who is taken back because—What is she, do you suppose? What is he, the everlasting dupe and fool! Don't speak to me any more." He hurried away from me, and then turned round again at the door. "I spoke a little wildly, perhaps," he said, with a smile, which was more disagreeable than his rage, "without due thought for Mrs. Reinhardt's reputation. Make yourself quite easy—she is my wife."

That was the last I saw of them. I was too much offended to go to the door to see them leave the house, but it is impossible to describe the relief with which I listened to the wheels ringing along the road as they went away. Was it really true—was this nightmare removed from me, and my house my own again? I did not know whether to laugh or to cry. I fell down on my knees and made some sort of confused thanksgiving. It seemed to me as if I had been in this horrible bondage half of my life.

Mary came in about half an hour after to take away the breakfast things. I had swallowed a cup of tea, but I had not been able to eat. Mary was still disapproving, but quieter than at first; she shook her head over the untouched food. "We'll be having you ill next, ma'am," she said,

with an evident feeling that cook and she would in that case have good reason to complain; and then, after a pause, she added severely, "I don't know if you know, ma'am, as the lady is gone off in your best shawl?"

"My shawl!" I had thought no more of it. I had not dreamt that such a thing could be possible, but this sudden news took away my breath.

"She was always fond of it," said Mary, grimly. "She liked the best of everything, did that lady; and she couldn't make up her mind to take it off when she went away."

Though I was so confounded and confused, I made an effort to keep up appearances still. "She will send it back, of course, as soon as she gets—home," I said; "as soon as she gets—her own things."

"I am sure I hope so, ma'am," said Mary, carrying off her tray. Her tone was not one to inspire hope in the listener, and I confess that for the rest of the morning my shawl held a very large place in my thoughts. It was the most valuable piece of personal property I possessed. When I used to take it out and wrap it round me, it was always with a certain pride. It was the kind of wrap which dignifies any dress. "With that handsome shawl, it does not matter what else you wear," Mrs. Stoke was in the habit of saying to me; and though Mrs. Stoke was not a great authority in most matters, she knew what she was saying on this point. I said to myself, "Of course she will send it back," but I had a very chill sensation of doubt about my heart.

All the morning I sat still over the fire, with a longing to go and talk to some one. For more than a week now I had not exchanged a word with my neighbours, and this was terrible to a person like me, living surrounded by so many whose lives had come to be a part of mine. But I had not the courage to take the initiative. I cannot tell how I longed for some one to come, for the ice to be broken. But it was only natural that people should be surprised and offended, and even have learned to distrust me. For who could they suppose I was hiding away like that—some mysterious sinner belonging to myself—some one I had a special interest in? And then she had been recognized by Everard Stoke!

At about twelve o'clock my quietness was disturbed by the sound of some one coming; my heart began to beat and my face to flush, but it was only old White

with his fellow-servant Mississarah, as he called her, pronouncing the two words as if they were one. Their visit put me in possession of the whole miserable story. It was like a tale of enchantment all through. The man had been a mature man of forty or more, buried in science and learning, when he first saw the beautiful creature who since seemed to have been the curse of his life. She was an inn-keeper's daughter, untaught and unrefined. He had tried to educate her, married her, done everything that a man mad with love could do to make her a lady—nay, to make her a decorous woman—but he had failed and over again failed. They did not tell me, and I did not wish to hear what special sins she had done against him. I suppose she had done everything that a wicked wife could do. She had been put into honourable retirement with the hope of recovery again and again. Then she had been sent away in anger. But every time the unfortunate husband had fallen under her personal influence—the influence of her beauty—she had been taken back.

"She hates him," poor White said, almost crying, "but he can't resist her. He's mad, ma'am, mad, that's what it is. He would kill himself for giving in, but he can't help himself. We've had to watch him night and day as he shouldn't hear her nor see her, for when her money's done she always comes back to him. He'll kill her some day or kill himself. Mississarah knows as I'm speaking true."

"As true as the Bible," said Mississarah; but she was softer than he towards the wife. "He was too wise and too good for her, ma'am," she said, "a fool and a wise man can't walk together—it's hard on the wise man, but maybe it's a bit hard too on the fool. Folks don't make themselves. She mightn't have been so bad——"

"Oh, go along; go along, Mississarah, do," said White. "We'll have to go off from here where all was quiet and nice and start again without knowing no more than Adam. But he'll kill her some day, you'll see, or he'll kill himself."

Mississarah was a north-country woman, and had a little feeling that her master was a foreigner, and therefore, necessarily more or less guilty; but White was half a foreigner himself and totally devoted to his master. When they had poured forth their sorrows to me, they went away disconsolate, and their fears about leaving East Cottage were so soon justified that I never saw them more.

And then came my melancholy lunch-

eon, which was set on the table for me, and which I loathed the sight of. To escape from it I went into the drawing-room, from which all traces of last night's confusion were gone. I was so miserable, and lonely, and weary that I think I dropped asleep over the fire. I had been up almost all night, and there seemed nothing so comfortable in all the world as forgetting one's very existence and being able to get to sleep.

I woke with the murmur of voices in my ear. Lady Denzil was sitting by me holding my hand. She gave me a kiss, and whispered to me in her soft voice,—"We know all about it—we know all about it, my dear," patting me softly with her kind hand. I am afraid I broke down and cried like a child. I am growing old myself, to be sure, but Lady Denzil, thank heaven, might have been even my mother—and if you consider all the agitation, all the disturbance I had come through!

I think everybody on the Green called that day, and each visitor was more kind than the other. "I shall always consider it a special providence, however, that none of us called or were introduced to her," Mrs. General Perronet said solemnly. But she was the only one who made any allusion to the terrible guest I had been hiding in my house. They took me out to dinner—they made me walk to the Dell to see the autumn colour on the trees. They carried me off to dine at the Lodge, and brought me home with a body-guard. "You are not fit to be trusted to walk home by yourself," Lottie Stoke said, giving me her arm. In short, the Green received me back with acclamations, as if I had been a returned Prodigal, and I found that I could laugh over the new and most unexpected rôle which I found myself thus filling as soon as the next day.

Some time after, I received my shawl in a rough parcel, sent by railway. It was torn in two places by the pins it had been fastened with, and had several small stains upon it. It was sent without a word, without any apologies, with Mrs. Reinhardt's compliments written outside the brown paper cover, in a coarse hand. And that was the only direct communication I ever had with my strange guest. Before Christmas, however, there was a paragraph in some of the papers that L. Reinhardt, Esq., had volunteered to accompany an expedition going to Africa in order to make some scientific observations. There was a great crowded, enthusiastic meeting of the Geographical Society, in which his wonderful devotion was dwelt

on, and the sacrifice he was making to the interests of science. And he was even mentioned in the House of Commons, where some great personage took it upon him to say that in the arrangement of the expedition the greatest assistance had been received from Mr. Reinhardt, who, himself a man of wealth and leisure, had generously devoted his energies to it, and smoothed away a great many of the difficulties in the way—a good work for which science and his country would alike be grateful to him, said the orator. Oh, me! oh, me! I looked up in Lady Denzil's face as Sir Thomas read out these lines to us. Sir Thomas took it quite calmly, and was rather pleased, indeed, that Mr. Reinhardt, by getting himself publicly thanked in the House of Commons, had justified the impulse which prompted himself, Sir Thomas Denzil, head, as it were, of society on the Green, to call upon him. But my lady laid her soft old hand on mine, and her eyes filled with tears. "Do not let us blame him, my dear,—do not let us blame him," she said to me when we were alone. She had known what temptation was.

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SPONTANEOUS MOVEMENTS IN PLANTS.

BY ALFRED W. BENNETT, M.A., B.Sc., F.L.S.

THAT there are no "hard and fast lines" in Nature is a truth which is more and more forcing itself upon the minds of men of science. The older naturalists delighted to circumscribe their own special domains within sharply-marked boundaries, which no trespassers were allowed to pass. We have long given up the attempt thus accurately to map out the kingdom of Nature. Her varied productions are connected with one another by innumerable links and cross-links; and our systems of classifications, even the most "natural," are but an imperfect human contrivance for bringing together those forms which present the most evident marks of resemblance or affinity. While the truth of this law is most familiar in the case of those smaller subdivisions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms—classes, orders, and genera—which are connected with one another by innumerable intermediate forms, it is none the less certain in the line of demarcation which separates these two great kingdoms themselves from one another. In attempting to draw up a definition which shall

serve accurately and infallibly to distinguish between the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms, we find ourselves compelled to abandon one supposed crucial test after another, and to content ourselves at last with framing, as in the case of the lower subdivisions, an assemblage of characters, by the *tout ensemble* of which we must decide whether our organism is an animal or a plant. So great is the uncertainty as to the actual boundary-line, that large groups of lowly organisms, such as those known as Diatoms and Desmidiæ, have been regarded by experienced authorities as belonging to each kingdom; and one of the ablest of living naturalists, Ernst Haeckel of Jena, has proposed the division of the material universe not into three but into four kingdoms — animals, plants, protista, and minerals, the new kingdom of Protista including the most lowly organized forms of what are generally considered animals and plants, from the Flagellate Infusoria to the Fungi, distinguished by the absence of sexes, and the mode of reproduction by gemmation or fission alone. The soundness of this new classification is not however admitted by the best remaining authorities in England or Germany.

One of the most obvious distinctions between the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms consists in the possession by the former of a power of voluntary motion of either the whole or a part of the body, dependent on the presence of a distinct nervous system, which is absent in the latter; a distinction obvious enough when contrasting any of the higher forms of the two kingdoms, but which, like all other individual characters, fails when pressed to too rigid a test. There are animals, so regarded by the best naturalists, and possessing other characters which compel us to refer them to this class, whose power of motion is confined to the "contractility" common to all protoplasmic substance, and which are absolutely devoid of a nervous system; and there are plants, unquestionable plants, which possess powers of spontaneous motion strictly comparable to those exhibited by the lower animals. It may be interesting to collect together a few illustrations of the last-named fact, some of which appear to the writer scarcely explicable by the application of any of those laws which govern inert unorganized matter.

The movements to which reference is here made belong in most cases to a part rather than to the whole of a plant; in some cases, however, we find the whole organism endowed with spontaneous motion of a

very remarkable character. An instance of this occurs in the case of the regular undulating motion, exceedingly similar to that of some of the lower animals, characteristic of a class of Algæ hence called *Oscillatoria*. The mode of reproduction of the Algæ, the lowest class of the vegetable kingdom, to which the sea-weeds and the freshwater *confervæ* belong, is often obscure, and in some cases different distinct processes exist in the same species. In certain freshwater Algæ, reproduction takes place by the formation of "Zoospores," (fig. 5), which are the results of the separation and isolation of the protoplasmic contents of certain special cells. According to the observations of M. Thuret, who has paid great attention to this subject, these zoospores, which are of extreme minuteness, are ovoid in form, and are furnished, either over their whole circumference or towards one extremity, with very fine cilia, varying from two to a large number. As soon as these minute bodies free themselves from the cell in which they are enclosed, the cilia begin to vibrate with great rapidity, the vibration being accompanied by a movement of rotation of the bodies themselves on their axis, occasioned apparently by rapid and spontaneous contractions; the result being a quick motion of the body through the water — undistinguishable in fact from that of some of the lower forms of animal life — continuing for a period varying from half an hour to several hours, at the expiration of which they settle down, reassume the characters of ordinary vegetable cells, lose their cilia, and give rise, by cell-division, to new individuals resembling the parent-plant. Those zoospores which are furnished with cilia at one extremity only, direct that extremity, which is destitute of chlorophyll or green colouring matter, towards the light. Closely resembling these zoospores are the "spermatozoa" of the higher orders of cryptogamic plants, ferns, equisetum, and mosses. These bodies (fig. 6) are produced in the antheridia or male organs, again by a modification of the protoplasmic cell-contents; they are filiform bodies of various form, mostly presenting one or more spiral curves, and furnished with vibratile cilia. When released from the parent cells, they move about with great activity until they come into contact with the opening of the archegonium or female organ, which they enter, and thus fructify the germ of the new plant. Pringsheim describes the process by which the spermatozoa enter the archegonium as a very peculiar twist-

ing motion, due to the action of the mucus or protoplasm of the germ-cell. He has seen a large number of spermatozoa enter a single cell, forming a kind of chain.

In describing these curious bodies, of the connection of which with the vegetable kingdom there is no room for doubt, one is irresistibly reminded of these lowly forms of animal life known as *Amœba* and *Gromia*, consisting apparently of shapeless masses of protoplasm, possessing indeed far more restricted powers of locomotion than the zoospores and spermatozoa, their faculties in this respect being confined to the protrusion and retraction of arms or pseudopodia, by means of which a slow movement is effected. If the possession of consciousness and of a voluntary control over the movements of the body belongs to the animal kingdom even to its lowest forms, it is difficult to frame any cogent reason for denying these faculties to the vegetable organisms which we have been considering. A very interesting problem also presents itself for solution in the almost perfect identity of constitution between these lowest forms of animals and the protoplasmic elements in the constitution of more highly organized forms. If the *Amœba* and *Gromia* are admitted to be distinct individual animals, the same line of reasoning would almost compel us to admit to the same rank the white corpuscles of the blood of mammalia, which present almost the same characters and possess the same power of protrusion and retraction of a portion of their substance.

The instances above cited illustrate the faculty of spontaneous motion possessed by detached portions of protoplasm endowed with the power of forming themselves into new individuals. This phenomenon appears, however, to be but a form of the property possessed by all protoplasm of constant motion in some form or other. The circulation of the protoplasmic mucous fluid within the cells of plants is one of the most beautiful phenomena of vegetable life revealed by the microscope, and one of which the explanations at present offered appear quite inadequate. A favourite object for exhibiting this circulation or rotation is formed by the jointed hairs which cover the stamens of the Virginian Spider-wort (*Tradescantia virginica*). The movement is rendered visible by the presence in the otherwise colourless fluid of minute opaque granules of chlorophyll or other colouring matter; and is observable with great ease in the semi-transparent tissue of certain water-plants,

as *Chara*, or the *Valisneria* commonly grown in fresh-water aquariums. It consists of a slow movement of the protoplasmic fluid up one side of the cell, across the ends, and down the other side; not perpendicularly, but in an oblique or spiral course. The subject has been carefully investigated by three French physiologists, MM. Prillieux, Roze, and Brongniart, who find that the rotation is directly influenced in a remarkable manner by the presence of light. M. Prillieux kept a moss in the dark for several days, when the cells presented the appearance of a green net-work, between the meshes of which was a clear transparent ground. All the grains of chlorophyll were applied to the walls which separate the cells from one another; there were none on the upper or under walls which form the surfaces of the leaf. Under the influence of light, the grains, together with the thin mucous plasma in which they are embedded, change their position from the lateral to the superficial walls, this change taking place, under favourable circumstances, in about a quarter of an hour. On attaining their new position, the grains do not remain absolutely immovable, but continually approach and recede from one another; and if again darkened, they leave their new position, and return to the lateral walls. Artificial light produces the same effect as daylight.

Analogous to the circulation of the protoplasm within the cell is that of the sap or nutritive fluid through the whole plant, passing through the permeable walls of the cells. This circulation of the sap, by which fluid is conveyed equally to all parts of the plant, apparently in opposition to the laws of gravity, is no doubt explicable to a certain extent by the application of known physical laws, of which the most important are capillary attraction, osmose, or the law by which a less dense fluid passes through a permeable diaphragm to mingle with a denser fluid, and the upward pumping force to supply the partial vacuum occasioned by the evaporation of water from the leaves. Allowing, however, full scope to all these physical forces, there would seem to be a residuum of energy still unaccounted for connected with the vitality of the plant itself. In particular, the selective power of plants in absorbing from the soil a larger portion of those ingredients which are required for the formation or healthy life of their tissues, is an absolutely unexplained phenomenon. A familiar instance of this is furnished by the difference in the amount of silica absorbed by corn-crops and by leguminous plants,

amounting in the former case to 2.5 per cent., in the latter to .3 per cent. of the dry foliage. Indeed, if any two plants are grown together, side by side in the same soil, the constitution of the ash, i.e., of the solid ingredients derived from the soil, will be remarkably different; while in the same plant in the same soil the constitution is constant. It was pointed out by the Duke of Argyll, when criticising Darwin's "Origin of Species," how unavoidable it seems, in describing the phenomena of nature, to use language involving the idea of contrivance and design. In the same manner it seems impossible to describe the process of vegetative life without appearing to attribute to the plant some conscious power of its own. A striking instance of this, as well as of the liability to consider a mere statement of an obscure law in other terms as an explanation of that law, occurs in an admirable treatise on the growth of plants — Johnson's "How Crops Grow."* "The cereals are able to dispose of silica by giving it a place in the cuticular cells; the leguminous crops, on the other hand, cannot remove it from their juices; the latter remain saturated, and thus further diffusion of silica from without becomes impossible, except as room is made by a new growth. It is in this way that we have a rational and adequate explanation of the selective power of the plant." The "rational and adequate explanation" seems to me, on the contrary, to be merely a restatement of this selective power of the tissues in other terms. Because the tissues want the silica, is no explanation of how they get it.

The curious and interesting movements of climbing plants have been investigated by Palm, Mohl, and Asa Gray, and form the subject of one of the most charming of Mr. Darwin's works. It is well known that climbing plants, such as the hop, honeysuckle, or major convolvulus, always twine round the stem or other object which supports them in one direction, that is, always either from right to left or from left to right; but few probably have reflected, and fewer still attempted to observe, by what process the end of the growing shoot contrives to change its position from one side to the other of the stem. If the extremity of a living stem, say of convolvulus, growing perfectly free

and in a normal position, is observed, it is seen to hang over from its support in a horizontal direction; and this horizontal portion is found, if observed at intervals of some hours, to point in different directions. The end of the growing shoot has, in fact, the property of revolving in a large circle round the support, always with the same species in the same direction, either with the sun or opposed to the sun. The rate of revolution varies with different plants, and with the same plant at different periods of its growth; it is much quicker in warmer than in cooler weather. With the hop Darwin found it to vary from two and-a-half hours to nine hours. The object of the climbing power of plants is no doubt to reach the light and to expose a large surface of leaves to its action and to that of the free air; but the mode by which this power of motion is gained is by no means clear. The late eminent physiologist Mohl supposed that it was caused by a dull kind of irritability in the stem, which caused it to bend towards the support when in contact with it. Mr. Darwin has, however, carefully tested this theory experimentally, and always with negative results. He rubbed many shoots much harder than was necessary to excite movement in any tendril or in any foot-stalk of a leaf-climber, but without result. This view seems also entirely negated by the fact that not only do the stems of climbing plants revolve when they are not in contact with any support, but even more freely under such circumstances than when climbing. When a climbing plant first springs from the ground, the extremity of the shoot performs slow gyrations in the air, as if, as Darwin expresses it, it were *searching* for a support. I do not here discuss the question whether this habit may be the result of a tendency transmitted and enhanced through thousands of generations; the movement itself is, in the individual plant, entirely "spontaneous" in every sense of the term; that is, is not the necessary result of known physical laws acting upon the individual. Darwin's paper "On the Movements and Habits of Climbing Plants" published in the Journal of the Linnean Society, contains a number of the most interesting observations on this class of plants; and the language employed is everywhere suggestive of some hidden sentiment controlling power in the plant itself.

The same purpose as that served by a climbing stem is answered in other plants, as the vine, Virginian creeper, and passion-flower, by tendrils; and the phenomena

* "How Crops Grow : " A Treatise on the Chemical Compositions, Structure and Life, of the Plant, for Agricultural Students. By S. W. Johnson. Revised and adapted for English use by A. H. Church and W. T. T. Dyer. London: Macmillan & Co., 1889, pp. 345.

of spontaneous motion in tendrils, are, if possible, still more curious. Some tendrils display the same power of rotatory motion possessed by the extremities of the shoots of climbing plants, others do not revolve, but are sensitive, bending to the touch. The curling movement consequent on a single touch continues to increase for a considerable time, then ceases; after a few hours the tendril uncurls itself, and is again ready for action. A tendril will thus show a tendency to curl round any object with which it comes into contact, with the singular exception that it will seldom twine itself round another tendril of the same plant. It is also very curious that with some exceedingly sensitive plants, the falling of drops of rain on the tendril will produce no effect whatever. The mode in which a tendril of a *Bignonia* catches hold of a support is thus described by Darwin:—"The main petiole is sensitive to contact with any object; even a small loop of thread after two days caused one to bend upwards. The whole tendrils are likewise sensitive to contact. Hence, when a shoot grows through branched twigs, its revolving movement soon brings the tendril into contact with some twig, and then all three "toes" bend, (or sometimes one alone) and, after several hours, seize fast hold of the twig, exactly like a bird when perched." The Virginian creeper has another mode of attaching itself to a wall or other solid support, by the formation at the extremities of the branches of the tendril, of little disks or cushions, very similar to the disks on the foot of the house-fly by which it is enabled to attach itself to our windows and to walk along the ceiling. These disks secrete a glutinous fluid which attaches the tendril to the support with such strength that it is often impossible to detach it without destroying the tendril or even removing a portion of the wall itself. As soon as the attachment is accomplished the tendril gradually thickens and contracts spirally. This spiral contraction, indeed, is always the result of the tendril meeting with a support; and if no support is found, the tendril soon shrinks and withers away. Some tendrils exhibit a most remarkable power of selection, which, to use Mr. Darwin's words, "would, in an animal, be called instinct." The tendrils of a species of *Bignonia* slowly travelled over the surface of a piece of wood, and when the apex of one of them came to a hole or fissure, it inserted itself; the same tendril would frequently withdraw from one hole and insert its point into a second one. Mr. Darwin has seen a tendril keep

its point, in one instance for twenty hours, and in another instance for six hours, in a minute hole, and then withdraw it. After the record of this fact on such unexceptional evidence, we are the more prepared to credit the statement of Mr. Anderson-Henry that a climber will, in running up a wall, carefully avoid contact with another climber which it dislikes; and even the account by M. Paul Lévy* that the *lianes* of tropical forests have an affinity for certain trees, towards which they direct their growth, and not towards those nearest to them; carefully drawing themselves away when they encounter one of the objectionable trees.

We may conclude our account of climbing plants with the following remarks by Mr. Darwin:—"It has often been vaguely asserted that plants are distinguished from animals by not having the power of movement. It should rather be said that plants acquire and display this power only when it is of some advantage to them, but that this is of comparatively rare occurrence, as they are affixed to the ground and food is brought to them by the wind and rain. We see how high in the scale of organization a plant may rise, when we look at one of the more perfect tendril-bearers. It first places its tendrils ready for action, as a *polypus* places its *tentacula*. If the tendril be displaced, it is acted on by the force of gravity, and rights itself. It is acted on by the light, and bends towards or from it, or disregards it, whichever may be most advantageous. During several days the tendrils or internodes, or both, spontaneously revolve with a steady motion. The tendril strikes some object, and quickly curls round, and firmly grasps it. In the course of some hours it contracts into a spire, dragging up the stem, and forming an excellent spring. All movements now cease. By growth, the tissues become wonderfully strong and durable. The tendril has done its work, and done it in an admirable manner."

The phenomenon known as Sensitiveness is of by no means uncommon occurrence in the vegetable kingdom. It consists of a sudden movement of the leaf, a portion of the flower, or the whole plant, on contact with, or even on the approach of, a foreign body. One of the most familiar examples is that of the Sensitive Plant, *Mimosa pudica* and *sensitiva*, in which three distinct movements are observable when the leaf is touched by the hand or the warm breath.

* Bulletin de la Société Botanique de France. Translated in the "Gardener's Chronicle," March 19, 1870.

First, the numerous leaflets close in pairs, bringing their upper faces together, and also inclining forwards; then the four branches of the leaf-stalk, which were outspread like the rays of a fan, approach each other; at the same time the main leaf-stalk turns downwards, bending at its joint with the stem. The explanation offered in one of our best botanical text-books of this phenomenon is as follows:—"There is a swelling at the base of the petiole, the cells of which constitute, as it were, two springs acting in contrary directions, so that if the one from any cause be paralysed, the other pushes the leaf in the direction of least resistance. These springs, if they be so called, are set in action by the rush of fluid creating a turgid state of the one set of cells and an empty state of the other. What circumstances regulate the turgescence are only imperfectly known." It will be obvious, that, even if this is correct as a statement of facts, it offers no real explanation of the phenomenon; for it is quite as difficult to understand how the mere approach of the hand, which gives rise to a sensitiveness commencing, it will be remarked, at the extremity of the leaf, will account for a "turgescence" of the springs at the base of the leaf, which then causes the movement. It should be observed also that we are unaware of any use which these movements are to the plant. Similar sensitiveness occurs in the leaves of some other leguminous plants, in several species of *Oxalis*, &c. M. Bert has observed that the sensitiveness is destroyed by the continual application of chloroform, and also by placing the plant constantly in the dark or in green light.

Similar movements to that of the Sensitive Plant, but occurring spontaneously, may be observed in other plants. Thus in the *Desmodium gyrans* or "Telegraph Plant," sometimes grown in our hot-houses, belonging to the same order, Leguminosæ, the leaf consists of three leaflets, a large central, and two smaller side ones. The motion is especially observable in the small side leaflets, which on a warm summer's day may be seen to rise and fall by a succession of jerking movements; now stopping for some time, then moving briskly, always resting for a while in some part of their course, and starting again without apparent cause, "seemingly of their own will," as Prof. Asa Gray remarks. The movement is not simply up and down, but the end of the moving leaflet sweeps more or less of a circuit. It is not set in motion by a touch, but begins, goes on, and stops, of itself.

An exceedingly remarkable instance of sensitiveness occurs in the case of the "Venus's Fly-trap" of North Carolina, *Dionæa muscipula*. The mid-rib of each leaf serves as a kind of hinge. When the inside of the blade of the leaf, or the fine bristles which grow on its surface, are touched by any foreign substance, the hinge suddenly closes, and if the intruding substance be a fly or other small object, it is immediately imprisoned, the teeth on the margin of the leaf closing firmly upon one another like a steel trap, the sides of the trap then flatten down and press firmly upon the victim, and it now requires a very considerable force to open the trap. If nothing is caught the trap presently reopens of itself, and is ready for another attempt. With regard to the object of this strange proceeding, there can be no doubt that the insect is retained until the softer parts of the body are completely dissolved in the thick mucous fluid which is exuded by the leaves: and Professor Asa Gray considers that the evidence is nearly complete that the animal matter is actually absorbed in the leaf itself. It is even stated that pieces of raw beef are digested by the leaf in the same manner! Seeing, however, that it is now generally admitted by physiologists that even pure water is not absorbed through the pores of leaves, which serve only for the exhalation of vapour, this explanation is very hard of belief. The "pitchers" of the *Nepenthes*, or pitcher-plant, act also as fly-traps, large numbers of insects being enticed into them by the fluid they secrete, and are then unable to extricate themselves.

The sensitiveness of the leaves of plants is but an excessive development of the phenomenon known as the Sleep of plants. In the case of the Sensitive Plant the position assumed by the leaf and leaflets in the night is the same as that which they assume when disturbed in the day-time; and with many other plants, such as the clover and the *Robinia* or "acacia" tree, the change in the position of the leaflets, morning and evening, is a familiar fact. The Sleep of Plants extends also to the flowers, many plants opening their flowers only at particular times of the day. Thus the major convolvulus of the gardens and the goat's-beard open at sunrise and always close by about noon, the evening primrose opens only in the evening, and many others last for but a single day. So regular is the time of opening and closing of some flowers, that Linnæus drew up a list, which he termed a "floral clock." The singular part of the affair is, that with many flowers the

time of opening and closing is determined, not by the degree of light, or by the temperature or humidity of the atmosphere, but absolutely by the hour of the day. The giant water-lily of the Amazons, the *Victoria Regia*, opens, for the first time, about 6 P.M., and closes in a few hours, then opens again at 6 A.M. the next day, remaining open until the afternoon, when it closes and sinks below the water. Other plants, again, open their flowers only in the bright sunshine, as the beautiful yellow century or *Chlora perfoliata*, the sundew, *Drosera rotundifolia*, &c. In the latter plant, belonging to the same natural order as the Venus's Fly-trap, and possessing a slight irritability of the leaves, Mr. Worthington Smith has noticed also a strong sensitiveness in the petals, the flowers closing suddenly when touched.

Irritability or sensitiveness, similar to that of the leaves of the Sensitive Plant, is not uncommon in the flower. An instance has been alluded to in the petals of the sundew; it occurs also in the lip of the corolla of several of the orchis tribe. It is, however, more common in the proper organs of reproduction, as the style of *Stylidium*, the stamens of the berberry, &c., and is then directly connected with the process of fertilization of the ovule. In *Stylidium*, an Australian genus, the style and filaments are adherent into a column, which hangs over on one side of the flower. When touched, it rises up and springs over to the opposite side, at the same time opening its anthers and scattering the pollen. The stamens of the various species of *Berberis* and *Mahonia*, to the former of which our common berberry belongs, exhibit this irritability to a remarkable degree. If touched with a pin or another object at the base of the inside face of the filament, the stamen will spring violently forward from its place within the petal, so as to bring the anther into contact with the stigma, and will after a time slowly resume its original position. At first sight it may seem as if this contrivance were intended to ensure the fertilization of the pistil from the pollen of its own flower. In reality, however, the reverse is the case; the excitation takes place in nature when an insect entering the flower for the sake of the honey in the glands at the base of the pistil, touches the inside of one of the stamens. The pollen is thus thrown on to the head or body of the insect, which carries it away to the next flower it visits, and leaves some of it on the stigma, and thus cross-fertilization instead of self-fertilization is secured. Similar motion of the stamens

towards the pistil, but spontaneous, takes place in the case of the London Pride, and other species of *Saxifraga*.

Elasticity is, indeed, a common property of organized tissue, though it is not often developed to so evident an extent. In the "touch-me-not," or *Impatiens*, we have a familiar instance in the seed-vessel, which, if touched when nearly ripe, suddenly coils back, throwing the seeds to a considerable distance. The "squirting cucumber" (*Momordica Elaterium*) marks the period of ripeness by the fruit separating from its stalk, and expelling the seeds and juice with great violence. Mr. Thomas Meehan described a remarkable instance of elasticity at a recent meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. The seeds—or, as would appear from his description, more correctly the embryos of the seeds—of the American "witch-hazel" (*Hamamelis virginica*) are thrown out with such force as to strike people violently in the face who pass through the woods. Collecting a number of the capsules, and laying them on the floor, he found the seeds or embryos were thrown out generally to the distance of four or six feet, and in one instance as much as twelve feet.

Many of the instances of spontaneous motion or irritability we have now recorded may doubtless be explained by the application of known physical laws. With others this is not so easy; and it is but reasoning in a circle to say that because the organisms which manifest them belong to the vegetable kingdom, therefore the phenomena cannot be the result of a sentient force acting upon, and independent of, matter. Darwin has described how certain movements of the tendrils of climbing plants would be termed instinctive if they were observed in animals. The rapid rotatory motion of the zoospores of the lower Algae is absolutely undistinguishable from that of certain undoubted lowly organized forms of animal life. It is very difficult to distinguish between the movement of a shoot of a climber performing its circles in the air in search of a support, and that of the tentacula of a coral-polyp in search of food. The mode in which the Venus's Fly-trap seizes and engages its prey is very like that adopted by a sea-anemone. Every fresh addition to our knowledge seems to confirm us in the view that it is unwise to dogmatize by laying down too rigid generalities, and absolutely to deny certain functions to whole classes of animated beings because we do not find them exhibited in the forms most familiar

to us. I do not wish distinctly to claim for plants the actual possession of a voluntary or sentient faculty. But I do wish to point out that facts do not support us in asserting that a clear line of demarcation separates the animal from the vegetable kingdom; the power of voluntary motion belonging to the one and not to the other. Taking all the facts we have described into consideration, the statement seems justified which has been made by one of our most experienced naturalists, Professor Wyville Thompson:—"There are certain phenomena, even among the higher plants, which it is very difficult to explain without admitting some low form of a general harmonizing and regulating function, comparable to such an obscure manifestation of reflex nervous action as we have in sponges and in other animals in which a distinct nervous system is absent."

From Good Words.
THE FATE OF PETS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STONE EDGE."

It is a doleful history, comprising more misery in a small way than is to be found in any of the other minor accidents of life; as most people can tell for themselves, or may see in the "heartbroken utterances," which appear in papers like "The Animal World."

"Indeed, if we do sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the fate of pets,
How some were drowned at sea, some stolen
by thieves,
Some dead of grief for loss of those they loved,
Some poisoned by their foes, some sleeping
slain."

we shall find that though, like poor Richard II.'s kings, they were not "all murdered," their fates are hardly less tragic.

Here are a few of the dolorous ends which have come within my own knowledge, and any one conversant with beasts could add to the list by scores.

A gentleman high in office in the East had an infant tiger brought to him after a royal hunt in which the mother had been slain. It was about the size of a large kitten, but more bulky, more solidly and heavily framed. It was still in the sucking stage of existence, was brought up by hand, and grew extremely playful and amusing. There is something particularly piquant in the innocent infancy of beasts

of prey, in the unconscious possessors of such enormous powers of mischief in the future, in nursing tiger cubs or playing with a baby Czarovitch or an infant Sultan; and the ambassador loved the beautiful lithe, graceful, young-terrible well, with the deep brown stripes on his tawny back, and broad black and white streaked whiskered muzzle. It became very fond of its master, and followed him all about the house, mewing much like a cat, and lying on its back with its four paws in the air to be caressed.

By-and-by, as the beast grew larger and stronger day by day, the play became fiercer, the tap with his great paw, even with sheathed claws and amiable intentions, was no joke. When he opened his lips at the roots and showed his ranges of beautiful white teeth, the horrible grin struck terror into the attendant dark men. The "Sahib tiger" was treated with great respect, but his temper became uncertain. Once in his wrath he killed a dog, and there was no knowing with whom his majesty might next be angry. His extraordinary muscular strength was developing fast, and one day, lying on his back with his four paws raised, he suddenly sprang up after a dog that had offended him, without turning or touching the ground.

The dark men in his service entreated that my lord might at least be shut up; this was done, but the beast grew so enraged at his captivity that his master once more let him out, saying, "He was still but a child tiger, and harmless if he was let alone; it was the fault of those who teased him if he behaved ill." As he himself only came across the *patte-de-velours* side of the tiger's character, he would not believe the stories told against his pet. His own bedroom opened on to a verandah looking into a court, round which the house was built, after the fashion of the East. At the beginning of the night the tiger lay on a carpet spread for him in the verandah itself. As the night grew cooler he crept quietly in and made himself comfortable within the room, and when it became almost cold (the time was winter) he mounted upon his master's bed and cuddled close up behind him. Who could resist the charm of such amiable, gentle manners from the owner of such fangs and claws?

Still, however, he grew more and more fierce to the outside world; fitfully his enormous strength came out in his rough play; his roar shook the souls of the black men; the glare of his eyeballs turned

them green with fear; more than once he had knocked down a man, without as yet intending malice.

At length it came to pass that the great Sahib himself went out for an unusual number of hours or days; when he returned he found his savage pet writhing in tortures of pain. No one would account for what had happened, or give the smallest explanation of the creature's state. It was evident, however, that poison had been used. He was near his end; the groans grew weaker and weaker, and the beast died licking the hands of his master, helpless to give him any relief. It went ill with the Persian suite that evening.

Number two of the pets of my friends was a squirrel, which had fallen in its infancy out of a nest in a pine wood. It, too, was brought up by hand, at first a little hairless thing, with a bare tail like a rat's, but gradually putting on its furry coat with white waistcoat and bushy train. A bright-eyed, graceful, quick-tempered, agile little companion. Its favourite haunt in winter was up the wide sleeve of its mistress's gown, where it would lie comfortably perdu in the warmth for hours. One cold day she was going to church, and did not like to disturb it; but when once safely within her pew, and the service had begun, it became evident, to her horror, that the squirrel had taken a particular dislike to the sound of the preacher's voice and the noise of the singing. He kept up a low suppressed hiss whenever a passage struck him as not to his taste, and scolded sometimes so loud that she was afraid that her neighbours would think her possessed, and that she would have to walk out in the middle of the service.

The squirrel never went to church again.

He always appeared at dessert, and was allowed to run about the table, when he never overthrew or disturbed anything, but deftly careered in and out among the glass and the dishes, or sat up on his little hind legs, and took what was given him, handling a nut in his forepaws with delicate precision, cracking it with his sharp teeth, his merry little head on one side, and an occasional sweep of his beautiful brush of a tail.

His great delight was to mount on to the highest cornice or curtain-rod he could find, and sit chattering in triumph, or to run up the shoulders of his friends, and sit upon their heads.

His mistress was so afraid of his coming in harm's way that she took him out

with her visiting, and one day in a strange house she put the squirrel in his cage on the top of a chest of drawers, and locked the door of her bedroom. When she returned, she found that the dog of the house, who must treacherously have secreted himself under the bed for the fell purpose, had pulled down the cage, broken it open, and was hard at work worrying the poor little inmate, which was at the point of death when its mistress came in only in time to rescue the body, and have the melancholy satisfaction of burying the remains decently.

Case number 3 regards a pair of small ring-tailed monkeys, which were sent as a present from their native home to a lad at college. They were of that charming little kind, described as "consisting of four legs and a tail, tied in a knot in the middle, the tail the most important member of the concern." They were landed in London, and sent to the town house of the family who happened to be from home. The butler, not much pleased at their sight, shut the new arrivals up in the pantry alone for the night. It was late autumn, there was no fire, no comfort, no care, and the next morning the little monkeys were discovered locked in each other's arms, and quite dead.

To tell of the parrot whose unused wings did not save him from dying by a fall out of window; the lap-dogs which have been overrun by carriages, suffocated, bitten, drowned; how the poodle-dog belonging to the wife of a governor-general fell overboard and was swallowed by a shark — would all be too "long to tell and sad to trace;" and as a relief to my own and my readers' feelings, here is a story of a less harrowing description.

A busy man, who once wanted to finish some literary work, took refuge for the purpose in a quiet out-of-the-way French town, where he set up his quarters at a comfortable auberge, with a pleasant garden. Therein he fraternized with a small pet owl which had lost its leg. It hopped about after him in its own fashion, and was most affable and companionable, and a great resource in the limited amusements of the place.

At last, one day, he missed his friend, and hunted up and down vainly for her for some time. He had just finished his work, and had given warning that he should leave the next day, and demanded his bill. He ate his last dinner, where there figured a curious little round morsel or game, "bien accommodé," with sauce, but which struck him as having no legs.

"What bird is this?" he said to the servante, but she was suddenly called away.

When the landlord brought up his account that night — "By-the-bye," said the guest, "what is become of that nice little owl I was so fond of?"

"Monsieur," said the host, going on with the bill, "has been content of the service?"

"Quite satisfied," replied the Englishman; "but I am very sorry about the owl; what is become of her?"

"Monsieur has had his potage, his roti, his deux, and his gibier each day he has been here?"

"Yes, yes," said the other impatiently; "but about the owl?" A horrible suspicion crossed his mind.

"Monsieur, on this the last day, behold, with all my possible efforts, I could get no game, alas, for Monsieur's dinner!"

"What!" cried the horrified guest, "you did not kill the little owl for me!"

"Oh, non, Monsieur! il est mort tout seul!"

The stealing of pet dogs has become a regular trade, or rather an art, according as it is now pursued, the *stalking* of the master or mistress, so as to know all their haunts, and time the exact instant most propitious for the capture of the well-watched beast. While the calculations, upon the most refined psychological principles of the precise moment when the agony of the bereaved will bring about the highest amount of reward, — how not to offer hopes too soon, — and not to delay too long, all this has reached the dignity of an exact science. "How do you settle the amount to be asked, is it according to the breed of the dog?" said the fleeced but happy recoverer of a beloved pug to the trader. "Oh no, sir we do so by the feelinx of the party."

Perhaps the only really happy and satisfactory pets are wild animals, which lead their own natural lives, obtaining food by their own exertions, but adding a friendship for man and an occasional luxury at his hands to their usual course of woodland existence. A squirrel in this way has been known to enter the open window every morning where a family were breakfasting, run up the back of the master, and nestle in his coat-collar, when it received a nut.

Besides these are such creatures as are kept for use, not for play, who, even though their food be found for them, are quite unspoiled by luxury, and lead a life of independent usefulness as the help-

mates and companions of man. A colly dog, on whom the most important part of his shepherd master's work depends, the retriever, who "can do anything but speak," these are friends, hardly to be degraded into pets.

The faculty of taming wild animals, which some men possess in so remarkable a degree, would be worth studying more accurately — with some it seems to depend on the strength of the instinctive part which we share with the animal creation. A deaf and dumb man has been known to possess it to a great degree. With others it seems to depend upon patience, quiet tenderness, and a determined will.

An old man who led a secluded life in an ancient house, in the midst of trees and fields, might be seen with the robins, tom-tits, &c., perched on his shoulders and taking crumbs out of his mouth.

A more extraordinary proof of confidence in birds was to be witnessed one year in the crowded Tuileries gardens. An old man in very shabby dress might be seen any day summoning birds from the trees and houses round: pigeons, sparrows, thrushes, &c., came flying up, fluttered over his head, alighted on his hat, his shoulders and arms, and sat there caressing him. He did not feed them, at least ostensibly, and when, after a time, he had had apparently enough of their company, with a wave of his hand he dismissed his court, which all flew quietly away at the signal. They wanted apparently nothing but friendliness from him, and on his part it was not done for money, but simply for his own pastime, and when the reception was over he walked away among the crowd, which seemed too well used to the sight to heed it much.

In general, however, we are too stupid in our intercourse with animals to attempt to understand the language they use, or to try to perfect the signs by which they are to interpret our wishes; although the occasional instances, often accidental, show how much might be done in this way.

A cat in a Swiss cottage had taken poison, and came in a pitiful state of pain to seek its mistress's help. The fever and heat were so great, that it dipped its own paws into a pan of water, an almost unheard-of proceeding in a water-hating cat. She wrapped it in wet linen, fed it with gruel, nursed it and doctored it all the day and night after. It recovered, and could not find ways enough to show its gratitude. One evening she had gone upstairs to bed, when a mew at the window

roused her, she got up and opened it, and found the cat which had climbed a pear-tree nailed against the house, with a mouse in its mouth. This it laid as an offering at its mistress's feet and went away. For above a year it continued to bring these tributes to her. Even when it had kittens they were not allowed to touch this reserved share, and if they attempted to eat it, the mother gave them a little tap, "that is not for thee." After awhile, however, the mistress accepted the gift, thanked the giver with a pleased look and restored the mouse, when the cat permitted her children to take the prey which had served its purpose in her eyes. Here was a refined feeling of gratitude, remembered for months after, quite disinterested, and placed above the natural instincts (always strong in a cat) towards her own offspring.

If the question of the capabilities of animals, their affections and powers of memory, both evidently great—their degree of ideality, often in a dog very strong—the amount of their reasoning power, *i.e.* of foreseeing the consequences of an action and guarding against them, or accomplishing a new and untried object, were as studied as it might be in the very intimate intercourse existing between pets and their masters, much would be done towards reconciling outsiders to that very exclusive relation, and making pets an interest instead of a nuisance to the public in general, as is now too often their fate.

From Good Words.

BUDDHIST PREACHING.

THE Buddhist monks of Siam do not as a rule endeavour to make their sermons interesting. They are satisfied monotonously to chant or intone a number of verses in the dead language Pali; and to add an almost incomprehensible commentary in Siamese. Nor do their hearers care. Crouching on the ground, in a reverential posture, they make merit by appearing to listen, and they do not believe that that merit would be one whit greater if they understood the language of the preacher. They have been taught that "Blessed is he who heareth the law," and so they hear it, and believe themselves blest. A very happy state of things, but from an English point of view, a very strange one.

There are, however, exceptions to most rules; and while among ourselves there are preachers who sometimes fail to eluci-

date their text, or to interest their audience, so, among the Buddhists, monks are occasionally found who leave the customary track and preach intelligibly to attentive hearers.

The most common of the popular preachings are extracts from the Life of Buddha, and from stories of his acts in previous stages of his transmigrations, such as tales of his devotion when, millions of years ago, he cast himself into a ditch, and made a bridge of his body, that the great Teacher, the Buddha of those days, might pass in comfort; or of his vast works of charity, when he lived as the Prince Wesantara, when he gave away his kingdom, his wealth, his elephants, his horses, his carriage, and his children, and was willing to give away his wife.

The public sermons or readings are given in large halls attached to the monasteries, not in the temples themselves. There are also frequent private sermons, in the palaces of the nobles and the houses of the people, whither the monks are invited (with the understanding that they will be remunerated) to give to their inviter, his family, and dependants an opportunity of making merit by hearing the Law.

I had been a long while resident in Siam before I was invited to make a little merit for myself by attending at one of these private gatherings, and possibly the invitation would never have come but for the arrival of a learned German who had devoted several years to the study of Asiatic Religious Beliefs, and, after much travel, had presented himself among us. The object of the learned doctor's studies naturally interested the most intelligent of the Siamese, and especially did it interest Chao Phya Tipakhon, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, an enlightened Buddhist, whose wont it was, ever and anon, to lay aside the cares of statesmanship and refresh himself with the pleasures of abstract philosophy. Seldom indeed did I meet him without his engaging in a long conversation on religion or science, in which, while he fairly and willingly listened to foreign ideas, he seldom failed to point out how deficient was my education, in that I had not studied the highest and most admirable of all philosophical works, the Baramat, the metaphysical mysteries of the third section of the Buddhist Canon. He was curiously interested in the learned German, who, without any desire to get wealth, and without any apparent love for religion, endured all the toils of travel and the labours of severe study, who had

even, it was said, studied the aforesaid Baramat in the original Pali. So when I told him of the doctor's wish to be present at a preaching, he invited him to come and listen at his palace to two of the most renowned of Siamese abbots, and I, as bearer of the invitation, had the good fortune to be included in it. I had never liked to make the application on my own account, fearing to be considered intrusive.

At about seven o'clock one Saturday evening, we reached the Palace of Foreign Affairs, and, passing through two granite paved courts, entered the reception-hall, a large and lofty room, with a floor of several steps or stages. The lowest stage was occupied by a crowd of slaves and servants; on the stage above lay a dozen or more petty officers: the stage above this was clear, as if to keep the vulgar from too close contact with the great man, our host, who sat on the highest stage. We were conducted to him, and silently took our places beside him on the carpet. This upper end of the room was about seventy feet broad by twenty-five long. Its walls were decorated with numerous large mirrors, and rich cloth and silk hangings. Some of these hangings were covered with Chinese proverbs and poems, embroidered in golden characters, and on others were elaborately worked figures of most gorgeous Chinamen, surrounded by deer and snakes and fishes, of anatomical proportions which might perhaps be explained by the aforesaid Baramat, but which certainly seemed to lack that balance or perfection of proportion which Chinese philosophers declare to be the essence of all things.

Along the two sides and end of the room were lines of tables, each decked with a choice collection of Chinese brassware, bronze, and porcelain, and bearing wax candles, set on curious stands, which, with the assistance of numerous oil-lamps, hanging from the ceiling, and reflected in the mirrors, shed a pleasant light throughout the building.

There was no pulpit, the preacher occupying a gilt chair, placed in the centre of the upper stage. The minister and ourselves sat on the floor on his right, and on his left was a table or altar supporting a gold image of Buddha from which image a silken cord passed to his side. A number of yellow-robed monks sat between him and the altar.

Sitting crosslegged on the chair, his shaven head and eyebrows giving him an exceedingly clean appearance, and his robes arranged with that decent neatness

which the rules of the priesthood require, an abbot, eminent for knowledge and piety, was, when we entered, giving the audience an opportunity of making merit. Despite his age, he had the unwrinkled, or scarcely wrinkled, face which Buddhists admire as a proof of the spiritual tranquillity of a life of worldly abnegation. In one hand he held a kind of fan or screen, designed to assist the monk in keeping his eyes from wandering, and his thoughts from straying to things carnal; in the other he held a book, made of slips of palm leaf, on which, with an iron style, had been scratched, or written, the Pali text which formed the subject of his discourse. Sentence by sentence he read from his book, following each passage by an explanation in Siamese; but his extreme age caused him to mumble so, that my ears caught little of what he said, and that little I found almost past understanding. His subject was the most vital, and probably the most ancient of all Buddhist dogmas, that called the Four Pre-eminent Truths, the assertion that (1) misery ever attends existence; (2) that its cause lies in desire; (3) that it may be destroyed by extinguishing desire; and (4) that this may be effected by holiness. A finer subject he could hardly have chosen; a duller sermon he could not have given.

When he had finished the four sections of his discourse, he left the chair and took a seat on a mat. The minister then crawled to him, adored him by bowing his head to the ground and lifting his joined hands, and presented him with a variety of offerings, a parcel of robes, a japan box, scents, fruits, and a wax candle, stuck all over with the little silvery bullets which, until quite recently, were the only coinage of Siam. Taking hold of the cord, which I mentioned above as passing from the idol, the abbot uttered his blessing, and then departed, followed by a train of servants carrying the offerings of the pious minister.

The calm, contented, passionless appearance, the thorough indifference to all that passed around, the long words, and the general unintelligibility of this old gentleman seemed most agreeable to the Siamese audience, who remained grave and silent during the address, and were, doubtless, satisfied at having made a full hour's merit of a very high kind; for, according to their notions, the greater the piety of the preacher, the greater the merit of the hearer. Their feelings were quite different when the chair was occupied by another orator. Their grave de-

portment vanished, and, amid protestations that they were not altogether pleased, they were unable to repress their smiles when addressed by the Spurgeon of Siam.

Achan To, abbot of the Monastery of the Bells, would, perhaps, have objected to such a comparison, for it was not on his oratory that he prided himself, but on his scholarship. He was one of the most learned, if not the most learned, of Pali scholars in Siam. Thin and wiry without being gaunt, the old monk, who, we were told, had reached his seventy-third year, was still bright and full of activity. He was the very opposite of the previous occupant of the chair. Restless and observant, he made no pretence to the quietness and indifferentism his co-religionists so much admired. "Who are those foreigners?" he at once inquired, in a tone which implied little love for the strangers; and when he heard that one of them had come to his country to study his religion for a whole year, there were no bounds to the contempt he expressed for my presumptuous friend, the man who dared to pretend to master, in so short a time, the study which had occupied him for three-score years. Waving his arms, with flashing glances, he took up his parable:—

"If there be thirty ships, thirty ships and every one full of merchandise, and a man should pretend to put all their cargoes into the space of one, what would you say of that man? Again: a single seed is a good thing in its way, but its produce is very limited. This foreigner will take but a single seed, and though I cannot say what he will make out of it, I know that a Siamese could make but little, and I do not think that a foreigner will be able to make much more!"

With these uncomplimentary and discouraging observations he prefaced an address on the three great roots of sin, Greediness, Anger, and Folly. Over and over again, rolled forth the Pali words thus translated, followed by improvised explanations in verse. To these three were ascribed all evil thoughts, all evil words, all evil actions. But for them none would destroy life, none would steal, none would commit adultery, none would tell lies, none would get intoxicated. These are the three great enemies of the heart, the creators of evil destiny, sometimes one, sometimes another, sometimes all. If anger was absent, and the heart was impelled by no greediness, no desire for anything sinful, folly would nevertheless come in and lead the heart astray. Only by subduing all three, by eradicating

them and attaining their opposites, absence of greed, absence of anger, and absence of folly could happiness be attained. He gave no praise to wisdom, he spoke not of the one active Buddhist virtue, charity, but, like a true monk, he urged the all-importance of negative goodness. Desire nothing! Never lose your temper! Commit no folly! Do nothing! Say nothing! Think nothing! Such were the ideas his sermon left in the mind of his hearers, though perhaps he did not push his theory quite so far. He was no reformer, no dallier with foreign science, but orthodox of the orthodox, and—for all he said about anger—a hater of innovations and innovators. Every word that he spoke could be justified by the palm-leaf book which he held in his hands, justified without sophistry or reservation. Like his predecessor in the chair, he repeated to us verse after verse of the sacred Pali, but without ever even glancing at the original. I would not suggest that Buddhist abbots are more given to vanity than their better-paid brethren, the bishops of our own Church, but it seemed to me that the learned preacher was anxious that the despised foreigners should observe his great memory. He certainly kept us in mind throughout his sermon, and his improvised explanations in verse teemed with allusions to my friend. "He has learnt to read! He has got a book or two! And he will go home and boast, 'I know Pali, I know Pali, I've got a real Pali book!'"

The doctor who, as may be supposed, understood little of what was said, was extremely amused at the remarks I translated to him, and bore his castigation smilingly; but the minister was evidently shocked at the excesses of the preacher, and, when the sermon was over, and the abbot had left with his presents, he did his best, by various civilities, to efface what he regarded as a grave discourtesy. Two or three reputed scholars were invited to join our party, and, while a variety of refreshments were served, we had a long theological discussion, in which the minister, desirous to please, declared that he was really not a bigoted Buddhist, but a believer in only such parts of his religion as had a foundation in reason. The phrase, it is true, savoured of the diplomatist as much as of the theologian.

As the foregoing sermons are described from very scant notes, and a not very perfect recollection, I will conclude this sketch by an abstract of a written sermon in Pali and Siamese, which has found its way into

the India Office Library, and lies there little vexed by readers.

It commences with a Pali text that is the initial words of the passage in the Sacred Books, of which it is supposed to be an amplification, which is thus translated:—

“Hearken, oh monks! The body of every one that is born, male or female, consisting of the elements Form and Name, may be likened unto a great city, which is called the Golden City.”

Then without any more Pali quotations, but with a vast admixture of Pali words, it continues the parable:—

“To this great city there are nine gates, the eyes, the ears, the nostrils, &c., and around it is a wall, the skin. Within it are pools and watercourses, with fish and crocodiles; and paths also, and roads, and many a dwelling-place from the tips of the toes even to the brain, and around its walls is herbage, the hair springing, from the skin.

“And this city is ruled over by the great king Mind, whose daughter is Carnal Desire, and whose mother is Corruption. His queen is Sensation, who excites to love, and his five concubines are Sight, Scent, Hearing, Taste, and Feeling.

“Seven great officers has he, which are good inclinations of the heart, and six in whom good is mixed with evil, and there are fourteen evil counsellors who continually lead him from the way of righteousness. These fourteen are Folly, Fearlessness of Sin, Shamelessness of Sin, Base-ness, Avarice, Error, Pride, Wrath, Envy, Scandal, Sloth, Laziness, and Doubt. [Thirteen only are mentioned.]

“And there are twenty-two Royal Brahmins: Piety, Fear of Sin, Shame of Sin, &c., who move the king to righteousness, leading him into the paths of the saints, that he may attain the glorious city of Nirvana.

“And there are four guardian angels, which are the four great elements—Earth, Water, Fire, and Air.

“With the king dwell two reminding angels, which are Mercy and Inclination to the Paths of Righteousness. Five watchers also are there, who urge him to take pleasure in the five states of Trance. And there is a Great Brahmin who inclines him to rejoice in the Holy Law which shall lead him to the further shore, to Eternal City, Nirvana.

“And the king, with all his courtiers, experiencing joy and sorrow without ever an end, will cry to the Great Brahmin, ‘We

would escape from the three worlds; for the world of men, the world of angels, and the world of archangels are all places of sorrow. Endless is the succession of births and deaths!’ And the Great Brahmin will call the twenty-two Brahmins, of whom Piety is the first, to aid the desire of the king. They will lead him to the great teacher (Guru) who is named Wisdom, and to Wisdom he will say, ‘We would escape from the two oceans of sorrow, from merit and demerit which know no end, and we would be freed from our enemy, King Death.’

“Then will the Great Teacher promise to help him, and will undertake by the teachings of the Holy Sword of Victory to bring him the war chariot which shall subdue King Death, and will promise to crown him Emperor of all the worlds and Ruler of the Eternal City, Nirvana.

“And the king will cry, ‘Sathu! sathu! It is good! it is good!’

“Then shall the Great Brahmin prepare the ceremonies; he shall cause the king to observe the religious abnegations, and then to meditate in quietude; then to observe the extended abnegations, and then again to reflect in quietude.

“First shall he reflect on the nature of his body, the foulness, the impermanence of its materials; then shall he proceed to meditate on the affections, until he shall have attained to indifference; then will he enter into the first stage of Trance (Dhyāna), whereby all the fifteen thousand impurities of his nature will be utterly removed.

“Then the Great Teacher will give to the king the Sword of Victory, and the king will judge all the officers of his court, and all that are evil shall be slain. One by one the fourteen evil counsellors will be brought before him, and he will slay them with the Sword of Victory. And then shall be brought before him his relatives, his father, his mother, and his queen, and, despite his love, he will slay them. In its downstroke the sword shall touch the lowest hell, in its upstroke the highest heaven, and all the worlds shall quake.

“Then shall the Great Teacher enthroned the king as the Emperor of the world and Lord of the happy City of Nirvana.

“This Great Teacher is Wisdom, and the Sword of Victory is Knowledge of the Paths of the Saints.

“The Lord Buddha, compassionating all beings in the whorl of transmigrating existence, angels and men, denizens of hell,

demons, and brute creatures, and seeing that all workers of demerit must in some grievous form exhaust their evil destiny (karma), established his religion to last five thousand years by which all beings male and female might make for themselves a meritorious principle by doing good works, and especially by observing the abstinences.

"All who are wise and who seek escape from the sorrows of transmigration must seek it by the way of Nirvana.

"And the way to Nirvana is abstinence from the ten sins, which are — of the body, three; of the speech, four; and of the mind, three. The three sins of the body are — the destruction of life, theft, and adultery. The four sins of speech are — lying, evil-speaking, slander, and vain talk. And the three sins of mind are — covetousness, hatred, and esteeming bad to be good.

"He who hath entered on these ten roads

to Nirvana must hasten to extinguish the fourteen sins, and then, by the practice of meditation, he shall make an end of 'the sorrowful, the perishable, and the unreal.'

"Whosoever attends to religious observances and ceremonies is an upholder of the religion. Even though his spirit be still worldly, his good works shall result in a glorious destiny, because he has obeyed the teachings of the Lord Buddha.

"Whosoever perseveres in the course of religious exercises shall attain to the knowledge of the paths of the saints, and of their fruitions, like the Lord the Teacher, who has gone to the City of Nirvana, the place of bliss beyond all bliss where there is no sorrow!

"Such is the Parable of the Body, as it was spoken by the Lord Buddha.

"May you escape from all sorrows!"

H. ALABASTER.

AMERICANISMS. — We are generally inclined to credit Brother Jonathan with originating that peculiar verbification of nouns in which he indulges by way of smartening up the old mother-tongue, but he will have some difficulty in proving that he "struck ile" in that direction earlier than this: —

"March 20th, 1658. I went to see a coach-race in Hide Park, and *collation'd* in Spring Gardens." — *Diary of John Evelyn*.

Notes and Queries.

In addressing the Cortes concerning the fire which took place at the Escorial on the night of October 1, the minister of finance, Ruiz Gomez, said, "Not a book has been burnt, nor a paper lost. It a question of time and money, that is all." The area burnt is large, including the whole of the upper floors of the Colegio and the two towers known as the Colegio Tower and the Tower of Lucerne. The *Times* correspondent, writing on October 7, gives a vivid description of the ravages of the fire, but confirms substantially the reassuring words of the minister; he differs from him, indeed, as to the amount of damage done to the edifice, which he estimates as likely to come to twice the amount (40,000*l.*) officially stated as the probable cost of reparation. Besides the Hebrew and Arabic MSS., of which catalogues exist, and other valuable MSS.

and books, amounting in all to 14,661, the library contained original sketch-books by Michel Angelo, Raphael, Titian, Albrecht Dürer, and other great masters. Great fears were entertained for the ceiling, which is one of the most magnificent pieces of decorative work in the whole building, but the rubbish which had fallen on it from the floors consumed above having been carefully removed, it has been found to have sustained none but trifling and easily reparable injuries. The heroic exertions of the inhabitants, and the fact that the architect of the enormous pile employed no wood in its construction where he could possibly use stone, prevented the conflagration from spreading to the palace or church, and confined its ravages entirely to the Colegio end. Academy.

"SIR" AS A CHRISTIAN NAME (4th S. x. 371.) — I remember, when a boy, of a case of this kind happening in Fife. A man who was a weaver and a radical, and consequently a dis-senter, took his child to the meeting-house for baptism. Upon being asked by the minister what he intended the name of the child to be, he said, "Sir Francis Burdett." The minister replied, "Oo, William, that'll never dae. I can admit your bairn into the vesible kirk, but if ye want the world's honours for't I doot ye'll hae to gang to the king himsel'."

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UNENDING.

I SEE that all these things come to an end,
 The things we glory in, the things we fear;
 Annihilation's shadow still doth lend
 Its gloom to every pleasant thing and dear.
 Each heavy burden under which we bend
 Will some day from our wearied shoulders move;
 One thing alone there is which hath no end —
 There is no end to Love.

There is an end to kisses and to sighs,
 There is an end to laughter and to tears;
 An end to fair things that delight our eyes,
 An end to pleasant sounds that charm our ears;
 An end to enmity's foul libelling,
 And to the gracious praise of tender friend;
 There is an end to all but one sweet thing —
 To Love there is no end.

That warrior carved an empire with his sword,
 The empire now is but like him — a name;
 That statesman spoke, and by a burning word
 Kindled a nation's heart into a flame;
 Now nought is left but ashes, and we bring
 Our homage to new men, to them we bend;
 There is an end to all but one sweet thing —
 To Love there is no end.

All beauty fades away, or else, alas!
 Men's eyes grow dim, and they no beauty see;
 The glorious shows of Nature pass and pass,
 Quickly they come, as quickly do they flee;
 And he who hears the voice of welcoming
 Hears next the slow, sad farewell of his friend;
 There is an end to all but one sweet thing —
 To Love there is no end.

And for ourselves — our father, where is he?
 Gone, and a memory alone remains;
 There is no refuge on a mother's knee
 For us, grown old and sad with cares and pains;
 Brotherless, sisterless, our way we wend
 To Death's dark house from which we shall not
 rove;
 And so we cease: yet one thing hath no end —
 There is no end to Love.

All The Year Round.

SONG.

I MADE another garden, yea,
 For my new Love;
 I left the dead rose where it lay,
 And set the new above:
 Why did the summer not begin?
 Why did my heart not haste?
 My old Love came and walked therein,
 And laid the garden waste.
 She entered with her weary smile,
 Just as of old;
 She looked around a little while,
 And shivered at the cold;
 Her passing touch was death to all,
 Her passing look a blight;
 She made the white rose petals fall,
 And turned the red rose white.

Her pale robe clinging to the grass
 Seemed like a snake
 That bit the grass and ground, alas!
 And a sad trail did make:
 She went up slowly to the gate,
 And there, just as of yore,
 She turned back at the last to wait
 And say farewell once more.

Athenæum.

 THY WORK IS DONE.

THE sunlight sheds its glory
 About the city's ways,
 And joy and peace and gladness
 Catch life beneath its rays.
 But in a bleak, cold garret,
 What sees the noontide sun?
 One working, wan and weary,
 Her work is not yet done.

And when the shadows gather
 There, by the moon's soft light,
 She plies her task — but hearken!
 Strange voices of the night!
 They seem to whisper round her —
 "Rest thee, thy crown is won:
 Soon shalt thou rest from labor,
 Soon shall thy work be done."

And in the morn's glad sunlight
 She lay there cold and dead,
 To the great God who gave it
 Her weary soul had fled.
 She heard the angels singing
 From ways beyond the sun —
 "Come home, come home to Heaven.
 Rest thee, thy work is done!"

Once a Week.

 "ONLY WASTE-PAPER."

"ONLY waste-paper!" — for the manly hand
 That traced the lines upon the faded page
 Has long since mouldered, on that foreign shore
 Whereon 'twas cast by ocean's furious rage.

"Only waste-paper?" — yet the father's heart
 Poured out its love upon the surface clear,
 And from the far-off shore of India, sent
 Affection's message to his children here.

"Only waste-paper?" — though the mother's
 tears
 Have rained upon the once pure snowy sheet,
 As, thinking of the loved but absent one,
 She wearied, counting Time's slow, laggard
 beat.

"Only waste-paper?" — for dreary, dreary
 month —
 As sped this letter o'er the ocean's foam,
 How prayed for by the sailor's anxious wife,
 The gladsome tidings: "On our passage
 home."

Chambers' Journal.

From The Edinburgh Review.
THE PROGRESS OF MEDICINE AND
SURGERY.*

A RETROSPECT of half a century in any art or science, in these days of rapid advance, gives us a striking indication of the rate at which it is progressing, and the life that is in it. Whilst, however, the gain may be patent enough to the initiated, the public, lacking any special knowledge of the sealed arts such as Medicine and Surgery, of which we are about to treat, although profiting by the general advance, can only estimate its progress generally. It is our purpose in the following article to point out, step by step, the triumphs of the curative art during the memory of living men, indeed, during the active professional life of many of the present workers, in the great art of saving human life and of alleviating suffering.

It cannot be denied that as regards medicine, previous to that date, our methods of inquiry into the nature and progress of disease were very limited and defective. The physician, who had to deal with organs concealed from the observation of the senses, groped, comparatively speaking, in the dark. Our wonder is, indeed, that treating maladies empirically, as they were obliged to do, they succeeded in even ameliorating diseased conditions, much less in repairing or curing them, as we know they occasionally did. Experience, unless it is founded on exact knowledge, where such a delicate machine as the human frame is concerned, is indeed of but little avail; and what intimate knowledge, we may ask, had our fathers of the minute structure of the human frame? or, what aids had they

to help them in diagnosing the condition of a part when in a state of disease? Ask an engineer to give an explanation of the defective working of some complicated machine, placed in some closed and impervious cavity, and you ask the same seemingly unanswerable question that was put to the physician of the past century touching the human machine, a thousand times more delicate and complicated than anything that has been framed by human hands. Behind the chest and abdominal walls lay the whole mystery of life, with whose faulty working our fathers could do little more than guess at; for wanting the special arms of precision, with which we are now furnished, they could only work blindly in the dark, and get at the truth by *post-mortem* knowledge. Let us imagine the modern physician deprived of the tools he familiarly uses to diagnose the conditions of a part — the stethoscope, for instance. How utterly lost he would be: the heart and the lungs, the organs by which our breath and blood circulate, would be to him as a closed book. All the delicate gradations of sound, by which he knows as clearly as though he saw with his eyes the exact departure of these organs from their normal condition and from their healthy functions, would be to him as though they had never existed. The surgeon equally was at a loss to discriminate the nature of pulsating tumours, and the condition of disease in arteries. The laryngoscope, again, enables the eye to penetrate down the larynx, and by the speculum insight is given into the uterus. By the still more wonderful aid to science given by the ophthalmoscope, we may be said to enter the very brain, and see, as it were on an index, the condition of the cerebral nerves and outer cranial circulation.

An entrance is gained in many directions into what to our forefathers must have appeared the impregnable citadel of the body. The enormous gain to the study of disease we have thereby acquired it is impossible to estimate. New instruments are leading to new trains of thought. They are teaching us how vain are many old remedies and forms of practice, a negative gain humanity should be

* 1. *A System of Surgery, Theoretical and Practical, in Treatises.* By various Authors. Edited by T. HOLMES, M.A. Cantab., Surgeon and Lecturer on Surgery at St. George's Hospital, Memb. Corresp. de la Société de Chirurgie de Paris, with Illustrations. Second edition. In five volumes. London: 1870.

2. *Diseases of the Ovaries; their Diagnosis and Treatment.* By T. SPENCER WELLS, F.R.C.S. London: 1872.

3. *Lectures on the progress of Anatomy and Surgery during the present Century.* By Sir W. FERGUSON, Bart., F.R.S. London: 1867.

4. *Anæsthesia, Hospitalism, and other Papers.* By Sir J. G. SIMPSON, Bart. Edited by Sir W. B. SIMPSON, Bart. Edinburgh: 1871.

5. *Bleeding and Change of Type in Disease.* By Dr. ORLANDO MARKHAM. London: 1866.

thankful for. They are opening up new visions of the truth of which we formerly had no glimpse, and they are preparing the way to decisive triumphs, on the verge of which we may now be said to hang. If, however, we may congratulate the present age on these mechanical helps to scientific inquiry, we must not forget that they are but the necessary outcome of a previous growing knowledge. The time was ripe for them. Theoretical truths demanded to be verified by practical proof, which by slow degrees is being laid before us.

Neither must we forget to pay a just tribute to another instrument which supplies the very groundwork for all our just ideas of the ultimate anatomy and knowledge of the functions of the different organs of the human body—the microscope. By the aid of this wondrous instrument the oxyhydrogen light records permanently, by means of photography, a whole world of facts of which we only formerly caught transient glimpses. The marvellously delicate organization hereby opened up to the physiologist only fills him with deeper wonder than ever at the delicate machinery by which life is carried on, and warns him of the rough handling nature has to fight against in the proceedings of practitioners of our yet imperfect art.

To recur, however, to the more practical portion of our subject, and dealing first with the surgical art, we may broadly state that its triumphs during the last half century may be said to be three—the use of Anæsthetics, Lithotripsy, and Ovariectomy. But, although these may be said to be the leading points, yet we cannot coörcé from ourselves that what are termed the minor points of surgery, which make little show, possibly confer by their wide-spread operations a still greater blessing upon humanity than the greater operations; but we shall have ample occasion to refer to these hereafter.

We shall refer

1st. To the use of anæsthetics in the performance of surgical operations, whilst the patient is unconscious, or insensible to pain.

2ndly. To the invention of instruments by which a stone in the blad-

der may be crushed and washed away in fragments, instead of being cut out of the bladder whole.

3rdly. The removal of diseased ovaria.

To the late Sir James Simpson, of Edinburgh, is undoubtedly due the merit of having first introduced chloroform at Edinburgh as an anæsthetic agent. As early as 1831 its composition was made known by Sonkeren, and the next year by Liebig, but by these chemists the investigation was merely made as a part of scientific inquiry. The re-discovery by Simpson in 1847 was, however, entirely independent of these previous investigations, and its use as an anæsthetic was entirely due to the discrimination of our accomplished townsman.

It may be said that there is no such thing as a perfectly new invention, a discovery coming fresh at once from the brain like Minerva from the brain of Jove. There are always some antecedent movement in the same direction, some play about the central idea before the final step is taken, and this was the case with chloroform. As early as 1800 Sir Humphrey Davy suggested the use of nitrous oxide gas, and indeed it was used in dental surgery by Dr. Evans, in Paris, and by Dr. Horace Wells, in Halifax, United States, in 1844. Sulphuric ether was also employed in Boston in 1846; but these agents were either so disagreeable in their odour, or so inapplicable to the major operations in surgery, owing to their want of persistency, that they had no chance of establishing themselves as permanent agents in the annihilation of human suffering, either whilst under the influence of the operating knife, or during the agony of ordinary disease. It is scarcely necessary to remark that the perfect quiescence of the patient whilst under any of the great surgical operations is a matter of the utmost importance, not only to the operator, but to the patient. The very fright and terror induced by the sight of the knife, and the anticipation of the coming trial, is sufficient to depress to an alarming degree persons of a highly nervous temperament, and especially those in whom any heart affection renders the possibility of shock highly

dangerous. It is well known that pain and terror prolonged for any length of time is sufficient to cause death, independently of any ill effect from the operation. Instances are indeed common in the books, in which patients have died on the operating-table, before the knife has been used, from the terrible effect of shock. Even in the natural operation of parturition, when complications or obstructions have ensued which require the aid of instruments, death is not by any means an infrequent result of the exhaustion produced by the strain upon the vital powers; and it was to obviate these mischances that Sir James Simpson first introduced this powerful agent in ameliorating the pangs of labour.

Like every new art when first introduced, it was met by some of the profession with mistrust. The world had gone on, they said, for thousands of years without any interference with the physiological pains of labour; not only were they harmless, but necessary as a safeguard for the mother. In this instance, indeed, not only a certain portion of the medical profession set their faces against the employment of the new agent, but the clergy denounced it as a wicked interference with a divine decree: "To the woman he said, I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children." This sentence was quoted as a spiritual injunction, which at once set the fiat of the Almighty against the supposed unnatural interference with His will. We are all too familiar with similar outcries of the ignorant made against the discovery of Jenner in the last century, and which are still repeated to this day by the "peculiar people," who, under the influence of a crass fanaticism, suffer fine and imprisonment rather than submit to the law, which, in the interest of the individual as well as of the community, makes vaccination compulsory. The best answer to these absurd objections is to be found in the fact that chloroform has now been used in thousands of instances in relieving the pangs of maternity, not only without any evil effect, but to the relief of many of the ill consequences which follow prolonged labour-pains. In fact, anæsthenization in midwifery is now the rule, instead of the

exception. The extreme agony which the parturient woman has hitherto looked upon as inseparable to her condition is now by the aid of art wholly abolished. In different surgical operations where time is required in dissecting away diseased parts, the gain to the surgeon is of equal importance as to the patient. We may safely say that many operations are now possible that would not have been attempted before anæsthesia were employed. The requisite stillness and equanimity necessary for the performance of delicate and tedious operations, without their aid, could not have been obtained. For instance, excision of the jaw, of the scapula, and the shoulder-joint, would have entailed too much prolonged suffering to have justified any surgeon in such operations. Thus the discovery of the new agent may be justly debited with new methods of operations, especially in that new but beneficent art, so justly named by Sir William Fergusson — its principal originator — as *Conservative Surgery*.

But the use of chloroform has its drawbacks, and is in a measure supplanted by other and more eligible sister compounds, such as methylepe. The public is indebted to Dr. Richardson for the introduction of this anæsthetic agent, which has been used by Mr. Wells, distinguished for his skill and success in the operation known as ovariectomy, nearly three hundred times.

The second great operation of the past half-century must be deemed the brilliant one of lithotripsy. Fifty years ago, upon the discovery of the presence of a stone in the bladder, the time-honoured operation of lithotomy, or of opening the bladder and withdrawing the stone whole, was the only method of cure for a most painful and, if neglected, mortal disease. About forty years ago the attention of surgeons in this country was drawn by Heurteloup and Costello to the simple expedient of crushing the stone by means of a peculiar instrument passed into the bladder, seizing with its forceps-like teeth and crushing the stone, sweeping out the larger particles with a scoop, and washing away the finer dust by means of an injected stream of water. The operation was so simple, as compared with the formidable application

of the knife applied to such a sensitive organ as the bladder, that the very dignity of surgery seemed lowered by its introduction.

The fight between the lithotritists and the lithotomists became exceedingly lively, and in the clash of opinions the truth itself became clouded. Now, however, that time has cooled the heat of the partisans, and the race of lithotomists who prided themselves on their manipulative power has passed away, and that Weiss has so greatly improved the crushing instrument, the great merits of the new operation have been finally accepted, and in no case would a surgeon propose the operation with a knife where the lithotritite could effect his purpose. It is true the operation for crushing is no longer considered so simple and harmless a procedure as at first; but the records of the two operations by the same hand show such a preponderating mortality from the use of the knife, that there is no longer any doubt as to the great gain that has accrued to surgery by the introduction of the modern mechanical process.

Sir William Fergusson, in giving his experience of the two operations, says:—

“I have personally treated 271 cases—162 by lithotomy, and 109 by lithotrity . . . of these 271, I have lost 47; and that shows a mortality of something more than one in seven—not a bad average as operations for stone go; but lithotrity cases included, I consider it low indeed. And I have now to state that which I look upon as of high interest in the modern history of surgery. Of these 271 cases, 219 were adults; 110 have been treated by lithotomy, and of that number 83 have died; 109 have been treated by lithotrity, and of that number 12 have died!”

The advantage shown by these figures in favour of the crushing process is significant enough, but some manipulators may have given even a higher proportion of successful cases. Sir Henry Thompson, whose skill in this operation has become so notorious, could, we fancy, give more favourable evidence of the modern operation than the Sergeant Surgeon; but the evidence of one hand is of immense advantage, as it leaves no loophole for the argument that the advantage was due to especial skill. The question of the advisability of the use of an anæsthetic during this operation has been much discussed; but we much question if lithotrity would have attained to its present success in the absence of the pain-destroying agent, considering the extreme sensibility of the part involved, and the necessity for quietude thereby necessitated.

By its aid the merits of the operation, when seen at its best, afford one of the greatest triumphs of the surgeon's art. It is, however, just possible that a still less painful operation may be the boast of the coming surgeon. It has been proposed by Dr. Bence Jones to dissolve certain kinds of soluble stones by means of an electric current conducted into the bladder; and among the wonders performed by this new servant of man we should be by no means surprised to find it performing this operation in a perfectly painless manner.

The operation of ovariectomy, which may be considered one of the most heroic operations now performed, must be looked upon, like many others we have to mention, as only a re-discovery of an old method of cure under better auspices; and in more intelligent hands. Until within these last fifteen years, the desperate nature of the wound made—really the Cæsarian operation, as regards the magnitude of the incision required—caused it to be virtually set aside by surgeons as unjustifiable, in consequence of the impossibility in many instances of successfully carrying it through after the incision had been made, and upon the high mortality attending its performance, even in the cases most favourable to the operation. In 1838 Mr. Lawrence denounced attempts to treat diseased ovaries by surgical operation “as dangerous to the character of the profession;” and the review of which Sir John Forbes was the editor said that “whenever an operation so fearful in its nature was performed a fundamental principle of medical morality was outraged.”

It was under these discouraging circumstances, therefore, that Mr. Spencer Wells began to perform the operation in 1858. At that time it had only been performed once successfully in any of our large metropolitan hospitals; and no case of complete success had ever occurred in Scotland. Yet now Mr. Spencer Wells' operations amount to more than 500; the mortality among the whole of the private cases is 24·23 per cent., though in a series of 100 cases it was only 14 per cent., and the mortality on total of Samaritan Hospital cases is 26·66 per cent. Dr. Keith of Edinburgh has been equally successful; and Dr. Tyler Smith, Dr. Bird, and others have performed equally good service, and done their part in adding to the stores of our knowledge. The operation is now of frequent occurrence, and is recognized as perfectly legitimate. The remedy, it must be remembered, was imperatively de-

manded by the hopelessness of the disease, which gave rise to a dropsy which rendered the patient's life miserable, and which inevitably proved fatal. The temporary relief yielded by tapping could never be repeated many times, and these at short intervals, and then death closed the scene, often in young women just entering upon life. The boldness of the surgeon who revived the operation was only justified by his success. He may well be proud of the fact that hundreds of women, through his hand, have been saved from inevitable death, have recovered excellent health, and have borne children. Continental surgeons have been much struck by the admirable skill of the operator; and the compliment paid to him by Mr. Stromeyer, the German surgeon, in a lecture delivered in St. Thomas's Hospital only the other day, that "Mr. Spencer Wells really, in this operation, had surpassed all living surgeons," was only deserved.

It has long disparagingly been said that amputation is the opprobrium of surgery, and the removal of a large portion of the frame on account of some disease or injury to the joint seems to justify the expression. Sir Charles Bell has written a charming essay upon the human hand, that most delicate and beautiful of all instruments. Sir William Fergusson justly descants upon the perfection of the human foot and ankle-joint, with regard to the perfect adaptability of their mechanism to the part they have to play in the human machine. Yet by the old method of procedure these perfect instruments were both ruthlessly and needlessly destroyed wherever there was a failure of the joint; that is, the infinitely superior portion of the human machine was sacrificed to what by comparison may be termed a coarse hinge. This wanton waste of so important a portion of the frame had, however, long struck an original mind. In the latter portion of the last century, when a vigorous flash of originality seemed to light up the annals of surgery, Park, of the Liverpool Hospital, may be said to have accomplished the first act of conservative surgery. His patient (a sailor, to whom the loss of a foot and leg would have been tantamount to the loss of his means of getting bread) determined him to make the experiment of simply excising the diseased part, the knee-joint, and retaining the foot and leg. This he did so successfully that, to use his own words, the patient, several years after the operation, "made several voyages to sea, in which he was able to go aloft with

considerable agility, and to perform all the duties of a seaman; that he was twice shipwrecked, and suffered great hardships, without feeling any further complaint in that limb." This was a crucial test of success that should have stamped the operation as one of the greatest surgical triumphs of the time; but, like so many other great strides taken in that age of extreme vivification, it was in advance of its fellows, and was destined to be arrested for the better part of another half-century. Whilst the Liverpool surgeon thus showed the way to the preservation of the foot and leg, Moreau, in Paris, in 1797, following his inspiration, retained the arm and hand by simply excising the elbow-joint. These two splendid operations, which should have immortalized their originators, fell unheeded upon the profession, both at home and abroad. We can only account for this by supposing that the tremendous strain upon the human mind at this time, and indeed far over the threshold of the nineteenth century, caused a reaction in progressive surgery, as, indeed, we know it did in operative surgery in this country. Be that as it may, the operation has only been revived during the last twenty years, but is now fairly established. The elbow-joint section is now a matter of daily occurrence, but the knee-joint operation owes its striking success to our provincial surgeons. The success of Mr. Jones of Jersey, who has operated on a large number of cases with a percentage of cures far exceeding those in thigh amputations; the like success of Professor Humphrey of Cambridge, Mr. Pemberton of Birmingham, and Mr. William Clarke of Bristol, prove that the failures of the metropolitan hospital surgeons in excision of the knee-joint are due to causes with which the dangers of the operation have nothing to do, and which we shall explain presently.

The conservative tendency in the professional mind in the metropolis for many years opposed a passive resistance to the knee-joint operation, which was strengthened, no doubt, by the many failures which occurred—not through the want of skill of the London surgeons, where, of course, the pick of the profession are to be found, but to the foul air of the hospital wards, which undid all that the most brilliant manipulative skill could accomplish. But against this resistance the splendid results in the provinces at length prevailed. It has been argued that at best the patient has a stiff joint; but then it must be remembered that the limb, though stiff, is

yet of flesh and blood, only so slightly shortened that a thick-soled boot or shoe makes up the difference. The foot and hand, with their infinite adaptability to human wants and necessities, remain intact. What an enormous gain this to the old method of amputation, which threw us back upon the bungling resources of art! We have little doubt ourselves that that miserable apology for the human extremity which those who suffer amputation are forced to submit to—the “Chelsea Pensioner,” as the bucket and stump apparatus is termed—will become a curiosity, as far as the civil portion of the population is concerned; and that that hideous hook, which the old surgeons’ handiwork needlessly necessitated as a substitute for the ever mobile and delicate articulations of the hand and wrist-joint, will day by day become a thing of the past. Amputations of the leg and arm in war must, of course, be made, as there is no time nor opportunity for delicate surgery on the field of battle; but in the future, conservative surgery will without doubt save, in civil life, an enormous number of limbs that have been hitherto sacrificed.

The extraction of large diseased bones such as the scapula, or shoulder-blade, is another operation in surgery by which amputation at the shoulder-joint is obviated. This operation was performed in 1858 by Mr. Jones of Jersey. By means of this conservative operation, instead of a short stump the arm still remains, and is capable of motion, whilst the deformity is, comparatively speaking, slight.

In what might be considered the minor operations of surgery, the progress that has been made within the last half-century is very marked indeed. The resources of the surgeon in repairing the congenital failures of nature, and the accidents to which flesh is heir to, are worthy of special notice. What malformation more disfiguring to the child than the hare-lip? Yet this deformity is now cured by simply paring the edges of the cleft, and bringing the raw edges together, with suture or spring truss, and nature speedily heals the wound. In cleft palate, the paring knife and a few stitches at once remedy deformity and change the voice and restore perfect articulation. Oblliquity of vision formerly was deemed incurable; and when we think of the number of people that used to go on squinting through the whole term of their natural lives, the brilliancy of Dieffenbach’s * operation for

its cure may be estimated. By the simple division of the internal rectus inside of the eye, strabismus as if by magic is cured. Club-foot is treated now on a similar principle. The squint of the foot, if we may so term it, is caused by the extreme tension of a tendon the cutting of which sets the foot straight. Stromeyer, who first performed the operation, thereby initiated a new method of surgery. By means of a sharp narrow-bladed knife, he makes a subcutaneous incision, by which the muscle is divided without exposing the wound to the air. This practice is of course available in numerous operations which go under the name of the subcutaneous incision. The very objectionable departure of the eye and the foot from their normal symmetrical position was thus at a stroke as it were set right by the almost dramatic application of the surgeon’s knife. But a whole world of operations have been opened up, especially upon children suffering from contortion of limbs, either from congenital disease or from scrofulous affections, through this simple invention of the division of tendons. Poor wasters of humanity, tied up in knots without power of motion and utterly helpless, are daily transformed into passable specimens of men, capable of taking a part in the games of their fellows, and of doing in after life their share of the world’s work.

Indeed, the human face and frame is no longer condemned as of old to pass through life with congenital deformities, neither are the blemishes that arise in after life from accident or disease permitted to remain unrepaired. The well-known advertisement of Madame Rachael “made beautiful for ever,” is a mere piece of profitable clap-trap; but what her cosmetics and washes failed to perform, those cunning in skin diseases accomplish every day, and in more serious deformities the surgeon’s knife with a few intelligent cuts puts to rights. For instance, with the exception of some deformity of the eyes, there is nothing more blemishing to the human face divine than tumours of the jaw. To say that all normal expression is lost where they occur, is but a method of stating the case mildly. The repulsive character they give to the face, independently of the terrible discomfort they inflict upon the poor patient, is sufficient to

this German surgeon, but it is as well for Englishmen to know that as early as 1823 Sir C. Bell performed the operation on a monkey successfully; it is really, therefore, the discovery of this great anatomist.

* This operation is now known by the name of

make life a burden to him. But the knife of the surgeon speedily sets matters right. The huge excrescences which thirty or forty years ago obliterated every feature, are now no longer seen. Tumours of a malignant growth on the face generally arise from some disease of the jawbones, and it was the practice of the early operators in removing this deformity to cut away the greater portion of these bones. With his mallet and chisel the surgeon set to work removing the diseased part, to speak roughly, just as a sculptor would correct deformity in his rough statue. In these operations performed some fifty years ago, more of the bony frame-work was removed than in the opinion of the modern surgeons was necessary. According to Sir William Fergusson, only so much bone as is clearly diseased is removed. Here conservative surgery is truly applied, and the same effects are produced with far better expression. In these painful and tedious operations, in which such delicate surgery is involved, necessitating very careful dissections, the use of chloroform is of the highest importance; without the perfect quiet thereby induced, the removal of the diseased part, and the restitution of the face to its original delicate lines, would be impossible of accomplishment.

Whilst we are considering the means surgeons of late years have adopted for the obliteration of blemishes, we must not omit to mention the singular operation of skin-grafting, originated by M. Reverdin of Paris in 1869. We are all aware of the frightful scars, seams, and contortions which follow upon the healing of ulcers involving sometimes a large breadth of the epidermis, even when ultimately they repair themselves. The contractions which take place after severe burns often contort the limbs, and when the face is involved eliminate every element of grace and beauty it may have originally possessed. When nature refuses to heal such wounds, the effect upon the constitution is very depressing, often indeed causing death. An operation which at once repairs the blemish and re-establishes the health must be looked upon as one of the most useful and beneficent triumphs of minor surgery. As early as 1804 the experiment was tried by the Italian physician, Boromeo, of transplanting skin from one portion of a sheep's body to another, and the experiment was a success; but for some inexplicable reason it bore no fruit, and it was not until Reverdin conceived the idea that it passed into the domain of surgery. The difference between the original operation and that of the French sur-

geon may possibly have been the reason why it was not immediately fruitful. Boromeo transplanted a large flap of skin (just as a gardener would transplant a sod) from one place to another, an operation which was both painful and involved the making of one sore place to cure another. Reverdin, with a superior physiological instinct, merely transplanted small portions of epidermis, say a quarter of a square inch, or even less, on the raw surface, at about an inch and a half apart. These speedily took root, and spread from their centre, until these different little islands of skin met and made a continuous surface. The idea was first introduced into this country by Mr. G. D. Pollock, of St. George's Hospital, who has treated several cases by this method with admirable results. The only conditions necessary for success are that the skin shall be taken from a healthy person, and that it is placed upon a healthy granulating sore. By this method he has treated a large sore eighteen inches in length, and in a few months a healthy skin has been produced. When cicatrizations (as in this case) have contracted limbs, they are straightened by extension, and by this means a permanent sore and a great deformity and lameness are removed.

Sir William Fergusson has stated in one of his lectures that surgical revivals are rarely attended with success (an assertion which we think is not borne out by the facts), and immediately gives an instance in which one at least has proved an important success of the day, — to wit, the treatment of aneurism by compression. We may here re-state what we have before asserted, that there is scarcely an operation that marks the great advance of surgery within these last fifty years that had not been tried in the previous half-century, tried and even succeeded, but, we suppose for want of favourable circumstances, passed out of the minds of practical men. Long since compression was used by Guettani and others; its renewal some thirty years ago by Dr. Hutton, of Dublin, may therefore be considered a mere revival, but practically it was a rediscovery. The success of his practice at once set the English surgeons upon the same track, and ligature of the artery is now no longer used where pressure sufficient to arrest the flow of blood into the aneurismal sac can be applied. Of late years even the method of pressure has been simplified. The application of an instrument is often injurious and painful, and only very lately the simple pressure of the finger continued two or three days, by means of relays of students,

has succeeded in entirely arresting the flow of blood to the aneurismal sac, causing thereby coagulation and consolidation. The method of placing a ligature upon the artery necessitated a surgical operation often of a difficult and dangerous nature, and formed one of the most striking operations of our great surgeons, the great Hunter included. Digital pressure, in accomplishing the same purpose, seems so simple and commonplace that the dignity of the operation would appear to suffer thereby; but this is altogether a mistaken idea. The surgeon who accomplishes his end by the most sparing use of the knife, or without its application altogether, is the true hero of his profession, and the greatest benefactor to humanity. As a still later example of what may be done by a simple method we must refer to the very ingenious method adopted in 1860, in a case of popliteal aneurism situated beneath the bend of the knee-joint, by Mr. Ernest Hart. By simply flexing the knee and keeping it bent for two or three days, he effectually retarded the flow of blood in the sac, and made a perfect cure. This method has been adopted in nearly fifty similar cases by different surgeons since its first introduction, and it may well be considered a perfect triumph of conservative surgery. It is true that this method of treatment is only applicable to arteries situated in the inward bend of joints, but for these it must supersede the old method. The fact that it can be accomplished without keeping the patient in bed is in itself not the least of its merits. In this, among others, the graver operations are receding into the minor. Again, in hydroceles and serous cysts, instead of incisions and setons being employed, injections are now found to answer the purpose perfectly. In compound fracture of the extremities and accidents to the skull, the active measures of the surgeon are now less than formerly required. Scrofulous bones are now treated by rest, diet, and cod-liver oil, instead of by amputation, issues, &c. On the other hand, many diseases once considered purely medical have been transferred to the surgeon. Ovarian dropsy, which not many years since run its course hopelessly in the hand of the physician, is now cured in half an hour's operation by the surgeon's knife.

In cases where amputation is required great improvements have taken place of late years. The great desideratum in such cases is the production of "a good stump." Syme, and Perigoff, the Russian surgeon, have initiated new methods for accom-

plishing this object. The old circular method of operation had the disadvantage attaching to it, that after excision the muscles contracted and exposed the bone. In foot amputations, Syme retained the natural pad of the heel, and Perigoff improved upon this operation by retaining the heel-bone. In amputations of the thigh, Sir W. Fergusson's oval operation, and the flap operation, afford ample material for thoroughly covering the bone and closing up the wound.

Let us hope that in modern times no such mishaps will ever occur as were familiar to the elder surgeons, who in many cases on record removed limbs supposed to be diseased, and, when too late, found to their dismay that there was no local affection at all, the hysterical temperament of the patient leading him to believe, and to convince his attendant, that mere neuralgic pains were symptoms of serious injury at the joint.

Next to the improvements in surgical operation, their after treatment must be considered. The scientific accoucheur has a well-founded hatred of what he terms a "meddlesome midwifery." A meddlesome surgery is fast becoming equally obnoxious to the intelligent operator. Within these last twenty years the clear sweep that has been made of the salves, the bandages, the lotions, the strapping, and plasters used by the elder practitioners, is quite refreshing. Surgeons are beginning to put faith in the healing powers of nature—a little lint and cold water how excellent it is!

Sir William Fergusson with unmitigated contempt denounces these useless appliances in which the old school had so much faith. Referring to a patient sent to him from the country, suffering from the necrosis of a small portion of the clavicle, he says:—

"Now in this case the practitioner in charge had latterly trusted entirely to the supposed efficacy of a plaster of a waxy and resinous composition. So thick was it laid on (spread upon leather, and made to cover the clavicle, part of the arm, and scapula) that some considerable time was required, with a free use of turpentine, to clear all away, so that the part may be properly examined. It was then directly perceived that the only mischief remaining was a small bit of dead bone, which was almost as easily removed as lifting it from the table. The villanous plaster was discarded, water dressing was applied, and in a fortnight only a scar remain remained."

This was a very significant example of the value of the plaster to hide, not so

much the wound of the patient, as the ignorance of the medical attendant.

Whilst the triumphs of surgery during the last half century have been thus far undeniable, and human life, as far as the methods of performing operations are concerned, has been largely saved, and the old terrors of the knife have been absolutely annihilated, there has sprung up, we regret to say, a disease purely of man's creation, which has swept away the greater portion of the fruits of hospital surgeons' scientific advances; and were it not that we have it in our power absolutely to eliminate this new cause of mortality, we should indeed despair as to the value of our progress. The cause of the mortality we refer to is foul hospital air, the cause of more than half the deaths (to take a low average) that take place in our large metropolitan hospitals after the great operations. The investigations, instituted at the instance of Mr. Simon, the medical officer of the Privy Council, by Mr. Holmes and Dr. Bristowe, with reference to the hospitals of the United Kingdom, have brought out this deplorable fact with a distinctness, in our opinion, which is indisputable; and the independent inquiry made by the late Sir James Simpson only strengthens us in this opinion, and leaves no appeal from the conclusion that must be drawn from them, that, according to the degree in which we aggregate surgical patients under one roof, rises the mortality of those who submit to operations in them.

These inquiries, indeed, only confirm what we have for a long time known as to the fatal consequences of confining large bodies of men in a small space, even when in a state of health. Indian barracks have for a hundred years been telling us the same tale. The law has been forced to step in, and regulate the amount of air to each individual in emigrant ships, opening outwardly to the four winds of heaven; yet we go on, year by year, adding wing after wing to our old hospitals, and building gigantic new ones for the reception of sick and wounded, totally regardless of the mortality that inevitably follows the crowding even of healthy people. In surgical wards of large hospitals overcrowded with beds, we have not only the same condensation of foul air, but the tenfold more deadly addition of poisonous effluvia given off by disease, and especially by hospital fevers, such as pyæmia, erysipelas, &c., which hangs about the walls, is wafted by currents of air from ward to ward, and is carried from patient to patient

by the surgeons, students, and nurses in attendance, from those who have suffered amputations and have the fever so often following them, to those about to submit to operations which expose large wounds, and are consequently liable, in an extreme degree, to be infected by blood-poisoning. The morbid matter which hangs on the walls of hospitals can be removed by no known means of ventilation, and it has been found necessary at times to destroy them. When detached by accident the floating particles may alight where they are least expected. They may sometimes be perceived by the smell at a distance of 500 feet along the corridor of a great hospital. Of course atoms that can be smelt can be inhaled. With these facts in view, we can give full credence to the following table, which shows at a glance the increasing rate of mortality, occurring according to the size of the hospital, after the major operations in the metropolitan and provincial hospitals.

Size of Hospitals.	Death Rate.
1st Series. — In large metropolitan and British hospitals, chiefly containing from 300 to 500 beds or upwards, out of 2,089 limb amputations	855 died, or 1 in 12·4.
2nd Series. — In provincial hospitals, containing from 201 to 300 beds, out of 803 limb amputations	228 died, or 1 in 3·55.
3rd Series. — In provincial hospitals, containing from 101 to 200 beds, out of 1,370 limb amputations	301 died, or 1 in 4·4.
4th Series. — In provincial hospitals, containing from 26 to 100 beds, out of 761 limb amputations	134 died, or 1 in 5·6.
5th Series. — In provincial hospitals, containing 25 beds or under, out of 143 limb amputations	20 died, or 1 in 7·1.
6th Series. — In British private country practice, with the patients operated on in single isolated rooms, out of 2,098 limb amputations	226 died, or 1 in 9·2.

We know that these statistics, collected by Sir James Simpson, have been disputed; but, whilst we have no reason to doubt their accuracy, there is no necessity to swear by them. The table collected by Mr. Holmes and Dr. Bristowe gave a lower death-rate; but the decline in the mortality descends equally with the number of beds; hence the fact of the deadly effect of crowding surgical wards is clearly proved by the upholders and the denouncers of large hospitals. We have a corrob-

oration of the assertion that mortality greatly increases according to the degree of crowding in Mr. Spencer Wells' statistics with reference to cases of ovariectomy. Here the mortality per cent. descends from 76·92, in five large hospitals, to 27·09 in the small Samaritan Hospital, to the insignificant figure of eleven per cent. in private practice, otherwise in cases totally isolated in their own homes from all the danger of surgical wards.

With reference to cases of ovariectomy, Mr. Wells remarks in his valuable work that—

“The place where the operation is performed ought to be healthy, and, as time is generally at our command, there can be no excuse for putting or leaving the patient in an unhealthy house or district. If she lives in a healthy part of the country and can be treated there, it would be positive cruelty to bring her to an unhealthy part of town, or to expose her to the influences of a large general hospital. Even in the same town, or in the same district of large cities, better results have been obtained in private houses and in small hospitals, where the patient occupies a room alone, than in large general hospitals, where she must share a ward with other patients, and may be subject to the influences of dissecting students. In the fourth series of one hundred cases the mortality in private practice was only 14 per cent., while in hospital it was 31 per cent.”

It may be urged—indeed, we know it is—that hospitals are maintained not only for the relief of suffering and the cure of disease, but as institutions for training future surgeons and physicians; that the larger the hospital the greater the number of operations, the more extensive the experience, and therefore the better teaching power, and the more convenient both to the teachers and pupils. This is a very plausible answer; but we question if it is well to urge it. We deny that patients' lives should be sacrificed to the best possible arrangements for the schools. We feel certain that benefactors who pour in their thousands for the enlargement of these establishments would hold their hands if they knew that their beneficence would be expended in rearing magnificent establishments perfect in every respect, but with this unfortunate drawback to their perfection, that the larger they grew the more numerous would be the deaths within their walls!

Of one thing we are convinced: the hygienic condition of these great hospitals must either be wholly revolutionized, or the performance of dangerous operations within their walls must sooner or later be

abolished. With the exception of accidents, which require immediate attention (and even these would be treated much more safely in their own homes), we see no reason why all the large hospitals should not have cottages attached to them, either in their immediate neighbourhood or within easy distance in the country by railway. St. George's Hospital has, indeed, such an establishment at Wimbledon, where all cases of ovariectomy are treated. Possibly this is only letting in the thin end of the wedge. We trust it may be so, and that the great West End hospital may have the honour of taking the lead in an inevitable reform; otherwise we cannot see why this particular operation should be made an exception to others equally dangerous.

The spread of cottage hospitals throughout the country, no doubt, will do much to modify the present unsatisfactory state of things. At present the cases that have the least chance of recovery from an operation in our foul metropolitan hospitals are agricultural labourers, now so liable to injury by reason of the increase of steam machinery in husbandry. Sending these poor fellows, after injury, to London, or some of the great provincial hospitals, for the “best advice,” is tantamount to signing their death-warrant; whereas they would stand a chance of making a good recovery, if treated in their own homes or in the cottage hospitals.

The most marked and singular change which has taken place in the practice of medicine is the utter abolition of the use of the lancet. Fifty years ago phlebotomy was universally practised in the majority of diseases, and the bleeding-shop was one of the institutions of the country, and was visited in the spring and fall of the year by the people even in good health “to be bled.” There seemed to be a popular idea abroad among the people that they could have too much of a good thing, and that they required a periodical hand at the pump to keep them from foundering. Medical men seemed to have inherited this popular delusion—at all events, their practice was founded upon no scientific data. Now that indiscriminate bleeding has utterly passed away in England we can only wonder at the astounding drain of blood that was empirically taken from the people, and speculate upon the mortality it occasioned when resorted to on improper occasions, as indeed is still the case in some other parts of Europe, especially in Italy and in Spain. In Italy a host of illustrious persons, including Cavour and

several members of the Royal Family, have fallen victims, even recently, to the use of the lancet.

Some of the records the surgeons of the last generation have left behind them only make us shudder at the blindness with which, in defiance of its evil results, the use of the lancet was persisted in. Dr. Markham, in his "Change of Type in Disease," referring to this infatuation, gives the following examples of the practice:—

"I remember (says Dr. Stokes) when I was a student of the old Meath Hospital, there was hardly a morning that some twenty or thirty infatuated creatures were not phlebotomized largely. The floor was running with blood; it was difficult to cross the floor of the prescribing-hall for fear of slipping. Patients were seen wallowing in their own blood like leeches after a salt emetic.

"Dr. Rush tells us ninety ounces were often at one sitting taken from his friend Dr. Dewes, and of course with advantage. Dr. Dewes, again, on his part, took eighty ounces from a delicate woman in puerperal convulsions; and from another young woman, under similar circumstances, 120 ounces, within five or six hours, and twenty ounces more on the next day. The patient lost her sight for a fortnight, and did not recover her health for six months; *'but do not'* (says Dr. Clutterbuck, who tells the tale to his students) *'harshly conclude that this loss of blood caused the blindness; a much more natural cause is to be found in the affection of the brain which caused the convulsions!'*"

We could go on for pages giving examples of the blood-letting mania which infected the old practitioners, and of the persistency with which they ascribed the ill effects to other than the cause they themselves were supplying. We are compelled to say that nothing in the practice of physic is so humiliating to the reasoning physician of the present day as these dreadful examples of the unwise use of the lancet. The reason given for the almost sudden abolition of this instrument is as unreasonable as the practice. It was asserted that the atmospherical conditions at the time of the first advent of cholera, in 1830, produced such an asthenic type among the population—in other words, such a state of debility, that bleeding could not be borne! As we have not again rushed into the old practice, we must conclude that this sudden advent of debility is persistent! To such miserable conclusions hap-hazard after-thoughts sometimes bring us. Not only is the lancet banished from England, but from Germany and France we hear from Dr. Stromeyer that it has disappeared. That a debilitating

influence should have simultaneously overspread Europe is so absurd, that we can only smile when we hear it put forth as the cause of a change in treatment, which, indeed, was due to the good sense of the public.

Like all sudden reforms, however, it went a little too far. There are diseases in which bleeding is undoubtedly efficacious; but although some physicians, like Dr. B. W. Richardson and Dr. Stromeyer, more independent than their contemporaries, insist upon the advisability of resorting to the lancet on certain occasions, there seems to be no probability of the profession reviving the practice generally which seems to them dead.

Among the medical discoveries of the last thirty years, the affection known as Bright's Disease may be considered as the first. This is a form of kidney disease which generally proves fatal, and the method of diagnosis is one of the triumphs of pathological chemistry, which shows itself in a very dramatic form. A very small portion of the urine placed in a test tube, by the application of a drop of nitric acid, or the mere application of heat from a spirit lamp, affords sufficient proof, in nine cases out of ten, to seal the fate of the patient. The presence of albumen is by either of these tests immediately made evident, and the constant drain of this essential element of the blood is mortal. A little coagulation of the contents of the test tube, and the physician knows that the days of the patient are numbered. The microscope, with its searching eye, again finds out death at a glance, often where it was quite unsuspected. Certain unmistakable appearances in the lens show that cancer is present in the tumour the surgeon has removed with his knife.

The greater accuracy of our diagnosis, consequent upon new instruments, which search into every cavity of the body, is day by day giving us clearer views of disease, without which our remedies are often vain, sometimes indeed prejudicial. Dropsies of the chest were often confounded together; the same may be said of those of the abdomen. The former are now known to be but the sequela of heart disease, whilst the nature of the latter can easily be discovered by the stethoscope and simple percussion.

A new instrument has only just been discovered—the diaphonoscope—by which the internal organs are made visible through the walls of the abdomen by means of very powerful lights, which render the body to a certain degree transpa-

rent, and the outlines of the abdominal viscera are thereby mapped out to the eye. It is impossible to say at present of what value this new instrument may be as a diagnostic agent. When the ophthalmoscope first came before the profession it was rejected by a leading ophthalmic surgeon as a mere "useless toy," whereas it is now recognized as of the utmost value. By its aid we can discover the condition of the cerebral circulation, and the condition of the optic nerve. Not only in diseases of the eye its value is great, but it has become a necessity for the physician in brain diseases. Epilepsy, and that terrible malady general paralysis, and even Bright's Disease, can now be diagnosed by looking into the eye with this instrument at the optic nerve, and the beautiful reticulations of the arteries which are seen on the optic side. The "useless toy" answers many questions as to what is going on in the brain, which before we could only darkly guess at.

Possibly the greatest advance that has been made in the last century is with respect to the physiology of the nervous system. To two men is due the unravelling of the action of the nervous centres—a discovery, according to Stromeyer, as great as that of the circulation of the blood. Sir C. Bell, by careful dissection of the roots of the nerves, discovered that those of motion and sensation were quite distinct; and this discovery gave rise to the still greater advance made by Dr. Marshall Hall, and the unravelling of his scheme of the reflex action of the spinal cord, by means of which he showed us how all the functions of the animal economy are performed independently of the will. Before the time of these great physiologists we were quite in the dark as to the beautiful machinery by which the functions of life were carried on, perfectly unconsciously to ourselves. We knew not why, when the light fell upon the eye the pupil contracted, and when a still greater illumination fell the eyelids closed to shut it out altogether; why the fauces grasped anything placed within its reach; or why even in sleep the hand immediately moves away any object that may be irritating the skin. The reflex action of the nervous system at once furnished a clue to many obscure pains that had been treated locally, but which might have resulted from the altogether unsuspected irritation of some internal organ. To British science alone the world has to be grateful for the unravelling of the working of the nervous system, which to our fathers was only a tangled

web, of which only the thread here and there had been caught and traced. To the two physiologists we have mentioned alone the glory belongs; and we question if even the great discoveries of Harvey and Jenner surpass the value of the clue they gave to the manner in which the nerves act upon the body.

The tools with which the medical man works have also been marvellously improved even within these ten years. We are not now alluding to the instruments by which he finds our disease, but the medicines with which he cures them. This is a matter in which the patient is directly interested. We can all remember the nauseous drugs with which we were dosed, say some thirty years ago. The woody fibres we were forced to swallow, the gritty substances we could not swallow, the powders which never could be washed out of the mouth! Not only were they dreadful in quality, but the quantity was appalling. Both the physician and the general practitioner must share the blame as regards the excess with which they were supplied. A prescription of a physician of the old school was a dispensary in itself. The countless ingredients, the action of which under the effect of the gastric secretions were often of a conflicting character, without doubt produced symptoms that puzzled him as much as the patient. The tendency in the present day is in the other direction. A wiser instinct has taught simplicity; indeed there is a growing reliance upon what we may term natural medicine, instead of mere medications. Change of air, water, and scene, the influence of the mind upon the body, now enter largely into the repertory of the physician. He is beginning to see that many curative agents are required to set his patients up in health again, inasmuch as many have been the cause of casting him down from it; and he practically admits that these agents require to act through a longer space of time. Hence extended holidays and prolonged travel, which increases the health even of the most robust.

The general practitioner, dealing with what we may term the middle class strata of the population, has been moved to a reform by another motive, which is quite as potent as the scientific one. The habit of charging his time has taken the place of the old abominable practice of simply sending in his bill for medicine supplied. It is true this great reform applies more to towns than to the country, where the medical man is obliged to act as chemist

as well as doctor; but even when he is obliged to dispense his own medicaments, the habit is growing of charging rather for his skill than for the number of bottles he crowds upon his unhappy patients. We think there can be little doubt that the practice of homœopathy has had something to do with this change. When a certain enthusiastic class of the population took up this new doctrine, and it was seen that by perfect abstinence from physic (for the infinitesimal doses given practically amounted to this), the patients, in the majority of cases, where some simple derangement of the system existed, got well; the lesson taught was twofold—in such cases the curative value of drugs was of secondary importance, and the power of the mind over the body was the primary cause of cure. Faith in the physician—what a power it is! and he who can command it may throw much of his physic to the dogs. Nevertheless faith stops short of actual bodily derangement; it will not stop an ague-fit, or cut short a fever; it will not set the lung of the consumptive patient to rights, nor give motion to the paralyzed arm. In such cases where destruction of vital parts has ensued, the mere mockery and snare of the homœopathic theory is at once apparent. And here the specific value of certain drugs discovered during the last half-century steps in to restore the balance to the orthodox practitioner. Among these may be found first and foremost cod-liver oil, that has stayed the hand of the destroyer in many a patient that would otherwise have succumbed to pulmonary disease; iodine, gallic acid, and hydrocyanic acid have proved of great value; and last, but not least, we credit the medical profession with the introduction of electricity as a most potent agent in rousing the vital powers of the system. Day by day its potency in reviving the failing nervous system is becoming more apparent. Faradization, or the passing of the constant current, is the best stimulant known in rousing the paralyzed limb, and in cases where the heart's action has stopped, the current has once more set the machine of life going again. By the hydrate of chloral, on the other hand, overaction of the nervous system is met and checked, and all the evils of opium—sickness, constipation, and headache—are avoided. But in addition to these actual additions to the agents by which the physician fights disease, we must allude to the much more effective and scientific method in which he applies them. The modern discovery of the

alkaloids, or the active medicinal principles of our vegetable *materia medica*, is very important. Instead of coarse bark that used to choke us when we were attacked with ague or weakness, science now presents us with the elegant quinine. Instead of the nauseating dose of jalap an infinitesimal portion of jalapine is far more effectual, and morphia with a drop seals up our senses, where the larger dose of opium defeated its object by refusing to remain upon the stomach. Even the mode of action of this drug has been greatly improved of late years. In cases of neuralgic pains and spasmodic agonies subcutaneous injection of the drug now acts at once effectually upon the local affection, without our having to go the roundabout way to give a cure through the system generally. Sir James Simpson has, we think, very shrewdly suggested, that the principle of rapidly affecting the whole system, on the other hand, by means of the wide-extended blood surface of the lungs, may not be far off.

“If it is ever (he says), for instance, a matter of importance, in some inflammatory or other ailments, to affect the system rapidly and fully with mercury, why may not the chemist discover some gaseous and respirable form of mercurial combination, the inhalation of which should salivate in as many hours as days are now required for the induction of that effect?”

His own discovery of chloroform has indeed shown us the potency of the lung form of administration, and why other medicaments may not be in the same way employed we do not see. As Watt said of the application of an old invention to perform some new office, it would only be employing “a knife to cut cheese that had previously cut butter.”

We cannot conclude this paper better than by alluding to the great advance made during the period we have marked out to ourselves in the treatment of Lunacy. In the last century Bedlam used to be one of the public sights to which holiday-keepers, on the payment of two-pence, were attracted, to watch the piteous objects caged and confined within their filthy dens. They went in much the same spirit as they visited the lions in the Tower, and we question whether human creatures were not considered the more dangerous of the two. The treatment of the lunatics in Bedlam at that time was rather a favourable specimen of what was considered to be the best method of curing the mentally afflicted. It makes us shudder to read the accounts of this place in the be-

ginning of the century. When Mr. West-erton and Mr. Calvert visited its wards in 1808, they found ten patients in the female gallery, each fastened by one leg or arm to the wall, with a chain so arranged that they were able to stand up at a bench; they were dressed each in a filthy blanket, thrown poncho-like over their otherwise naked bodies. This was, however, only an ordinary arrangement. When any patient was looked upon as dangerous, special arrangements were made that were still more outrageous. Poor Morris, for instance, was treated more like a wild and furious beast than a human being. Esquirol was even horrified at the spectacle, and we have no reason to believe that the treatment of lunatics in France was one bit better than in England before the time of Pinel. The following is the description of the method in which they secured this helpless individual:

"A stout iron ring was riveted round his neck, from which a short chain passed to a ring, made to slide upwards and downwards on an upright massive iron bar, more than six feet high, inserted in the wall. Round his body a strong iron bar, about two inches wide, was riveted. On each side of the bar was a circular projection, which being fastened to, and enclosing each of his arms, pinioned them close to his body. Thus fixed, like a crow on a wall, this poor creature was enforced to wear out his existence of more than twenty years!"

These horrors have all been swept away by greater intelligence, greater kindness to the patient, and a more just appreciation of the physical causes of mental disease. The same improvements are still going on, more especially from the removal of lunatics from the larger asylums to smaller abodes where they have the benefit of a more cheerful mode of life and better air.

"I have (says Dr. Bucknell) recommended the erection of an inexpensive building, detached from but within the grounds of the present asylum, in preference to an extension of the asylum itself. My reasons for this recommendation are, that such a building will afford a useful and important change for patients for whom a change from the wards is desirable. The system of placing patients in detached buildings, resembling in their construction and arrangements an ordinary English house, has been found to afford beneficial results in the so-called cottages which this institution at present possesses. *These cottages are much preferred to the wards by the patients themselves, and permission to reside in them is coveted.* I am also convinced that such auxiliary buildings can be erected at a much less expense than would be incurred by the enlargement and al-

teration of the asylum itself. I propose that in the new building the patients shall cook and wash for themselves."

If those who devise these vast establishments would only study human nature and the English character, they would not be surprised at these cottages being preferred to the tyranny of the big houses. Those who are harmless and hopelessly insane need not even the protection of the asylum walls. They are now very judiciously drafted back to their own unions, where, in the comparative freedom of the "house," they pass the last years of their lives happily, and at a diminished cost to the rates. Here, again, we can see a return to an old state of things, but with better safeguards to the good treatment of the patients than our forefathers insisted upon. There is a moral infection in asylum air, which depresses and injures the patient, as much as the fever infection injures the inmates of the surgical wards of the great hospitals. Isolation in both cases is the best treatment. Healthy minds surrounding the one are as much required as pure air for the recovery of the other.

In the colony of Gheel, in Belgium, the harmless lunatics are placed in cottages, and live the life of the people — a people trained by hereditary habit to treat them properly. Here they labour in the fields, live with their hosts, play with their children, and partake of the joys and sorrows of the household. In the village, or combination of villages, the purely medical treatment is under the control of medical inspectors. There is perfect freedom, and we question if the runaways are as numerous as from any of our large asylums. Our Commissioners are with faltering steps making advances towards this primitive state of things, which puts as few impediments as possible in the way of the recovery of the patient, and which gives the lunatic mind the surroundings and support of healthy minds — the true psychological medicine when judiciously applied.

We see with great pleasure that the Scottish Commissioners recognize the advantage of giving more freedom to the pauper patients suffering from chronic mania. When possible, they are transferred from asylums and workhouses, and sent to reside with the labouring classes in the country villages. Kennoway, in Fife, may be said to be growing into a Scottish Gheel, as the village is becoming peopled with the incurable insane. So far from the freedom of the new life acting to

their disadvantage, it has proved quite the contrary. Patients who were noisy in the asylums from which they were removed, have actually become quiet in the homes of the cottagers, and two patients, who were considered hopelessly insane, have recovered, after experiencing the mentally bracing effect of a cottager's life. We trust the example will not be lost upon the English Commissioners.

But the improved treatment of the insane has been helped on in this country by a better knowledge of the disease itself. Mind being now considered an emanation of the body taking place through the nervous system, and its derangements merely the results of nervous disease, the speciality is merged within the broad scope of medicine, and the intelligence of the whole profession is being gradually brought to bear upon it. As a necessary consequence an enormous increase of experience is the result, and the unity of bodily and mental disease and their effects one upon the other demonstrated. Dr. Maudsley, in one of his thoughtful Gulstonian lectures, has written an admirable chapter on the special psychological expression of different diseases, and has shown that "the internal organs are plainly not the agents of their special functions only; but, by reason of the intimate consent in sympathy of function, they are essentially constituents of our mental life." The heart, the lungs, the liver, and the reproductive organs, when diseased, have their voice, if we may so speak, in the varying emotions which they give rise to. The wonderful exaltation of hope which takes place in the consumptive patient, we are all familiar with. The fear and oppression which accompanies heart disease, and the depression and envious feelings which master us when subject to derangement of the liver, have long been patent to the poet as well as to the physician. To a still larger extent sex influences character, and it is in the power of the surgeon to wholly change the tone of mind of either man or woman. With

proofs like these of the solidarity of mind and matter, we need not fear that the study of psychological medicine will in future be hampered by the subtleties and words of the metaphysician, but that it will become amenable to scientific inquiry as a purely physical disease.

But whatever may be our hopes for the future, the present and the past alike show how much mankind owes to medicine and surgery. We cannot conclude without asking what has medicine received in return from the State? In France, Germany, Russia, Italy, and Spain, honours and rewards from the nation await the men who are useful to their country. In England it is certainly most unjust that while national honours are heaped upon those who have distinguished themselves by military courage or political talent, no public recognition beyond a baronetcy is given to men who have been pre-eminently benefactors to humanity. A tardy and insufficient tribute has, it is true, been paid to the discoverer of vaccination; but there live at this moment men in the profession of medicine who have done as much to deserve public gratitude as did Dr. Jenner. There are great men who have robbed operative surgery of half its horrors by abolishing its pain, and there are those who have manfully overcome every opposition which prejudice threw in their way, and have triumphantly rescued one disease from the black list marked incurable. We believe these men are themselves sufficiently repaid by the inward consciousness of having been permanently useful to their fellow-men, and of having added to the sum of human knowledge. But for the sake of others, and especially for the sake of those still hesitating as to the profession which they will embrace, it is extremely desirable that some tangible evidence should be given that the nation appreciates the sacrifices daily and hourly made by those who devote their energies and their talents to the promotion of its physical well-being.

FROM the *British Medical Journal* we learn that at the last examination in anatomy held at the University of Berlin, two candidates alone, amongst the thirteen who presented themselves, obtained the notice "good." One of these was a Japanese medical student called Sasumi Satoo. The intellectual labour and the amount of perseverance necessary to gain this success will be appreciated when it is known that in November 1869, the time when Sasumi Satoo was sent by

his father to Berlin, he did not even know the German characters. The first five months he applied himself exclusively to the study of German, and he acquired in the remaining six months the knowledge of all the subjects, including Latin, which were required for the first examination. The father of Sasumi is the principal physician to the Mikado, and enjoys in Japan great celebrity as an operator.

HIS LITTLE SERENE HIGHNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "DORCHLAUCHTING" OF FRITZ REUTER.

DURTEN HOLZEN, safe in her own room, sat down on a hard stool, put her apron to her eyes, and began to weep bitterly. "Yes, yes," said she, "I meant well, I truly meant well! I was so pleased, this morning, to think that I could give him a pleasure, that I had the cabbage to set before him, and now! Oh, yes, he has eaten the cabbage, but the cushion? There it lies, out on the porch, in the snow. What was the innocent cushion to blame for? Oh, you may lie there and welcome!" and she wept more violently, and sobbed as if her heart would break. "I took so much pains to make it look nicely, and I had a little tassel at each corner,—Stining herself said it was very pretty, and now it must lie in the dirt. No!" she cried suddenly, springing up, "why should the cushion be spoiled, because he is an old savage?" And with that she went out to the porch and brought the cushion in. "No, if I let it lie there, it would be out of spite, and why should I be spiteful, when it is not my fault? He never thanked me, he did not sit on it, he has not even tried how comfortable it is. Eh, when the old Mamsell sent her cake to him, he tried it, and then he must go over to thank her, and then go walking with her on the wall. Oh, we shall soon have her here! But if he will not take the benefit of it, why should I not enjoy it myself?" And she dried her tears, and she put the cushion on her hard stool and sat down on it in great indignation, and sat as stiffly as if she were on the beheading-stool, and the executioner had told her to hold up her head well, that he might despatch her more easily. But, by degrees, her head drooped, and her anger died out, and at last she started up, crying: "Oh, how low have I fallen! These are lies, lies, that I have been telling myself! Dürten, Dürten, bethink yourself! Did you make the cushion merely for the Herr Conrector's convenience? Was it not for your own pitiful profit? Was it not to prevent the velvet breeches wearing out?"

The Herr Conrector, meanwhile, as Dürten was tormenting and accusing herself, had taken a very comfortable little nap, had twice yawned aloud, and now began to think of coffee. The thought of coffee suggested Dürten, and from Dürten he went back to the pattern and the cushion. In connection with the cushion, it occurred to him that he had been very angry about it, and that Dürten had complained of a

weight on her breast. His conscience began to smite him for having spoken to her so crossly when she had certainly meant well, and had also taken such pains to cook him the cabbage. But he would make it all right again, and would himself take her a little glass of bitters.

As he entered the door, Dürten had again retreated behind her apron, in deep penitence over her own baseness.

"Dürten," said the Herr Conrector.

No reply.

"Dürten," he began again, "I was angry, and I was not just to you."

"Herr, I have been unjust myself," sobbed Dürten behind her apron.

"Dürten, I have brought you a little bitters."

"I have bitterness enough in my own heart."

"Dürten, let it all go. Forgive and forget. I know you meant well;" and he tried to pull away the apron from her face with one hand, while the other held the glass of bitters.

"No, Herr," cried Dürten, "I do not deserve it;" and she looked up at him with tearful eyes. "Oh, Herr, I am a wicked creature. I made the old cushion,—I wanted,—I only thought,—"

"What did you think?" said he, gently.

"I only,—I wanted to save the breeches from wearing out." And with that she began to cry bitterly again, and threw the apron over her face for shame.

This uprightness touched the Herr Conrector greatly.

"You are the honestest girl in the world," said he, and again tried to pull away the apron; but he could not do it with one hand, there was no table standing near enough to set the glass on, so he drank up the bitters himself, that he might not spill them, threw his arm around the good old maiden, raised her from the stool, stroked back the hair from her eyes with the other hand, and kissed her twice on the forehead.

As soon as he had done it, Dürten was frightened, let the apron fall, and looked at the Herr Conrector in a terrified way; the Herr Conrector was also frightened, and looked anxiously at Dürten. So they stood looking at each other, like a couple of children, who have been eating cherries out of a plate which they had been forbidden to touch, and now discover with terror that the plate is half empty.

Dürten was the first to recover herself. She pointed to the cushion, and said:

"There it lies,—will you have it now?"

"No, Dürten, I cannot have it in the

school-room. It does very well where it is at present. But will you not take some bitters?"

"No, thank you, I feel better now."

The Herr Conrector went away, but looked back to say:

"Dürten, you may be sure, I will be as careful as possible of the breeches."

With that he retired to his study, but was still considerably agitated.

"Yes, yes," he exclaimed, "she is honest through and through. She made it for the breeches, she said, not for my sake. Would I have been as honest under the circumstances? Cantor Aepinus, Conrector Aepinus, I believe you would have been in the wrong! And, indeed, you are in the wrong now. I am ashamed of you, Conrector Aepinus, kissing your house-keeper! Though it was only on the forehead, and done in all kindness and honesty; kissing is kissing, — nobody kisses another out of pure malice, unless he be a Judas. What would Hofrath Altmann say, if he knew it?"

He walked up and down, and rubbed his head. "The confounded cushion has led to a regular kissing!*" I, Conrector Aepinus, the old Conrector Aepinus, playing a trick like a Leipsic student! How shall I sustain my honor and dignity as a servant of the public and master of a house, after what has happened?"

The clock struck two, he gathered up his books, and went thoughtfully out of the door.

Just then he was met by his brother-in-law Kunst's Karl.

"Herr Kunst's compliments, and he sends this."

"What?"

"This letter."

"Very well," said the Herr Conrector, and read the address: "To my dear brother-in-law, as a New-Year's greeting."

The Conrector put the letter in his pocket, — it was quite a thick letter, — and thought: "What can my brother-in-law be writing to me about? — the cane? You may write long about that!"

Arrived at school, he opened his Virgil, and said: "Come, Musche Karl Siemssen, go ahead! Translate!"

Karl began, and it went very smoothly. The Herr Conrector nodded approval; but he was too inquisitive about his letter; he broke it open and began to read.

"What is this?" he said to himself. Karl Siemssen looked up and stopped.

"Go on!" said the Conrector. Karl began. "That is all nonsense!" cried the Conrector. Karl looked at him in amazement, and went back to the beginning of the sentence, but it came out just the same, and he gazed at the Conrector in still greater astonishment. "I say, go on!" said the Conrector. Karl was for the moment out of countenance; he began to stammer. "That is shameful! that is contemptible!" cried the Conrector, throwing the sheets down on his desk. Karl was utterly confounded, and remained silent. "I call that regularly preparing the thing, — preparing it a whole year in advance; but just wait a bit, Musche Rascal!"

"Yes, Herr Conrector, I prepared it, but only last evening," said Karl, and he looked just ready to cry.

"Go ahead!" cried the Conrector, angrily, and he crumpled up the papers and thrust them into his coat pocket, looking at Karl as if he were guilty of this pretty New-Year's greeting. But as he noticed Karl's sorrowful face, it occurred to him that he had possibly made his comments on the letter aloud, and he said, kindly,

"You are doing very well. I did not mean you; I only meant my brother-in-law at the keller."

But he was quite put out by that infamous letter. He pulled it from his pocket again and read a little, and grew fiery red in the face, and for this afternoon his interest in school-teaching was utterly gone. In the next hour also, the hour for singing and violin and drum playing, he sang very much out of tune, he used a great deal of rosin, and sawed away at the strings as if they were made of Kunst's intestines, and beat the drum as if it were his brother-in-law.

When the Conrector came home, after school, he slammed the doors again, drew the papers from his pocket, read them, threw them on the table, and scolded and grumbled. In his excitement over the letter, the detestable letter, he had clean forgotten all that had passed that noon between himself and Dürten. He was quite free from his embarrassment, but he had a great desire to express himself plainly to another person, were it only his Dürten. Some people are made so, and not the worst kind of people, either; at least they are better than those who swallow their vexations, and then feed upon them for days and weeks and years. The Herr Conrector called his Dürten.

"Now, just think, Dürten, my brother-in-law, Kunst! He has written me this letter."

* A pun in the original: Kussen signifying both cushion and kissing.

"Does he want our cane?" asked Dürten, already prepared to act on the defensive for the cane and her master.

"To be sure he does; but how does he begin? He sends me an account,—an account for eight years. Here!"—and he threw one sheet after the other to Dürten, across the table. "Here! here! An account of sixty-four thalers and eighteen groschens, for eight years back; for all the little glasses of Madeira and the bread-and-butter I have had during that time, on all the Sundays and holidays, after service, and he has also reckoned the yearly fair. No! how is it possible? After the way he has always treated me.—'Karl! for my brother-in-law, Karl! a glass of Madeira; Karl! bread-and-butter for my brother-in-law, Karl!' And he has put it all down in my account, and if I do not give him up my cane, I must pay it,—sixty-four thalers, eighteen groschens!"

"Preserve us!" cried Dürten; "that is as if robbers should attack the house; that is worse than Tilly's times. Herr Conrector, let me go to him. I will —"

"It would be different if I had ordered anything; but no, entirely of his own accord, 'Karl, my brother-in-law.' How? Another man might have said: 'Don't be offended, Herr Conrector, but these little things mount up,' and would have sent the bill every year. But to wait eight years, and then —"

"We will not pay it!" cried Dürten. "Why, it would be a shame!"

"And yet we must pay it," said the Conrector, "for I will not give up the cane—I cannot! That would look as if I had come by it dishonestly; as if I had taken what was really given me."

"Herr," exclaimed Dürten, suddenly, as if light had flashed upon her mind, "what do you think of an advocate? I know they are not good for much; it is a good deal with them as with the doctors; they don't know much, but one wants them as a sort of dependence, one can talk to them, and they help one over the first misery. Well, I have never had much to do with doctors, thank God, nor with advocates either, except after my mother's death, when I had to attend to my father's affairs, and the old man had got into difficulty, and our house and garden were sold. I advise you to consult an advocate."

"Hm, hm!" said the Conrector, thoughtfully, "I never had a law-suit in my life, and I have no desire for one, especially with such a near connection; but I will talk with Rath Fischer."

"For God's sake not with *him*! It was his fault that we lost our garden. But, don't be offended, Herr Conrector,—has Kunst written down your account every day, in his book, or in his cupboard, or on the door?"

"No, he never did in his life."

"Well, then, he has not put it in his book; he has only made it out lately, out of spite and envy about the cane, so as to vex you. And now let me take the account. I can reckon, and I have all the old calendars, and I will find out whether the Sundays and holidays agree with the dates he has put down, and particularly the yearly fair; and then, don't you remember, five years ago St. Martin's day, you were not out of your room for four weeks, with a bad cough? If he has put down those Sundays with the rest, then we have him; then the account is not right, and we will not pay a groschen."

"Yes," said the Conrector, as Dürten went off with the account; "that would help greatly! Sixty-four thalers and eighteen groschens—three groschen for a glass of Madeira, one for bread-and-butter; how should that be? And for all Dürten talks so, I might lose the law-suit, and have the costs also to pay. I could raise money on my house, but who would give me anything? There is enough on it already. His Highness might do it, on account of the thunder-storms; but has he anything? Princess Christel? Has nothing, either,—owes Kunst a fine sum for Port wine. Eh, who has any money? Hofrath Altmann has something; but I could not afford to pay such interest as his Highness does. *She*," he added, looking over to his neighbor's, "she may have something; but would she do it? Yes, if she would marry me, and have all our goods in common, and would be friendly, and let me do with hers as with my own, then it might answer. I must marry, I must marry proper opes; what could open do for me in such a case? I could dispense with *her*; but the opes, the opes!" And he sank into deep thought, and sat there in the twilight, fretting over the law-suit, and thinking about the opes.

"But I will not give up the cane!" he cried, just as Dürten came in.

"And you shall not, Herr Conrector; the whole account is wrong. Two years through he has put down all the Sundays wrong, most of the holidays are not right, and the fair days are nearly all changed, and the time when you were sick with the cold he has charged just like the rest. There is no need of our paying it."

"Yes, Dürten, you speak reasonably; but yet I had all that."

"Had it! And have not good friends had something here? They would laugh well if you were to send them in an account. No, I will help you out of the difficulty if you will follow my advice; and there is no danger of a law-suit; that is all nonsense of Kunst. And here is your light, Herr Conrector," she added, putting his candle on the table, "and now attend to your business, as usual."

The Conrector sat there and made marks with red ink in the scholars' exercise books, and many a failure which would usually have found mercy in his eyes had a heavy mark against it, and when he wrote the sum underneath, he dipped his pen afresh in the red ink to make it very plain, and he wrote all sorts of spiteful comments, besides.

CHAPTER VII.

How the Poet Kägebein threw kisses to Mamsell Soltmann, and how the Conrector's brains were confused and perplexed. — His Serene Highness returns to Nigen-Bramborg with the swallows. — How Wilhelm Halsband tried to catch another, and got caught himself. — Clever Hans and stupid Hans. — How two sovereigns go out walking in the market-place at Nigen-Bramborg and declare war with each other. — Who shall win? — Halsband and Dürten Holzen are to be locked up in a frightful, dark hole. — Rand breaks the potpourri pot. — His Serene Highness holds his levee, but can get no biscuit, and his nervus revum gerendarum is cut in two.

So time slipped away, ice and snow were gone, Shrove-tide had come, and the Nigen-Bramborg children were up before daylight, running about the streets and into the houses, routing honest burghers and virtuous housewives out of their beds. Even the Conrector must pay for his pancakes with blows from the birch twigs with which the whole troop of saucy little Quartans and Quintans were armed. Dürten Holzen had endeavoured to hold back this wild hunt, but received a couple of blows herself, in the darkness in the passage way, and could not prevent their breaking through into the Herr Conrector's sleeping apartment.

The Herr sat at his dinner, this Shrove-Tuesday, resting his head on his hand, and the nice pancakes lay before him, with butter and sugar and cinnamon and sweet cream, and he sighed: "This has been a vexatious morning for me, Dürten."

"Yes, Herr," said Dürten, "but I did not think the boys would be so rude as to disturb you. They gave me a couple of smart blows on my bare arms."

"Oh, I don't mean that. Boys are boys, and must have their frolic; but when old

folks behave like boys, it is bad. Only think, Kunst has really entered a complaint, and I shall be obliged to go to Nigen-Strelitz and defend myself."

"Don't you do it," said Dürten. "'Three times and out,' says the proverb. Let him summon you three times, before you answer; that will give you room for reflection. But we will not talk about the matter any longer. Here comes your friend, the Herr Advocate from Nigen-Strelitz."

"Good-day, good-day," said Kägebein, entering the room. "Ah, at dinner; but I will not disturb you, —

Disturb no man at his dinner,

Not even thy dearest friend,

Lest his meat grow cold, and he deem thee a sinner,

And wish thee away to send.

I will sit down here, by the window."

"Do so," said the Conrector, as he went on eating. "You will not be offended, but we schoolmasters have little time to spare, and I will not urge you to join us, for we have no meat to-day."

Kägebein paid no attention to this remark; he was looking over to Mamsell Soltmann's window, and behaving in a very singular manner. He bowed and nodded and motioned, and threw kisses across the street, and looked as happy as an old donkey with his crib full of oats. Dürten shook her head; the Conrector went on with his dinner. Kägebein opened wide his arms, as if Mamsell Soltmann was about to fly from her window, across the street, and he was ready to receive her. Dürten shook her head more decidedly; but the Conrector, undisturbed, kept on eating his pancakes.

At last Kägebein's poetic emotions burst forth in words. He pressed one hand on his heart, and, with a deep sigh, gave vent to his feelings:

"Oh what joy for thy lover,

Thy face to discover!

Oh Dorimene,

To see thee again,

Causes me the keenest pain.

Spare me those brilliant glances,

They pierce my heart like lances!"

The Conrector had sprung up and looked over Kägebein's shoulder, and ejaculated, with his mouth full of pancakes: "Mamsell Soltmann!"

Dürten also sprang up and looked over the Conrector's shoulder, and muttered with no little indignation:

"That old yellow thing!"

"Oh, Dorimene —" began Kägebein, afresh.

"That isn't her name, — it is Caroline," interrupted Dürten.

"Do you know the Mamsell?" inquired the Conrector, and pointed with his hand over Kägebein's shoulder, so that the neighbor thought it best to retire from the window; for she probably thought that, for a discreet love-affair, there were too many spectators.

"Know her! Know her, did you say, my friend?" cried Kägebein, throwing her one more kiss as she turned away. "Worship, adore, you should say! Oh, Dorimene!" he exclaimed, pressing his poet-head with his hands, as if it were a lemon, and he must squeeze out some acid drops to mingle with his sweet, poetic effusions, that the people who read his poems might have a taste of the agony with which he had brought his children into the world. "Know! Oh, Dorimene! She has been my Muse for three long years, my *ungrateful* Muse, when she was Kammerjungfer to the Princess Christel."

"Well, she seems to be grateful enough now!" observed Dürten, going out with the remains of the pancakes.

"Hm!" said the Conrector. "And did you never come any nearer than to write verses in her honor?"

"My dear friend, how could I? Her elevated position as Kammerjungfer to the Princess, and then the fine Court tone, in Neu-Strelitz."

"I should not think that need prevent you; for so far as I have observed, in my intercourse with his Highness and Princess Christel —"

"My dear friend, you don't know," interrupted Kägebein. "To understand such matters one must be a fine-toned instrument, upon which, in happy hours, the Muses and the Graces play. Listen!" and he drew a proof-sheet from his pocket. "This is the third proof-sheet, — I always go myself, the three miles and back, and take them from the printing-press; they might otherwise be lost. Now listen. Here is a poem to Dorimene, which expresses my exact feelings.

Oh Dorimene, only in rhyme and verse
May I my tender thoughts to thee rehearse,
All other ways to me are closed and blind,
When I an entrance to thy heart would find,
I —"

"No, no!" cried the Conrector. "You must not be offended, but I have no time, — I must go to school. So," and he gathered up his books, "you have gone no fur-

ther than rhyming to the Mamsell? How then could you venture to throw kisses to her with so much assurance?"

"My dear friend, we poets may take liberties which are not allowed to other mortals. When circumstances and relations are in the way, we raise ourselves above them."

"Which signifies, in this case, that you throw your kisses across the street. So you have never kissed her, any nearer?"

"My friend, how could that be possible? That would destroy all the fine, poetic sentiment of the thing."

"Well," said the Conrector, opening the house door, "different people, different opinions. Come, I go to the left," and he looked round to Kägebein; but he stood there, bowing towards Mamsell Soltmann's window, and was just going to throw her another kiss, when the ungrateful Muse turned her back upon him, and the Poet stood there like butter in the sun.

"Man!" cried the Conrector, "you look as if you were sunstruck! Well, good-by, — I must go. Hm!" said he, as he went his way. "I like that in the neighbor, that she wouldn't stand there to be kissed, and turned her back on his poetic impudence. She must be quite a modest young woman."

"A brazen-faced huzzy!" said Dürten to herself, pulling impatiently at the tangled skein of yarn which she was winding, "she certainly invited his attentions."

So Easter came, also, and the Herr Conrector had prophesied rightly; he did not receive his salary when it fell due, and therefore Dürten must still wait for her Christmas present. But so it goes in this world; one does not get what he wants, and gets what he does not want; the Herr Conrector wanted his salary, and he got this unjust summons from the Court of Justice at Neu-Strelitz. He was getting a little hardened to the matter, meanwhile. Dürten said, every day, there was no use in fretting, and advised him to keep a stiff upper lip. And Spring had come, and had refreshed him with her sweet air, and had chased away the gloomy fogs of Winter, and had brushed out the cobwebs which Anxiety had spun in his learned brains, and sunshine began to get the upper hands again. Only when he unexpectedly met his brother-in-law, Kunst, and saw his mocking smiles, all the little glasses of Madeira of eight years back foamed and fermented at once in his head, and the bread-and-butter besmeared itself over his mind, so that his neat and orderly upper-story and heart-chambers became a con-

fused and dirty dwelling, which the spring breezes and Dürten vainly tried to cleanse.

With the Spring, and the first thunder-storm, and the first swallows, His Serene Highness returned to Nigen-Bramborg. Little maidens in white dresses, with wreaths of roses, and poems, were not the fashion at that time in Mechlenburg; but there were plenty of another kind, who were doubtless in fashion so far back as the days of the blessed St. Nicholas,—the little street-urchins. These little creatures ran, with the two runners, before his Serene Highness's coach, and trotted alongside in competition with Jochen Bähnha-se's spavined browns, and roared after the three lackies who hung on behind: "Long live the Duke!" And the shoemaker's wife, and the baker's wife, and the slipper-maker's, and the other women untied their aprons and waved them out of the windows, and cried, "Welcome, Serene Highness!" and "Good day, Serene Highness!" and as the other carriages, with the household attendants, drove up, they turned away, saying: "Never mind, those are only the others." So, three days before Ascension, his Serene Highness and his sister Christel made their entrance into the city, and he went, in great happiness and content, into his palace; for the sky was clear, there was not a cloud to be seen. Princess Christel got out at Buttermann's.

Towards seven o'clock on Ascension morning three people were standing before old Cooper Holzen's door; one was Stining, one, Dürten, with a dish in her hand, and the third was the runner, Halsband. "No," the latter was saying, "I cannot come to-day. There is still a great deal to do, putting things in order; and then I must practice running a little this morning."

"What!" said Dürten, "I should think you might understand that well enough by this time."

"Dürten, you don't know. You see, Fleischfreter runs almost as rapidly as I, and he has caught up wonderfully of late. Well, so long as I am kept in this cursed situation, I will at any rate be the first in it. One gets stiff, sitting still all winter, and in the Spring it is too wet; now it is dry, and one must exercise his legs a little."

"Wilhelm," said Stining, "I wish you could give up the whole business."

"So I will, Stining; but I must wait for some opportunity to break with Serene Highness, by fair means or foul. I am coming into father's workshop to-morrow."

"This lasts too long," said Dürten.

"Why don't you run away, over the Prussian border? You can run just as well there as here."

"So, — I could do that. But what would father and Stining do?"

"I ——" began Stining.

"You would stay here," interrupted Dürten, hastily. "What! You couldn't take to running! No!" she cried, and was about to produce another trump, when she was interrupted.

"Let it be known to all," shouted the town-crier, Stamer, "that any one who shall find the crazy son of the shoemaker Grabow, and bring authentic intelligence of his present abode, or shall capture the sick man himself, shall receive a reward of five thalers from his afflicted father. — Flatfish are to be had in the market, also bloaters, fifteen for a shilling."

"Preserve us, Stamer!" exclaimed Dürten to the crier, and at the same moment all the windows in the neighborhood went up, and as many women's heads, with nightcaps and without, were thrust out, and cried, like Dürten: "Preserve us, Stamer, what is this? Who would have thought it? Shoemaker Grabow's son! Where has he gone to?"

"It is simple of you to ask that, neighbor! That is just what they don't know."

"No," said Stamer; "they don't know, and we magistrates don't know, either; but they said at the Treptow gate that if he had gone that way they should have seen him; and if he hasn't gone anywhere else, he must have gone towards Broda."

"So I was thinking," said shoemaker Knirk's wife; "he must have gone towards Broda."

"Yes, he has gone to Broda," said the wife of the day-laborer, Rühling. "Jochen Mahnk, when he stole the goose, ran off to the Broda wood."

"Yes, he has gone to Broda, — where else could he have gone?" said they all together; and Dürten beckoned Stining and Halsband into her father's house.

"Who has gone to Broda?" asked a stout, bold, clever-looking man, who just then came riding up the street on a brown horse. "Oh, Herr Wendhals," began the women, "don't you know?" — and they related the story. "And he has taken it into his head that he is one of his Highness' Court servants, and that the Princess Christel wants to marry him."

And Hans Wendhals, who was Kammerpächter to his Highness, of the Broda wood at that time, — not to be confounded with Hans Wendtland, who is Kammerpächter there at present, — rode slowly along the

street, and went over the business in his mind, and came to the conclusion that if five thalers should fall in his way that morning it would be a very good thing, — whereby one may readily perceive that I am speaking of Wendhals and not of Wendtland, and of old, and not of new times; for now-a-days a Kammerpächter would not trouble himself much for five thalers.

Dürten also had a plan for the five thalers. "Halsband," said she, "you can run, and you were meaning to run this morning. How if you could catch this unfortunate young man?"

"Eh, Dürten, but where shall I find him? This is only an old wives' story about Broda."

"It is all the same to you which way you run," said Dürten, "and no one can tell beforehand. You might have the good fortune."

"Oh, yes," said Halsband. "If I have not the good fortune, why, I need the exercise, and I can go that way as well as another; it is all one to me; but I shouldn't do it for the five thalers, if I do it, — it would be for the sake of the poor young man. Well, good-by!"

"That is right, Wilhelm!" cried Stining after him. "How anxious his parents must be!"

"Stining," said Dürten, "that is a foolish speech. If he catches him, he has a right to the five thalers."

"Dürten, who could think of money in such a misfortune?"

"So! Stay there, and you will get far! Yes, if shoemaker Grabow had been a poor man; but he has plenty. No, in such a case one must use reason. And I must use mine, and get my flat-fish from the market. Well, good morning."

As Halsband went through the Treptow gate, he took off his hat and coat, to make himself lighter; and left them with the gate-keeper; and after he had passed the gate he fell into a little trot, and so trotted through the gardens to the Broda parish. On account of the holiday there was no one in the gardens; no one was to be seen in the fields whom he might ask about the young man, so he ran on, getting into a quicker and quicker gait; the weather was so fine, and it was still in the cool of the morning, running was no weariness to him; he was used to it, and as he came to Hans Wendhal's grass-land, he ran back and forth in the meadow.

He was as full of pleasure as we were in our young days, when we made a foot-journey at a quick pace in fine weather;

for, to a regular runner, running is only what a good quick walk is to other people. In his pleasure he forgot shoemaker Grabow's son and the five thalers as he ran.

The Kammerpächter, Herr Hans Wendhals, rode first to a merchant's, and paid his account; for paying accounts was his strong point; then he rode through the market, and as he saw in a fish-wagon a great, fresh eel, he bought it and stuffed it into his pocket, for he was a very practical farmer for one of that time, and wore large pockets, in which he was wise, for one can never tell for what they may be useful. This time they were useful to the eel, for he could creep out very conveniently. Twice, already, he was just on the point of saying good-by, but Hans surprised him in season. He found it necessary, however, to hold his pocket together the whole way, and was therefore obliged to ride very slowly. The shoemaker's son and the five thalers had quite gone out of his mind, in consequence; but when he saw Halsband running back and forth on his turf, it shot through his head: — yes, that is the crazy man! He spurred up his old mare until he got her into a run, for he was bent upon catching the runaway, and so, in turn, he forgot the eel. He raced into his farmyard, called his servants, summoned the day-laborers also to assist, and as he was a very clever man and had great presence of mind, he thought nothing of his eel, and gave his people very sensible directions:

"You seven shall slip along by the ditch, and we eight will creep round the meadow, and when we have him between us, and I say hurrah! then run up from all sides. We must take him!"

It happened exactly as Herr Hans Wendhals had said. "Hurrah!" Halsband stood still. "Catch him! Hold him fast!" and as he had thought, so it happened; they caught him and held him fast.

"Here!" and he felt in his pocket for a piece of pack-thread. "Where the devil is my eel? Never mind!" — he thought of the five thalers. — "Here!" He pulled out the string, and they were about to bind Halsband.

"Good heavens! Let go of me! What is the matter? What do you want?" cried he. "I am the runner, Halsband, — Serene Highness' runner."

"Yes, it is all right, my son, and the Princess will marry you. So, now tie his hands behind his back."

"Herr," said Hans Wendhals' bailiff, who was almost as clever as Hans himself, "he

is surely distracted. If he had his wits, he would never be running about, bare-headed and without his coat, over our turf, on Ascension morning."

"Blockhead!" cried the runner, and — bang! — the clever bailiff got a blow on the head, and clever Hans himself would have taken the next; but Halsband was overpowered by numbers, his hands were bound, and the whole company gave him their escort back to Nigen-Bramborg.

If such a thing should happen at present, Hans would not go far with his prisoner without being enlightened as to his mistake; for now-a-days there is as great a crowd in Nigen-Bramborg, and in the 'rep-tow street and the other street, as if it were always the yearly fair, or as there is at Berlin at the Königstrasse; and since they have the railroad it grows worse and worse; but at that time one saw fewer people in the streets than at church, whereas now it is directly the opposite. When Halsband was led through the street, the people were all in church, and only the little street urchins took his part, though in rather doubtful fashion. They shouted after the poor runner: "Ho! look! ho! they have caught Halsband. Halsband has been stealing!" and they also escorted him to the Rathhaus; for clever Hans thought it necessary and proper to deliver up his prisoner there.

But there were two people whom clever Hans had not reckoned upon, in his five-thaler-reckoning, who had a word to say in the matter, and were likely to say it

with decision; one was Dürten Holzen, and the other was his Serene Highness.

Dürten was engaged in clearing out her master's study, while he was in church; the windows stood open, and as Halsband was brought across the market-place she heard the shouting of the little street boys; she looked out, for though she was not inquisitive, she liked to know what was going on; but she saw only a crowd of people.

"What is the matter, Krischaning Birndt?" she asked one of the little boys, as he ran by.

"They have tied Halsband's arms behind his back! Halsband has been stealing."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Dürten, "what is this? — what is this?" and she rushed out into the street, for she was a very resolute woman.

His Serene Highness had risen that morning a little earlier than usual, and now, in his red silk breeches, white silk stockings, and shoes with bright buckles, he was walking up and down before his palace; in one hand he held a cane with a jewelled top, and he rested the other behind him against his purple velvet coat, which was richly adorned with gold lace; his hair was tied in his neck, in a broad bag, and on his head sat a little three-cornered hat, which concealed his heavy state curls to such a degree that they only peeped out a little at the sides. Two lackeys walked about eight paces behind him, and the Kammerdiener Rand stood in the door, and looked as if he felt for the moment quite satisfied with his master.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK'S TAME WASP. — Sir J. Lubbock exhibited a tame wasp which he had brought with him from the Pyrenees, and which had been in his possession for about three months. The wasp was of a social kind, and he took it in its nest formed of twenty-seven cells, in which there were fifteen eggs; and, had the wasp been allowed to remain there, by this time there would have been quite a little colony of wasps. None of the eggs, however, came to maturity, and the wasp had laid no eggs since it had been in his possession. The wasp was now quite tame, though at first it was rather too ready with its sting. It now ate sugar from his hand and allowed him to stroke it. The wasp had every appearance of health and happiness; and, although it enjoyed an outing occasionally, it readily returned to its bottles, which it seemed to regard as a home. This was the first tame wasp kept by itself he had ever heard of.

Popular Science Review.

THE COLOUR OF FISHES. — A short paper (in French) was read at the British Association by M. Georges Pouchet on the mechanism of the changes of colour in fishes and crustacea. The author referred to the fact that fishes often change in colour according to the colour of the objects by which they are surrounded: but he explained that this does not take place when the fish is deprived of the nerves that preside over the peculiar corpuscles to which the colour is due. The change does not take place in blind turbot; and in the seeing turbot, if the nerves are divided which communicate between the eye and the skin, the change does not occur. If the fifth nerve is divided, the change takes place all over the body except the part to which that nerve is distributed. These experiments, M. Pouchet said, show that the change of colour is dependent upon impressions received by the nervous system through the organs of vision.

Popular Science Review.

From *The Argoey*.

THE MILLER OF MANNEVILLE.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH.

THE little brackish river which flows through Manneville turns the wheel of many a Norman mill on its way. There is the big mill for the grinding of rape, and which is to become oil in time; there is the tucking mill, which dyes the river black and blue at certain hours; and there is the flour mill, which belongs to Maitre Salomon, and is so picturesque, so green and so lovely, that it is a wonder no painter has found it out as yet.

The river of Manneville is nameless. It springs in a little hollow not far from the road to Fontaine, flows round the village for a mile or so, then glides away with a low, plaintive murmur to the sea. Perhaps because its course is so brief, perhaps because it is so soon lost in the great blue waters, it has been allowed to pass through the world without a name. Was it worth while to give any to so short-lived a stream? On one, too, which, being the only river for miles around, could never be mistaken for any other. So the river of Manneville is born, goes on its way, does its good work, and dies unrecorded.

Not far from the dark spot whence it murmurs forth into the bright sunshine, it suddenly spreads into a little lake, skirted with hoary willows and tall beech trees, that cast a deep cool shade on its waters. An old dyke closes one extremity of the lake, and ends in Maitre Salomon's mill. Beyond the dyke the lake narrows, and becoming river-like flows on in the green, fresh shade of fine old trees, till it reaches the village.

But of Manneville, of its street, church, and houses, there is neither sight or sound here. The gray old mill, and its pleasant stone house and smiling orchard, ending in a gay flower-garden, are all you see if you go down to the lake from the road leading to Fontaine. The picture is one you never forget, especially if the wheel of the mill be still. Wherever you look you see green trees, clear water, and blue sky, and, closing the scene, the old mill, seeming to sleep in the sun as if it were weary of its endless work, and glad to doze its last days away.

It is not a busy mill. It has had little corn to grind since the windmill was built on the hill by Fontaine; but Maitre Salomon keeps it going; he will not give in to the windmill; he hates it, talks of it with cool scorn, and, being a well-to-do-man, he can indulge in his hobby—his own mill.

He likes that mill for many reasons. His mother was born here, here she was married, and here she died when he was a lad of fourteen. Maitre Salomon himself was born at the mill on a midsummer morning, and he is apt to boast that he has never been twenty-four entire hours out of it since that day. Even as the Celestial Empire is the centre of the world to the Chinese, so is his mill the centre of Manneville to Maitre Salomon.

Midsummer morning was beautiful and balmy three years ago, and so thought the miller, who was smoking in his orchard, looking at the shadow of the apple trees on the grass, and at the clear sheet of water which rippled gently on the sandy beach at his feet. "I am twenty-nine to-day," he soliloquized. "Well, it is pleasant to live, especially here in the old mill." The young miller did not go beyond this satisfactory conclusion; perhaps because a thrush was singing very sweetly above his head; perhaps, too, because he rarely vexed his mind with useless speculations. He was a tall young Norman, fair and florid, with happy blue eyes and a look of calm content on his handsome, good-humoured face which his daily life fulfilled. It was the boast of his cousin and servant, Catherine, that she could do what she pleased with Maitre Salomon, provided she did not disturb his equanimity by speaking of the hateful windmill.

"My dear mother has been dead fifteen years," thought the miller, as a faint sound of church bells came on the summer air. "God rest her soul. She was a good mother to me." And he sighed with the calm sorrow with which we learn to think of the dead.

"Maitre Salomon," called out a shrill voice from the house, "will you not go to High Mass to-day?"

"I have been to low mass," answered the miller, taking out his pipe.

Catherine was deaf, but taking her master's reply for granted, she pursued, "This is a great holiday. You should go to High Mass, Maitre Salomon."

"I sleep through the sermon," answered the young man, with a cloud on his open face, "and my dear mother used to say, 'Never give scandal in God's church.' And she spoke truly, Catherine; she spoke truly."

But Catherine, who, though deaf, seemed to know all her master's answers by heart, screamed from the house, "And I say you give scandal by staying at home, Maitre Salomon; you give scandal."

This was no doubt unanswerable, for the

millers extinguished his pipe, put it in his pocket, and shunning the kitchen, entered the house by a side door, and gently went up stairs to his mother's room. It had never been used since the sad day when she was borne out of it. Such as she had left it after her brief illness, it was still. When the young miller unlocked the door — he always kept the key of that room in his own care — the faint smell of lavender and dried roses which his mother had loved seemed to bring her dear presence back again before him. He closed the door softly — love and death had made the place sacred — and the dim light that stole in through the window, across which a vine had been allowed to fling its broad green boughs, almost unpruned, gave it a solemn and religious aspect.

Maitre Salomon stepped as lightly across the floor as if he feared to waken some sleeper hidden behind the faded pink bed-curtains, all over which were portrayed the fortunes of little Cinderella. He took out his pocket-handkerchief and dusted with it the marble slab of the old chest of drawers. He raised tenderly the blue pin-cushion upon it, and in which his mother's two long silver hair-pins were still stuck, and when he put it down again, he half sighed. Grief was dead, but not that fond regret which never leaves a faithful heart.

"Maitre Salomon, I am going," screamed Catherine from the bottom of the stairs.

"Very well," he answered.

"Oh, you are up there again," she muttered, rather indignantly. This room, which she was never allowed to enter, unless in her master's presence, was a sore point with Catherine. She disapproved of it, and hinted it was no better than a calling of ghosts, to be thus keeping up an empty room. "Just ready for them. I wonder you will not go to High Mass to-day," she persisted, from the foot of the staircase. "All Manneville will be there: Maitre Pierre Lenud and his pretty wife, Fifine, you know, and Alexis, to whom Annette left that lot of money, and Renée, the organist's wife. You do not know Renée, Maitre Salomon."

"We must not go to church to stare at our neighbours and their wives," rather austere answered the miller; but he spoke low, and more as if his dead mother could hear the words, than as if they were meant for Catherine.

"And I say it is only a calling of ghosts to keep a room empty for them," she muttered, giving up the point, and going her way.

The obstinate miller opened the window.

A gentle breeze suddenly stirred the vine-leaves, and a golden sunbeam stole in through a thick cluster, making a warm light on the red tiled floor. "That vine must be pruned," thought the miller, making the little opening wider with his hand; he soon paused in sudden surprise at the unexpected picture below him. This window overlooked the narrowest part of the river. A tall beech tree that grew on one bank flung its broad hanging boughs across the stream to the other side, and wholly hid its further course and many windings. The little nook thus seemingly enclosed was wonderfully cool and green. There was a cottage close to it, but it was invisible from the window, and the only token that the spot was ever visited by any human being consisted in two white stepping-stones which had been placed at the root of the beech tree to lead from the steep bank down to the water's edge. Many a time had the miller seen little birds hopping daintily across these stones, or dragon flies darting over the water; but either Susanne, his neighbour, came to fill her pitcher very early or very late, for never once, often though he looked out, had he seen her or any one else by the stream. And now, to his surprise, a young girl, a stranger to Manneville he was sure, stood on the lowest of the stepping-stones, with the water rippling softly over her bare feet. Her curly black hair was loose and hung around her face, which it half hid; the sleeves of her little white bodice were tucked up to her elbows, and left her arms bare, and her faded red cloth petticoat was carefully gathered above her ankles, so as not to get wet. She stood very still, looking down at herself in the water, then suddenly sitting down on the topmost stone, and bending over the river, she took up water in both her hands and began washing her face with great zeal. An obstinate black spot on her left cheek required a good deal of rubbing and several appeals to the natural mirror at her hand, before she was satisfied. Shaking back her hair, she showed the miller a pleasant round dimpled face, just then all sparkling with bright water-drops, and two laughing blue eyes, with an open childish look in them that did one good to see. He thought that, her ablutions being performed, she would go away, but she did not. She wiped her face dry with a white cloth lying on the grass, then took out a little comb from her pocket, and combed out her hair very carefully. Then she tied it back with a crimson ribbon, which she bound round her head after, in what the miller thought, a very

becoming fashion; then bending over the water, she looked at herself and seemed by no means to quarrel with her own image.

"Mariette, Mariette, you will never be ready," cried a voice far away.

"I am coming, com—ing," answered the young girl, with a sort of song, and slipping her feet into a pair of wooden shoes that lay by her, she sprang away, and in a moment was hidden from the miller's view. He waited awhile to see if she would return, but she did not, so he let the vine-leaves fall back, closed the window, shut the door, and went down to the solitary kitchen. The sun was shining through the tall window on the brick floor, and the great clock was ticking behind the half-open door. The summer air was still, and as the miller was not at work, the sound of the church-bells were very clear. "Catherine is right; I ought to go to mass," thought the miller; and as it was not too late, he dressed and went at once.

High Mass was beginning as Maitre Salomon entered the church of Manneville, and went up to his bench. He had a whole one to himself, in which he always sat alone. Catherine never used it. She had sat at the lower end of the church in a dark corner, and in the draught of two doors, ever since she was fifteen, and would have been wretched to sit anywhere else. It was, therefore, with a start of surprise that the miller saw a woman kneeling in the seat where ever since his mother had died he had knelt and prayed alone; and with much trepidation that he recognized the young girl whom he had seen from the window in his mother's room. She knelt with her face buried in her little brown hands, but he was sure of her identity, and was so disconcerted that he had barely recovered his presence of mind by the time the sermon began. His little neighbour never once turned towards him. Her eyes were fastened on the pages of her book and the miller could scarcely see her bent face. There was nothing distracting in the top of her white cap, nor even in the end of crimson ribbon which came down behind on her slender neck; her little girlish figure was so still that, if his head had not been pertinaciously turned her way, Maitre Salomon might have forgotten her presence; but he did not, and it was only by staring at the large brass eagle reading-desk in front of the altar that he succeeded in keeping his eyes off of her till mass was ended. Even then he kept staring on at the eagle, till a little low voice said in his ear, "Please let me pass." Then he gave a great start, and saw for a moment a little round face

which passed by him, and, mingling with the crowd, was gone almost as soon as seen. The miller did not look for it; he was a shy man by nature and habit, and went straight home.

Maitre Salomon stood on the road in front of his house the next day, when he heard the sound of a beetle hard at work on some linen in the vicinity of the beech tree. "Is it the little girl with the red ribbon?" thought the miller, and he went straight up to his mother's room. He opened the window very softly and peeped through the vine-leaves; he saw the little girl with the red ribbon as he called her, washing some linen with much superfluous energy, and a prodigal use of that noisy beetle which had betrayed her presence. She knelt in the box lined with straw which French peasant-women use for that purpose, and was rinsing out a long white table-cloth, dyeing the little river with soap bubbles that floated down the stream. When this was done, she sat down on the higher one of the two stones, and began biting in a piece of brown bread with the honest appetite of fifteen.

"It is but a little thing, a young thing," thought the miller, watching her with much pleasure through the vine-leaves. "How it bites in that hard dry bread," and he looked on when the bread was eaten, and the washing resumed, and he forgot the passing of time till twelve struck and the Angelus rang. No sooner did the little girl hear the church bell than she started to her feet with a suddenness that partook of alarm, and snatching up her linen, washed and unwashed, she rushed off, leaving her box, beetle, and soap behind her. In a few minutes Susanne came and fetched them. Then all was still again, and the little river flowed on quietly once more, and a white pigeon lighted on one of the stepping-stones, and after strutting up and down across it for awhile, flew away.

"Who and what can she be?" thought the miller, as he sat eating his dinner by the table in the kitchen window. Catherine, who was washing up plates and dishes by the fireplace, in which, though it was June, a wood fire was crackling, unexpectedly gave him the information he wanted.

"Some people are lucky," began Catherine, in a high, irritated key; "they do not go into service; they have servants of their own, who wear red ribbons in their hair—little pert, conceited things."

The miller, on hearing this, gave Catherine a look which so plainly said "What!"

that she resumed in a louder tone, "I say that Susanne's new servant is a scandal! Why she sat in your bench yesterday, Maitre Salomon! She is as saucy as a sparrow. I saw her washing this morning; and how Susanne can trust her with linen — why a baby knows as much about washing as she does, with her red ribbon. A little gadder too! Why, when twelve struck, instead of seeing to her mistress's dinner, and turning her hand to anything useful, she rushed past our garden with her head bare and her arms all covered with soap-suds, and her feet almost out of her wooden shoes, and ran along like a mad thing on the road to Fontaine. Susanne must be crazy to have taken that little thing, with as much sense in her head as a linnet. And her name is Mariette, too;" she added, as if this were the culminating point in the sins of Susanne's servant.

The miller heard this, but all he thought was, "Why did she start off so as twelve struck, and what could she be racing off to Fontaine for?" and instead of smoking his after-dinner pipe by the little lake as usual, he went and walked up and down the hedge that divides his garden from the road. Presently he heard a clatter of wooden shoes, and looking over the hedge, the tall miller saw a little figure coming towards him. It was she, bare-headed, and dressed just as he had seen her washing, in a dingy old red petticoat, and with a large cotton handkerchief loosely fastened around her neck. She was much flushed, and rather out of breath, but she brought back neither bundle nor basket. The miller looked after her as she dived down the shady path that led to Susanne's cottage, and he wondered what her errand on that lonely sunburnt road had been.

Maitre Salomon had not much to do about this time, so he went up and down a good deal to his mother's room, or walked in his garden by the hedge, but he did not see Mariette. Once or twice, however, he heard her singing in a voice so sweet and clear that he thought, "Catherine was right in calling her a linnet. She is a bird, one hears but does not see her."

At length, on the Saturday morning, he saw her again from behind the vine-leaves. She had come for water to the river, and laying her pitcher slantwise in the stream, she let it there fill slowly, idly watching the water as it flowed in and out. She stood in the dry shade of the beech tree, but here and there a sunbeam stole in upon her, and one played on her head and lit

up her dark hair with specks of the richest gold. The miller — who perhaps had a painter's eye — was watching her with infinite pleasure, when the noonday Angelus rang. On hearing it, Mariette snatched up her pitcher, which was not half full, and darted away, leaving a great blank of shade on the spot where she had been.

The miller went down to the kitchen, took his hat from its peg behind the door, and without heeding Catherine's "Why, Maitre Salomon, the soup is on the table," he walked out on the road to Fontaine. To his surprise he saw Mariette climbing up a narrow path leading to a shady orchard on the left side of the road, and which belonged to no less a person than the miller himself. What could take her there? It was a wild, secluded spot, beyond which extended many a cornfield, and where the miller's cow grazed alone all the day long. "She cannot want to talk with Roquette," thought the miller, "and surely my unripe apples cannot tempt her." And he too climbed up the path, and was soon straying among the low, broad apple-trees. The spot was wild and lovely, a little nest of green lying in the hollow lap of the hill. Roquette was grazing there in solitary state, and a swarm of wild bees that had made its nest in a hollow tree, filled the place with a soft drowsy murmur, very pleasant to hear in the hot summer noon; lovely wild flowers and large white mushrooms also grew there in abundance, and lent their wild beauty to the miller's orchard; but the little brown-headed girl whom he had followed there was invisible. At length he found her out. The southern end of the orchard was enclosed by a bank of mossy rock and green earth, at the foot of which grew a lonely oak, young and strong and with sturdy boughs, that flung their shade far into the neighbouring cornfield. Now Mariette was perched bird-like on the lowest of these boughs, and whilst she clung with one arm to the trunk of the oak, she shaded her eyes with the hand that was free, looking earnestly at something far away. Suddenly she dropped down as lightly from her bough as if she had had a pair of wings to her back, and skipping among the rocks of the bank, she ran away through the orchard, and passed close to the miller, looking up at him with childish, fearless eyes, and giving him a little nod as he stepped aside to make way for her. Maitre Salomon looked after her till she had vanished, then he climbed up the bank, and without requiring the aid of the oak bough, he scanned attentively

the prospect at which Mariette had been gazing. Corn, tall yellow corn, corn waving beneath the summer sun in the soft summer air, was all he saw—save far away in the glittering haze of noonday, the sails of the windmill moving lazily. Even as the miller eyed them askance their motion ceased, and all was still again in the tranquil landscape. "It never can be to look at that thing, that she came here," thought the miller; "she knows better, I am sure, little though she is."

However that might be, close observation gave the miller the certainty that every day a little before noon Mariette went up to his orchard. Only once did he follow her and watch her from a distance, and then he saw her again perched in the tree. "I suppose it is a bird, and likes that," thought the miller, greatly puzzled.

Every village has its bad character. The bad character of Manneville just then was a young scamp called Simon Petit, who though no more than ten years old, had the credit of robbing all the farmyards and plundering all the orchards in the place. A favourite exploit of this young brigand's was also to catch, in spite of every penal injunction to the contrary, the speckled trout that played on the pretty bed of the little river.

"The young villain is at his old tricks," indignantly thought Maitre Salomon, as looking through the vine-leaves on a sunny morning, he saw, instead of Mariette, the little cunning face and serpent figure of Simon, who, armed with a long pole, was cautiously exploring the banks of the river. He stole away, and was soon hidden among the alder bushes. He had scarcely vanished, when Mariette appeared with a pitcher in her hand. She laid it down in the stream, and watched the water flowing into it, with a sad, dejected look. Twelve struck; Mariette did not stir. Something had happened assuredly, or she would never stand thus with downcast eyes and arms hanging down loosely by her sides. But suddenly she gave a start as Simon Petit, stepping out from behind the alder bushes, appeared before her with a fine trout in his hand. He, too, was taken by surprise, but looking her boldly in the face, he said, with cool effrontery:—

"The trout jumped out of the river, and so I picked it up. You saw it jumping, did you not?"

"No, indeed," bluntly answered Mariette. She looked incredulous; Simon's little cunning eyes winked, but he was mute; Mariette said:

"Do something for me, and no one shall

know about the trout: run up the road go through the orchard on the left hand climb up into the oak tree, and tell me if the sails of the windmill are quiet or turning?"

"What do you want to know that for?" asked Simon.

"Never mind."

"Then why do you not go yourself?"

"Will you go or not?" she asked, stamping her foot impatiently.

She held out no threat about the trout, yet Simon gave in at once, and promising to do her errand, he vanished. Mariette sat down on the higher of the two stepping-stones, and clasping her hands around her knees, waited patiently for his return.

Maitre Salomon, shaking his head at what he had heard and seen, went down stairs, walked out on the road, and found Simon there, peering round him before he ventured into the orchard, for he had been caught there once upon a time, and fear, like a dragon, kept watch in the path. The miller had no need to speak. The moment Simon saw him, he caught up his trout, which he had hidden in a cool hollow of the hedge, and fled precipitately. The miller looked after him with grim satisfaction, and thought: "I suppose I must do that little thing's errand, and see about that windmill myself now."

So he went up to his orchard and ascertained that his enemy the windmill was motionless. "But what can she want to know that for?" thought Maitre Salomon as he came down again.

"Why your soup has been cooling this half hour, Maitre Salomon," cried Catherine, standing on the threshold of the kitchen door; but without heeding her Maitre Salomon walked round the mill, took a little path that led to the river, and found Mariette still sitting on the stepping-stone and waiting there for Simon's return. She looked round on hearing the miller's step, and gazed up at him with simple wonder on her young face. He looked down at her quietly, and entered at once on his subject. "I am the miller, and yonder is my mill, and from my window, the one with the vine-leaves up there, I heard you a while ago talking to that good-for-nothing Simon Petit. Take my advice, and have nothing to do with that fellow, who has more wickedness in his little finger than many a big man in his whole body."

"And is there a window up there behind the vine?" was Mariette's only reply. "Well, I should never have thought

so; how can you see from behind these thick green leaves?"

"That is neither here nor there," answered the miller, a little impatiently; "but Simon knows better than to put a foot in my orchard since the day when I caught him stoning Roquette after filling his cap with apples; so he ran away when he saw me. Being, as it were, the cause of your disappointment, I went in his stead, though what you can want to look at that windmill for, is more than I can imagine. Take my word for it, of all the ugly things of man's making, a windmill is the ugliest, and *that* windmill is the ugliest I ever saw. But every one to his liking; and any time you fancy going up to the orchard, why do so, and take some of the fruit and be welcome to it, for you see the orchard is mine, and if I make you welcome, why no one has a right to gainsay it."

"Thank you," replied Mariette, who looked as if she had not minded a word he was uttering. "But please, were the sails going?"

"Why should they be?" asked the miller rather sharply. "I tell you that mill is a bad thing altogether, and that he who built it has rued it many and many a time."

"Well, but were the sails going?" again asked Mariette, looking anxious.

"No!" decisively answered the miller; "they were as still as if they were nailed."

The colour fled from Mariette's cheeks, and left them white.

"They were not going," she said faintly; "then I am undone, undone!" and she looked at him so wildly, wringing her hands, that the miller thought she was surely distracted.

"Why, child," he argued, "what can that windmill be to you?"

Mariette did not answer him; but looking at him in the same wild way, she rose and left him without uttering another word. "Is the little thing crazy?" thought Maitre Salomon, going back to the mill-house a strangely puzzled man.

This was to be a day of events to every one about the mill: Catherine, much perplexed by Maitre Salomon's fancy to go out instead of eating his soup, was stealing out softly to see what he was about when she was accosted by an old beggar-woman from Fontaine, named Justine. "This is not Friday," said Catherine, sharply. "Come on Friday, and you will get something, as usual." Friday is the great begging and almsgiving day in Manneville.

"You should not let riches harden your heart, Mademoiselle Catherine," said Justine pitifully. "You should not. It is not because your cousin Mederic has left you all that money that you should ill-use the poor, Mademoiselle Catherine."

Even the deaf can hear the magic words "riches" and "money." Catherine put questions and was answered, and Catherine learned with indignation and dismay that her cousin Maitre Mederic, the childless widower, was dead and buried, and that his heirs had begun to quarrel over his inheritance, without thinking it needful to summon her to a division of the spoil. Catherine was a woman of spirit. In five minutes her resolve was taken, and when Maitre Salomon came in to his dinner, Catherine, instead of giving him a scolding, informed him, in her highest key, that she was going to Fontaine to get her rights; that she was sure the old oaken press, black and bright as ebony, would be gone if she delayed; and last of all, that her cousin Mederic was dead.

Thus it happened that Maitre Salomon, instead of being cheered by the conversation of Catherine that evening, sat alone in his kitchen, and after eating his supper of bread and cheese, and drinking his glass of cider, looked dreamily in the embers of his decaying fire of rape stalks.

The evenings are always chill in Manneville, and this was a rainy one; besides, Maitre Salomon liked company, "and fire is good company at any time, as my mother used to say," he remarked to himself. So he sat, and was looking absently at the mild red glow on his hearth, when the kitchen door behind him opened softly, and, looking sharply round, the miller saw the pale, startled face of Mariette in the opening.

"Oh, please, can I come in?" she whispered. "I shall stay only a little while; but please do let me in."

"Come in," said the miller, rising. "What is it?"

Mariette, instead of answering him, darted in, looked round her sharply, espied, spite the mild gloom in the kitchen, the door that led to the rooms on the first floor, and opening it, flew up the steps, as swift and light as a kitten. The miller was rather bewildered, but phlegmatic people rarely lose their presence of mind; so Maitre Salomon lit a candle, bolted the kitchen door, and followed his visitor, whom he found on the landing hiding behind the door of Catherine's room.

"Mariette," he said, "what has happened?"

"The tinker has come for me," she replied pitifully. "He says he is my father you know; but I know he is not, and I will never go away with him, never. He came into Susanne's, but I jumped out of the window as he entered the door, and pray do not tell him I am here, for I hate him, I do."

The light of the miller's candle fell on the pale, tearful face of the frightened girl.

"The tinker — what tinker?" he asked.

"The tinker," she said pettishly, as if the world held but one, "and I hate him, and do not tell him I am here; and pray do not give me up to him."

If she had been an outcast, steeped in shame and sin, the miller could not have resisted the appeal nor the pitiful look she raised to his.

"No one shall touch thee here," he said almost sternly. "And look," he added, drawing a key from his pocket and opening a door at the furthest end of the landing, "this is my dead mother's room. Take the light, go in, and lock the door on thyself, and let us see who will go in after thee there."

Mariette did as she was bid, and entered the room in a silent awe, awakened by the words "dead mother." The miller waited till she had locked the door on herself, then he went downstairs, lit another candle, unbolted the door, and taking out his pipe, began to smoke leisurely. He had not been engaged thus five minutes when the door opened, and Catherine, followed by the dirtiest and most ill-looking gipsy sort of tinker whom the miller had ever set his eyes on, entered the kitchen.

"Well, Maitre Salomon," she cried in breathless indignation, "I told you how it would be. The black oaken press was gone, and the warming-pan as well. That warming-pan had been a hundred years in the family, and I had a longing for it ever since I was a child. You could read seventeen hundred and fifty-five upon it quite plainly, and this honest tinker whom I have just met, actually had it yesterday from my cousin Angelique herself to clean up, and he says it was as good as new and as bright as gold."

"It was a noble warming-pan," said the tinker, in a hollow voice, whilst his dark eye stole about the room as if in search of something or some one. He had a swarthy face, harsh features, and a rusty brown beard, and the miller thought he had never seen so evil-looking a fellow; so, being a man of few words, he asked shortly, "What is your business here?"

"I came about some saucepans," humbly answered the tinker, looking at Catherine.

"Yes, you shall have them all," she replied, guessing what was going on, "but I must know what Angelique got besides the warming-pan: I know Mederic had copper saucepans; there was one as large as this — suppose you begin with it?"

She was going to take down a large casserole, and the tinker was stepping forward to take it from her, when the miller took out his pipe, stretched out his arm, and uttered a "Stop," so loud and imperative that even Catherine heard it.

"Not a casserole, not a warming-pan of my late mother's, shall that man touch," he said sternly. "Such as they are now, they remain."

Having uttered this sentence with due solemnity, the miller rose and walked out. Catherine was sure to understand that when the miller walked out of his own kitchen he had invariably pronounced some sentence from which there was no appeal.

Maitre Salomon went no farther than the end of his own garden. He suddenly remembered that he had left the enemy in the very heart of the citadel, and walking back to the house at once, he found the kitchen empty, whilst a streak of light coming down the staircase, and a sound of voices, guided him to the first floor. He walked up softly, and caught the tinker in the act of trying the door of his mother's room, whilst he was saying, "I dare say she is in here."

Maitre Salomon took the gipsy by the arm, swung him round, and thrusting him down stairs, exclaimed in wrath, very unusual to him, "You scoundrel, how dare you attempt to go in there? And you, Catherine, are you mad, and do you mean us to part, that you brought him up here?"

"Heaven bless you, Maitre Salomon," cried Catherine, looking frightened out of her wits, "the poor man meant no harm, and knew nothing about the room. He is only looking after his cat, Minette. It seems she escaped from him a while ago, so I daresay he thought she had crept up the vine and got in there, and I hope you have not hurt the honest man. He seems so fond of his cat; I suppose he carries her about with him; and how was he to know that doors are locked, and rooms kept for ghosts, poor man."

Without heeding this speech, the miller went down and ascertained that the intruder was gone; but when Catherine, after casting this parting taunt about

ghosts and the closed door, came down in her turn and looked about her, she saw, to her dismay, that her new umbrella, which she had put in a corner on coming in, had disappeared as well as the tinker.

"The honest man took it to clean it up for you," said the miller, with grim satisfaction. "Perhaps he thought it was Minette."

"The thief! I shall catch him yet," cried Catherine. But the tinker, whether a thief or not, was not so easily caught; and when at the end of ten minutes she came back red with anger and running, she bore no umbrella in her hand. Her lamentations at this calamitous ending of her journey to Fontaine in search of an inheritance were so loud and so troublesome, that the miller said impatiently, "Go to bed, Catherine, go to bed, and let us hear no more about the umbrella or the tinker."

And as Catherine was tired, she did go to bed after a while, not without grumbling at the hard-heartedness of men, for whom one might slave and slave, and be treated like a dog in the end.

Maitre Salomon bore all this philosophically; and when the house was quiet once more, he went to the dresser, took down a plate, put bread and cheese on the table, and filled a jug with cider. Then he softly stole upstairs, and tapped at the door of his mother's room. It opened cautiously, and Mariette's little round face and startled eyes peeped out at last.

"You may come down," said the miller; "he is gone. Catherine is in bed, and she is deaf as a post."

Mariette obeyed, not without casting many startled looks around her.

"I tell you not to be afraid," said the miller, when they stood in the kitchen. "He is gone, and here are bread and cheese and cider for you. Eat and drink; you are as pale as a ghost."

At first Mariette would not hear of eating or drinking, and kept looking behind her back; but when the miller bolted the door, she uttered a sigh of relief, sat down, and after a little coaxing, took a sip of the cider; then, after a little more persuasion, she began to bite in the bread and cheese, remarking, apologetically,

"I was just sitting down to supper when he came in at the door, and I had to jump out of the window."

The miller looked at her fresh young face, and remembering the sallow, ill-looking tinker, he could not help saying: "Surely that fellow is no father of yours?"

But Mariette raised her eyebrows, pursed up her lips, and shaking her head wisely, said, "She did not know — she could not tell. He might not be her father; but then she remembered no other. He used to beat her, to be sure; but some fathers beat their daughters. All she remembered of herself was trotting by his side when he went about tinkering, and being sometimes carried on his back; of course he made her beg, but she did not get much; may be that was why he beat her. Perhaps he had stolen her, and that she was some grand lady's offspring. Only how could she tell? It is so hard to know whose child one is," argued Mariette, gravely. It was because he beat her so one evening that Père Joseph, who built the windmill, you know, that handsome windmill — Maitre Salomon winced — "bought her from the tinker through sheer pity, and that was how she had been living with Jacques in the windmill ever since dear Père Joseph died." As she came to this part of her story Mariette's eyes grew dim, and her voice faltered. The miller looked hard at her, and was silent awhile.

"I suppose you are to marry Jacques, and live in that handsome windmill," he remarked, rather shortly.

"Marry Jacques! Why Jacques was married," pettishly exclaimed Mariette. "As to living in the windmill, how could she, when she was pursued by that horrid tinker? Had she not been obliged to come and hide from him at Susanne's? And had it not been agreed between her and Jacques that he would use the sails of his windmill as a signal to let her know when the tinker was coming? And had not Jacques sent her word that very morning not to stir out of doors? And was she not ready to expire with sheer fright when Maitre Salomon told her that the sails of the windmill were motionless, and she thereby knew that the dreadful tinker was on her track? But she would die first, she would, before she went again with him tramping about the country, mending old saucepans. Yes, she would die first; but what a pretty room that was upstairs, only how terrified she was in it; but then the story of Cinderella on the curtains, was so pretty that she could not help looking at it, and reading the legends under every picture: she had never seen such a pretty room." And so she prattled on, eating and drinking all the time, and seeming to have put by every fear and every care.

Many a time had the miller shaken his

head as he listened to her story. It was such a pitiful one. He saw her a little child, wandering about with that savage tinker, beaten, ill-used, made to beg, and only saved from his clutches by becoming a dependent in a stranger's house. They had been kind to her, it seemed, at the windmill, but this Jacques had not married her, of course not, and what was to become of her now, poor little thoughtless thing?

"Mariette," he said, at length, "hast thou got a sweetheart?"

"No," replied Mariette, shortly.

"No lad, no young man of Fontaine, whom thou wouldst care for and like to marry?"

"Where is the use, when no one would have me?" she said, impatiently.

"Then she did care for some one," thought the miller, a little downcast; but no, a few more questions convinced him that Mariette was fancy free, only she knew very well that because of her doubtful birth and poverty no one would care to have her, and it did not please her to be reminded of the fact."

"Well, well, there is time enough for thee to enter on the cares of marriage," said the miller; "yet it would save thee from the tinker. Only just promise me this — do not marry without letting me know about it first?"

"Why so?" asked Mariette, opening her blue eyes.

"I may want to make thee a present," replied the miller, after a long pause.

Mariette looked grateful and beaming; but all of a sudden the look of fear came back to her face. She had heard a noise outside; she was sure the tinker was coming. In vain the miller reminded her that the tinker, having taken Catherine's umbrella, would not come back. Mariette assured him that to steal and return to the very house whence he had stolen was the tinker's way. In short, she was so frightened and so restless that Maitre Salomon, struck with a bright idea, or what he thought such, said: —

"Do not leave the house for fear thou shouldst meet the tinker, child. Go back to the room upstairs, and sleep there for to-night. It is my mother's room, and no one has slept in it since she died. I will walk round to Susanne, and tell her that thou art safe here."

Mariette looked charmed, then frightened. Security is delightful; but ghosts are dreadful company, and Catherine's words about that room had not fallen on heedless ears; but ghosts, after all, are not

so terrible as the living, so she accepted the miller's hospitable proposal, and whilst he went round to tell Susanne of her whereabouts, Mariette stole back to her refuge upstairs.

She was not very timorous, after all; and although she entered that room with a sort of awe, it soon gave place to other feelings. She liked the scent of the lavender and dried roses; she liked those pink bed-curtains, and the story of little Cinderella upon them; so noble a chest of drawers as this she had never seen; and the faded blue pin-cushion, with the long silver pins, in it, was a marvel in her eyes. Not in all the windmill was there a room like this! Surely the late owner of that room had been a happy woman? Was she like her son, wondered Mariette, tall and fair, and had she blue eyes and a serious smile? As she stood on the middle of the floor, looking round her, with a light in her hand, and thus speculating, she suddenly thought of something else, put down the light, went to the window, and, opening it softly, and parting the vine-leaves, looked out on the dark night.

It was not all dark, for the moon was out, riding in the sky with strange haste, thought Mariette. Her light fell in streaks on the little gurgling river below, making patches of silver here and there. Everything was very still: then, all of a sudden, Mariette heard voices talking low in that stillness. One was Susanne's, and the other — yes, she was sure the other voice was the tinker's. What was he saying? She could not tell, for terror almost paralyzed her, but she could guess, for she heard the words "room" and "vine-leaves" very plainly. Had the light betrayed her? Mariette ran and blew it out at once, then came back to the window, and, not daring to put her head out through the vine-leaves, keeping in her breath, so great were her terror and her wish to hear more, she listened intently, whilst the careless moon still rode in the sky, throwing her quivering light on the little river gliding softly on its way to the sea.

Susanne was not in her cottage when Maitre Salomon went to tell her that Mariette was at the mill-house. He went again in an hour's time, but Susanne had not returned; he shook her door and knocked at it in vain. "Well, the child is safe, at least," thought the miller, and he went back to his own home, and, after sitting up till midnight — a very rare occurrence with him — he softly went upstairs to bed. He paused as he passed by the door of his mother's room. It was very still. "The

little bird is fast asleep," he thought kindly. "It has put its head under its wing after all its troubles, and it is fast asleep." And he felt hospitably glad to have given this poor hunted bird so safe a nest.

Catherine, whose slumbers had been much disturbed by dreams of the black oaken press, the warming-pan, and her stolen umbrella, rose with dawn, and was rather surprised to find her master below with a loaf and a plateful of freshly gathered cherries on the table before him. "Are you hungry, Maitre Salomon," she exclaimed. "Why you never eat at this hour!"

"I suppose I can eat my own cherries when I like," he answered shortly; and to put an end to her questions he walked out into the garden. He felt annoyed not to have been beforehand with Catherine; he was sure Mariette was awake and hungry, and he wished her to eat some of his cherries, the best in Manneville; also he had been thinking all night over something which he wished to say to her this morning. For one so calm, not to say phlegmatic, Maitre Salomon felt in a rare fever, and there was a great throb of mingled uneasiness and joy at his heart, when he saw Catherine leave the house, and heard her scream to him from the garden gate that she was going to look for her umbrella, and would not be long away.

"She is always long, God bless her poor soul," thought Maitre Salomon, going back to the house. His first act was to bolt the kitchen door, so as not to be surprised, then he stole upstairs, and knocking softly at the door of his mother's room, he said aloud: "Mariette, Catherine is gone, and thou must have something to eat. Shall I bring thee the bread and cherries, and leave them at the door, or wilt thou come down to the kitchen? It is nice and cool, and the door is bolted." Mariette returned no answer.

Was she still asleep? These young things sleep both sound and late. The miller raised his voice and spoke again—in vain. With a vague suspicion of the truth, he tried the door, it yielded to his hand. He looked in from the threshold; Mariette was not there. The bed had not been slept in, the window was open, the cage was empty, and the bird was flown. She had fled in the night through the door or down the window, by the help of the old vine; no matter when or how, one thing was certain, she was gone—gone without so much as bidding him good-bye, or saying "I thank you."

She was an ungrateful child, and the

miller felt he ought not to have given her another thought; but he could not help himself, and even though he felt sure he should not find her at Susanne's, he yet went round at once to his neighbour's cottage. Susanne's amazement at his questions was too genuine to be feigned. She had seen nothing of the girl since she left her cottage the evening before.

"I dare say the tinker has got her, after all," said Susanne, shaking her head; "I always said he would. He is her father, you know."

How calmly she spoke of it. Maitre Salomon felt too angry to do more than turn his back upon her and walk away. He did not go back to his own house. He felt sadly sure that he should be as unsuccessful in Fontaine as he had been with Susanne; yet a tormenting power which he could not resist actually made him walk off at once to that object of his aversion the windmill, and seek the fugitive there. "I only want to know that she is safe, that is all," he said to himself, as if he needed that justification of his egregious piece of folly. "She is a child, and she slept, or was to sleep, in my mother's room, and so I ought to know what has become of her."

Maitre Salomon found the miller, a sturdy young man white with flour, standing at his own door with a fat baby in his arms. "I came to see about Mariette," said Maitre Salomon abruptly; for the sight of the windmill and of his rival had roused his old animosity to all its early vigour. "I think she ought not to have gone away without bidding me good-bye; but that is neither here nor there; provided she is safe, I am content; let her be civil or not."

"Marie," called the miller, "come out. Here is a miller from Manneville, who has something to say about Mariette." A fresh young woman came out on this summons, and Maitre Salomon telling them both briefly all he knew, again asked about Mariette.

"Then the tinker has got her, after all," said the young miller coolly. "Marie, take the baby, it is getting sleepy." Then turning to Maitre Salomon: "You know nothing more about her, I suppose?"

"Did I not come to see about her?" said the miller, curtly.

"Ah! to be sure." And, having handed the baby to his wife, the owner of the windmill looked hard at the owner of the watermill. Maitre Salomon felt exasperated.

"Will you do nothing? Will you not interfere?" he asked, glaring at his enemy.

"I am that baby's father, and the tinker is Mariette's father," stolidly answered Jacques.

"I do not believe it. I will never believe the wretch is that poor innocent child's father!" indignantly retorted Maitre Salomon,

"Perhaps he is not," quietly said Jacques, and he looked at his rival as much as to say, "If you please, that matter is settled."

Maitre Salomon scorned to waste any more words on this unfeeling animal. With a sad and heavy heart he went home, thinking all the way: "Oh, Mariette; if I had had the care of you all these years, I would not let you go so coolly from me; and no tinker, no, not were he ten times your father, should have taken you."

Maitre Salomon found Catherine at home, and in great glee. "I have found my umbrella," she cried. "The villain had sold it to Victoire, but I made her give it back; and he is in prison at Fontaine, the good-for-nothing scapegrace, for having stolen Desiré's new chaldron, which he bought last Michaelmas, you know."

"In prison at Fontaine," cried the miller, with sudden hope. "and — and was any one found with him?"

Joy seemed to have opened Catherine's ears, for she heard and answered the question. "Some one with him. No, indeed; there is a band of them, no doubt; but he was caught alone."

The miller was glad to think the child was safe; but it stung him to learn that she had not been forcibly taken away. "It was of her own free will that she left me so ungratefully in the night," he thought, sitting down with a downcast look. "She wanted me no more, and so she stole away without so much as 'good-bye' or 'thank you,' little uncivil thing. I will think no more about her."

"Why, Maitre Salomon, you have not eaten your cherries, after all," said Catherine.

"Eat them, Catherine, or give them away," he replied, with a sorrowful shake of his head; "I want no cherries."

He rose and went upstairs as he said it. Catherine ate half the cherries and gave the rest to a neighbour's child, whilst Maitre Salomon locked the door of his mother's room and said to himself, as he put the key in his pocket, "That is the end of my fancy! yes, that is the end."

There was an epidemic in Manneville about this time, and Maitre Salomon proved one of its first victims. He did not die, indeed, as his neighbour Susanne

did, but he lay ill for many weeks, and when he recovered Catherine took the disease, and lay in her grave before ten days were over. She had been years with her young cousin and master, and though she was deaf and wilful, not to say tiresome, he missed her much, and grieved for her sincerely.

"You must take some one else, Maitre Salomon," said his female neighbours. "Take little Catherine: her having the name you are so used to, will make it convenient."

"Take Linnie," said another, "she is as good a worker as you can get."

"Time enough for it all," gloomily replied the miller, evidently wishing to be left to his own ways. These were dull and sad enough. It might be his recent illness: it might be the death of Catherine; it might be anything else, but life certainly was very joyless to Maitre Salomon just then. Even his mill had ceased to please him; even his mother's room he rarely entered now; and he must have been a very touchy man, for he was always brooding over Mariette's want of civility. "I had not deserved it from her," he said to himself, as he sat alone one evening indulging in retrospective discontent, "and I am sure she was hiding in the windmill all the time I was talking to that Jacques of hers. Of course she was laughing at me to be running after her like a fool. And I had been kind to her, and if my mother had taken her, I am sure she would, poor, dear soul, if she had had the opportunity, Mariette would have found a difference between the windmill of Manneville and the windmill of Fontaine."

A great difference the young miller's fancy certainly made in Mariette's imaginary destiny at the windmill. He played with her as a child in the garden, and on the banks of the little lake; he took her up to his mother's room and made her look out on the river from behind the old vine; he brought her home some of the smartest of red ribbons for her dark hair as she grew up, and enjoyed her bright eyes and merry laugh, when he took these ribbons out of his pocket and held them up to her admiration; and above all he allowed no Marie and no fat baby to come between him and his little friend. As for the tinker, he disposed of him by making him confess, through the might of some irresistible argument, that Mariette was no child of his, but an orphan whom he had stolen, and all whose relations were dead. Thus far had the miller's reverie proceeded, when a tap at his kitchen door roused him.

"Here they are, coming again to worry me about little Catherine and Lunie," he thought, annoyed at being disturbed at that particular part of his dream: and though he said "Come in," he did not look round.

The door opened gently, a light step crossed the kitchen floor, and drew near him. Then the miller looked up, and in the dim twilight he saw Mariette herself standing before him with only the kitchen table by which he sat between them. He was so amazed at this unexpected apparition, that he could not speak.

"I am afraid you are angry with me," timidly said Mariette, "but I could not help running away that night. I heard the tinker talking to Susanne, and when he came round to the mill-house door I was so frightened that I jumped out of the window and nearly got drowned. I ran away to the windmill, and have been hiding ever since: but I am safe now, for he is in prison for three years, and I am so glad; and I hope you are not angry with me."

"I am not," replied the miller, slowly; "but it was not civil to run away, Mademoiselle Mariette."

Mariette hung her head abashed, and was mute; then, suddenly looking up and speaking in a rapid, childish way, "I do not come for the present, Maitre Salomon; I do not want it; but I had promised to tell you, and I am going to get married. Jacques and Marie have found me a husband — Marie's cousin. They did not want me to tell you, but I said I had promised: and I am to be married next week."

"Married?" repeated the miller, staring at her, "married, and you come and tell me."

"Yes, I had promised, Maitre Salomon. Have you forgotten?"

He could not answer. He still stared at her as she stood there before him, neat, demure, and pretty, a little bird-like creature, and he asked himself, with a sharp pang, why he could not have had her as well as another man.

"Married!" he said again, setting his teeth as he spoke, "why, what makes you marry?"

Mariette stared in her turn. "Had he forgotten the advice he had given her to marry, in order to be safe from the tinker? Why, she had repeated this advice to Jacques, and he had thought so well of it, that he and Marie had found her a husband."

"Do not tell me that again," interrupted

the miller, exasperated. "Of course you like him!"

"Not much," replied Mariette, confidentially; "he is old; fifty, at least."

"Fifty! Why, he could be your grandfather," exclaimed Maitre Salomon.

"He is very grey as well," resumed Mariette, looking depressed; "and he is deaf of one ear, but he hears very well with the other, and I like his eldest daughter, Louise, so much."

So this man was not merely old, deaf, and grey, but he was also a widower. Was he rich, at least, to make up for so many drawbacks? asked the miller, indignantly.

"Rich!" echoed Mariette, with a gay laugh, "if he were rich he would not have me. But Louise is going to get married, and he wants some one to take care of him, and Jacques wants me to be safe from the tinker, so he and Marie found him out. He was not willing at first, but he made up his mind and came and said so this morning, and we are to be married next week."

Maitre Salomon could not believe his ears. Was she, this pretty, innocent, thoughtless child, to be sacrificed so? Was she to become an old man's nurse in order to be saved from a tinker who was not her father, Maitre Salomon was sure. He rose, he walked about his kitchen in great agitation; he came back at last to Mariette, and with a great tightening at his throat, said, "Mariette, they all tell me to take some one instead of Catherine, but the fact is I feel I want a wife. Do you know of one that would suit me?"

"Oh, so well," cried Mariette, brightening; "there is Jacques' sister Delphine; she is pretty, and has plenty of money, and —"

"That was not what I meant to say," interrupted Maitre Salomon, reddening; "the fact is I cannot bear to see you marry that deaf old widower, who could not make up his mind — no, that is not it either; the truth is, Mariette," exclaimed the miller, desperately, "that I took a fancy to you when I saw you from behind the vine-leaves in my mother's room, washing your face and combing your hair, and if you will just throw the old fellow over and have me, why we can get married, and you can come here at once, because you see," added Maitre Salomon, who could not help being a matter-of-fact Norman, "everything is going wrong since Catherine died, and the neighbours worry my life out about Lunie and little Catherine, they do."

Mariette heard him, but thought she was dreaming. Could the miller, the handsome, rich, young miller of Manneville be in earnest or was *he* dreaming, that he talked so. "Well!" said Maitre Salomon, who stood before her looking down in her face.

"You cannot mean it," she replied, looking up at him with evident doubt in her blue eyes. "It is too good to be true."

But it was not too good to be true, after all, and Mariette, half laughing, half crying for joy, could not help saying, "Oh, I am so glad — so glad! for I could not bear him, only I was so frightened of the tinker. And he squints, you know," she added, confidentially; "but I did not like to say so."

The miller was a man of few words, and his courting, for many reasons, was a brief one. Marie was very much affronted that her cousin should be so cavalierly jilted; but Jacques, who had never liked the match, chuckled at its being broken off with such evident enjoyment that he won the heart of Maitre Salomon, who actually ceased to think the windmill the ugliest he had ever seen.

Mariette made the best of miller's wives. She sang like a lark, was as busy as a bee, and thought nothing and no one could compare with the mill and the miller of Manneville. Every one liked her; even the neighbours, who had recommended Lunie and little Catherine, said she was not amiss. She had but one fault; she was too fond of looking out of that window with the vine-leaves growing so thick and green around it, and whence you can see the stepping-stones and the tall beech tree, and the little shining river flowing on in golden sunlight or green shade.

The tinker died suddenly in prison, and had no time to say anything about Mariette's relations. "Never mind," says Maitre Salomon, "I am sure they are all dead."

From The Cornhill Magazine.

ON SOME PECULIARITIES OF SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

WHY this paper, which is intended to give some account of the social relations of young men and maidens in the United States, should have been by the Editor of the *Cornhill* or this present writer entitled "On the Social Peculiarities of America," I really do not know. The phrase seems

to imply that there is something odd and singular in American customs, whereas the fact is merely that these customs differ from our own, which, in their turn, appear to other civilized nations quite as odd and unreasonable. Pindar has said, "Custom is king over all;" and Herodotus, by way of illustrating the remark, which was perhaps less of a commonplace then than now, tells a story of a certain tribe of Indians who, when they heard from a Greek traveller that in his country people used to burn the bodies of their deceased relatives, cried out with horror — their own practice being to kill and eat an aged parent. In a manner slightly less marked we do much the same as these Indians; we unconsciously assume our notions of propriety to be the natural ones, and require some defence or apology to be offered for any deviations from them. This is perhaps most conspicuously the case in matters of social etiquette, for its rules grow into us and become by constant observance so much parts of ourselves that we forget they are only an expression of floating opinion which we might disregard if we pleased. Hence, in attempting to describe a system of manners and usages unlike that which prevails in happy England, one must begin by requesting readers, and in particular by entreating ladies not to be startled at hearing of these free and lightsome ways, and not to condemn them or those who practise them till they have reflected well on the whole matter. A French lady is shocked by the license of English manners; she will stand beside her daughter in a quadrille, lead her away the moment it is over, and lift up her hands when she sees a couple wander off towards the conservatory. A Turkish lady will be even more severe in her criticisms on the delicacy of all the Franks than Paris is upon London and London upon New York.

Now, as to America, everybody in England knows that social intercourse is much more free there than it is in Europe, but hardly anybody knows in what precisely this freedom consists, or what its results are to the young people and the whole community. Nor is it easy, even in the States themselves, to make out how matters stand. Society differs greatly in town and in country, in New England, in the middle States, in the South, in the West. Even in the same city different sets, all of them claiming to be "genteel," will observe very different rules, some being more and some less influenced by Eu-

ropean example. Then one can't always trust what one hears; for while an informant of advanced ideas tends to exaggerate the freedom permitted, others are morbidly anxious not to be supposed to fall below the English standard of good-breeding, and will soften down or deny outright what is most distinctively Transatlantic. The statements of this paper are therefore given with some diffidence, and with a perfect knowledge that many of them might plausibly be controverted. They are, as one says in a preface, the result of an honest and painstaking investigation, conducted by unprejudiced inquirers whose sources of information were both ample and various. But I am sure that if they should meet the eyes of certain ladies belonging to certain sets in New York and Washington, they will be scouted with real or affected indignation. "Who can this Englishman have lived with when he was in our country? Very inferior people, we guess. We don't know such people." Nevertheless the risk, which after all is not a terrible one, of incurring the censure of these ladies, must be faced.

The first point in which the difference from England strikes a stranger is the liberty allowed to girls and young men of going about together. They walk out in the country or in the streets of a town not merely in groups, but a couple, all alone, unaccompanied by aunts or brothers, without asking any permission, and without attracting any notice. A girl may do this with some particular friend as often as she pleases. I knew a young gentleman of Providence, R. I., and an extremely nice fellow he was, who for a year or more strolled out for two hours one afternoon in every week with one young lady whose company pleased him, and nobody censured either of them. Both belonged to the best society. Driving is more to the taste of all Americans, young and old, men and women, than walking is, and to take a lady out for a drive behind his fast-trotting horse is one of the chief delights of the American youth, who is always happier in the society of women than in that of his own sex. Here and there a parent (of European proclivities) may be found who, without venturing openly to disapprove the practice, tries to avoid falling in with it; and when the thing is done on a large scale, it is thought, in some sets, to be a trifle more decorous to have a matron of the party. In New York, for instance, where French or English notions of etiquette are more powerful than in most

other cities, when half-a-dozen young men invite as many girls to drive with them up through Central Park to a favourite dining-place near the north end of Manhattan Island, dine or sup there, and come back in the evening, they usually secure one married lady who does propriety, or, as they express it, matronizes the party. One, however, is enough, and she is not necessarily a relative. But this is rather an exceptional concession to European ideas; over almost the whole country, and especially in the West, no question would be raised as to the right of youths and maidens to drive about alone together in wagon, buggy, buck-board, or any other contrivance upon wheels.

At evening parties, and in particular at dances, which are frequented more assiduously and enthusiastically by the American youth than by our own, the chaperon, if not quite unknown, is comparatively rare and insignificant. At Washington, where social usages are a good deal influenced by the presence of so many diplomatists from Europe, I believe that she flourishes; and the same may be the case in particular sets in one or two of the other Atlantic cities. But in most parts of the Union her presence would be thought quite unnecessary. Now and then, of course, it will happen that a mother or elder sister accompanies the girl, but far more frequently she goes by herself to the ball, looks after herself when she is there, and comes home with a friend or a servant, sometimes with a young man who escorts her through the streets. Such an escort, one is told, need not be a relative or intimate friend; he may even be a mere acquaintance who has been introduced to her at the party. Then there is a convenient practice by which a lady may provide herself with an escort for the whole evening, which two bright New Yorkers, who described it to the writer, strongly recommended for adoption here. The lady asks a young man whom she knows fairly well to accompany her to such or such a ball, to which he probably has not been invited. He conveys her there accordingly, is presented as her guest to the lady of the house, leaves her to her own devices for the evening, and takes her home again in the small hours. Such an escort is called "a walking stick," and the only drawback, said my informants, to employing him is his tendency to hang about his owner at the dance, where perhaps he knows scarcely any one, and to bother her by asking for dances and introductions. He has not even the last

resource of the English wallflower, for there are no chaperons to make conversation to: and one must therefore choose as walking stick a person of some resource who can shift for himself. In the same way, if a young lady wishes to go to the theatre or opera, she may ask a gentleman to take her there. He can't well refuse the honour, though it is an expensive one, for carriage hire in New York is about five times as high as in London; so he provides a carriage (if he has none of his own), calls for her, takes her to the play, and gives her very likely a supper at Delmonico's afterwards. This is obviously a rather stronger deviation from English ways than the mere absence of chaperons at parties, (in which respect the usage of London does not govern all our cities), and there are families where it might be thought to savour of fastness. But there seems to be no doubt that unimpeachable people do it and permit it, and that a girl is not compromised by it.

It is by no means a matter of course that a girl's friends should be also her parents' friends. Just as here the acquaintance of a young man who lives at home are generally known to the rest of his family, so there a young lady's will be. But not necessarily so. You meet her at a party and dance with her, or inquire about the Spanish song she has sung so prettily; she asks you to call and see her, adding perhaps that she will sing Spanish songs to you all the afternoon. You go to the house and ask for her: she comes down and receives you alone or with her sister. Her mother may or may not appear, probably does not; and you may perhaps keep up the acquaintance for long enough, fall in love with her if you like, without ever being presented to her parents, without so much as knowing them by sight. It is well understood that she is both able and entitled to look after herself and choose her own friends. Sometimes it will happen that two sisters move in different sets, as brothers among ourselves, and know very little of one another's companions.

The same idea that a girl does not need the sort of protection which custom insists on putting her under in Europe, makes it possible for her to move about more freely than she can well do here. She may travel alone on the railroads, perhaps all the way from Philadelphia to St. Louis or Chicago, without attracting notice, stopping at hotels on the way. She may go on foot or in the horse-cars through the streets of a city without being exposed to remark, much less to impertinence. Except perhaps in

the business quarter of New York City, there is scarcely a spot in the Union where it would surprise one to find a young lady walking alone. All this is of course much facilitated by the arrangements so carefully made for the comfort of ladies, for whom there is reserved a separate car on the railroads, usually the last in the train, and who find in every hotel of pretension a spacious ladies' drawing-room, often the only and always the best public room in the house, to which none but they and gentlemen in their train are admitted. Nevertheless it is greatly to the credit of the people that it should be so easy for ladies to go alone everywhere unmolested; and there are few points in which Transatlantic ways come out more clearly superior to our own. To be an isolated woman is a much less formidable thing there than in the old countries.

Of all American devices for enjoying the delicious autumn, the very pleasantest, and to a European at least the most romantic, is a party in the woods. A group of friends arrange to go together into some mountain and forest region, usually into the great Adirondack wilderness to the west of Lake Champlain, carrying with them guns and fishing-rods, tents, blankets, and an ample store of groceries, and engaging three or four guides. They embark with all their equipments, and pass in their boats up the rivers and across the lakes of this great wild country through sixty or eighty miles of trackless forest, glowing with a brilliance of scarlet and yellow that no words can render, to their chosen camping ground at the foot of some tall rock that rises from the still crystal of the lake. Here they build their bark hut and spread their beds of the elastic and fragrant hemlock boughs; the men roam about during the day tracking the deer, or now and then, if such luck befall, the wary painter,* the ladies read and work and bake the corn cakes; at night there is a merry gathering and a row in the soft moonlight. On these expeditions brothers will take sisters and cousins, their sisters and cousins bringing, perhaps, lady friends with them; the brother's friends will come too, and all will live together in a fraternal way for weeks or months, though no elderly relative or married lady be of the party.

All this arises from, or at least is made much more natural by, the freedom with which young people associate together at school. In the great towns, especially on the eastern seaboard, girls and boys of the

* Panther.

upper class are usually educated apart; but in the smaller towns everywhere, and in some of the great western cities, they are more commonly taught together in the same classes up to seventeen or eighteen years of age, just as they were in England two centuries ago, and as they are said to have been till quite lately in some parts of the north. At present the tendency is for fashionable people rather to send their girls to private boarding schools, often to convents. But in Chicago, for instance, a fair proportion of the daughters of the best families may be found in the public High School along with the boys; and in Cambridge in Massachusetts, the seat of Harvard University, one is told by the ladies of the place, the wives and sisters of the professors, that they were mostly educated at the High School with their brothers, and that they rejoice to have been there. There are even colleges where young men and young women live and are taught together, such as Oberlin in Ohio, which has been so well described by Miss Jex Blake; and Antioch in the same state, where several of the professors have been women, and where the students used to dine together, and spend several evenings in the week in one another's company. At Ann Arbor in Michigan, probably the greatest university of the West, girls have within the last few years been admitted as students on equal terms, in compliance with the repeatedly-expressed wish of the State Legislature, and are beginning to come in considerable numbers. In this present session (1871-2) there are between sixty and seventy in residence there. The judicious, though not quite unanimous as to the success of this system, are on the whole in its favour, and it is worth remarking that those are most in its favour who have had practical experience of its working. Some say that the presence of the ladies must tend to distract the young men from their studies; while others declare that the girls, stimulated by competition with the men, work with an ardour which is sometimes dangerous to their health. But no one ventures to allege that in a moral point of view there is anything to object to or to regret: the relations of the students to one another are admitted to be simple, natural, mutually beneficial, and the whole tone of the institutions excellent. This may be largely due to the ease and simplicity of Western life in general, which differs more from that of Boston or Philadelphia than the ways of Kerry or Orkney do from those of Middlesex. But in any

case, and however you may explain it, it is remarkable and honourable.

As respects the interchange of letters between young people, much conflicting evidence is given. One shrewd young man, I remember, when his sisters were vehemently asserting their right to correspond without let or hindrance with their male friends, shook his head and grimly remarked that they lived in a free country; a young man might exchange as many letters as he pleased with a girl, but he would end by finding himself "in a box." They, however, reiterated their claims, and subsequent inquiry proved that in the main they were right. For a girl and a youth who are merely friends to keep up a regular cross fire of letters is not very common, because there, as here, the taste for letter writing has declined, and men who have a gift for it have mostly something else to do. But if two young people feel sufficiently interested in one another to go on corresponding, they may do so without reproach or offence, without exciting any of those expectations on either side which here in England the families of the parties concerned, if not one of the parties themselves, would be pretty sure to entertain. To put the matter shortly and practically: the father to whom a bundle of letters is brought at breakfast time, when he sees one directed to Laura in a masculine hand which he remembers to have noticed often enough for the last few months, has no right to throw across the table along with it either a frown or a meaning smile; while the mother who watches in silence will not feel it her duty to make inquiries or give warnings afterwards. And this not so much because American daughters are more independent than English ones — there is as much affection and, so far as appears, as much confidence between parents and children there as here — as because, according to the understanding of the Western world, the interchange of letters has not the same meaning as here. That it is just a very little bit dangerous, that, if there is any special predilection in either party for the other, it may tend to increase it, feeding the imagination, keeping the idea of the absent constantly before the mind, — this must be admitted. But it is less dangerous when felt to be in the ordinary course of things, known to be compatible with no peculiar regard on the part of the other correspondent. To be sure, it must not be too frequent — letters twice a-week would excite remark; and it must be open. A clandestine correspondence is

suspicious everywhere; but in America there is little temptation to it.

These phenomena are the slight but characteristic traits of a society which has developed itself under wholly new conditions, and to some extent upon new beliefs and principles. It is in the Western States, as has just been said, that its distinctive character comes out most clearly, as it is in the great Atlantic cities that European usages and ideas are most in the ascendant. But everywhere over the Union one can't help feeling how considerable the difference from England is—I say "England," because any one who knows Ireland will think the social contrast to that country far less marked. Society in America is altogether easier than ours, simpler, more elastic, more variable, more gay and sparkling, more tolerant (spite of De Tocqueville's reflections on democratic uniformity) of individual divergences from the common type. Woman hold in it a very conspicuous and influential place. They have more control over their property than in England, and are in all respects on a much more complete equality with their husbands in the eye of the law. They have made their way into most or all of the learned professions. They are not thought of as necessarily dependent on man, and are not expected, no not even by respectable old-fashioned people, to be a mere reflection of his wishes and opinions. They are not talked down to in America: you never hear there, as you so often do here, a trivial young whipper-snapper condescending to a lady intellectually as well as morally his superior, but who would think it unbecoming to let her superiority appear. On political, social, literary questions, a woman is expected to have her opinion like a man; she is as free to give it; she is listened to with more external deference and as much substantial respect. She is not in the least afraid of being thought blue; and though I do not believe that women of high and wide culture are any commoner in America than in England, if so common, women sunk in ignorance or prejudice and wholly devoid of literary interests, are certainly much more rare.

But it is very easy to exaggerate this comparative prominence and self-confidence of women, and many English travellers have exaggerated it. It is not at all true that ladies in the States obtrude themselves, or claim as right what courtesy is generally willing to concede to them. The women who, as Mr. Anthony Trollope says, come and stand before you in a railway car or an omnibus till you rise and give

them your place, may exist; but the present writer has never had the ill-luck to meet with them. They accept any casual attentions which a fellow-traveller can render with perhaps a shade more of nonchalance than a lady would show in England, but on the whole they are perfectly willing to take the burdens as well as the benefits of equality. It is fully as common in England as in America for men to stand up to offer a lady their place in a street or railway-car. The Woman's Rights Movement, about which so much has been said, is really no stronger in the States than in England, perhaps not so strong; for though its adherents may be more numerous, they are, as a rule, less eminent by their talents or social position. The agitation for the female franchise, for instance, is more generally discountenanced by the "best people" in the Eastern cities than it is in London, and counts among its leaders and sympathizers perhaps only some five or six ladies whose standing is as good, relatively, as that of the scores that take part in it here. An ordinary American matron is as little "masculine" in the common sense of the word, and as unwilling to be thought masculine, as her English cousins; and if not so much alarmed, she is just as much repelled by the clamorous rhetoric of the Woman's Rights party. The English domestic ideal is still her ideal. And in some respects she has shown less willingness to assume public duties than our English ladies have. Though nine tenths of the teachers in American public schools are women, women do not sit upon the school boards; and even institutions like the Vassar Female College are managed by governing bodies consisting entirely of men.

To express the precise nature of the difference between American and English ladies is extremely hard—it is something too subtle to be represented by any combination of epithets. You are sensible of a sort of charm which is wanting here: you miss another charm which is present here: you do not know which is more to be desired, but you doubt the possibility of combining them. American girls are certainly more independent than ours are; more accustomed to take care of themselves, think for themselves, decide for themselves; not less really domestic in their hearts, but less tied to their mother's apron strings; franker in their speech, and more ready to tell you about themselves, their circumstances, their families. There is a kind of French verve and force about them, but there is also a Teutonic truthfulness.

Then there is a nimbleness and versatility of mind, as well as a self-possession of manner, which puts a stranger at his ease from the first. Where an English girl throws the weight of the conversation on her partner an American girl takes it up, draws him out, perhaps chaffs him in a genial fashion, and expresses her opinion freely on all the topics that turn up. English ladies of the old school would be apt to disapprove of her on slight acquaintance. But when they come to know her better, they would perceive that she is, in essential matters, decorous as well as refined. American ladies who have mixed in fashionable society in London may often be heard to say that they are astonished at the quantity of scandal they hear talked there; and it is certainly true that one hears very little in America. In such places as New York and Chicago there are of course fast sets, just as there are in London and Liverpool. But in point of purity and real moral elevation the best society in America is possibly superior, and at any rate equal to that of our own upper classes; while the American middle class is certainly more cultivated, more interested in the "things of the mind" than the commercial class in England.

One would like to examine the causes of this divergence in the type of female character, to inquire how much is due to Protestantism—for the spirit of Protestantism has worked more fully and powerfully in America than in England—how much to the circumstances of a society which developed out of small communities living familiarly together with few relics of the stiffness and class separation of feudalism. But this would lead one away from the question which is of most practical interest to everybody, the question how this freedom of social intercourse which has been described affects the character and happiness of individual men and women. Upon this point it is satisfactory to have a clear opinion. One may grant that the independence of American women has its defects as well as its merits: an acute American lady once observed to me that she found English girls more attractive than her own countrywomen just because they piqued her curiosity: they did not so soon show all that was in them. One may confess that they occasionally give an impression of hardness, which, even if you believe it to be merely superficial, is a little repellent. But a candid observer will overlook drawbacks more serious than these when he comes to consider how much this independence, this freedom, con-

tributes to the pleasantness of American life—how many opportunities it gives for a natural, easy, healthy friendship between young people. Youths and maidens in America certainly have, in their own emphatic language, "a good time." They can see as much of one another as they please; they can do so without the sense of being watched and criticized; and, what is more than all, they can be friendly and mutually interested without fearing to be misunderstood. When two young people take a liking for one another's society, they may talk together of an evening for an hour or more, may walk or drive together, may perhaps correspond, and yet nobody will have a right to suppose there is anything but friendship in the case. They are not driven, as they would be in proper England, either into repressing or concealing their feeling, or else into carrying it hastily into something else, and pledging themselves for ever to one another by a formal engagement. Friends may laugh and chaff, and tell Charlie or Jane that they seem to be fond of being together, but Charlie and Jane can take it coolly and go on their way unmoved, for each of them knows that so long as nothing is done but what custom and etiquette allow, neither has any right to suppose, and is not likely to suppose, the existence of any tender feelings on the part of the other. To be sure there may spring up an affection, and why should there not? The same thing happens here, where people see one another less intimately, the chief difference being that there it is more likely to be reciprocated, and it is based on a far better knowledge of character and habits. In many, however, probably in most cases, the relation of the parties continues to be one of friendship only, each being perhaps as intimate with several other young ladies or young men as he or she is with this one, and it lasts or wanes away just as do the friendships of men for men. English mothers and aunts may refuse to believe this, and insist that such friendships, even if they don't give rise to scandals, must produce much mischief and sorrow, partly in the way of making girls fast or indecorous, partly by causing one-sided attachments and misunderstandings—cases where one party having honestly meant friendship, the other has understood love, or, worse still, where one, having sought only his or her own amusement, has led the other on to a point where the heart was committed. The only answer one can make to this is a flat denial. Whether such results might

naturally be expected or not, they are not found in America. Scandals are certainly quite as rare there as here; probably rarer. The standard of propriety is extremely rigid; and though a girl may do much which she could not well do here, if she once compromised herself society would be quite as stern and unforgiving in Boston or Chicago as in London. As to fastness, there are of course, as there must be, differences of manner and etiquette, but if one looks at essentials a discerning Englishman who goes below the surface will find as much true delicacy and purity among ladies over yonder as among his own countrywomen. Cases of blighted affection occur from time to time under this open-air system, as they do under our band-box system; nothing short of the absolute separation carried out in France will prevent them, if even that. But they are, if one may trust the evidence given, less common and less crushing in America than here; and the reason why may easily be seen. Girls, having seen a great deal more of young men than they would here, are not so easily attracted by mere externals, and become altogether less susceptible. They know more about the character and reputation of their companions, and are less likely to be beguiled by a mere flirt. Intimacy, being common and legitimate, ceases to have anything dangerously romantic about it.

Pleasant it certainly does not cease to be. Looking at the matter simply as a question of human enjoyment, the success of the American system may be pronounced complete. It makes a staid middle-aged man long to have his youth to live over again, to see the bright, cheery, hearty, simple ways of the young people whom he meets straying on the sands at Newport, or picnicking beside the waterfalls of the White Mountains, safe in their own innocence, meeting one another on the natural footing of human creatures, without affectations of innuendo on the one side, or prudery on the other. Little overtures and coquetries there may sometimes be, but it is all, as the attorneys say, "without prejudice." Such pleasure in the society of people of one's own age, which no moralist can deny to be one of the most legitimate sources of enjoyment, is in England a good deal cramped by the restrictions which custom has imposed, and a good deal clouded by the idea, so often present to the English youth, of cousins gossiping and parents inquiring into what the jargon of society calls "intentions." A man may walk with so much wariness

or so much honest simplicity as to avoid this last horror; but no prudence will prevent any interest which he shows in a lady or which a lady shows in him (though in this latter case the inference is really rather the other way), from becoming the theme of talk among acquaintances, and, however heartily he may despise it for himself, he feels it acutely for the other party, whom it may injure in more ways than one. Nothing is commoner than for the friendship of two people—a simple and natural friendship which gives them pleasure while it lasts, and might possibly ripen into something better still—to be interrupted by the idle gossip of outsiders, which, coming to their ears, causes one or both to break off the intimacy lest any misunderstanding should arise. It may be foolish of them, very likely it is; for gossip is one of those things which people should learn to despise; but there is nothing a sensitive mind dreads more than the imputation of exposing another person to blame and misconstruction; still more of wounding her feelings. Now, in America, people do not talk in this fashion about their neighbours; or, if they do, nobody need regard them; everything passes as a matter-of-course under the blessed name of friendship.

There is another merit of the American plan which may gain favour for it from persons of even the strictest views—its tendency to produce happy marriages. That marriages are more frequent there than here, and are contracted earlier, may be ascribed to the circumstances of the country, where it is comparatively easy to make a living, and where, luxurious as certain sets of rich people are, it is a great deal more easy for a young couple to start in a simple way. Still the opportunities for acquaintance given must have something to do with it; and they have even more to do with a good assortment of the couples. In England, especially in London, a man often knows next to nothing of the girl he is engaged to. He has met her at parties, has taken her down to dinner, and danced with her, has called on foggy afternoons, and had tea gracefully handed to him; but he has learnt very little about her true character, her temper, her principles, her capacity for affection, for defects in these respects must be very marked indeed to show beneath the decorous self-restraint of company manners. The girl, on her part, is still worse off, since she has even fewer opportunities of judging what a young man is worth. For he, after all, sees her in her own house

and among her family; he can notice how she gets on with them, and can often, if he is sharp, interpret her by them, for good or for evil. But he is probably quite isolated in the town; she sees nothing and knows nothing of his relations; he is merely a presentable young person of sufficiently pleasant manners and adequate income whom she meets in respectable company. She does not guess what the sisters whom he neglected, or the schoolfellows whom he cheated, or the clerks whom he bullies, could tell about him, and has to learn for herself, when it is too late, that he is mean, hard, and selfish. In smaller towns and country places people have better chances, but in London, and our other great cities, it is hard to see how things are ever to be better while the present restrictions exist. In the States, on the other hand, it is generally a man's or a girl's own fault if he or she does not succeed in making out pretty well what the other is good for. Meeting oftener, and in a less formal way, able to carry on even a somewhat exclusive and engrossing acquaintance without being necessarily supposed to have "intentions," an American youth has the amplest means of finding out what are the tastes, and notions, and habits of the girl whom he thinks of making his wife, and can use those means without exciting any suspicion. Nor can he himself keep a mask always on in her presence; even if he tries it, she is probably intimate with other young men of the same set, and can make out from them what is thought of him by persons of his own sex—in all cases the best guide and clue to the truth. The result is, that people do as a rule know much more of one another before they marry than they do in England, and that unhappy marriages are more rare.

There is an idea afloat in the world, an idea which the Americans themselves are fond of, and which an Englishman, living among them, finds it hard to resist, that the United States is the land of the future, that its institutions, social and political, represent a type towards which the other English-speaking peoples are unconsciously, and it may be unwillingly, moving. As respects politics, at any rate, one hopes and believes that this is false; but as respects social arrangements, there is some truth in it; and it is a very curious subject of speculation how English life will be affected by the change, which is certainly in progress, in the status and influence of women. It is safe to predict that something will be gained and something lost; but the experience of America may well

lead one to believe that, so far as the particular questions are concerned which have been here treated of, the gain will considerably outweigh the loss. One is not prepared to go quite so far as an ardent young legal friend of the writer's, who proposed to invoke the aid of Parliament, and drafted a Bill, modelled on 3 and 4 Will. IV., chap. 74, and entitled, "An Act for the abolition of chaperons, and for the introduction of more free, simple, and natural modes of social intercourse" (short title, "The Chaperons Act, 1872"), in which, after a preamble reciting that in time past divers great inconveniences and evils had arisen from the practice of keeping young women under the eyes of their parents and other elderly persons, at balls, croquet parties, and other social gatherings, and from forbidding or discountenancing their walking, driving, or corresponding with young men, and that it was desirable as well to remedy such evils as to relieve such parents and other elderly persons from the fatigue of attending dances, &c., he proceeded to enact, with all the modern apparatus of schedules, sub-sections, and interpretation clause, that from and after the passing of that Act the lady of the house in which or at which any entertainment (defined as hereinafter mentioned) was given should be deemed and taken to be the chaperon of all the young ladies there present to all intents and for all purposes whatsoever, with much more to the same effect, and a whole string of penalties (recoverable in a summary way), not less formidable than those which are to protect the British voter, directed against dowagers, sisters-in-law, cousins, and others, who should endeavour to abridge the freedom of young persons by making malicious remarks or spreading unfounded stories respecting their interest in one another, and against parents who should, by the covert exercise of moral influence over their daughters, attempt to frustrate the benevolent intentions of the Legislature. But if opinion were to change, as it seems, though very slowly, to be changing, and our code of etiquette were so far relaxed as to recognize the existence of friendship, pure and simple, between girls and young men, and the capacity of girls to take care of themselves, not only would the chaperons for whom my lawyer was so much concerned be delivered from a wearisome and unprofitable task, but the sum of enjoyment among our youth, the gaiety, the brightness, the freshness of life, would be sensibly increased, and the tone of society in

relation to such matters would be raised. Prejudice, however, is strong; and who is to make a beginning? who will bell the cat? Those very persons who, from the best motives, desire a change, would be the most afraid of inducing others to join them in breaking through the rules of etiquette, which they complain of. I remember to have heard some one who had been descanting to his sisters on the advantage of liberty of correspondence reduced to silence by their prompt question:—"You won't object, then, to our corresponding with Mr. So-and-so?" Whereat he climbed down, as the Yankees say, and explained that, until these things were better understood, we ought to avoid misconstruction. In England, unluckily, it is the fast girls who disregard our conventional proprieties, and bring some reproach upon the sacred cause of enlightenment; whereas in America freedom and geniality flourish most among the sober and keen-witted damsels of New England, with whom no one dare forget himself for an instant, and the simple people of the West whom civilization has not had time to stiffen. Things, however, are moving in the right direction: the times have been when it would have been thought dreadful for girls to go bowling along Piccadilly all alone in hansoms; and England may see the day when, instead of being driven to suggest half furtive meetings at the Academy or the Horticultural, a young gentleman will ask a lady to come for a walk in Kensington Gardens to-morrow from half-past five till seven. Meanwhile, until that happy day arrives, it is pleasant to remember that beyond the Atlantic there is a land where youths and maidens have "a lovely time," where flirtation is harmless because it is understood and permitted, where friendship is honoured along with love, where friendship leads up to love, and love is all the truer and more lasting because friendship has gone before.

From Dark Blue.

THE AZORES.

HAVING lived for three years at St. Michael's, the largest island of the Azores, and never having, since my return, met anyone who seemed either to have heard of, or to know anything of, these beautiful islands, I feel induced to write about them that the Englishmen, who so often seek for health at a much greater distance, may know that they pass by a spot where they

would find all that they could possibly wish for.

The Azores (or Açores, more properly), so called from being the home of innumerable hawks, are a group of nine islands situated in the Atlantic, between 37 deg. and 40 deg. north latitude, and 25 deg. to 32 deg. west longitude, about half-way between the Old and New World. St. Michael's and St. Mary's (S. Miguel and Santa Maria) are the two most easterly, the latter being about seventy miles due south, and in sight of the former. Then, going westerly, we reach Terceira, so called from being the third island discovered; St. George (S. Jorge) and Graciosa; then Fayal and Pico, and, still further westward, Corvo and Flores. The derivation of the names of these islands may not be uninteresting. St. Michael's, St. Mary's, and St. George derive their appellations, as their titles show, from the fact of their discovery having been made upon the days sacred to those saints. Terceira I have already mentioned. Graciosa takes its name from a word meaning "beautiful," and truly the island is justly worthy of the title. Corvo (crow) takes its name from "crows," being the only island in the group where these birds are to be found. Flores, delighting in a profusion of flowers, takes its name therefrom. Lastly, Fayal takes its title from the word "fahah," meaning "beech," the island noted for an abundance of these trees; and Pico (peak), from its altitude above its eight companions. The islands were first discovered, it is said, in the year 1439, by John Vandenbergh, a merchant of Bruges, when driven by stress of weather. On his return to Lisbon, he boasted of his discovery to the Portuguese, who thereupon took possession, and have kept them till the present day.

St. Michael's, to which island I shall generally refer, is the largest of the group, as I have said, being about eighty-two miles in length and averaging eight to ten miles in width, and stretches from east to west. The principal town in the island, Ponta Delgada (narrow point), is situated on the south side of the island, about nineteen miles from the most western point. This town is built in a sheltered position, caused by a chain of sugar-loaf-shaped hills, running through, and culminating at the eastern end of the island in a mountain called Pico de Vara. Ponta Delgada is the third largest town in the Portuguese dominions, ranking next to Lisbon and Oporto, and enjoys a first-rate trade with England, Brazil, and the

States. During the winter months, if winter it can be called there, the roadstead is filled with vessels, both steam and sailing, waiting for their cargoes of oranges, the trade in which fruit forms the staple supply of the island, and the export duty on which contributes no small revenue to the coffers of the Minister of Finance. The town is built in a long, straggling fashion, extending from end to end about two miles. Near and around it are its most pleasant adjuncts, the Orange Quintas (Gardens), which, for splendid luxuriance and delicious odour, well repay alone a visit to this "Insula Fortunata." The Cathedral, situated in a square in the midst of the town, is a fine building, equaling in size some of our smaller cathedral piles. Close by, we come to the Custom House (Alfandega), where business to a vast extent, to judge from appearances, is daily carried on. Then (an important affair to a stranger) we pass on to the "Hôtel Central," which was, when I was at the island, kept by a most obliging person, who, fortunately, spoke English fluently, and had, as if for the especial benefit of English lady-travellers, married a most amiable and kind Englishwoman, who had, I believe, gone to the island in the capacity of housekeeper to a former consul. Ponta Delgada boasts, too, a very nice little theatre, where a good company holds sway, and where occasionally a Spanish Opera Company enlivens the monotony by some capitally-rendered music. Shops also are in abundance, and everything, from a button to a silk dress, may be obtained, though, on account of duty, at a somewhat higher price than in England. French goods are mostly offered for sale, but native cloth, which is very cheap, supplies a fair-wearing material. There is also a well-managed club, from which foreigners are not excluded. The shops of the "boticas" (chemists) are the favourite lounging resorts of the "dolce-far-niente seekers," in lieu of the luncheon-bars, club-rooms, and hotel-lobbies of England. It is certainly a cheap plan to gossip at the chemist's, as one can hardly be expected to pay his footing by calling for refreshment there! There is also a very neatly-built English chapel, standing in a small cemetery, but at present, I regret to say, there is no chaplain. To a sportsman, also, the neighbourhood of the town is especially attractive, there being an abundance of quail, and there *not* being, as at home, any game licence or trespass questions. It may here be noted that, though this island abounds in quail, and has a fair

sprinkling of woodcock and snipe, yet there is not a partridge to be found; whereas at St. Mary's, close by, there is a plentitude of partridge (red-legged), and no quail at all. This may, perhaps, be accounted for by the fact that the quails and partridges are enemies, since the quails, producing their broods earlier than partridges, destroy the eggs of the latter.

I must now ask my readers to accompany me on an imaginary trip through this lovely island, when we will traverse the south side towards the east, and will return to Ponta Delgada by the north road. Suppose, then, a peculiar species of vehicle, half britska, half phaeton, to which four mules are harnessed by leather straps, rope, or, in fact, anything which comes most handy, to be drawn up at the door of the hotel, awaiting your pleasure to depart. These mules are driven or bestrode by boys, who are clad in a most incongruous garb; in fact, the whole turnout is, to say the least of it, most singular and peculiar. But you will, if you exercise the "paciencia" (patience) which the boys afore-mentioned are constantly impressing upon you, find that your animals are, "if rum-ones to look at, yet good ones to go;" and, having taken your seat and safely bestowed your luncheon basket (a necessity, indeed, since nothing eatable is to be obtained on the road), you are whirled off, amidst the yellings and grimaces of an admiring crowd, through those streets which lead to the southern road. Clearing the town and outskirts, which are by no means inviting, the road running between high stone walls, we come to the village of Lioramente, where the road for the north side of the island diverges from the southern track; nothing of importance to be noted save, perhaps, a quaint little chapel which, as it were, guards the point of divergence of the two roads. On we travel, meeting mules laden with orange-boxes going to the town; bullock carts, filled with Indian corn, creaking and lumbering along; a noisy rabble of children; and, perhaps, the village priest. The sea, stretched out on our right hand, and the groves of orange and lemon trees, together with the lofty "fayah" (beech trees) planted to protect from the wind their weaker brethren, the "larangeiras," (orange trees) sloping down from the hill-sides towards the road upon which you are travelling, form at once a pleasing and grateful view. The bluff rocky headlands over which your road leads you, with the blue sea dashing against them, contrasted with the beauteous tints of

green, white, and yellow of the orange trees, form, truly, a picture of which nature might be proud. It may be asked where our journey is going to end. Well, we are wending our way towards the summer residence of the majority of the gentry of the island, viz., to the village of Furnas, situated in the heart of a valley in the mountains, some 1800 feet from the sealevel. Of the beauties and healthful advantages of this place we will speak hereafter. We still journey on along the seacoast, through the straggling village of Lagôa and the town of Água de Pao, till we arrive at Villa Franca, which, like Ponta Delgada, is nestled in a nook under the mountains, and presents a face to the sea. This town was the capital, and contains some fine buildings. Its neighbourhood boasts some of the finest orange Quintas in the island; but, by little and little, Ponta Delgada sprung up, and from being more accessible from most parts of the island, and more adapted for the shipment of fruit, finally took the lead and became the chief place. There is, close off Villa Franca, a small island, or rock, which, in certain weather, affords an excellent shelter, and which, by being connected with the mainland, would form the basis of large and safe dock-works. The attempts which have been and are being made to construct a dock and breakwater at Ponta Delgada, have as yet but partially succeeded, from the fact that the gales of winter sweep away the summer's work, the stones which form it being partially of lava deposit, and hence very light. Vessels which have anchored within the shelter of this breakwater have remained there in fancied security for a time; but some have been utterly wrecked in the first heavy south-west gale they have encountered, being caught in a trap; and being neither able to get out, nor protect themselves when in, are dashed to pieces by the masses of falling rock, and hurled ashore by the hundreds of tons of water which rush headlong against the opposing structure.

At Villa Franca we are compelled to leave our conveyance, as the track beyond, though called a carriage road, is hardly fitted for anything except a horse, mule, or donkey. We are therefore obliged to hire "bourras" (donkeys), and, being mounted with a "bourriqueiro" attendant on each animal, off we start, at a donkey's pace, along the road leading from Villa Franca to Ponta Garcia, and thence to the foot of the "Guytara," a mountain ridge over which we must scramble before we can

hope to enjoy the beauties of the Furnas Valley. After jogging along for about two hours, we at last commenced the ascent, and ridge after ridge comes on in seemingly never-ending succession, till at last you are told, if you know the language — and, if not, it is intimated to you by signs — that you have reached the summit, and that your would-be haven is below you. After taking a little refreshment, which the exhausting efforts of climbing well deserve, and taking in the view all round, the descent is commenced. Downward you go, till you find yourself on a fine level piece of road which leads you to the Lagôa das Furnas (Lake of the Furnas), a piece of water about four miles in circumference, and which is entirely surrounded by mountains. This lake, the largest in the island, is supposed, like the others, to have been formed by volcanic eruption, since pumice-stone in great abundance is found on its shores, and tepid springs surround its banks. Near this lake at the north end are some of the famous "Caldeiras" (boilers), which may be termed the vents of the continual volcanic fires to which all these islands, save one (St. Mary's) are subjected. These Caldeiras are filled, and are constantly boiling over, with water of a mineral nature, which, when cold or tepid, forms an invaluable remedy for gout, rheumatism, and various other diseases. Some of the springs which shoot up around these boiling vents are of almost ice-cold water, and, being of a chalybeate and mineral nature, form a most pleasant and healthful drink. Strange as it may appear to find hot and cold streams or jets pouring from the bosom of the earth within a few paces of each other, yet their subterranean courses may be far apart, and be prosecuted under widely different circumstances, the one percolating through substances which occasion the evolution of heat, or rising up from an immense depth, where it has been heated by interior fires; and the other confined entirely to the superficial strata.

We pass on now along the borders of the lake, and after joggling towards the east, through a pass in the mountains, at last find ourselves in the valley of the Furnas. We jog on till we arrive at the hotel, for they boast one even here, and make acquaintance with the burly landlord, Senhor Jeronymo, who speaks a few words of English, and he thus endeavours to discover and minister to our wants. After bespeaking beds (for it is impossible to return the same night, having already journeyed nearly forty miles), ordering re-

freshment, and settling, after a great amount of haggling and chaffering, with our donkey-drivers, we go out to view the magnificent scenery, and to revivify our tired limbs by a warm-iron bath!—a warm bath of iron water, taken from the warm iron stream which runs through the valley. The reason for this iron stream may be that there are varieties of pyrites which are converted into sulphate of iron by the contact of water, an evolution of heat accompanying the change, and, supposing a spring to flow through a bed of such pyrites, its waters become thermal and wholly impregnated by such a decomposition. The baths are built close around the boiling springs, which are at the end of the valley, and can be enjoyed for the remuneration of a few pence to the bath-keeper. There are also private baths, built of marble and fine stone, which belong exclusively to some of the wealthy inhabitants of the island. These springs, said to be connected by underground sources with those I have already mentioned on the borders of the lake in the valley above, consist of iron water (*agua do ferro*), bitter water (*agua azeda*), mixed water, composed by nature of mixed chemicals (*agua mistura*), and various other waters, which are all of especial benefit to invalids. The Americans have been fortunate enough, for their own sakes, to discover the valuable remedies contained in these waters, and take advantage of the healing qualities contained in the baths, the climate, mild and salubrious, and in the enjoyment of the lovely scenery. English people, on the contrary, will not desert their pet Madeira, Nice, Mentone (deserving as they may be), and all those other places famed for expenses and society. Society is more to our countrymen than health; and I often, when speaking of the advantages and beauty of the Azores, am stopped short by the query, "What sort of society is there?" Of course to those to whom society, in all its phases and forms, is a *sine quâ non*, St. Michael's offers no charms; but to those who seek health, freedom from pain, bodily elasticity, and mental vigour, in lieu of sickness and enervating debility, St. Michael's, and the Azores generally, will be found a Paradise.

To persons, also, to whom economy is an object, the Azores offer especial attractions. Fish, consisting of turtle, grey and red mullet, eels, sardines, and various kinds of well-known, delicious, deep-sea qualities, may be bought at a marvellously low figure. I myself have purchased a

turtle for *one shilling*, and a hundred sardines for *three-pence*. House-rent, too, is not expensive; fuel is almost useless, except for cooking purposes, when brush-wood, which is very cheap, answers every end; meat is obtainable at 5d. to 6d. per lb., and wine at low prices. Fruit and vegetables are almost given away. Servants' wages, too (a startling item in England), are about 5s. to 7s. 6d. per month; the name of "perquisites" is unknown; and whereas English domestics require meat, tea, sugar, beer, and various other luxuries, Portuguese servants know nothing of such demands. A little soup with a piece of Indian corn bread, a little salt fish, and an orange or two, form a magnificent repast in the opinion of the Portuguese domestic. But space will not permit us to linger. We must hie back to Ponta Delgada, and this time by the north route, which runs straight, over hill and down dale; into the valley of the Furnas, and is a good carriage road all the way to Ponta Delgada. We can take advantage of a returning carriage, and bargain for places. After climbing the ascent from the valley, our mules bundle along at a merry pace, down hill all the way, straight across the island, and then, after reaching the northern coast line, we take the road westerly, towards the town of Ribeira Grande. The same style of beautiful scenery meets our gaze as did on the southern road, and, after lunching at Ribeira Grande, we again cross the island, and find ourselves once more at the hotel in Ponta Delgada.

Another journey westerly which may be made with advantage is that to the "Sette Cidades" (seven cities), a valley surrounded by seven peaks, and which also contains a large lake.

A few words may now be said about the fruit for which the Azores are so famous. The orange tree, which is either raised from slips or seed, produces a crop sometimes startling in abundance. The seedling tree, which takes the longest time to arrive at perfection, is, nevertheless, the most prolific bearer, and stands good for fruit for many decades of years. The tree raised from cutting is, on the other hand, much weaker in its growth and more sparing in its produce. The trees are planted in groves, which are surrounded by high stone walls, and further protected from the force of the wind by lines, sometimes double, of "fayah" (beech) trees, planted inside the walls. These "protection" trees grow to a great height, and completely shelter the fruit-bearing trees

within. The orange season commences about November, and all is business and work—picking, packing, and shipping—till April, when the last cargoes are dispatched, and nothing remains but to hoe in the soil around the roots of the trees, manure them, and patiently await a next crop. In summer, however, fruit is to be obtained. Some trees bear what are called the “ridolha” fruit, a species of second crop, and so the inhabitants get oranges all the year round. One of the most pleasing sights is the orange tree, with its dark green leaves, white blossom, unripe and ripe fruit, all pendent at the same time. The orange, too, of St. Michael is especially luscious, and is deservedly well-known in English markets. It has been in such request that tradesmen often offer Mediterranean fruit for sale as being the far-famed produce of St. Michael. The way, however, to detect the imposition is to examine the covering of the orange—the Mediterranean fruit being always covered with thin white paper, the Azores orange with the leaf of the Indian corn. The skin, too, of the latter is softer, thinner, and of a much finer texture than that of the former. In this lovely climate, where the cold of winter is never felt, and the heat of summer is constantly tempered by the refreshing sea breezes, everything springs into life. The bearded wheat, barley, and Indian corn are cultivated in great abundance, and quantities of the latter grain are exported to the United Kingdom. The fruits of England—such as apples, pears, plums, nectarines, peaches, &c.,—may be seen growing side by side with the more tropical productions, such as the guava, custard apple, Cape gooseberry, and loquots (a fine Australian fruit); and vegetables of all kinds and descriptions may be found, together with melons of all names and qualities, from the choice little nutmeg even to the ordinary water-melon.

The formation of the Azores (St. Mary's excepted) is strictly volcanic. At St. Mary's there is no sign at all of any such form, and lime and chalk, which are never found in volcanic strata, are discoverable at, and in fact exported from, St. Mary's in great quantities. A chain of volcanic action traverses the whole of the southern part of the European continent a distance of above one thousand geographical miles. It commences at the Azores and extends to the Caspian Sea, having for its northern boundaries the Tyrolean and Swiss Alps, and for its southern bounds the northern kingdoms of Africa. The consequence fol-

lows that springs displaying violent ebullitions, sending off vast clouds of steam, and throwing up their scalding water to a considerable height in the form of a jet, are the common phenomena of these volcanic regions. As I have mentioned, in St. Michael's there is a round, deep, and lovely valley, its sides covered with myrtles, laurels, and mountain-grapes, with wheat, Indian corn, and poplars waving upon its fields, in which many boiling fountains occur. The principal “Caldeira” is on a gentle eminence by the side of a small streamlet, and boils with great fury, and the stream itself exhibits ebullition in various places, where the water is too hot to be borne by the hand. Further, to show the volcanic nature of the Azores, some small islands have emerged from the deep, consisting of volcanic products, lava, scorïæ, and pumice, and of strata uplifted by the expansive force which produced the ejection of these materials. The first marine ebullition on record was in 1538, another took place in 1720, and a third in 1787, when an earthquake shook the island St. George, and eighteen small islets rose near its shores. The next took place in 1811, when the temporary island of Sabrina rose from the deep off St. Michael. A dangerous shoal was first thrown up from a depth of 240 feet in the month of February. In June, the island showed itself above the surface of the sea, and continued rapidly to increase for several days, till it attained the height of 300 feet, and was about a mile in circumference. It had a beautiful crater, with an opening 30 feet wide, from which hot water poured into the sea. In the month of October of the same year the island began gradually to disappear, and by the end of February, 1812, no trace of it was visible above the waves, though vapours occasionally rose from the spot. There is now upwards of 600 feet of water where Sabrina formerly stood. The last ebullition took place off Terceira, between that island and Gracioca, the shock which produced it destroying a church and part of a village in the former island. This occurred during my residence at St. Michael's. Volcanic formations consist principally of lava, or melted rock-matter, which is either upheaved by immense mechanical pressure through the hollow interior, so as to flow from the top of the volcano in eruption, or, as is usually the case, it makes for itself lateral passages on the flanks of the mountain, and overspreads the adjacent districts, sometimes to a considerable distance, filling up valleys, diverting the course of streams, and elevating plains by adding broad and

thick expanses of material to them. Lava is chiefly composed of the two minerals, felspar and augite, with titaniferous iron. When the felspar predominates, light-coloured lavas are the result, called felspathic, or trachytic; but when the augite is in excess, dark varieties, augitic or basaltic lavas, are produced.

But to resume. It may be, and with justice, asked — How are we to get to these realms of Eden? In the winter months there are always very comfortable steamers sailing from London and Liverpool weekly in which there is capital accommodation for passengers: fare, about £10. In the summer months, Southampton to Lisbon; and thence, on the 15th of the month, by the regular mail-boat to St. Michael's and other islands will be the best route. The coinage in the islands differs slightly from the Lisbon rates. In Portugal the £1 sterling is worth 4500 reis; in the island, 5600 reis. But there is no actual gain by the exchange, as money is rated higher in Lisbon than in the Azores. English bank-notes can hardly obtain currency. A rei is almost an imaginary coin, a "cincoreis" (5 reis) piece being the lowest coinage.

With reference to scenery, I may add that the other islands equally deserve the eulogiums I have passed on the beauties of St. Michael's; and Pico may be especially noted as being the only island in which volcanic eruption is still active.

It may be a matter of interest to know that the far-famed "Mar de Sargosso" (weedy sea), which is divided into two sections, is situated a little to the west of the meridian of Fayal, between 25 degs. and 36 degs. of latitude, where it forms a vast marine meadow. It is caused by an immense collection of floating sea-weed (fucus natans). It is said to have been discovered by the Phœnicians.

Another important topic, and I have finished. The falling-off of the crop of grapes, which formerly, in the shape of wine, supplied one of the principal export commodities from the islands, is a matter of deep regret. For some years past there has been no crop, so to speak, the whole of the grapes for wine-making purposes having been destroyed by the "coccus," a species of green fly, and by the "oidium," a kind of blight, which rots the stem as soon as the grape is formed. The "coccus" eats away the strength of the vine, and leaves it an easier prey to the ravages of "oidium."

Wine, however, ("termo tinto" and "termo branco"), a kind of red and white, may be obtained at the Azores at the most

reasonable price, being sent from Lisbon. "Bucellas," and wines of a higher quality, are also to be had in the islands from the same source. A kind of white brandy, made at St. George, is of a first-rate nature, and very cheap. I am surprised, indeed, that it has not been made a subject of import to England to take the place of the cheap and nasty liquors which are so constantly vended there.

There can be no doubt that all those who require rest, renovation, change, and an economical trip, will never regret having paid a visit to the AZORES.

From Fraser's Magazine.

A VISIT TO SHAMYL'S COUNTRY IN THE AUTUMN OF 1870.*

BY EDWIN RANSOM, F.R.A.S., F.R.G.S.

AFTER making some acquaintance with St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Nijni Novgorod, I left the latter port on August 18, 1870, with a through ticket for Petrovsk, on the Caspian. I had the services of a courier who had been twice with English travellers in Caucasus.

The right bank of the Volga is often picturesque, though never so high, broken, or wooded, as at Nijni Novgorod. The great towns at which the steamer stopped, though of course partaking of the *unkemptness* of all Russia and the Russians, possess handsome features, and promise well for the future. Astrakhan — one of the first names one learns in geography — marked so large and alone on the map, is far less in size and in interest than some of the river towns. Flat it is and sandy, among vast sand flats, which produce water-melons and cucumbers utterly innumerable for the vegetable-eating Russian.

Government may make the mountain lines of Caucasus and Ural the boundaries between Asiatic and European provinces, and cartographers may colour their maps on a similar rule, but the traveller must feel himself quite in Asia when he sees the nomade Kaimuks with their skin tents on both sides the great river, when he meets their queer, flat, featureless faces on the steamer and in the bazar at Astrakhan, and still more when he finds himself immersed in Mahometanism in Daghestan, where every feature of life and

* In this paper foreign words are spelt nearly as pronounced; for the vowels the unvarying usage of German and Italian pronunciation is intended. The letter "c" is not adopted, being an expletive, and its sound generally uncertain.

civilization is Oriental excepting the Russian soldier and the Russian post.

Near most of the Caspian ports the sea is shallow and open, so that anchorage is impossible in windy weather. From Astrakhan all merchandise and passengers are conveyed some 70 miles across the delta between the river steamers and the sea steamers in vessels of lighter draught. Besides this natural detriment to Astrakhan as an entrepôt, any bad weather on the Caspian hinders commerce and restricts the navigation season, which begins among the ice-floes in May, and ends in autumn through shortness of water, fogs, or frost. A railway between the two seas from Poti to Tiflis and the good harbour of Baku will be an incalculable help to the commerce between East and West.

Tartars, Armenians, and Persians are numerous in Astrakhan. If the former continue successful in effecting a cross with the Georgians, may we not hope for fewer of the tiny eyes and almost imperceptible noses, and more of such high qualities as mark the Kazan Tartars in the offices and hotels of St. Petersburg and Moscow? Since Persia ruled the countries west of the Caspian, the snivelling Persian merchant tracks the steps of trade, and the sturdy Persian labourer finds employ where the less able Russian or the less willing native often grumble and starve.

The voyage from Astrakhan to the sea steamer is most tedious. During the night the fiery tail of sparks from the chimney of the tug steamer leads the way, and the day reveals nothing but boundless swamps with banks of reeds. Pelicans, cormorants, and other sea-fowl occasionally pass; an outlying island station requires a lengthy call; and then we steer for a speck on the horizon which in the course of time proves to be the *Prince Constantine*, a good paddle-steamer of perhaps 700 tons, which after some four hours' work receives her cargo. A glorious night on a gently rolling sea was followed by a fresh morning. The traveller from Russia looks out for the first sign of mountains—at the foot of brown craggy hills lie the white houses, the barracks and the pier of Petrovsk. The time of year was recommendable rather for convenience and health than with regard to the aspects of nature. Probably every part of the Russian dominions needs all of "May" it can get to give it a charm to the Western visitor. I found throughout Southern Russia the steppe and all but the highest uplands alike brown and bare and void of the picturesque; but on the other hand the

weather was for three months never unfriendly, and the roads and rivers never *inconvenables*. Petrovsk is mostly modern. The new harbour ought to become very useful, being the only one north of Baku; but from the style of progress in works and in trade the engineer may well be glad of all the compliments he gets. After looking over two neat old forts and a fine new lighthouse, I was anxious to be on the way to Temir-khan-shura, the capital of the district, there to present an introduction to the governor, and to learn what sort of a journey I could make to Tiflis. (I had utterly failed in seeking information about Daghestan, excepting from Ussher's *London to Persepolis*.) A *diligence*—a sort of omnibus—was assigned as a favour (instead of the renowned little boat on four wheels—telega—the representative vehicle of the Russian post, which figures in every English book on Russia), and the anticipated experience of "urging the inevitable *paracolodnaia* over the interminable steppe" was deferred. The horn blew loud, and the four horses abreast galloped off.

For the first stage the route skirted the foot of the hills, their shadows then varied by a finely-clouded sky. To the right was a boundless level—the steppe. The driver goes where are the fewest inequalities in the ground, and where a track is made in the dried herbage. After passing some cultivated patches of the ungracious looking soil, Kumkurtale is approached. It is about fourteen miles from Petrovsk, and on a cliff overlooking the stream which flows down from 'Shura. The houses are all of mud—as in many Eastern countries—solid and durable as the "cob" of Devonshire. Some corn was being gathered in small stacks by the homes or on their roofs; in another place oxen drawing a chair on wheels were being urged round the thickly-strewn threshing-floor. With a fresh team a start was soon made, and novelties drew attention on either hand. The road here turned down into the valley, following it right up into the mountain country, stumbling along and across the rugged river bed. Here was a walled vineyard with its "tower" in the corner, there a field of maize, a corn field, or a garden, with the life-giving irrigation, showing the native thrift of the sons of the soil. After an hour's jolting a plateau is reached, which commands striking panoramas of the peaky, rocky hills, and valleys which mark the approach to this "mountain-land"—Dagh-estan. Sandstone is the prevailing formation, and sometimes

very picturesque. A village — áúl — is passed every few miles, and one learns often to recognize its presence by the cemetery-hill, with its crowd of rude monuments and high upright stones, which may catch the eye long before the flat brown tops of the snugly-set houses. The countenances and style of the people are the greatest contrast to either Russian or Kalmuk, recalling one's ideal of a race of mountaineers. One may feel it almost an honour to be looked at by the grand large eyes of the boys. Long strings of carts are passed on the road, the drivers generally wearing the massive cone of white, black or brown sheepskin — the hat of the Caucasians. The last áúl before reaching the town is perhaps as picturesque placed as any in Daghestan, the old Tartar keep overhauling its village and its gardens; barest hills around, on which the sun is just setting, and one wonders what an evening was like up in that tower fifty years ago, when the levelling Christian Russ had not placed his foot on the land, and when feud and fight were the life of the people. Again the horn is blown, and we are impelled at the utmost speed of Russian etiquette, through the fortifications of the Russian town, up a street which seems a mixture of tree-trunks, dried mud, and stones. Here it may be indeed well to try to make some virtue of the necessity of taking things as one finds them. The traveller's position in a *diligence* is really like that of "a pea in a rattle." He learns to *hold on* as the victim of the Russian post must do, especially when leaving or nearing a station.

In the darkness we turn out at the "Hotel Gúrib" — the chief tavern of the town — kept by an Armenian, as is usual in Caucasian countries; and the darkness inside renders an entry a matter of time. On reaching the first floor — where are generally the principal rooms, the chambers, billiard-room and dining-room — we find some little glass petroleum lamps (the same that do duty in doors and out anywhere within a thousand miles this side of the oil wells of Baku). Presently a waiter opens the tall, creaky Russian-like doors of the better apartments; by "strong representations" we obtain some leather mattresses to mitigate the boarded bedsteads or couches, which with a few stools are the sole furniture. Earthenware may be borrowed as a favour, though the Russian ablutions are usually done out of doors, the water being poured on the hands, Oriental-wise. Thirty miles of very unaccustomed shaking indisposed one

to criticize long or severely the circumstances of the new quarters.

The next morning was sunny, and I soon turned out to see if there might be anything pleasing or interesting in the little capital of Northern Daghestan. Temir-khan-shura numbers about two thousand souls, and a similar number of soldiers were stationed there under canvas on a hill-side. The residence of Prince George-adzi, the governor, the summer house of Prince Melikov, and the extensive barracks are stone-built, white-washed, and roofed with the Russian sheet-iron or tiles. Nearly all the other buildings are entirely wooden (unless the roofs be in some cases thatched), painted white and green, or more often unpainted. The streets are quite unpaved, excepting *à la corduroy* near the town gates, with white lamp posts at the corners, and relieved by rows of Lombardy poplars. My servant ascertained that the governor was on a tour of inspection in his district, but was expected home in two or three days.

This delay was vexing. Though Gúrib — the celebrated stronghold of Shamyl — was my proximate object, I was dependent on Prince George-adzi for information and letters to help me to make such journey to Tiflis as might promise most of interest. And so necessity, added to courtesy, caused a stay of four days before making further progress towards the great mountains. In one of the chief shops were a few comestibles, doubtless supposed to be choice samples of Western civilization — most prominent being the ubiquitous and representative "Reading Biscuits." The inevitable "photographer," here as in almost every other town announced on a large board, was unable to supply any views of landscape or building. German though he generally is in Caucasus, I never, except at Tiflis, could obtain the pictures the traveller usually likes to gather *en route*. Most evenings there was good billiard playing at the hotel between the officers, natives especially.

The country around Shura was hilly and broken, brown and treeless. On the north side of the town the river rushes at the foot of high sandstone cliffs, on the crest of which are some old forts. Not far off is a Russian cemetery, containing the damaged tombs of several officers. One evening we spent with a German settler in the valley, where he has a very good orchard and a mill, besides a brewery. From the aspect of things in general, I did not wonder at his expressing a wish to sell out and leave the country, though his

motives might be more social than commercial, for he assured us the goodwill of his beer-houses in the town was no trifle. His ale hardly reached the standard of the bright, light, fragrant "Astrakhanski pivo," which is the emulation of brewers and drinkers in East Caucasus.

On Saturday, August 15 (O. S.), I witnessed the service of the last day of the Feast of the Assumption. The first day I had spent among the throng of worshippers at the many churches and shrines at "Holy Trinity," near Moscow. Here, on the outskirts as it were of the Russian Church and the Russian realm, the observances were fully attended. The Church is prominent, placed in the midst of a square, and is coloured over outside with red ochre. It was crowded, and the memorial and symbolical adjuncts of the altar were nearly obscured by dense incense. The next morning the marketplace in the native quarter was alive with peasants of all sorts and ages, dealing chiefly in fruits and corn. I bargained for some different kinds of grapes at about a penny a pound, and found them fairly good.

My last evening at 'Shura was spent most profitably with a distinguished officer stationed there for a short time, I believe for scientific purposes. He was a Finn — had been in Chodsko's expedition in Armenia, and was one of those who mounted Ararat — so apparently felt entitled to speak jauntily of climbers with whom he feared scientific observations were a secondary matter. He had been colouring maps of a great part of Caucasus, to distinguish the many tribes (some of which are limited to a single village), and the varied dialects and different languages current between the Caspian and Black Seas. He was a real philologist — knew English, too, though, like several Russians, especially ladies, he would not talk it, through ignorance of our pronunciation. The governor I found gracious, as Russian officers are always represented to be. He did not speak French, so my interpreter-servant from Moscow was required as a medium. He advised the frequented route from Gunib to Vialikavkaz and Tiflis, rather than straight over the high mountains by Telav, and gave me letters to all the authorities on the way. He assigned as escort and interpreter as far as Gunib a brave officer of the native militia — Abdullah — lately high in the service of Shamyl. I went to the post-office and gave a letter to the master — the last I could post before reaching the capital —

its address required in Russian as well as English, that it might be read and registered.

Late in the afternoon we rode out of Temir-khan-shura, and for fourteen miles rode slowly southwards, mostly in the shades of a serene evening. The roar of grasshoppers alone disturbed the stillness. We soon left the Caspian road which leads to Derbem, and on our way passed some large villages; one of them, they said, more populous than the town. The religious exercises of our leader caused more than one protracted delay. His Mahometanism I may observe was Sunni, the Shia forms of the faith are nearly confined to the coast and other districts formerly under Persian rule. About nine o'clock we turned into the Government house at Jengutai, and the dirty divan in the chief room was assigned for my repose. The journey was resumed by starlight. Passing out of the village a cemetery was on either hand, and in each was a cluster of the people awaiting the dawn in attitudes of devotion. I was afterwards repeatedly impressed with this practice, and more than once noticed the like observance also with Russians on ship-board.

The country was not poor, the soil being very light and not shallow, and generally cropped with maize and buckwheat. Villages lined the route at short intervals — winding between the houses in these áúls was sometimes not easy or agreeable. The people and animals were turning out for the day — the men and women appear generally to share the work — then they were reaping the barley, stacking it, or laying out the bundles on a threshing-floor; in other directions they were to be heard urging the cattle at plough. The road throughout to Gunib was in course of improvement: bridges, little and big, being built, pretty thoroughly too. The old route of eighty-four miles from 'Shura (described by Mr. Ussher in his *London to Persepolis* in 1863) will be rather shortened. Mine was of some fifty-eight miles, leading through the mountain gorges.

We left the road, taking a long steep climb, from the summit of which is a very extensive view of the 'Shura hill country. The south side overlooked a very deep set áúl — Aimiaki. For the descent it was quite necessary to dismount, and my horse, once in the village, soon led the way to a house, which proved to be Abdullah's home. There I was soon occupied in clearing a plate of small raw hen eggs, and was the subject of much regard by children on neighbouring roofs, and by the host's two

little ones. Putting my spectacles on the boy, he went off with them to his mother, who was preparing a repast which she and Abdullah produced with the graceful manners characteristic of the Mussulmans of the country. An hour in the quiet and in the dark was afterwards refreshing. I found a "siesta" was usual after dinner with all classes in Caucasus—Russian and native. This Abdullah received from the late Emperor one of the (re-captured) Russian flags which Shamyl had taken. The great conflict seemed very recent, and one could hardly imagine the best part of the men we see having been deadly enemies to Russia, and now even acting as showmen in Shamyl's head-quarters.

The mountains here were of chalk and limestone, the strata rising towards the south, as I have heard does Daghestan generally, the *steeps* being on the south side of the main range, overhanging Kakhétia. The exit from Aimeyaki is through a strange, lofty, jagged "gate." We followed a brook for perhaps four miles, having often a thousand feet of precipice on each side, and sometimes the space at top as narrow as the river bed along which we made our way. The rock formation, I thought, rendered the scenery more striking than the similar gorges in Switzerland, Tyrol, and North Dovrefield—more broken, rocky, and ridgy. Before reaching the main valley of the Kazikoisu, a *contretemps* caused some diversion, the path being covered with water through a miller making extra "pen." Where the cliffs were four or five yards apart all was water for more than twice that distance. The lad who had charge of the horses went first, and the "yukha" (baggage horse) next—that missed footing on the narrow path where the water was not two feet deep, and threatened soon to submerge itself. However, Abdullah managed to get it through without my baggage being seriously wetted. I went next, and my horse tumbled, but soon scrambled out. The horses revenged themselves in a fashion by treading down the banks of the miller's dam in crossing it.

Passing through a considerable aúl—Gergebil—where maize was growing in great luxuriance, with plenty of trees and crops, we crossed the Kazikoisu by a strong bridge, the river running far below, confined by the rock strata to a precisely straight course for several hundred feet. The valley seemed filled with hills of boulder, covered or tufted with grass. As the road approaches the mountain on the other side the valley, it passes vast piles of this boulder deposit. The latter seems

packed along the north side of the mountain, the strata of which rises vertically from one to two thousand feet above the bed of the Karakoisu—the Gunib stream. The road through the mighty defile of this river is in a notch perhaps half-way up the cliff. The sides are often too abrupt to allow a view of the water: they vary from fifty feet to a mile in distance from the towering crags opposite. After a broad valley the mountains again close in on the road. The latter ascends considerably to where the stream coming down from Gunib is spanned by a light iron lattice bridge which carries the road to Khunzakh. Thence the white house of the governor at Gunib is visible, high on a prominent crag. The main direction of the road is nearly straight, and also level, though the actual distance is nearly trebled by the incessant windings caused by gullies and lateral valleys. An officer *en route* from St. Petersburg to Gunib kept company for an hour or two. He had left 'Shura that morning, and on his way had had a ducking in the mill-stream. His white pony held on its way better than our caravan, at the waddling trot which is liked in this country. Daylight was gone long ere we reached the bridge which introduces to the zigzags of Gunib. Many lights on the mountain side had shown where we were, and gradually we found ourselves among them.

The governor's reception was most cordial, and the apologies profuse for a disarrangement of the establishment caused by the preparations for the visit of the Viceroy, the Grand Duke Michael, then on a progress through Daghestan. I found myself violating a maxim of Russian travel—never to be just before or after a great man; and afterwards on the post road I was two or three times hindered for hours through the horses being requisitioned for the imperial *cortège*. I was soon desired to join a few officers who were invited to sup with a general of engineers. The latter was on a tour of inspection of the barracks and other military works in the district. The party was a pleasant one, for all could speak French or German, and the engineer had lately been on an expedition to the country east of the Caspian. He had visited the high, bare Balkan hills, and produced his sketch book and notes. The new Russian *colonia* there, Krasnovodsk, is costly, for there is very little in the neighbourhood to support it, but it is hoped it will be useful in the Government system of Western Turkestan. A special steamer maintains the communication with Baku on the opposite coast.

Next morning I was conducted, by two handsome officers of the mounted native militia, around Gunib. The town is on the side of the mountain mass which bears the name, and at the only point which is not precipitous, and therefore accessible. Above the town are yet more zigzags, and the road is generally supported by walls or arches. The barracks and upper fortifications seemed considerable, for the force stationed there was a battalion (1,000 men). The fastness of Gunib is about 33 miles round, and the objection to it as a fortress is its extent. The interior is much depressed, and a deep gorge carries off the numerous streams towards the town. This rent appears water-worn in places, and at a height which struck me as far above the possible level of any glut which could now be furnished by the surrounding slopes. Shamyl's dismantled village is in the midst of the uplands. His house is tenanted to keep it up; it is similar to all other houses in the country, but has a noticeable little watch tower and stone gateway. Here two stupid, ugly children, dressed in loose blue cloths like women, took hold of me, and, besides two ugly black sheep with the fat tails, were the only signs of life. From this house Shamyl went down the valley to meet his conqueror, Prince Baryatinski, in a birchwood by the road within sight of his home. An open building, its roof supported by eight pillars, and perhaps four yards square, covers the spot where formally ended Shamyl's twenty-seven years' war against Russia. A stone on which the Viceroy sat bears the date of the chief-tain's submission—4 P.M. August 26, 1859.

We followed for a few miles the windings of a road, in course of construction, up to a newly made tunnel: a route which materially shortens the distance from Gunib town to Karadakh, the next garrison fort in the west. The Russian soldiers on the work were numerous, digging, stone-breaking, and building. They had extemporized huts from the haycocks. They were just then at their mid-day chief meal, which was, as elsewhere, vegetable broth, with coarse bread and a shred of meat. The outer end of the tunnel suddenly reveals one of the wildest and grandest prospects in the country, and overlooks a very deep and precipitous valley, the descent to which is by many zigzags. At the governor's to dinner, besides his wife, a cultivated lady from Georgia, and her elder children, were the supper party of the previous evening.

Gunib is a "crack" station, but living is costly. I noticed many officers there. It is a sanatorium for invalided members of the Government services. The rocks are apt to be loose, and the ways in the town are very irregular, and dangerous in the dark; several soldiers get thrown down or crushed in the course of a year.

The Russian soldiers are always at work, at least in Caucasus. Here they seemed to do everything. Their clothes are well worn and patched; uniforms are not always worn in Caucasus—sometimes an officer's old white coat is donned instead of the grey—but always the cap and long boot, without which a man is hardly a Russian. A plateau in the midst of the town is useful for drill. It was formerly fortified, and a curious collection of field pieces and other artillery, native, Russian, and Persian, is now set out by the church. The latter building is a first and principal consideration with the Russian at home or abroad, and on effecting an occupation the conqueror or colonist has been said to declare, "We never give up consecrated ground!"

The next day I rode and strolled about the long slopes of pasture, and mounted to the crest, which rises almost like the edge of a saucer. The wild flowers were yet more plentiful than before, though I did not recognize any which are not familiar in Bedfordshire. The rainy season here is in the three months which end in July, so the vegetation was fresher than in the same latitude in the Pyrenees. The grasshoppers were countless and noisy, brilliant green, black and red, yellow, and yellow-green. On and off for an hour or two my attention was taken by a kind of broken net-work over the sky—immense flights of cranes coming from the Caspian southward. The panorama from Gunib is very extensive and very impressive. Down below the wonderful precipices on the southern edge were the tiny fields of the fertile valley, the pairs of oxen just discernible drawing their loads. A large part of the main range of East Caucasus was visible, with patches of snow on the higher parts only. Countless great summits jagged the southern horizon, but neither the extreme right nor left revealed the longed-for peak of Shebulos or Basardjusi. Between was spread a chaos of mountain land, cleft irregularly, and presenting no marked ridges or open valleys. The northward prospect from Gunib shows how the country breaks down towards the steppe—the Tshetshnian forests shading its limits in that direction—

forests connected with woeful memories of slaughtered columns of invaders. The commanding heights immediately to the east I had hoped to climb, while waiting a few days for an expected good chance of striking across the wild high country straight for Tiflis; but being taken with a diarrhoea, I gave a day to rest, and another vainly to laudanum, then started westward one evening for Karadakh, *via* the tunnel and the valley below it I had looked into. The country to the south has been little visited, even by Russians. I was told it would be difficult and dangerous to cross it, except in quiet weather, and with a full supply of food and covering, there being little population, and the tracks tedious and rocky in the extreme. The charms of the route I afterwards took combine varieties of forest and cultivated vegetation, with crags and steeps probably nearly equal in scale to those of the undescribed districts.

Taking leave of my bountiful entertainers, I quitted their mansion and traversed the great mountain of Gunib for the last time, descending on the contrary side to the town by the new exit to the deep valley. For several versts we took a doubtful course along a stony little river bed, sometimes nearly grown up with bushes, while the evening shades soon confined the view. It became too dark to distinguish the coal-seams in the cliff, which the Russian work by adits. We could have no communication with our guide, he, like other natives, knowing no speech but that of his congeners: and we found ourselves bitterly deceived by a six hour's ride having been described as consisting of as many miles, the latter being indeed barely the length of the direct line. The moon rising on the left revealed in front a cliff of some 600 or 800 feet, with a narrow rift in the direction of our march. At the bottom of this was the stream, and utter darkness. Some soldiers — Finns — sleeping on huts at the entrance of the passage, recommended us to stay there; but as they said the fort was but three versts beyond, I went on. My timid courier, whose breeding was of Homburg, Baden, and Paris, abhorred such journeying; and his dislike of my tour was nearly equalled by his dislike of the taste that chose its pleasure in such a country. We dismounted, and splashed along the bed of the stream in the dark for nearly a quarter of a mile. The top of the ravine was straighter and narrower than the bottom. The view looking out at each end was very striking. It was eleven before the Karadagh fort

was reached farther down the valley, and I was vexed to be obliged to call up the officer in charge. After some delay he kindly prepared us lodging and supper. The host was a devout old peasant soldier of thirty-five years' service, who had been promoted repeatedly in consequence of bravery in the Crimean war. Such honour has been unusual in the Russian army, the full flock of nobility being largely dependent on the State for "relief" in the form of appointments. Almost every evening of my journey I could follow in the first conversation enquiries as to what we each were, our route, and about the events and probabilities of the war. Now I had to interrupt this, for, not knowing if the remaining thirty versts to Khunzakh might prove ninety, I was determined on rest without delay, and an early start.

The morning rose fresh, bright, and hot. Forward the valley was wider and a little cultivated. After miles of laborious zig-zags the road emerges on a very elevated poor pasturage, where were pretty little sheep and goats of all colours. In a depression lay the large new fortress, barracks, and village of Khunzakh. The mountains around were bare and wild: though the strata were broken, they offered no striking feature excepting one square solitary mass rising from a valley on the left, which had caught my eye all the morning. The valleys of this country are probably between five and seven thousand feet above the sea-level, and the heights not often three thousand feet above them. Many soldiers were at the unfinished works building and banking: several were dousing in the pools and waterfalls of a torrent close by.

Here again the governor and his lady proved assiduous and cordial entertainers, and I was glad of rest. The table was supplied by some variety of meats, as well as of fruits and vegetables. Besides household decorations, I was struck with ornamental cups, plates, and sticks carved from a red root, and bearing designs in imbedded silver points. The long day's journey hence was by a toilsome route, and one on which travellers are occasionally molested. I was favoured with the company of a young officer, lieutenant to the governor of Botlikh, the next lodging place. He was a Mahometan, belonging to one of the old territorial families of this the country of the Avars. He had been in the military academy at St. Petersburg, and his intelligence and polish, in addition to his general appearance, gave one the impression of a cultivated genial German. I

was again and again struck with a superiority in the Tartar blood of Kazan, in the few old Tartar families of Poland, and in the Tartar and other stocks in East Caucasus, all of them retaining more or less strictly their ancient faith and worship, thanks to the restrictive jealousy which the Russian State so wisely bears towards its Church.

We journeyed for some hours on the elevated pasture land, not unfrequently crossing rills and streams which support the herbage for numbers of sheep and horses. The herdsman, whether on foot or on horseback, is a curious object in the Caucasian landscape; his *bourka* like a conical roof obscuring the man, or perhaps supporting his "chimney-pot"—the massive upright cylindrical hat of sheepskin. This *bourka* is his one protection against cold and wet; a stiff round cloak made of a thick coat of cow's hair, felted on the inner side. It is made similarly to the woollen felt for tents (the *kibitkas* of the Tartars), which is a quarter of an inch or more thick, and almost impervious to heat, cold, or damp. The best *bourkas* are made in this neighbourhood, and the price at a fair is about twenty shillings. I afterwards noticed many loads of them *en route* for the towns of the steppe.

Curiosity led me to enter a little mill which stood by the way. It was a mud box, perhaps six feet in height and width, the length being rather greater; the water entering on one side, a dashing mill race coming from under it on the other, and some dust of the trade marking the doorway. The "honest miller" was represented by two children—they shovelled barley into the hollowed tree-stem from which the stones were supplied; the meal descended into a similar trough, out of which the sacks were filled, and then put ready for the farmer's donkey. The little mill stones were apparently just above the primitive turbine or radial water-wheel, which was under the floor, a single shaft sufficing, while the water, conducted down a steep enclosed spout, impelled the spokes of the wheel by its velocity.

The day wore on as we passed the abrupt bare brows which overlook the next large valley. We sought rest in a village below; and unpinning the door of a good cottage, we found a tidy, shady room. The occupants were away; there were earthen bottles on the floor, and a table, in the drawer of which were a Koran and a Mecca passport, common signs of a Moslem home. We started on down

steep chalky crags to the bank of the river—a *kara koiisu* they called it—and a *black water* it was, opaque with the washings of its upper course. A grassy orchard of peach, apple, and vine was an agreeable and refreshing resting place for the delayed midday meal. After much time was lost in waiting for the needed relay of horses, we followed a good road up the left bank of the river for many miles. Crowds of natives were passed; many were returning from their meadows with asses loaded with hay, the slight burden being placed in panniers or in a capacious frame which bestrode the little beast like a letter W. The sun set behind mountains to the right, and thunder and lightning threatened in front, deepening the frowns of a most wild and precipitous defile. The mountains here are *very* abrupt, and the dangerousness of the road, which hardly finds its broken way, often at a height of 100 or 200 feet above the stream, renders the journey more striking.

Before reaching the village of Tlokh some curious salt works are passed. Saline streams issue from the foot of the mountain, and are caught in earth pans or tanks (for filtration and evaporation) just before entering the river. They extend for a quarter of a mile along the side of the road. Wending through the rugged little village we suddenly mounted in single file one of Shamyl's bridges, a fragile structure of fir trees. Each course of logs jutted endwise beyond the preceding one, and successively overhanging the abyss from either side, slanted upwards towards the apex, where a rather doubtful bond was maintained between the unwilling timbers. Soon after this we reached a place where the road had fallen, so had to make a round by a large village (*Enkhelli*) set on a rocky declivity. The way through the place was under houses and rocks, for near 300 yards of dark passages. Emerging, strong moonlight showed the very broad, stony bed of a torrent which was to be crossed. The Karasu was last crossed by an English-made iron bridge near the abandoned fatal fever-stricken fort of Preobrajenski. Some of Shamyl's vast mountain wall is here observable. It was constructed of loose stones only, and about the height of a man; its wandering course sometimes marked by a little embrasure or rude battery.

We pulled up at the governor's house at Botlikh by nine o'clock, and received a good supper and quarters. It was sultry.

I paced the stone terrace of the mansion for some time waiting for the yukha, which was belated, and watching the lightning playing over the bare mountains in front. As my course was now northward toward the steppe, and Tiflis was behind me, I wanted to push on and get over the détour. My kind conductor of the previous day started us in the morning with two old native militia, Jesus and Mahomet. The latter proved chatty—not that we knew Russian, but we very often exchanged looks and signs, and sometimes sweetmeats. It is interesting to try to convey feelings, ideas, and facts without using the tongue, and surely in no part of this world is it so necessary as in this polyglot land, where a native can hardly make himself understood when he has crossed a mountain or followed a stream for twenty miles.

Winding and climbing up for some hours, we left the walnut trees and corn-fields far below. Before finishing the ascent we were caught in a heavy rain cloud. I took refuge in a haycock; the escort untied their bourkas from their saddles, and unfolding them quietly awaited the sunshine, which was fitting over the slopes before us. We had rich views of valley, mountains, and clouds. The little broken plain of Botlikh is very picturesque, and I should think very fruitful. The temperature was much lower at top; the bright green, grassy, rolling hills, and soon a bright blue lake—the first and almost the only one I saw during my whole tour—were refreshing to mind and body after bare hill-sides and confined valleys. My watch has been useful in lonely situations to tell the time for midday prayers. This day the halt was with several herdsmen, who were minding their cattle, sheep, or horses. My nag lost a stirrup in rolling on the soft grass, and the search for it prolonged our delay. We again ascended green slopes, and on a ridge perhaps more than 7,000 feet high were for some minutes in biting wind and rain. Getting under the clouds another valley opened before us, with fields of corn, which our horses were eager to taste, and, beyond, a village of the usual sort, with a large tower in the middle. The latter is generally square in this country, and in height from twenty to fifty feet. A few more versts and we were glad to find comfort in the white tents of the little camp set just above the second Forelno lake. The name is from the trout (forel), which is taken by line. The captain in charge was a Pole, and so we were heartily entertained. Outside, dismal mists alternated with driving rains.

The next day was the last of mountain and horseback in Daghestan—no more ascending. The kind Pole and his aide, a captain of engineers, accompanied us for two or three hours along the irregular rocky shore of the lake, which was perhaps as beautiful as it could be without tree or bush; then on the line of a new road to Viden, which they were constructing. Natives were at work with the soldiers, and the task was in many parts laborious and tedious. We witnessed one blasting and the echo, and were afterwards several times unpleasantly near to the flying fragments from explosions far above. All the processes and stages of road-making (blasting, digging, levelling, and metalling) were witnessed, for all the day's journey was along the new route, and often bad enough. Where the work required was slight the way seemed finished, but where the mountain side presented a precipice there was merely a notch, perhaps hardly so wide as the horse's body. On the open uplands people were chopping the herbage, which here included a great variety of not very esculent growths. They were screaming and chanting as though to the eagles, and always ready to talk with the passer-by. Then at last came the view of the distant steppe, and in the foreground of the grand prospect were charming great green slopes, studded with bushes and trees. A long steep descent among mountain ash, acacia, and sycamore, led to a warm wooded valley, which traverses the great forest border of Daghestan, here about twenty-five miles wide. Four miles farther, across meadows, by the side of a rippling stream, lay Viden. This place consists of a strong white wall, enclosing a square of mud, trees, and houses—stagnant ditches surround the dwellings, and after what we have heard of fever in more auspicious places, I did not much relish a night in what appeared, from the recent rains, like an enclosed marsh.

The next day's journey of forty miles, mostly level, was interesting for little save as a contrast with what we had passed before. The mode of travelling was by veritable paraclodnaia, the rudest little wagon with a bit of hay for protection in the jolts. (The vehicle is "telega," the mode of travelling, or the "turn-out" itself, is termed either "paraclodnaia," or if, as usual, drawn by three horses, "troika.") The destination was Grosnai, a fortified town and Russian settlement on the road between the Caspian Sea and Vladikavkaz. The Viden valley is clothed throughout with foliage, and the windings

of the route sometimes lead through a sultry wood, with dense undergrowth, soon opening again on a prospect enhanced by river and rocks. Each verst is marked by a burnt tree, and there yet remain some of the sentry stations perched on a scaffold perhaps ten yards high. The forenoon halt for breakfast was at the foot of Arsinoe, where the valley debouches on the plain. Southward some mountain snows gleamed in the sun. Yellow hollyhocks were splendid among the brushwood of the open country. There were filberts and hops, the largest I ever saw, and the wilderness was made up of elders and a spiny bush with large yellow berries.

A few miles before Grosnai we heard the roar of water, and found ourselves near an expanse of rocks and stones—the bed of the Argou—an indefinite width, but doubtless often covered for half a mile. We crossed with some difficulty; there were three streams, the last nearly a yard deep. In the deepest part some buffaloes, drawing a heavy cartload with some people a-top, were stubbornly enjoying the water, as, indeed, they are apt to under such circumstances. We crossed the river Sunsha by a large bridge, and after a long drive through the ragged-looking town, found some very fair quarters in an inn kept by a Jew. He was attentive, and appeared more to advantage on a week day than on Sabbath,* which was the morrow, and which he observed by an extra exhilaration of wodka. We also left on that day, and perhaps he was the less agreeable from objecting on principle to parting with customers on the day of rest.

Here we really did encounter the stir caused by the imperial progress, the Grand Duke Michael, Viceroy of Caucasia, being expected at Grosnai next morning. The first thing in preparing for a journey by the Russian post is the "padarojnia," or order for horses, for there is trouble and delay in getting it, excepting in small places. My servant was occupied for hours in vainly seeking the needed authorities; they were away, or inaccessible. The chief of the governor's staff, a mighty German, was kind, but hopeless of our getting on even if we found horses for the first stage. He promptly and precisely gave us the news of Sedan, which (my courier being a German) made us both for the

time almost indifferent to our difficulties. I repeatedly found the best news of the war from the German officers in the Russian service, who had direct telegrams frequently.

The next morning rose clear and hot. All—natives and Russians—were agog, and absorbed with the imminent advent of their ruler. I had walked through part of the dreary town—dreary because, Russian-like, it seemed spread over the greatest possible space—and having passed the northern gate and its draw-bridge, was strolling among the waiting groups and the soldiers, and the forty or fifty horses which were brought in readiness to gallop off with the *cortège*. Sundry ranks of Cossack cavalry were there to give effect to the reception, arrayed in their full uniform, the long black coats trimmed with red, blue, or white. Soon after the expected time six carriages, each drawn by five or six horses, tore through the town, and pulled up abruptly, followed by the Grosnai staff. The Grand Duke alighted, and received several papers. Romanov-like, he is large, dignified, and pleasing. He wore then the plain white linen coat and flat cap of the "service." Many were the salutations, while music added to the rather singular effect of the scene. Horses were soon changed, and all dashed off into the plain. Through the courteous attention of the German officer, padarojnia and horses too were soon at the inn, and early in the afternoon we had succeeded in making two stages towards Vladikavkaz. Then we were caught, two other parties being already in the same fix; and from the clearance of post and other horses which were used or retained along the imperial route for draught and display, it was absurd for travellers to be even impatient.

The village was, like most others on the route, well planted, mostly with poplar and acacia, and surrounded by a quadrangle of mud wall, capped with the common *chevaux de frise* of thorn bushes pegged down on the inside. I amused myself for the first time with spelling out the entries in the postmaster's journal, which is attached by string and seal to its desk. After a wait which seemed less weary to the Russians than to the Englishman, a "fare" arrived from the westward; and we succeeded by a little money and a little self-assertiveness in getting the starost, or master of the station, to give us at once the returning vehicle. The post rules do not allow travellers to use a team, except after it has been a certain time in the stable. As several stages forward were farmed by

* Curious that Russia is the only Christian country where the Jew finds his designation of the seventh day current. The first day is "Resurrection," the seventh "Sabbath," the rest of the week numbered.

the same man, we paid in advance, taking a receipt, which amounted to a "through ticket." Not the least advantage of this was the avoidance of the need of carrying change. The currency required in post journeys in the Russian dominions being one-rouble notes and copper (even the recent debased small silver being scarce in some districts), the quantity used of the latter is great; indeed, I have repeatedly started in the morning with as much as a pound's worth of five-kopec pieces, and before paying the last stage of a long day's travel feared lest I might have to part with a rouble (2s. 6d.) to cover a few odd kopecks in the charge. With three white horses we careered over the dry light soil and the dust-covered weeds. The country was uninteresting, meagrely cultivated, though a stanitza or village of a thousand or two people occurred every four or six miles.

The Sunsha was in the plain to the left, and to the right a low range of hills formed the horizon. The golden "hunter's" moon rose exactly behind us ere the long stage was ended, and when the journey was resumed its disk, then silvery, was just on our faces. The postmaster was in that objective mood to which enforced laziness and other ungenial circumstances frequently reduce his illiterate class. The tendering influence of a quarter rouble in acknowledgment for the candle and hot water for tea soon brought him to, and also insured horses before dawn. The Russian post-house affords rooms with wooden benches or couches. All provisions are carried, but fire and water can generally be had for a gratuity. For the last stage or two the mountains were in full view, many bold peaks clothed in snow. Afterwards the significant Russian churches rose in the foreground. Vladikavkaz seemed interminable, but passing one rambling street after another, we reached "Gostinnitza Noitaki" — an hotel well kept by a Greek named Noitaki. After being really blackened by the prairie dust a wash was not a short business, and it behoved a stranger to turn out in his "best," considering the be vies of smart people who were doing honour to a high day. There was a muster of troops and much music.

This town — the "Key of the Caucasus" — occupies both banks of the Terek, where it issues from the Dariel pass into the open country. It is at equal distances from the two seas, and has a large share of the traffic passing from one to the other, as well as of the intercourse between Russia proper

and Transcaucasia, the Dariel being in point of fact almost the only road between Europe and Asia. Vladikavkaz is obviously important as a military position, and is the head-quarters of a large force, which, with its officers and other Government attaches, imparts some gaiety and bustle to the place. Parallel with the river is a boulevard a mile long; the Government buildings in it are handsome, and many other structures of brick are rising, including a theatre. The Terek is often a dangerous neighbour, although its sides are rocky; it has destroyed several bridges, and is spanned now by a good iron one, and by another, a mile lower, of wood. When not in clouds the mountains yield an imposing view from hence, and the river rattling over its stony bed brings a cooler air towards the plains.

I was so lucky as to find a Northamptonshire gentleman and his family, from whom I learnt much, chatting in English too as I did not again for many weeks. He is a Government architect, and showed me photographs of baths and other buildings he had erected, both at Piatigorsk and Vladikavkaz. Among the callers at his house I was struck with the juxtaposition of a true Georgian beauty and a young Polish Mussulman — the very finest eyebrows, nose, and complexion, facing the plain, intelligent visage, and small dark features of the Tartar pedigree.

For company and economy my courier sought some one with whom I could agree to share a good tarantas for the hundred and thirty miles hence to Tiflis. An old colonel was found lodging on the side of the boulevard opposite to Noitaki's who was waiting for some one to join him. He had a carriage, and its wheels were being re-tired, for they had come direct from Vologda, and previously from Archangel! His family were at the Caucasian capital, and he was naturally anxious to finish his ride. I was ready to appreciate the roomy, easy accommodation of the tarantas, after roughing it in the telega of the ordinary traveller. The former is a capacious and hooded body, with room to lie down in, and placed on two long bearers, which are not too thick to allow of some spring. The ends of these rest on the axles. Such is the vehicle of those who travel far, and who can afford to lay out from 30% to 60% at the commencement of the journey. By that arrangement baggage has not to be changed at the post stations, the small charge at every stage for the use of the telega is avoided, and a private bed is secured for that rest which, whether travel-

ling by night or not, to all but the toughest is needful in a week's journey, and indispensable in a Siberian continuous post journey of thirty days and nights. The charge for horses is the same whether supplied to the private tarantas or the telega of the post service, unless, indeed, the stage be hard or hilly, when the postmaster adds to the team, and the owner of a big carriage has to pay extra though the pace, perhaps, be a walking one, and he himself walk too. The private carriage, as in other European countries, bears a charge at the toll-bars, which occur on the better roads.

We trotted out of Vladikavkaz by a good chaussée, which, with the grand station-houses, was chiefly the work of the late Prince Voronov. The shadows were lengthening and gloom slowly enwrapped the massive heights as we drew near them. The Terek was on the left, and before reaching the first station we found the road washed away by it, so the horses had to make their way for some distance over the wide waste of stones which the torrent often suddenly includes in its dreary domain. Lars, the second station, is closely surrounded by the mountains. We stayed the night there; the house and the stables were handsome, well built of hewn stone, and spacious. Besides the reasonable fittings to a room of sound windows and floor, we found chairs and tables and good wooden couches, on which one's rugs and pillows may be appreciated even better than in a tarantas. The style of the route seemed to indicate an approach to the capital (different, indeed, I afterwards found were the three other routes from east, south, and west, to Tiflis). The horses, however, we understood, have been a constant exception; overworked and unperfected, they were a disgrace to the post. Five were attached to the carriage next morning; on whipping them up at starting they fell at once in a heap, and eventually seemed but able to draw the vehicle without us.

The scene grew more grand where the road crosses to the right bank of the river, and rises for once to some height above it. Putting aside the extravagant language of Ker Porter, and also of more recent travellers, these renowned "Caucasian gates" reminded me of the Finstermüntz. Here was the Dariel defile, and the Russian fortress appeared crouching among the mighty piles of mountain, which seemed to close the way both behind and before. The tumbling of the Terek, fresh from glaciers and snows, was the only sound. We were

nearly five thousand feet above the sea, and the nearer heights seemed at a similar distance from us. Before Kasbek station was in sight, a brilliant snow-top suddenly caught the eye through a cleft on the right, the veritable summit which Englishmen had been the first to reach, and it was from that station that Mr. Freshfield's party had started for their celebrated ascent of the mountain two years before.

The better view from the station itself was clouded, and the weather became dull as we passed the Krestovaya Gora (Cross Mountain), the received boundary between Europe and Asia, and the watershed between the Terek and the Aragva. Trotting down a long series of zigzags, we made a sort of Splügen descent to the Georgian valley. The old local names, full of consonants, were samples of the hard-to-be-pronounced language of the country, and culminated in the perhaps unsurpassed monosyllable Mtskhet, the last station before Tiflis.

More population, mown grass fields, and a large breadth of tillage, were a contrast to rough uplands and their wild people, to half-cultivated steppe with untidy natives or Kozak colonists. The afternoon's ride was picturesque; basalt cliffs rose from the river, and there were neat áúls overhung with trees and surrounded with little fresh corn-stacks. The evening shed a golden and then a rosy glow on the wooded slopes which farther on encircled Pasanur. Behind our quarters, there was a specimen of the ancient Georgian fortress church, with the short conical roof of masonry. In another direction stood a brand new wooden Russian church, its bright colours staring at every corner. A rugged street was lined with cabarets and shanties.

The scenery of the next day was less interesting, the hills lower, and the country generally brushy. The ride was stopped at Mtskhet with the news that nineteen post-horse orders (padarojnia) were waiting already; so, instead of reaching Tiflis soon after noon, we dawdled nine hours at the post-house and finished the journey in pitch dark, entering the city at midnight.

At Mtskhet it rained so as to prevent my seeing anything of the curious village (quondam capital of Georgian princes) or of the rather inviting ruins of an ancient castle on the hill which rose from the opposite bank of the Kúr. This stream, descending from the west, passes close by the post-house, near to which it joins the Aragva, then proceeds to Tiflis, and eventually reaches the Caspian. I killed time in watching the travellers, their baggage and

equipages, and sometimes succeeded in passing a few remarks, many being educated men, officers of a regiment then en route from a camp in the southeast to Vladikavkaz. The drain on the stables of the post was great, and the trains of *impedimenta* which we had met belonging to this force had almost blocked the road, especially when a wheel was off, that common occurrence in Russia.

Later in the evening came the process of shifting the mails from one waggon to another. Well, our turn came at last, sure enough, five horses at a good trot. We could see nothing except that there was nothing particular to be seen. At the end of a long stage we gradually found ourselves in a wide Russian street, with petroleum lamps glimmering across it; very long it was, but a short turn at the end of it brought us to the "Hotel Europe." There was the very best of quarters, bed and board. Host and hostess Barberon made everything satisfactory, though it was after midnight.

From The Spectator.

THE GERMANS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

IF the statement made by the *Telegraph* on Tuesday about Delagoa Bay is true, the German Chancellor has made another hit, and Lord Kimberley will have business on his hands of a very important kind. The statement is that the German Government either have purchased or are about to purchase the Portuguese settlements in Delagoa Bay, which would give them the sovereignty over any regions in that corner of Southern Africa not already in the possession of European Powers, and there are several *prima facie* reasons for believing the report. The Germans, in the first place, would like a colony within a semi-tropical climate very much indeed. The Parliament of Berlin has repeatedly expressed a desire for one, and the Emperor himself is believed to be strongly moved by the vast loss which, as he considers, Germany sustains by the annual emigration to America, a movement which he vainly attempts to check by raising the railway fares and decreeing loss of status to all who avoid military duty. If he could divert this emigration to a colony of his own, it would seem to him less burdensome, more especially as colonies, in the opinion of all Continental statesmen, bring with them ships and commerce to the mother country. The selection of Delagoa Bay as the point of settlement, on the other hand, is probably due to three con-

siderations. One is that the harbour is a splendid one, and situated almost precisely in the middle of the ordinary route for sailing ships bound to China and the far East, a part of the globe in which many Germans think they have reversionary interests. A second is that behind the Bay lies a vast stretch of habitable country, in which colonization might go on to an almost indefinite extent; and a third, and most important of all, is that the Bay is a natural point of entrance from the outside world to the territories claimed by the Boer or Free Dutch States. These States have repeatedly expressed an inclination to seek support in Europe, and two years ago despatched agents or envoys to make inquiries both at the Hague and in Berlin,—inquiries which were noted at the time by the Colonial Office. Our quarrel with them about the diamond-fields which, they claimed as conquerors of the Basutos, did not diminish this readiness, which may have resulted in formal offers of allegiance to the German Emperor. If these have been made, and have been favourably regarded, then the possession of Delagoa Bay gives the German Government an immense and fertile territory, partly peopled already by men who know it well; who can, with a little assistance defend it against all native assaults, and who accept the new dominion with willing and unforced submission. From the Bay down to Natal, to the North as far as he pleases, and to the West as far as he can penetrate, Frederick William may be lord of a splendid domain, at least as large as England, in which white men can work, and plant, and develop, as the Dutch settlers have done, all the physical qualities of Kentuckians. Where Dutchmen have thriven, Germans can thrive. There is no bigger, or braver, or, if Colonial despatches may be trusted, more cruel man on earth than the free Dutch settler of South Africa, who, if this report is correct, will be shortly in correspondence with our Government of the Cape in the new character of subject of the great German Empire. As the native is pretty certain to try to play off the new Government against our own, as the Boer is savage at English interference with his slaves, and English claims to "his" diamond-fields, and as the German wherever he is struggles hard for all he deems his right, it will be well if our Colonial Office is awake, if boundaries are made pretty distinct, and if we devise for the two Colonial Governments some policy on which they may dwell side by side in peace. We should fight hard for Canada, but we do not want two Canadas on our

hands, or the chance of having to resist forays in which German troops took part, and in which the sympathies of our own subjects might by possibility be divided. It is one thing to govern South Africa when we are alone on the continent, and quite another thing to let it govern itself when on its remotest frontier stands a jealous, exacting, and extremely powerful European State.

The Colonial Office will not like its new task or this consequence of its silent annexations, but there is, if Delagoa Bay has been sold, no means of avoiding a movement which, however inconvenient to ourselves, is distinctly beneficial to the world. If the Germans have the courage and the capacity and the numbers to colonize South-Eastern Africa on any great scale, their enterprise is one to be welcomed by every lover of humanity. They will but take their proper place in the colonization, as they have long assumed it in the investigation of the world. Their people make splendid colonists everywhere, and have a full right to try if they cannot establish a colony for themselves, a country whither their surplus numbers may resort, carrying with them the special civilization, the language, the manners, and perhaps the political organization of the Fatherland. A German nation in South Africa would be a lever with which to extinguish the barbarism of one-half that continent. The work is far too great for us to do alone, even if we were ready to attempt it, and there have not been of late years many signs that we are at all so ready. Of all our temperate Colonies, the Cape has been the one in which we have least succeeded. It has never attracted emigrants who have preferred the less strange life of Australia, Canada, or the United States, and after a possession of sixty years, we have still but 120,000 white subjects in South Africa, of whom only a part are British subjects by descent or birth. At our present rate of advance, it would take centuries to build in South Africa a great self-supporting State like the Canadian Dominion, and nothing as yet suggests that the rate of increase will in our times be materially accelerated. The discovery of gold in large quantities might do it, but certainly nothing else would, and even the discovery of gold might not deflect the great streams of population now flowing from Europe to America and the Pacific colonies. People are afraid of the very word "Africa," and New Zealand rises faster in a year than South Africa in a decade. We have not exactly failed, because as colonizers we never do fail; but we certainly have not

succeeded sufficiently to make the means of indefinite expansion in the future either indispensable or valuable to our dominions in that quarter of the world. There is more land to be settled, more work to be done, more mineral wealth to be utilized within our own frontier than we shall see the end of in centuries, and to resist or even criticise a German colonization of territories not yet ours, merely because they may some day march with ours, would be to play the dog in the manger without even the excuse of far-sighted precaution. The case does not in any way resemble of Pondicherry. Germany could only have asked for that colony with the intention of creating a dominion which could only be created at our expense, but we lose nothing in the settlement of Delagoa except our isolation and a future possibility of claiming more territory than, as far as observers can see, we shall ever need. There is no ground for resistance, or even, while we are strong at sea, for apprehension.

There is just one possibility which might make the transfer of Delagoa Bay very annoying to Natal, and even to settlements farther South, and this remains to be considered. The Bay might be turned into a penal settlement, a change which would probably ruin the colony of Natal, or compel it to pass laws in which the Imperial Government might find constant cause of offence. Such an intention would be most annoying, unless the settlement were confined to military convicts, but it would not, that we see, offer any just ground for more than a temperate remonstrance. There has been a sort of tacit agreement among the nations of the world that penal settlements shall be established only in islands whence egress can be prevented, but this has not been observed in the French colony of Cayenne, and is not a rule upon which any power has any right to insist. That the people of Natal will be annoyed it is only natural to suppose, for the people at the Cape all but rebelled twenty years ago on less provocation; but there are no means of giving their annoyance any concrete expression, and they must, if this be the intention, accept the result of their geographical position. We should fain hope, however, that this design does not enter into German plans — though we have noted for years in Russia, Italy, and France a spread of the idea that transportation is the best alternative for death — and that Germany, if she enters Africa at all, intends to increase instead of diminishing the area of civilized government and colonization.

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FROM ONE TO ANOTHER.

I.

FAR overhead

An amber heaven fades to faintest gray :
 Sky stoops to sea, sea rises gray to sky,
 Wave rolls on wave, for ever, sigh on sigh —
 The death of day.

II.

Art thou too dead ?

The sea that rolls between, is that death's sea ?
 May no hands touch, no solemn echoes fall,
 None answering cry if one to other call,
 From land or sea ?

III.

Canst thou forget ?

Wandering for ever on some unknown shore,
 Living or dead, oblivious or most blest —
 Perchance thy feet at last have found a rest
 For evermore ?

IV.

Living or dead,

Star-eyed and pale thy face seems ever near :
 Remembering, Love, in life one hour, one day,
 Call once from out the dark, then turn away —
 One heart may hear.

V.

Hast thou not heard

Passionate moan of waves that break in tears,
 Break on, and die, and still may not forget
 The infinite perfection of regret —

These weary years ?

Macmillan.

E. B.

GOING AWAY.

Do NOT be angry with me
 For an idle word I say;
 Do not be angry, father,
 Because I am going away.
 Have patience with me, my mother,
 Though I may have none with you;
 But I love you, I love you, mother,
 Whatever I say or do.
 Look kindly upon me, sister,
 You are beautiful and gay;
 Your days will be long and happy,
 But I am going away.
 With me, if you could but read it,
 Clear written on cheek and brow,
 There is no past, no future, —
 Only a brief calm Now :
 A little space to be glad in —
 A lesser space to grieve;
 And life's whole scene fades from me,
 As the landscape fades at eve

Except — that eve I shall see not,

My day is ended at noon;
 And the saddest bit of the story
 Is — it does not end too soon.
 I am so weary, weary!

I could turn my face to the wall;
 Like a sick child, long before bed-time,
 Drop asleep among you all :
 So glad that lessons are over;
 Still gladder that play is done;
 And a dusky curtain stretches
 Between me and the sun.

Good-bye, my father and mother!

Two of you — and but one of me!
 And, sister, you'll find some stranger
 Much closer than I could be :
 One more — but death's quiet teaching
 Is making me slowly wise :
 My heart, too poor for his keeping —
 Thou, God, Thou wilt not despise :
 My soul, too weak for earth's battle,
 Thou wilt gird up anew :
 And the angels shall see me doing
 The work I was meant to do :
 The work that I ever failed in,
 And wept o'er, and tried again,
 Till brain and body and spirit
 Snapped under the cruel strain.

That is over. So, none need be sorry;

You rather ought to rejoice,
 And sing my *vade in pacem*
 Without a break in your voice;
 And let me depart contented,
 Before the heat of the day;
 For I shall be still God's servant,
 Although I have gone away!

PROGRESS OF OUR NEW CHURCH.

As yet no organ rolls, no church-bell rings,
 But in and out the darting swallows pass;
 Whiledistant hands prepare the pictured glass,
 Through vacant quatrefoils the hodman sings.
 But when the House is built, the ALTAR spread,
 Enter, O broken heart! and tell thy sin,
 Prime guest of Jesus! enter, and begin
 The Church's mystic life, one cup, one bread :
 And when to these crush'd graves the spring
 shall give
 Once more their common bond of daisies sweet,
 So may all flat and barren souls revive,
 In one white field of common graces meet;
 While bells and organ and sweet hymns combine
 To draw them lovingly to rites divine.

Good Words.

CHARLES TURNER.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE THREE INTERESTS IN OLD ENGLISH
LITERATURE.

THERE has been a great activity of late in reprinting rare old English books, and in editing for the first time old English remains that have long lain neglected in manuscript. The *Early English Text Society* of London, thanks to the indefatigable and most disinterested exertions of Mr. F. J. Furnivall, and to the zeal of the scholars who have co-operated with him, has issued, in the course of the last nine years, a series of volumes of old English literature larger and of more curious variety than had ever been put forth before by any similar society, and has thereby given an impulse to the study of old English, the effects of which are visible on all hands. Worthy of being mentioned along with this important Society is Mr. Edward Arber, of London, who has for some years past, in a spirit of admirable private enterprise, been reprinting and editing, in a wonderfully cheap form, select masterpieces and rarities of our early literature, and has already in this manner made accessible to all a large number of interesting and valuable old books that have been known formerly to most readers only by tantalizing hearsay. Mr. Arber's "English Reprints" are to be recommended most emphatically to all students of English literature. Other instances, in other forms, of the same increased attention to our earlier literature are not wanting. The Rev. A. B. Grosart has earned a marked place for himself by the numerous volumes he has edited under the name of the *Fuller Worthies Library*. In Edinburgh, besides recent or yet forthcoming editions of some of the old Scottish poets, and other remains, by Mr. David Laing and by the University Librarian, Mr. Small, one notes a collective re-issue, already begun, of the series of the Scottish Historians. From Glasgow also we have had recently several very convenient reprints.

These facts suggest an inquiry. What purposes are served by these reprints of rare old English books, and disinterrings of quaint old English remains from their manuscript obscurities? What tastes do they gratify? What uses are to be made

of them? In answer to these questions I may say, roughly, that these remains of our old English possess, or ought to possess, for us three kinds of interest.

I. In the first place there is the *philological interest*. These reprints, and especially these careful productions of pieces of old English from the original or the best extant MSS., are necessary materials for that scientific study of the structure and history of our English tongue which has of late years become so important a branch of scholarship among us, and in which the remarkably good advances that have been made are but a promise of more yet to be done. Ideas formerly entertained on the subject of the English Language and its history, have, by this means, been corrected and enlarged; new facts have been discovered; altogether the increase of our knowledge has been such that our former English dictionaries and English grammars are now in many respects even laughably insufficient, and have been superseded, or require yet to be superseded, by works more worthy of those names. One cannot forget that it is the Germans that have shown us the way in this exact and scientific study of our own speech, and that some of the most thorough and systematic works on the English language yet produced are the works of German scholars. No such collection of those oldest English remains which are known usually by the name of Anglo-Saxon Literature has yet come from the British press as Grein's "*Bibliothek der Angelsächsischen Poesie*;" we have nothing so complete, in the shape of a collection of specimens of the most important English writings, from the twelfth century to the fifteenth, as Mätzner's "*Altenglische Sprachproben*," in two volumes; the "*Englische Grammatik*" of the same Mätzner is a work so far overpassing, in elaborateness, any English grammar we have of native production, that the forthcoming translation of it is expected with interest; and of another English Grammar by a German, the "*Historische Grammatik der Englische Sprache*" of Professor Koch, one of our most competent critics has said that it is "the most orderly and scientific English grammar yet

written." That there has been a rousing, however, among ourselves in this department of scholarship, and that we are not likely to remain dependent on the Germans for the profound and exact investigation of our own speech, is abundantly evident. Dr. Latham's labours in this department, and the valuable and suggestive lectures of the American, Mr. Marsh, are now not matters of yesterday. Among more recent works in the same general track may be mentioned Wedgwood's "Dictionary of English Etymology," the excellent little "Bible Word-Book" of Messrs. Eastwood and Aldis Wright, Mr. Abbott's "Shakespearian Grammar," the three volumes of "Specimens of Early English Literature" edited for the *Clarendon Press* by Dr. Morris and Mr. Skeat, Mr. Ellis's great treatise on "Early English Pronunciation," Mr. Earle's "Philology of the English Tongue," and Dr. Morris's "Historical Outlines of English Accidence." Several recent English dictionaries for popular use, and especially those edited for the Messrs. Chambers by Mr. Donald, ought not to pass without notice, making generally accessible as they do the best results of recent etymological researches in English. Nor ought we to forget how much we owe to the editors of some of the individual publications of the Early English Text Society; among whom no one deserves higher praise, both for the worth of his matter and the lucidity of his manner, than Mr. Skeat, the editor of "Piers Plowman." Indeed, it is these publications of the Early English Text Society that have first effectually broken new ground in this study, and have supplied the best new material for the scholars, whether German or English, that have devoted themselves to it.

It is impossible here to give anything like a complete view of the results of all this recent philological research in English; nor perhaps, while so many questions have rather been stirred than answered, and so much consists of a great accumulation of particulars that have yet to be reduced to principle and system, would an attempt at such a complete view be other than tedious. I will, therefore, but glance at the subject.

For one thing, we are much better informed than we were recently respecting what may be called the geographical variations of English, i.e., respecting the different dialects of English that have existed from time immemorial, and still exist, within our islands. The fact of such dialects, preceding any standard or book English, and co-existing with it after it had been formed, has, of course, always been known; the distribution of the dialects into the two general divisions of the Northern and Southern, or into the three general divisions of the Northern, Southern, and Midland, is also of old date; but it is only of late that the precise differences of the dialects from each other (not to speak of the differences of local varieties of the same dialect) have been investigated, and to some considerable degree ascertained. We know something now of the differences of the dialects in the important matter of vocabulary, and can estimate, for example, the larger amount of Celtic words and of properly Scandinavian words in the vocabulary of the Northern dialect; we know so much more of the grammatical differences that we can now write out in parallel columns the declensions of a noun, or parts of the conjugations of a verb, in old Northern or Northumbrian English, old Southern or Wessex English, and old Midland or Mercian English, respectively; and, while we seem bound to conclude that our standard or book English is mainly a development of the Midland dialect, and particularly of that variety of it called the East Midland, we can see the other dialects, and especially the Northern, contending with this dialect in the course of the important formation, and compelling it to accept some of their peculiarities both of vocabulary and of grammar. Interesting particulars on this subject of the dialects and their mutual relations are to be found in several of the works I have mentioned. Let me simply repeat that there is much in the mass of particulars as now accumulated that requires to be further organized by being submitted to the grasp of historical and scientific principles. Questions have been stirred which have not yet been fully answered. How far were the grammati-

cal differences of the dialects bred by mere differences of conditions within our island, and how far were they imported? A question this which would push inquiry back into the continental origins of the English people, or of different portions of it, and so would merge in that controversy about Jute, Angle, and Saxon, the precise significance of each term, and the propriety of English as a name for the whole, which still persists among us, though in a new form. Then, again, how much of the cause of the differences of the dialects in vocabulary and in grammar is to be sought in varieties of that mixture of the English with the non-English races within the island, and especially with the previously possessing Celtic race, which did certainly take place? A question this which might lead to a reconsideration in some quarters of the idea, otherwise untenable, of an actual extermination of the Celtic race within the bounds occupied by the English, and so might help towards a larger estimate of the function of that race in the formation of the present national organism. What if it should lead to the conclusion that the history of Britain and of the British mind is by no means, as some fancy, the mere course of one Teutonic stream, but the course of a Teutonic stream affected most powerfully by several subtle and splendid tributaries? Another question, hardly discussed yet, relates to the influence exercised upon the history of the English tongue by political causes, and especially by the shiftings of the political ascendancy from one part of the island to another. There was a time, the whole time of the so-called Heptarchy, when North England or Northumbria had undoubtedly the intellectual lead; when the political ascendancy was transferred to Mercia, and thence to Wessex, the ascendancy in thought and in speech seems to have followed it; after the Conquest, the gradual establishment of the East Midland English, with modifications, as the standard or book-English for all England, connects itself with the dominant power of London as the capital of the whole English realm, and the seat of the Norman-English Court; and there is the curious outstanding phenomenon of the Scottish

nation, persevering for a long time, sheerly by reason of its political independence, in a standard or book-English of its own, which was a development of the most northerly variety of the old Northumbrian, tempered by neighbourly efforts to conform to the great book-English of the South. All these matters require looking into.

Not only have we received new light on the subject of the dialects or geographical variations of English; we have received new light also as to the changes which the standard English has undergone chronologically in its course from its earliest state to the present. That the original English was a nearly pure Teutonic speech, of the Low-German variety, imported into our islands, with a good tough vocabulary and a rather complex grammar; and that the history of the speech since then has consisted mainly in two processes continuously and simultaneously at work—that of the absorption of non-Teutonic words of all kinds into the vocabulary, and that of the simplification of the grammar by the gradual abandonment of inflections:—so much has long been commonplace. But recent research has given wonderful precision to this information. We can see the original English far back in its most purely Teutonic state, and we can watch the two processes in their actual operation at successive selected points through a thousand years. We can see the original speech helping itself sparingly and slyly at first to such Celtic words, Latin words of ecclesiastical usage, and Scandinavian words, as it needed or found convenient; and we can count these borrowings, and see in each the flash of the moment when it was made. Then, coming farther on, we can study that extraordinary acceleration of the two processes which was brought about by the Norman Conquest, when the English speech openly broke down its barriers, and let Norman-French words, and whatever other words the Norman-French brought in its convoy, pour in upon it at a gradually increasing rate, adapting itself at the same time to this vast irruption into its vocabulary by relaxing its grammatical strictness and abolishing all useless punctilios and regulations.

We can even note the exact times when certain Norman-French words came in, and certain old English inflections began to be abandoned; we can trace some of the changes of both kinds to particular books or authors; we have actually in this way a list of some thousands of French words adopted into English or struggling for adoption before the end of the thirteenth century; and it is now with much more definite ideas as to the condition which the English vocabulary and the English grammar had assumed before the appearance of Chaucer that we can appreciate the influence exerted by that great writer, the first master-artist of our islands, on the speech he used and transmitted. Nor does the increase of our light stop at Chaucer. Still after his time we see the grammar simplifying itself, and the vocabulary admitting, or even systematically seeking and appropriating, new words — not only more of Norman-French, but also of Latin profusely at first hand, and Greek with hardly less avidity; more of Celtic, too, with stray occasional particles from Hebrew, Arabic, Turkish, Persian, Hindu, Malay, Chinese, all the modern European tongues, and even the most outlandish and savage touched by our commerce — until now our English Dictionary, for its monstrous compositeness, is the very marvel of the world. Were our English speech to be judged by the Dictionary alone, it might seem absurd to call it Teutonic. On such a mere glance at the dictionary it might rather be classed with the Romance tongues, the literal fact being that the words of classical origin in our present Dictionary are more than twice as numerous as those of old English or purely Teutonic descent. It is when we look at the subject in another way, when we study our speech in actual oral use and in books, that we discover how its pith and organization are still Teutonic. The old Teutonic speech once lay pure, and lo! they have tumbled upon it, age after age, extraneous *débris* from all quarters. Surely, under such a load the original Teutonic lies weak, oppressed, and smothered. Not so! It has caught all that came, fitted all to itself; it moves the whole mountainous load with ease, having converted all into one living body. And so, while we are not ashamed of the compositeness of our language, but on the contrary recognize in this very characteristic one reason of its unmatched power and promise among the present languages of the earth, we can yet maintain its historical continuity through as long a period as can be claimed by most

others, and can regard it, with all its acquired bulk of dictionary, and all the voluntary havoc of its grammar, as the self-same language which was spoken fourteen hundred years ago by those rovers from Holstein, Schleswig, and Jutland, who leapt from their ships upon our Eastern shores. Here is an actual bit of it, belonging, we may say, to that date, and describing the act of beaching one of the ships: —

“ Sælde tō sande sid-fæome scip,
Oncer-bendum fæst, by-læs hine yo-brym,
Wudu wynsuman, for-wrecan meahte.”

II. A second kind of interest attaching to the remains of our older English literature is the *historical interest*, or that interest which consists in the information they supply respecting men and events in the past, or past customs, beliefs, and modes of thinking. This is a kind of interest appealing to a wider circle of readers than the merely philological interest. The philological interest captivates chiefly linguists, or scholars of one order; and the majority of even educated people are quite ready to accept from such scholars the results of their investigations, without themselves reading the old documents and remains from which the results have been derived. And, to tell the truth, many, if not most, of those old English documents and remains which have recently been disinterred for philological purposes, are so void of any other kind of interest, are so dreadfully dry and sapless that no mortal, unless imbued with philological tastes, ought to be expected to read them, or would get any good from them if he did. The poorest, driest, most senseless scrap of old English may be precious to the philologist, for some word it contains, some rare idiom or grammatical form, or even for the uncouthness of its spelling; but the general student of literature will very properly refuse to fill his mouth with verbal saw-dust simply because it is called old English. To commend themselves to the general student, therefore, old English remains must present some other attraction than the sheerly philological. Now, such an attraction is found, I say, in that interest of historical curiosity which many of the remains do possess to a degree that makes reading them, and even the trouble of mastering the antique language in order to read them, worth while.

Of course, I do not refer here to express historical records, or documents intended to preserve for us the memories of persons

and transactions. These stand by themselves, and compel attention simply because of their avowed historical character. I refer rather to those miscellaneous writings, whether in prose or verse, which were intended by their authors for the amusement or edification of their contemporaries, but into which there were incidentally wrought allusions, anecdotes, bits of social information, passing sentiments and humours, or fixed opinions and beliefs of the time, recommending themselves now to us by their antiquarian relish, and helping us to imagine the life and thought of bygone generations. Take an example. Here is a passage from Richard Rolle de Hampole's "Prick of Conscience" (circa 1340), preserving for us a quaint old English conceit or superstition : —

"Unnethes is a child born fully
That it ne begins to goule and cry;
And by that cry men know than
Whether it be man or woman;
For when it is born it cries swa : —
If it be man, it says *a a* :
That the first letter is of the nam
Of our forme-fader Adam.
And if the child a woman be,
When it is born it says *e e* :
E is the first letter and the hede
Of the name of Eve that began our dede.
Therefore a clerk made on this manere
This verse of metre that is written here :
*Dicentes E vel A quotquot nascuntur ab
Eva.*"

Less whimsical, and indeed altogether grim and sad, is this picture, from "Piers the Plowman's Creede" (circa 1394), of the poor hard-working English agricultural labourer, five hundred years ago, out in the field in winter, with his family : —

"Then turned I me forthe and talked to myselve
Of the falsehead of this folk, how faithless
they weren;
And, as I went by the way, weeping for sorrow,
I seigh a sely man me by, upon the plow hongren.
His coat was of a clout that cary was y-called;
His hood was full of holes and his hair out;
With his knopped shoon clouted full thick,
His toen toteden out as he the lond treaded;
His hosen overhong his hockshins on everich
a side,
All beslombered in fen as he the plow followed;
Tway mittens as mete, made all of clouts;
The fingers weren for-weared and full of fen honged.
This wight warsled in the fen almost to the ancle,
Four rotheren him befor that feeble were
worthen;

Men might reckon each a rib, so rueful they weren.
His wife walked with him, with a long goad,
In a cutted coat, cutted full heigh,
Wrapped in a winnow-sheet to waren her fro weders,
Barefoot on the bare ice, that the blood followed.
And at the londe's ende lay a little crumb-bowl,
And thereon lay a little child, lapped in clouts,
And twain of tway yeares old upon another side;
And alle they songen o songe that sorrow was to hearen;
They crieden all o cry, a care-full note.
The sely man sighed sore, and said ' Children, beth still!'
This man looked upon me and let the plough stonden,
And I said ' Sely man, why sighest thou so hard ?
If thee lack lifelode lene thee ich will
Swich good as God hath sent : go we, leve brother!'"

Or take this passage from Ascham's "Schoolmaster" (1570), complaining of the small care taken by wealthy English parents three hundred years ago to procure good teachers for their children, and informing us incidentally what was the stipend of a poor tutor at that time compared with that of a first-rate groom : —

"And it is a pity that commonly more care is had, yea and that amongst very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse than a cunning man for their children. They say Nay in word, but they do so in deed. For to the one they will gladly give a stipend of two hundred crowns by the year, and loth to offer to the other two hundred shillings. God, that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth their liberality as it should; for he suffereth them to have tame and well-ordered horse, but wild and unfortunate children."

Examples of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely; but these will suffice to make clear what I mean by the *historical interest* of old English remains. No one knows what facts, what information as to old transactions, laws, customs, ideas, lie buried in those antiques. Hardly one of them but may yield something, and in the very poorest we may enjoy at least that subtle kind of historical pleasure which consists in forming an acquaintance with the long-dead old writer himself, and observing him in the act of fighting with his syntax, as he labours to pen forth his miserable little notions. Let me bring forward, however, just one other instance under this head, selected for the extent of its significance.

We all know that, though Copernicus died in 1543, it was not till the end of the seventeenth century that people generally, in this country or in others, were emancipated from what may be called the Pre-Copernican view of the Physical Universe. But, though we know this vaguely as a fact, it is not till we dip into our older literature, and indeed trace out the matter with some diligence, that we become fully aware what a hold this Pre-Copernican doctrine had on the minds of our forefathers, how it influenced their thoughts and imaginations on all subjects whatsoever, and what differences even of moral and spiritual import it involved between them and ourselves. Were I to quote here passages from our older literature, from Anglo-Saxon times to that of Milton, to illustrate this once-prevalent Pre-Copernicanism, the series might afford reading for several hours. Taking such passages for granted, we may attend to the fact they uniformly bring out. Until about two hundred years ago, when people imagined the Physical Universe, the Cosmos, the totality of created Nature, they thought of it as a huge, but still bounded, sphere of space, enclosing so many inner spheres, all wheeling with various motions round our ball of Earth, stationary in the very centre. Put the Earth at the centre as a dot; then throw round it a circle or sphere, with the Moon stuck like a gold button, in its circumference; then outside of that fling another circle or sphere, with the pale planet Mercury similarly stuck therein; then outside of that throw successively similar spheres or circles, for Venus, the Sun, Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn. You will then have seven spheres or transparent shells of space, each with one luminary stuck in it, and all wheeling, with independent motions, round the central Earth. These were called the Seven Planetary Spheres, or Seven Heavens of the Planets, the Moon and the Sun figuring then as Planets, and the Planet Saturn being the outermost known. Now, beyond these seven Planetary Spheres imagine an eighth or vaster sphere, called the sphere of all the Fixed Stars, and also the Firmament, differing from the seven inner spheres in this, that, while they have but one luminary each stuck in them and carried round in them, the whole circumference of this eighth sphere is densely ablaze everywhere with sparklers and their constellations. For a long while this eighth Sphere, or Heaven of the Fixed Stars, was regarded as the outermost of all, a kind of glittering

globular rind in which the Universe ended, and which enclosed it finally from the unknown Infinitude beyond, making its vast wheel every twenty-four hours round the central Earth, and carrying the seven inner Heavens with it, though each of them had its own proper motion in addition. It was found, however, that there were certain irregularities among the celestial phenomena which this mechanism of eight revolving Heavens did not completely account for; and so, in the course of the Middle Ages, two extra Spheres or Heavens were elapped on, outside of the Firmament of the Fixed Stars—a ninth Sphere called the Crystalline, and a tenth, as the outermost of all, called the Primum Mobile, or First Moved, because the general and all-including diurnal revolution was now transferred to it. Till about two hundred years ago, I say, people everywhere, even the educated, lived and died in this belief or imagination of the Physical Universe as consisting of eight, nine, or ten Spheres or Heavens thrown round the Earth; and you cannot read much of our old literature without coming upon phrases and passages directly expressing the belief, or latently inspired by it. Now, in some respects, it was a very comfortable belief, a nice belief to live and die in. To be able to think of created Nature, or the Physical All of things, as a vast but definite round hung in space, with planets moving in it like solitary lamps, and the stars studded thick in or near its last enclosing boss; thus, as it were, to put your hand round the whole world of physical realities and of human reason, and to pat it familiarly on the outside, saying "This is ours;" to be able to do this, and at the same time not deny the Infinitude beyond, but on the contrary, exult in the contemplation of that Infinitude as quite a different world, the very Heaven of Heavens, the realm of the Transcendental, the Mysterious, the Metaphysical, the Inconceivable, out of which created Nature sprang as a birth of visible blue and spinning lights, to which it is still attached by some unseemly tenure, and into which it may be revoked;—here was a system of physical conception perhaps more easily favourable to some of the spiritualities than that which further science has brought in instead. For, though there are relics in our phraseology yet of the Pre-Copernican system of conception, I need not explain how that has been burst. The Physical Universe now is centreless, and the very thought with which our reason grapples, and grapples in vain, is that of its utter and un-

restful boundlessness. Our ball of Earth moves with three several motions, and the Moon moves with it; they belong to a group of bodies performing their periodical wanderings round the Sun; that Sun himself, with all his convoy of planets and their satellites, is moving on some greater journey; the space in which he is moving is full of orbs and star-systems at incredible distances from him and from each other; islands and archipelagos of shining worlds recede from the telescope in depth after depth of dizzy immensity, the last depth reached showing no signs of cessation; we dare not at any point exclaim, "Here the boundary is reached: here the Universe ends." If we do at last stop, contenting ourselves with one imagined enormous sphere in which all our Astronomy swims, and supposing that sphere belted round on all sides by a fathomless vacancy or Blackness, it is but by an act of mental fatigue which we know to be illegitimate. This, then, is the system of physical conception in which we live, and I know not a more interesting example of the historical use of our old Literature than the study which that literature enables us to make of a preceding system of conception, and of the transition of the one into the other.

III. The third kind of interest that ought to allure us to the remains and reprints of our old English, or to any such remains and reprints in any language, is the purely *literary interest*. What do I mean by this? I mean simply the kind of interest that attracts us to the best writings of our own day, to the prose of De Quincey, Carlyle, Dickens, or John Stuart Mill, or to the poetry of Keats, Tennyson, or Browning. It is the interest of great or delightful meaning, powerfully or artistically expressed; it is the glow and exaltation of mind and heart produced in us by deep, unusual, ingenious, or tender thought, especially when couched in lucid, beautiful, burning, or musical language. Wherever this interest is present, there and there alone have we real literature; those writers in whom it is present most largely and continually we call our classics; those books which are fullest of it we call our masterpieces; those parts and passages of books in which, after repeated perusal, we still find it freshest and least abated, are our everlasting favourites. It is an interest, I need hardly say, of many varieties — of as many varieties, indeed, as there are kinds of literature, and diversities of manner

and intention within each kind. It is frequent in writings of the descriptive or historical order; it appears in speculative writings; it may abound in discourses of spiritual exhortation or of moral and social invective; but we expect it always in most eminent degree in works of the poetical or imaginative class, whether the form be prose or verse, and whether in verse the act is one of prolonged story or phantasy, or of thrilling momentary song. In this last, as being one of the best known and most easily appreciated varieties, take a casual example: —

"The Rover of Lochryan he's gane
Wi' his merry men sae brave;
Their hearts are o' the steel, and a better keel
Ne'er bowled ower the back o' a wave.

It's no naen the loch lies dead in its trough,
When naething disturbs it ava,
But the rack and the ride o' the restless tide
Or the splash o' the grey sea-maw;

But when that the cloud lays its cheeks to the flood,
And the sea lays its shoulder to the shore,
When the wind sings high, and the sea-whelps cry,
As they rise frae the whitening roar;

It's then that I look through the blackening rook,
And watch by the midnight tide:
I ken that the wind brings my rover hame
On the sea that he glories to ride.

O merry he sits 'mang his jovial crew,
Wi the helm-haft in his hand;
And he sings aloud to his boys in blue,
As his ee's upon Galloway's land: —

'Unstent and slack each reef and tack;
Gie her sail, boys, while it may sit:
She has roared through a heavier sea before,
And she'll roar through a heavier yet.

'When landsmen sleep, or wake and creep,
In the tempests' angry moan,
We dash through the drift, and sing to the lift
O' the wave that heaves us on.

'Gie her sail, gie her sail, till she buries her wale;
Gie her sail, boys, while it may sit;
She has roared through a heavier sea before,
And she'll roar through a heavier yet.'"

In this song (which I have selected precisely because it is by an author now unknown or seldom heard of), one may feel at once what I call the literary interest in one of its varieties; and we have only to remember that there are other varieties, which might be similarly instanced from

recent prose and verse, to understand what is meant by the literary interest in general. Now it is this literary interest, in all its possible varieties of strength, wit, subtlety, fervour, simple beauty, exuberant richness, or magical wildness, that is chiefly entitled to preserve writings of past ages in permanent use and esteem, and that does operate with that effect. What moves us, rouses us, charms us, strikes us as noble or fine or deep in the writings of our own time, the same and nothing else will the general human heart and intellect seek for or be satisfied with in the writings of the past. It is because the literature of the Greeks and that of the Romans possess in such high degree, and in so many forms, this kind of interest, that their authors hold the places they do in our regards; and it is by the same test that we measure the amount of respect we will yield to any foreign literature, whether of neighbouring Europe or of the Asiatic East. Where this interest is wanting, the rest is of little avail. True, there are the philological and historical interests, which may recommend, and do most properly recommend, to modern study literary relics of the past as dry as the parchments of old charter-chests, or the inscriptions and religious formulæ deciphered from Egyptian papyri or the faces of Assyrian rocks. Science and History disdain nothing; and their inquisitiveness may compel important secrets out of verbal remains the poorest and dullest intrinsically. But I am distinguishing now between those two scholarly kinds of interest, the philological and the historical, which constitute together so large a portion of the claim on our regards possessed by old writings, and that expressly literary interest of some of them which all can feel and acknowledge. Scholars, I should say, are glad when the works they select for their philological and historical researches are works also of intrinsic literary interest; and I am not sure but the strictly philological and historical interests themselves may be promoted by greater fastidiousness than hitherto, on the part of scholars, as to the intrinsic literary merits of the remains on which they exercise their investigations, or in connection with which they present their results to the public. Professor Max Müller, Dr. John Muir, and others, have shown a good example in this respect in the specimens of old Sanskrit poetry they have selected for translation into English; and we wait for the like in other primeval literatures.

How stands our old English literature in respect of this widest, keenest, and most

generally human, of the three interests? My impression is that, if the total body of our recovered remains and reprints of old English were duly examined and reported on, the report would have to combine two conclusions. These are (1) That, if we consider the bulk of the aggregate mass, the literary interest is smaller than we could have wished in proportion to the philological and the historical; and (2), that, nevertheless, the remains are at no period destitute of the literary interest, and that, on the whole, though with some remarkable exceptions, a progressive increase of this interest is visible as we come on in time.

In venturing to say that these might be the conclusions, I must be understood as fixing a certain chronological limit to what we choose to call old English. The point of time I would select is the year 1580, there or thereabouts. That was about the middle of Elizabeth's reign in England, and of the reign of James VI. in Scotland; it was the time of the appearance of Spenser, Bacon, Shakespeare, and their contemporaries. These we do not call "old;" we are quite at home amongst *them*; they are our teachers, our coevals in a sense, our familiar acquaintances, or constantly present superiors. Under the fond collective name of "The Elizabethans" they form, as it were, the blazing boundary for most of us between the tract of near time over which we are accustomed to expatiate and the obscurer ranges of the time beyond. It may not long be so; perhaps it ought not now to be so; but, accepting the fact as it is in the meantime, we shall be well enough understood if we say that by old English we mean generally pre-Elizabethan English. It is to that English, at all events, that we would confine ourselves in alleging the probability of the conclusions just expressed.

THE ANGLO-SAXON OR ENGLISC.

There has been a powerful protest of late against the continued use of the term Anglo-Saxon as a name for that Teutonic speech, the original form of our present English, which was brought into our islands in the fifth century, or as a name for the pretty copious literature in prose and in verse which was produced in our island in that speech by the dominant people between the sixth or seventh century and the Norman Conquest. "The Anglo-Saxon people"; "The Anglo-Saxon Period"; "The Anglo-Saxon Language"; "The Anglo-Saxon Literature!" "Stuff!" say some recent critics: "they were all simply

English — people, time, language, and literature; and they ought to be called so — old English, if you like; but certainly English and nothing else.” Though good service has been done by this protest, I am by no means convinced that it will stand to the full extent. If it is convenient, or even necessary to distinguish modern Italian by that name from the Latin out of which it came, it is no less convenient and necessary to distinguish between the English of the last six or seven hundred years and that older speech, its undoubted original, which prevailed before the Conquest, and between which and our present, or recent English there is certainly a greater estrangedness, both of vocabulary and of grammar, than between Latin and Italian. Nor does there seem yet to be sufficient reason why the term Anglo-Saxon, so long consecrated by German usage as well as by English, should be absolutely given up. Let us defer so far, however, to those who object to it, and let us call what has hitherto been called *The Anglo-Saxon* by its old native name of *The Englisc*. This will preserve a sense of difference between it and modern English, but will reduce the difference to as much as may be represented by a difference of pronunciation of the initial vowel, and the difference between the hard *sc* and the soft *sh* in the final syllable. What, then, has the old English literature, hitherto called Anglo-Saxon, to say for itself when it is questioned as to its purely literary interest? Unfortunately the old literature cannot be brought in person into Court, to assert its own merits directly with its own voice in the hearing of all. There it lies in Grein's *Bibliothek*, and a certain number of scattered prose volumes besides, so uncouth-looking an object, by reason of its many obsolete words, and its obsolete system of inflection, rhythm, and spelling, that any one ignorant of German would sooner undertake to translate a page of German with the help of a dictionary than to perform the same feat, with similar help, on a page of such abstruse Englisc, forefatherly and foremotherly as we are assured it is. Most of us, therefore, have to trust to the information of those, an increasing number of late, who have persisted in forming an acquaintance with it in one way or another. Now, there is a certain discrepancy in the reports of these authorities. Those who have addicted themselves philologically to the study of the Anglo-Saxon — I beg pardon, the Englisc — have perhaps yielded too much to the usual feeling of specialists, that there is nothing

like leather; and this, conjoined with that ultra-Teutonism which has of late been observable in our scholarship, and which has stopped inquisitiveness in certain directions, while promoting it in others, has led perhaps to an exaggerated estimate of the literary worth of the Englisc remains. We not only hear from them of the grand old Englisc, the masculine old Englisc, and approve most cordially when the epithets refer to the speech; but they would wheedle us at once into approbation of the same high epithets as applied to the literature. We listen with sympathy, and should be quite ready to assent with acclamation on the production of convincing specimens; but, as the specimens that have been produced are not absolutely convincing, we are left a good deal at the mercy of any contrary wind of doctrine. And there has been such a contrary wind of doctrine I cannot do better than quote here the bold opinion of the late Professor Craik, not a profound Anglo-Saxon scholar perhaps, but a man of culture, who always looked into matters most sagaciously for himself. “There is,” he says —

“Much writing in forms of human speech now extinct, or no longer in oral use, which is still intelligible to us in a certain sort, but in a certain sort only. It speaks to us as anything dead can speak to us, and no otherwise. We can decipher it rather than read it. . . . The original form of the English language is in this state. It is intelligible, but that is all. What is written in it can, in a certain sense, be read, but not so as to bring out from the most elaborate compositions in it any artistic element, except of the most dubious and unsatisfactory kind. Either such an element is not present in any considerable degree, or the language is not now intimately enough known for any one to be able to detect it. If it is not literally dumb, its voice has for us of the present day entirely lost its music. . . . The language, though so far in our hands as to admit of being analysed in grammars and packed up in dictionaries, is not recoverable in such a degree as to make it possible to pronounce with certainty whether anything written in it is artistically good or bad. As for learning to speak it, that is a thing as little dreamt of as learning to speak the language of Swift's ‘Houyhnhnms.’”

Mr. Craik, it will be observed, here distinctly asserts that literary power, in the sense in which we find it in writings of our own day, or in the Greek and Latin classics, is not discernible, to any appreciable extent, in the old Englisc remains; and he only leaves it doubtful whether this is because it is non-existent, or because it is intercepted by the obsolescence of the language.

How shall we decide in such a diversity of opinion? For one thing, I demur to the principle imported by Mr. Craik into the question of fact. I deny that, if literary power is not discernible in the Englisce remains, it can be for any other reason than because it is non-existent. Much of the original power or charm of an old poem or other literary fragment may be intercepted by the obsolescence of the language; but not all, nor that which is most essential. The peculiar music may be lost, the full aroma of the associations with particular words may be lost: but, if the language is anyhow translatable with sure literal exactness, the *meaning* remains, the *matter* remains, for whatever it is worth. But true literary power, the true power of all great poetry even, consists mainly in this very thing of the meaning or matter. Only in the case of what is inferior or comparatively trivial is the whole virtue lost if the tune is lost, or the bloom of the evanescent associations; in the case of what is greatest even of poetry, in all languages, the soul or essence is preservable in the baldest prose translation into any other language, provided only the translation is strict and literal. Mr. Craik, perhaps, exaggerated the deadness of the old Englisce even in respect of the possibility of recovering the tune of it, the sense of its peculiar metre, the faculty of speaking it or of writing and thinking in it, if one should care to take the trouble; and scholarship in Englisce may triumph over the difficulties of this kind which he saw, or which still exist. But he certainly exaggerated the necessity of the continued oral use of a language to the perception of true merit in its literary remains. It is not because our first-rate scholars can still speak and write in Greek that the power of Sophocles survives; it is because there is a sufficient knowledge of Greek to permit Sophocles to be translated into English bodily for English readers with tolerable exactness, or bits of him to be hammered out by the aid of grammar and dictionary by any one independently, and because through all the tear and wear of these processes, the great Sophocles persists and speaks for himself. If, then, literary power is not absolutely non-existent in the old Englisce remains, or if it does not all lie in the mere temporary tune, and a certain forgotten glee in the trick of alliteration, our so-called Anglo-Saxon scholarship is little better than a swindle if it fails to bring out the power, and make it popularly felt and acknowledged, through the

medium of competent and faithful translation.

The sole question, then, is one of fact, and of fact easily ascertainable, if not yet ascertained. There lies Grein's book, containing the real *corpus* of preserved Anglo-Saxon Poetry, with a German translation and glossary to boot; the entire *corpus* of Anglo-Saxon Prose is accessible in other more miscellaneous volumes. Let our Englisce scholars do afresh, with these increased materials and new lights, what was laudably attempted, nearly fifty years ago, in Mr. Conybeare's "Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry." Let them be perfectly sure themselves what is intrinsically best, most rousing, most delightful in old Englisce Literature, not from the point of view of philology, nor from that of historical curiosity, but from that of enduring effect on the mind and heart; and then, out of this best selecting still the best, let them produce a Handbook of specimens of Englisce verse and prose indubitably representative of the Englisce mind in its highest and most inspired moments, with the most faithful versions possible, and other necessary elucidations. If, after that, no real interest should be acknowledged in the old Englisce remains, it could only be because there is none to acknowledge. For my part, I have little doubt as to the result. The Englisce Literature does possess a considerable, and even rather peculiar, literary interest, which is quite capable of asserting itself through all the impediments of the archaic forms. The little epic or legend of "Beowulf," in my opinion the very best thing in the whole body of the remains, is a tale of strength and power, yet a true work of rough genius; in somewhat of the same vein, and of similar power, are some of the later and shorter war-songs; there are bits of Cædmon's poetry in which, if one misses the high Miltonic quality with which the Northumbrian cow-herd has been credited, one discerns the working of a genuine heat of soul and much rude imaginative force; the same, or more, may be said of some later pieces of religious verse; and from the prose of King Alfred there might be extracted passages of grave ethical wisdom worthy of the character which that great king bears in English tradition.

A sentence or two from M. Taine's survey of the Anglo-Saxon Poetry in general may be quoted as recording the effects of an experiment in such unusual readings on the mind of an able French critic. Speaking first of the lay-poetry, he says, (we quote from Mr. Van Laun's admirable

translation of M. Taine's "History of English Literature") :—

"The remnant more than suffices to show the strange and powerful poetic genius of the race, and to exhibit beforehand the flower in the bud. If there has ever been anywhere a deep and serious poetic sentiment, it is here. They do not speak; they sing, or rather cry out. Each little verse is an acclamation, which breaks forth like a growl; their strong breasts heave with a groan of anger or enthusiasm, and a vehement phrase or indistinct expression rises suddenly, almost in spite of them, to their lips.

... At times they are unintelligible. Articles, particles, everything capable of illuminating thought, of marking the connection of terms, of producing regularity of ideas, all rational and logical artifices are neglected. Passion bellows forth like a great shapeless beast; and that is all."

Then passing to the religious poems, M. Taine continues:—

"More than any race in Europe, they approach, by the simplicity and energy of their conceptions, to the old Hebraic spirit. Enthusiasm is their natural condition; and their new Deity fills them with admiration, as their ancient Deities inspired them with fury. They have hymns, genuine odes, which are but a concrete of exclamations. They have no development; they are incapable of restraining or explaining their passions; it bursts forth, in raptures, at the vision of the Almighty. The heart alone speaks here—a strong, barbarous heart."

These eloquent expressions require perhaps some reduction, or at least cooler adjustment to the precise state of the facts. They promise, I think, more of literary wonder and enjoyment in the old Englisc Poetry than even the most sympathetic English reader will really find; and they omit certain contrary experiences which he is sure to encounter. There is more of dullness, thickness, stiffness, prosaic trust in mere mechanism, and leathery sameness in the mechanism trusted to, in the old Englisc Poetry than might be inferred from M. Taine's statement that in its lay or Pagan specimens passion bellows forth like a great shapeless beast (a statement exciting very high expectations indeed), or from his comparison of its religious portions to the Hebrew Psalms. The old Englisc people, in their Poetry, appear rather as a heavy, sure-footed people, of strong bone and sinew, and great good sense, capable of being roused and heated, but without much range or flash of expression even in their heat, than as a people in a constant state of enthusiasm, always singing or bursting into cries, or largely endowed

with what we now call nerve. They liked to have their songs and poems, as all peoples do; but, more than with some other peoples, one can see that their poems and songs were *made*—were actually fabricated for them out of their language by word-smiths, resorting deliberately to one traditional rhythm and a particular rule of verbal mechanism. In the old Welsh or Cymric Poetry, for example, there is much more of wild spontaneity, of the flash and thrill of instant feeling, as well as of wailing melancholy, and a mystical subtlety of phrase and conception, than in the old Englisc. On the whole perhaps, as regards the old Englisc Literature, if we strike a compromise between Mr. Craik's discouraging account and M. Taine's rousing description, we shall be about right. Despite all that has been intercepted of the original effect by the obsolescence of the language, the Literature does possess much interest of a literary kind in addition to the philological and historical, so that, in performing that filial duty of attention to the old Englisc remains which we owe at any rate for reasons of Philology and History, we may expect also a good deal of literary pleasure.

"Beowulf," we repeat, is the best by far of the poems that have come down to us in Englisc. Whether for the story as a whole, or for passages impressive at the moment and likely to dwell in the memory, it is one of those books of which one may say, in the customary phrase of the critics, that it "will well repay perusal." But, as it seems to be the importation or translation of a Scandinavian Saga rather than a native Englisc production, let us find a specimen somewhere else. Here (mainly in Mr. Thorpe's translation) is one of the passages of "Cædmon's Paraphrase" which Milton is imagined to have had more particularly in his mind in the opening of "Paradise Lost." It is the description of Satan rousing himself in Hell after his Fall:—

"Then spake the haughty king, who of angels
erst was brightest,
Fairest in Heaven, beloved of his Master,
To his Lord dear, until they turned to folly;
So that with him for his madness God himself
became,
The Mighty, angered in mind, and cast him
into that house of perdition,
Down in that new bed, and after gave him a
name:
Said that the highest called should be
Satan thenceforward; and bade him the swart
Hell's abyss rule, not with God war.
Satan harangued; sorrowing spake

He who Hell thenceforth should hold in rule,
And govern the abyss. He was erst God's
Angel,

Fair in Heaven, until him his mind urged,
And his pride most of all,
That he would not the Lord of Hosts'
Word revere. Boiled within him
His thought about his heart; hot was without
him

His dire punishment. Then spake he these
words:—

'This narrow place is most unlike
That other that we once knew,
High in Heaven's kingdom, which my Master
bestowed on me,

Though it, for the All-powerful, we may not
possess,

Must cede our realm. Yet hath He not done
rightly

That He hath struck us down to the fiery
abyss

Of the hot Hell, bereft us of Heaven's king-
dom,

And hath it decreed with the race of Man
To people anew. This of sorrows is my greatest
That Adam shall, who of earth was wrought,
My own strong seat possess;

That it shall be to him in delight, and we en-
dure this torment,

Misery in this Hell. Oh had I power of my
hands

And might but one season be out again,
But one winter's space! Then with this host
I . . .

But around me lie iron bindings;
Presseth this cord of chain; I am now realm-
less;

Me have so hard the clasps of Hell
Firmly begrasped. Here is a vast fire
Above and beneath; never did I see
A loathlier landskip; the flame abateth not,
Hot over Hell. Me hath clasping of rings,
This hard-polished band, impeded in my
course,

Debarred from my way; my feet are bound,
My hands manacled; of these Hell-doors
The ways obstructed, so that with aught I
cannot

Get from these limb-bonds. About me lie
Of hard iron forged with heat
Great gratings, with which me God hath
Hafted by the neck. So I perceive He know-
eth my mind

And that he knew also, the Lord of Hosts,
That should us by Adam evil befall
About the realm of Heaven, where I had
power of my hands."

THE EARLY ENGLISH.

If we understand by "The Early English Period" the time which elapsed between the first reappearance after the Conquest of the written English speech in its modified form as English, say about 1150, and the death of Chaucer in 1400, then

that Period obviously, on the first view of the facts, divides itself into two parts. There is first the Pre-Chaucerian portion of the Period, extending from about 1150 to about 1350; and there is next, the age of Chaucer's activity, comprehending the last half of the fourteenth century.

It is very desirable that some one should perform for the Pre-Chaucerian remains of early English, now a considerable mass altogether, the same kind of service as has been recommended for the remains of the old Englese. If some one would read through the whole of them chronologically, mark the pieces or passages of strongest or finest literary interest, and prepare a Handbook of specimens on the principle of including the choicest of these, and neglecting all that appealed only to philological or historical tastes, we should better know what hearing Early English would be entitled to on account of its permanent literary merits. My belief is that, if care were taken to collect the best of the scattered metrical scraps and songs, as well as to select all passages with any throb in them from such larger compositions as Layamon's Brut, the Ormulum, the Ancrens Riwele, Robert of Gloucester's Chronicle, some of the Early English Romances, and the Poems of Mannyng, Rolle de Ham-pole, and Minot, such a book of extracts might contain a good many things very readable and pleasant yet. Who, for example, but would feel the grace and music yet of such a little thing as that which Warton prints as the earliest known English love-song, and dates at or before 1200? It begins thus:—

"Blow, northern wind;
Send thou to me my sweeting:
Blow, northern wind;
Blow, blow, blow.

Ich wot a burd in bower bright
That full seemly is on sight,
Mensful maiden of might,
Fair and free to fond.

In all this worldlich won
A burd of blood and bone,
Never yet I knought none
Loosomer in lond.

Blow, northern wind;
Blow thou me my sweeting:
Blow, northern wind;
Blow, blow, blow."

There is a good selection from the Proverbs of Hendyng (1272–1307) in the "Specimens of Early English" edited for the Clarendon Press by Dr. Morris and Mr. Skeat: e.g.:—

"Wise man halt [holds] his wordes in;
For he nui no glee begin
Ere he have tempered his pipe.
Sot is sot, and that is seen;
For he will speke wordes green
Ere then they been ripe:
'Sot's bolt is soon shot,'

Quoth Hendyng.

Tell thou never thy foeman
Shame ne tene that thee is on,
Thy care ne thy woe:
For he will fonde [try], gif he may,
Both by nightes, and by day,
Of one to make two.

'Tell thou never thy foe that thy foot acheth,'
Quoth Hendyng.

Though thou much think, ne speak thou not
all;
Bind thy tongue with bonen wall;
Let it down sink where it upswal;
Then might thou find friend over all.
'Tongue breaketh bone, and n'ad herself none,'
Quoth Hendyng."

Rolle de Hampole's "Prick of Conscience" (1340), from which a passage has already been quoted in illustration of the historical interest, is above the mark of most contemporary pieces in respect also of literary interest. Thus:

"LIFE.

For now is mirth, now is mourning,
Now is laughter, and now is greeting;
Now are men weel, now are men woe;
Now is a man friend, now is he foe;
Now is a man light, now is he heavy,
Now is he blithe, now is he dreary;
Now have we joy, now have we pine;
Now we win, and now we tine;
Now are we rich, now are we poor;
Now have we ower-little, now pass we mesure;
Now are we bigg, now are we bare;
Now are we hale, now sick and sare;
Now have we rest, and now travail;
Now we fande [experience] our force, and now
we fail;
Now are we smart, now are we slaw;
Now are we high, now are we lawe;
Now have we enough, now have we nought;
Now are we aboon, and now down brought;
Now have we peace, now have we were;
Now ease us a thing, now feel we it dear;
Now love we, now hate; now saghtel [rest], now
strife:—
These are the manners here of this life.

HEAVEN.

All manner of joys are in that stede,
There is aye life withouten dede;
There is youth aye withouten eld;
There is all kind wealth aye to weid [possess];
There is rest aye withouten travail;
There is all goods that never shall fail;

There is peace aye withouten strife;
There is all manere of liking of life;
There is, withouten mirkness, light;
There is aye day and never night;
There is aye summer full bright to see,
And never mair winter in that countrie."

Or, for a Scottish specimen, take the stanza of lament for the death of King Alexander III., preserved by the metrical chronicler, Wyntoun, and belonging, we may assume, to the end of the thirteenth century, or the early part of the fourteenth:—

"When Alisaunder our king was deade,
That Scotland led in love and lee,
Awa was sone of ale and breade,
Of wine and wax, of gamin and glee;
Our gold was changed into lede:
Christ, born into virginite,
O succour Scotland and remede,
That stayed is in perplexitie!"

I fear, however, that with all pains in collecting, and a good deal of critical charity to aid, the number of pieces that could be found, in the series of the Early English remains from 1150 to 1350, with even as much of literary beauty or throb in them as may be acknowledged in these pieces, or in the poem of "The Owl and the Nightingale," would bear a small proportion to the aggregate from which they were taken. Let any one, in quest of literary enjoyment rather than of philological and historical instruction, try the aggregate. What helpless, throbless stuff most of it is—valuable, I need not repeat, for the student of our old vocabulary and grammar, and with a zeal also for the general antiquarian, but insipid to amazement for any mortal that has been misguided into it by other hopes, and likely, one would say, to make any one permanently stupid that should abide amidst it too long, without exit now and then for refreshment! This is not because most of it seems worse to us now than we can fancy it once was; it is because most of it never can have been very good. On the whole, the Early English remains of the two centuries immediately under view are not to be compared, for anything like literary merit or general intellectual value, to the contemporary Latin or the contemporary Norman-French. They exhibit even a falling-back from the strength and poetic craft of the old English. Was it because these re-beginners in the native English after the philological flood of the Norman Conquest had the very rudiments of literary expression in English to learn afresh for themselves, and were, with some exceptions, but feeble ex-

perimentalists in the book-language, kneading it, softening it, making it supple, by the appliance of Norman metres and all sorts of other efforts, for the use of the masters that were to come?

So, in the main, we may imagine the fact. The masters did come. The appearance simultaneously, in the last half of the fourteenth century, of Mandeville, Langland, Barbour, Wycliffe, Gower, and Chaucer, is like a burst of radiance at last. No scarcity now of literary interest in addition to the historical and philological; no need any longer to prove the presence of such literary interest by references and extracts. Chaucer, the chief of the group, stands as a miracle by himself, absolutely the first of that series of English poets whom we now count on our fingers when we would name only the very greatest. He is the man without a predecessor, without a comparable coeval, and with no equal among his successors for two hundred years. What one is glad to see, in his case, is that, while there has always been this acknowledgment of his unique importance in our early literature, actual attention to his works has of late been much on the increase. The number of persons in Britain more or less familiar with Chaucer is now ten times what it was ten years ago; portions of him are read even in our schools; and we look forward to the completion of the long-needed critical edition of his works on which the *Chaucer Society* and the *Early English Text Society* (thanks again to Mr. Furnivall) are engaged between them, and perhaps to other editions, for popular use, likely to grow out of that. But, even apart from Chaucer, there is a sufficient attraction of literary interest to his period, evidenced very happily of late in the attention of scholars and editors to some of his contemporaries. There has not been a greater feat of recent editorship, for instance, than Mr. Skeat's reissue, for the *Early English Text Society*, of the Poems of William Langland. Not only in this reissue are these remarkable Poems accessible now in their best texts, and their various texts; not only are the Poems made more intelligible by the proper discrimination of the "Vision concerning Piers the Plowman," from the "Vision of Do-well, Do-bet, and Do-best;" but, by Mr. Skeat's careful readings, the physiognomy of the poet himself, and the facts of his life, have been made much clearer to us than they were. Whittaker long ago described him not badly; and few students of our earlier literature but have been accustomed to

picture to themselves with some fondness the rugged, half-visionary figure of the dreamer on the Malvern Hills, who wrote so gruffly and passionately for the people while Chaucer was writing for the Court; but it was reserved for Mr. Skeat to bring out distinctly the fact that this dreamer of the Malvern Hills was, through a great part of his life, as much a Londoner as Chaucer himself, and to let us see him familiarly as the "Long Will" whose tall gaunt stride was as well known in the old London streets as Chaucer's more leisurely walk and sly downward glance. Perhaps something equivalent to Mr. Skeat's resuscitation of Langland personally may yet be done for a third poet in that group of British contemporaries in the latter half of the fourteenth century, Barbour of Aberdeen. He is the recognized father of the English literature of North Britain, and is decidedly worth the best editorial pains that can be bestowed upon him. Fortunately, besides the new edition of his "Bruce," undertaken by Mr. Skeat, the Early English Text Society promises us an edition ere long of his lately discovered "Lives of Saints" from the Cambridge University MS. This last work ought to be a fine opportunity for some new biographical accompaniment.

THE MIDDLE ENGLISH.

By this somewhat misleading name it has been customary to designate the period of English literary history extending from 1400 to 1580, or thereabouts, or the interval between Chaucer's death and the appearance of Spenser. It is spanned by two parallel lists of names—a specially English list, including such poets and prose-writers as Lydgate, Occleve, Pecoek, Caxton, Malory, Skelton, Hawes, Sir Thomas More, Tyndale, Latimer, Heywood, Wyatt, Surrey, Udall, Ascham, Holinshed, Tusser, and Gascoigne; and a no less remarkable Scottish list, including Wyntoun, King James I. of Scotland, Henryson, Henry the Minstrel, Dunbar, Gawin Douglas, Sir David Lyndsay, Maitland, Knox, Buchanan, Bellenden, and the Wedderburns. When we add that this was the period also of a large quantity of anonymous production in the form of popular songs and ballads, the wealth of the period in literary interest will have been sufficiently indicated. It does not present, indeed, a single man of the purely literary order at all approaching Chaucer's dimensions; but it abounds with excellent matter of many varieties thoroughly readable and enjoyable yet. Illustration by

extracts from the chief authors is totally unnecessary: but here is a waif, of date about 1550, from a book rather out of the main track. It is given by no means as generally representative of either the English or the Scottish poetry of that time, or as equalling the best in Skelton, Wyatt, or Surrey, or in James I., Dunbar, or Lyndsay, but merely as a specimen of the good stout stuff one may come upon unexpectedly in one's miscellaneous readings anywhere in the era of these poets:—

Though thou be Paip or Cardinal,
Sae heich in thy pontifical,
Resist thou God that create all,
Then down thou sall come, down.

Though thou be Archbishop or Dean,
Chanter, Chancellor, or Chaplain,
Resist thou God, thy glore is gane,
And down thou sall come, down.

Though thou flow in Philosophy,
Or graduate in Theology,
Yet, an thou fyle the verity,
Then down thou sall come, down.

Though thou be of Religion
The straiteist in all region,
Yet, an thou glaik or gagion [trifle with or slander]
The truth, thou sall come down.

Where is Core and Abiron,
Jamnes, Jambres, and Dathan, become?
To resist God, whilk made them bowne,
Are they not all comed down?

And where is Balaam's false counsel?
Where is the prophets of Jesebel?
And Baal's priests? By Daniel
Down they were all brocht, down.

And mony mae I could you shaw,
Whilk of their God would stand nae awe,
But him resistit afd his law;
And down they are come, down.

There is nae King nor Emperour,
Earl nor Duke of great valour,
From time ye knaw their false errour,
But He sall pluck them down.

Ophni and Phineas gat nae grace;
Heli brak his neck, alas!
And his offspring put frae their place:
King Salomon put them down.

And King Ahab and Helias
The false prophets destroyit has;
And als the noble Josias
Put all false prophets down.

Is there nae mae? Why said I all?
Yet mony thousand sall have ane fall,
Whilk haldes Christian men in thrall:
Princes sall put them down.

Wald they nae mair impugn the truth,
Syne in their office be not sleuth,
Then Christ on them suld have sic ruth
That they sall not come down.

I pray to God that they and we
Obey his word in unity,
Through faith work and by charity;
And lat us never come down.*

By way of practical application of that distinction of the three interests in old English literature which it has been the object of this paper to explain and enforce, one may perhaps venture on two hints to Reprinting Societies and their Editors. One is that, in the selection of books to be edited, whether from old printed copies or from stores yet in manuscript, preference should be given to those possessing some decided amount of literary interest, or of that interest in combination with the historical. In most cases, though not in all, these will fulfill all the purposes of philology as well as books recommending themselves solely to the philological taste; and it is a pity that money and pains should be wasted on rubbish for the all-accepting gorge of the linguist when better material will serve his ends and other people's at the same time. At all events, now that a sufficient mass of printed old English of all dates has been accumulated for the philologist alone, much of it too stupid for any other mortal ever to touch, the historical and literary interests ought certainly to be consulted in all additions to the mass. On the same principle we may venture on our other hint; but, as it may be proper to be more diffident about it, we shall put it as a query. Is it good policy to persist, in all cases, and especially in the case of books of real literary interest or historical value, in reprinting the text rigidly and only according to the antique spelling of the first printed copies or the MSS.? With the fullest admission that there ought to be such reprints, and that for some scholarly ends they are essential, one may doubt whether the policy has not been carried too far, or at least adopted too exclusively, by recent editors. With Elizabethan books, or seventeenth-century books, it matters little; the old spelling there is no obstacle to any educated reader, and indeed imparts a relish to the text which some like. Yet it is universally felt that the Cam-

* From "The Gude and Godlie Ballates," a collection of Religious Songs (by the Wedderburns and others) first printed in Edinburgh in 1578, and of which there has been a recent reprint, edited by Mr. David Laing.

bridge editors of Shakespeare did quite right, in his case, to adopt the usual modern spelling; and the same is felt about Mr. Spedding's edition of Bacon's works. Why, then, should we not have similar editions of the best of those yet older English writers from whom ordinary readers are at present deterred chiefly by the difficulties of the antique text? Not a word should be changed or tampered with; whatever in the old spelling is really significant, for etymology, meaning, or rhythm, should be punctually retained; a specimen page or two of the original spell-

ing entire might be given in the preface; but, for the rest, why print Chaucer, or Langland, or Sir David Lyndsay, more uncourtly than need be? The plea that the old English spelling was phonetic is not true in fact to any such extent as would justify, even on that ground, the retention of half the archaic spellings in most old books or MSS. To be sure, the new plan of editing would entail difficulties on editors which they escape by literal adhesion to the antique copy. But what are editors for?

DAVID MASSON.

RHEUMATISM IN WHALES.—Professor Struthers made a communication to the British Association on the sternum and pelvic bones in the right whale and in great fin whales, showing great variations in form, even in different species. He mentioned a curious circumstance in the osteology of whales, viz., that these animals are very liable to rheumatism. He had, he said, seen many examples of rheumatic ostitis in whales of different kinds. It has been said that animals were not subject to disease until they were brought into connection with man; but the fact he had mentioned contradicted the theory. It was the more remarkable, seeing that whales were less liable than man to variations of temperature; and the cold water cure (as a witty friend had observed) did not seem to be efficacious in the cure of the disease in question. The Professor made a communication also on the occurrence of finger-muscles in the bottle-nose whale (*Hyperdon bidens*). A dissection of the fin of a whale of this species (a male 20 foot in length) was exhibited, showing the presence of finger-muscles corresponding to those in man, and also (according to the Professor) the biceps muscle transferred from the scapula to the head of the humerus. A piece of the gum of the lower jaw was likewise shown, in which a concealed tooth was sunk about half an inch below the surface. He asked what could be the use of teeth in such a position? He could only infer, from the existence of such rudimentary structures, that the animal was descended from a species possessing functional teeth. Professor Flower attributed the great variations in the pelvic bones and the sternum of the whale to their rudimentary character.

Popular Science Review.

“A REGIMENT at the battle of Nivelle captured a French regiment entire, and in consequence was allowed to wear flat buttons because the captured French regiment wore them; an economical distinction, but one highly prized, as will be shown, for some eighteen or twenty years afterwards some tailoring innovator in love with German stiffness caused them to be changed, and though none of the men who had been in that battle were still in the regiment, this measure caused the greatest dissatisfaction short of mutiny.” Again:—“A regiment of infantry (the 46th) has been distinguished during a period of 105 years by wearing a red ball tuft, granted to it as a special distinction for gallant service performed on September 20, 1777, at Brandywine during the war with America. Not long ago this regiment was utterly disconcerted by seeing on parade at Portsmouth another regiment wearing the red pom-pom. The 46th having been the only British corps engaged in the action for which the red feathers were granted, it appeared that the wearing of the same distinction by another corps was an unexpected and undeserved blow. Such the 46th undoubtedly felt it to be; so much so that the commanding officer wrote to the authorities in Pall-Mall on the subject, and he was informed in reply that the 46th regiment ought to consider it an honour to be permitted to wear the same distinction as a ‘royal’ regiment; and at present every ‘Royal’ regiment wears the badge granted especially to the 46th for a gallant action which it fought single-handed, and which has been granted for no subsequent action to any regiment in the service.

Pall Mall.

HIS LITTLE SERENE HIGHNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "DORCHLAUCHTING" OF
FRITZ REUTER.

"Good morning, Serene Highness," said old Cooper Holzen, as he went to church.

"Good morning," said his Serene Highness, graciously.

"Good morning, Serene Highness," said the wife of Jürndt, the butcher, who was just taking a couple of steaks to the Herr Hofrath Altmann's house; for the Herr Hofrath always liked to have something uncommon, and steaks were rather uncommon at that time in Nigen Bramborg; — "good-morning, Serene Highness. So you have come again for a little while. Well, it is very pleasant here, and the weather is so fine, and we have such nice mutton now, and —"

"Good morning," said his Serene Highness, passing on.

"Good morning, Serene Highness!" puffed Baker Schultz's wife, who looked, in her green dress, brown silk shawl and white Sunday-cap, like a cord twisted of three colors. And so she was; for in the first place, she was his Highness's neighbor, close by his palace; secondly, she was his Highness's roll-baker; and thirdly, she was her gracious Herr's colleague in the government; for what his Highness was for the whole country, Frau Schultz was for her whole house, and her subjects said that her government was a good deal stricter than that of his Highness. As these two reigning sovereigns met in the market-place at Nigen-Bramborg, it was very entertaining for the people who happened to be looking out of their windows to observe how they did each other the appropriate honors, since each gave up something of his own dignity to do honor to the other. The sovereign baker's wife, as the lesser potentate, reckoned, that is to say, by the number of her subjects, began to do the honors at a distance of three rods, Rhineland measure, from his Highness; she made a little inclination, as she was in the habit of doing to a good customer in her shop; then she advanced two rods, and with her hands on her sides, and puffing, — but only on account of her stoutness, not from pride, — she made a deeper inclination, very much as she would to the first burgermeister, then went nearer, put her hands under her apron and folded them over her stomach, and courtesied directly before his Highness, — dropping into a bunch, as if one of her four-bushel sacks of wheat had sprung a leak at the bottom and run out, — and said, as she rose again and caught

her breath, "Good morning, Serene Highness."

The reigning sovereign, as the greater potentate, made a slight inclination to his colleague, put his left hand on the hilt of his sword and touched the other to his three-cornered hat, only to satisfy himself that it was firm on his head, that he might not derogate from his dignity.

"Good morning, Schultsch.* What do you want?" he inquired.

Schultsch wanted a number of things; firstly, on this blessed Ascension morning, although, on account of her stoutness and corpulence, she could not ascend exactly to heaven, yet as reigning baker, Frau Schultz, in the eyes of the great ones in the market-place of Nigen-Bramborg, she wanted to ascend as high as her weight would allow, and for that purpose she made use of his Serene Highness as a ladder on which to mount; and secondly, she wanted money.

His Serene Highness, during his Summer campaign of the previous year, had provisioned his army of Court-servants and lackeys out of the region in which he had taken up his quarters, and had issued treasury-bonds in payment; that is, in other words, he had lived upon credit in the Nigen-Bramborg market and the surrounding region, and had promised to pay the coming year; he owed Rathkellermeister Kunst for wine, the butcher Christlieb for meat, and Schultz, the baker, for bread and rolls. Now, Frau Schultz had undertaken to arrange this affair of state between his Serene Highness, the contractor on one side, and her husband, Krischan Schultz, contractor on the other side, in a diplomatic fashion. As his Highness asked her the question: "What do you want?" so square in the face, she did not enter upon her business with equal abruptness, but began by degrees, while she began to walk up and down with his Serene Highness, waddling along behind his ducal back, that she might treat him with all proper reverence.

"Yes, Serene Highness," she remarked, "you say well. You see, I was three-and-sixty last Shrove tide, and my Krischan, — you know him; he was the one who, that time when the burghers went out on horseback to the Tannenkraug to escort you to the new palace, had the misfortune to have his stirrup break, and to fall from his horse, and your Highness remarked: The donkey was drunk! but he wasn't,

* Schultsch is the feminine, = Frau Schultz, a Plattdeutsch idiom, used in familiar intercourse.

for — schnaps? — he never touches it; but beer, — yes, he drinks that; but we have very fine beer, — strong, and weaker, what bad people call, out of mischief, 'Lüttjedünn.*' Now I ask you, Serene Highness, is that Lüttjedünn, of which six bottles are too much for a man?"

Here Schultsch arrived at the end of her breath, and his Serene Highness at the end of his palace, so he turned about, and said he should not himself consider such beer as Lüttjedünn. Schultsch turned behind him, and continued: "So I say, Serene Highness; and the Herr Conrector always drinks it, that is, every day, — on holidays he drinks strong beer. But what I was going to say about Krischan, — I say, Serene Highness, he eats too immoderately, and then such rich food! You see, just as I was coming away, he had cut off a piece of cheese and spread it with butter, and was eating it without any bread, — he learned that from that fellow who has the dairy farm at Virzow, and he is just like a child. No, said I, Krischan, children's food and calves' food must make old people too fat. See, said I, look at me. I have, thank God! a good appetite, and am in good health; but you overdo the matter; you puff up like light dough, and the Herr Conrector says so, too; for he often comes to see us, and sits by Krischan on his bench, because he likes Krischan, and he always sits on Krischan's friendly side, for you know, Serene Highness, Krischan had a stroke a year ago, and he has one weeping eye, and on that side he looks as if he were always crying; but it isn't so, for he is always good-natured, and so the Herr Conrector always sits on his laughing side, and Krischan tells all sorts of jokes, for he has a great gift at telling stories."

Here the breath and the palace came to an end again, and Schultsch swung round for the second time.

"What about the Conrector?" asked his Highness.

"Oh, thank you very much. It goes very well with him. He is yet in his best years, and people say he will marry again."

"What!" exclaimed his Highness, for it suddenly occurred to him that he must look out for the welfare of his subjects, "What will he do?"

"Good heavens! Serene Highness!" exclaimed Schultsch, quite startled, "is it anything dangerous for people to marry? We Bramborgers all marry, when we have a chance, and the magistracy and burghers —"

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried his Highness, "whom is he going to marry? We must know that!" and with that he looked through all Schultsch's flesh clear to her conscience; for he had a terrible eye. Schultsch felt this searching glance, and knew that there was no escape; so she stammered:

"Yes, Serene Highness, people do say that it is the Soltmann who was formerly Kammerjungfer to the gracious Princess. I only tell you what people say; but I —"

"Those are cabals," cried his Highness. "My sister Christel is at the bottom of it. But I will have no married people about me, and the Conrector shall not marry, for I cannot spare him. They are women's cabals!"

"Hm!" thought Schultsch, "if he continues so angry, I shall not get my money. I must do something to appease him. Serene Highness," said she, aloud, "they may be cannibals or not, but what people say is nothing; he will not take her, and I have always said so to Krischan; you shall see, said I, if he takes anybody, he will take Dürten Holzen."

"Who is that?" asked his Highness.

"Eh, Serene Highness," said Schultsch, bending quite confidentially towards her Sovereign, "don't you know Dürten Holzen? She is the Herr Conrector's housekeeper."

The gracious Herr was so astounded at the prospect of this misalliance that he did not utter a word, and Schultsch, in her ignorance, mistaking his mood for complacency, went on:

"And she has been with him five years, and she is neat and industrious, and a good-looking woman, and there is nothing to be said against her, and I was a housekeeper myself when Krischan married me, — well, I was a little better looking then than I am now, — and she is sister to Stining Holzen, whom your runner Halsband is to marry, and as Hofrath Altmann was saying to us only yesterday, you would never allow it, Serene Highness. Then Krischan muttered something in his beard, and he opened the door of the clock, and he sat down in front of it and sat there for five full hours, writing off your last year's account. And here —"

With that she endeavoured, in the most confiding manner, to put the account in his hand; but how she started back. "Neighbor," she said, years after, to the blacksmith's wife, Frau Swartkoppen, as she told the story, "he generally looks so pale and intellectual, but that time he looked as red as Krischan's new scarlet vest, and his

* The smallest or small beer; literally "do little."

little old hat went up and down on his head of its own accord, and his bag stood on end, and his poor little legs trembled with rage, as if, instead of a pair of calves, he had a couple of rattleboxes in his silk stockings." And she had not overdrawn the picture, for his Highness trembled all over with rage."

"Impertinent woman!" he cried, and knocked the account from her hand, so that Krischan's heavy, five-hours' labor flew across the market-place as lightly as if it had been a schoolboy's exercise.

"Rand!" cried he. "Where is the donkey?"

When he used this title Rand always knew that Holland was in danger, and he would be needed. He plunged, therefore, without hesitation, into the diplomatic strife, and sought to mediate between the two high contracting parties; and a more suitable person could not have been found, for if his Serene Highness was Rand's master, Schultsch, on account of her strong beer, was his dearest friend.

"Good heavens, Serene Highness! what is the matter? Why are you so angry with Schultsch? Good heavens, Frau Schultsch, put down your arms from your sides! Is that befitting? That must be why his Highness is so angry," for Schultsch, in her surprise, stood with her arms akimbo. The two lackeys also sprang forward, and his Highness merely motioned with one hand, and they understood him and drew Schultsch away, and his Highness motioned once more, and they hurried with Schultsch across the market-place.

"Rand!" cried his Highness, when the air was partially cleared, and he drew a deep breath: "the Conrector will marry, Halsband will marry,"—here he laughed loudly,— "that baker woman gave me an account,"—here he shook his fist after Schultsch across the market-place,— "What! am I still the reigning sovereign?"

If any one, on account of this story, should suppose that Frau Schultz was an opposition candidate and a rebel, because she tormented his highness with marriages and accounts, he would be wholly mistaken. She only intended to please him with the news; for she knew by experience that he was very inquisitive, and liked a chat; and as for the account, she presented it in all honesty. And if any one should infer from this story that his Highness was a tyrant or a royal miscreant, he would be quite as much in the wrong. His Serene Highness was the

best-natured potentate under the sun; but no one must undertake to drive him; he must always have his own way. He liked to hear of marriages and other gossip; but none of those who were about his person must venture to play at that game; and to receive an account from one of his subjects appeared to him a piece of great injustice. If I am required to say which was in the right in this unfortunate business, I must impartially declare for his Highness; for in the first place he was reigning Sovereign, and that is saying much; secondly, Schultsch wanted to amuse him, and had annoyed him, and that is saying more; and thirdly, one need not be a crowned head in order to think an account a disagreeable matter, and that is saying most of all;—and for my part, I think so too.

Rand said very much the same to his Highness, and he would have restored him to his wonted composure if the spirit of mischief had not been busy that morning with the Herr Kammerpächter Hans Wendhals of Broda. Just as Schultsch was conducted across the market, on one side, Hans appeared on the other with Halsband.

His Highness' anger was great, but his curiosity and his natural fear of losing his kingdom was yet greater. When he saw the Broda laborers and all the little Bramborg street boys coming up the market, he naturally thought, as an intelligent and far-sighted ruler, here was an uproar! And here let me remark that his Highness must have had a great genius for government; for the distinguishing mark of such a genius is, that from the mere shadows which the future casts before it, he can clearly predict what is to happen. His Highness was startled at the shadows cast by the day-laborers and the street boys over the Bramborg market-place, and as a ruling genius he should have remarked to Rand, that very evening: "Rand, we are on the brink of great events." And because Hans Wendhals' uproar came from the westward, he should have added: "Rand, you shall see. A cloud is rising in the West; there will be a revolution in France."

Rand was at first of the opinion that there might be a slight uproar; but as he saw his friend, the baker's wife, mingling quite innocently among them, he said:

"Your Highness, it is nothing. A Bramborg burgher Frau would not be mixed up with a street mob;" and as the two lackeys pushed into the crowd, and opened a little space so that one could see through,

he cried: "Well, this is the strangest performance! Serene Highness, that is our Halsband! and that is our Broda Kammerpächter! Serene Highness, they have brought Halsband bound!"

"Halsband? Come,—wait! I will—" cried his Highness.

"No," said Rand, hastily. "Serene Highness, that will not answer! Before all the people? How! You would injure the deep respect for your court officers. All the little boys are shouting after him."

His Serene Highness perceived this, so he restrained himself, and went with a quiet, princely step, not in anger, but merely out of curiosity, towards the crowd in the market-place. Clever Hans had already, in the Treptow street, had a dark foreboding that if his prisoner were really "Halsband," as the little street boys called him, he could not possibly be Grabow, and that his morning's performance might go far to earn him the name of Stupid Hans among the people; and when Frau Schultz also called him Halsband, and the two lackeys greeted him as a colleague, it became more and more clear to his mind that he had an indisputable claim to the title. His heart sank down into his shoes, and he concealed himself behind one of the Rathhaus columns; his bailiff, who was almost as clever as himself, crept behind the other; and as the old laborers found themselves without a leader, and perceived his Serene Highness beaming upon them in his princely splendor, they dispersed like gray rain clouds before the rising sun; the street boys followed like mist and fogs, and his Highness stood, with Rand and the two lackeys, before the prisoner. Frau Schultz had also prudently retired into the background.

"What rascal has arrested my runner?" cried his Highness, his anger returning at the sight of Halsband's bonds. Do not misjudge him,—his princely honor was touched in the person of his private runner. By his mere approach his Highness had quieted the whole uproar, and these few words put Hans and his bailiff to flight; for when he heard them, Clever Hans,—or as we will henceforth call him, Stupid Hans,—darted from behind the column as if there were a fire in his rear, and ran across the market-place to the Golden Kugel, and there sought a place of concealment, and his bailiff followed him closely.

"Who has bound you? What have you done? Where is your livery? Where is your hat?" shouted his Highness.

Halsband was a kind-hearted, jovial fellow, who would not hurt a child; but when a man has been attacked by an uncommonly clever Kammerpächter and all his day laborers, and, for a little running about, has been bound and led in disgrace, like a thief and a robber, through such a respectable city as Nigen-Bramborg, greeted with revilings by the little boys, and finally served with the wrath of the reigning sovereign, as sauce to the whole lump of misfortune, it is not in human nature to swallow such a mouthful with a smiling face. So Halsband shouted in his turn: "Crazy fools have bound me! I have done nothing, and my livery and my hat are with the gatekeeper!"

This was a bold answer to his Highness' questions, and he cried in great anger:

"How dare you venture to come before me in your shirt-sleeves?"

His Serene Highness might ask the men who had brought him there, was Halsband's impertinent reply.

That was too much! What,—should such a fellow as a runner dictate to his Serene Highness, reigning sovereign over the whole country, what he should do! His Highness trembled all over with rage, and he cried:

"I will turn you off, you rascal! I will turn you off!"

The consequences of this anger might have been truly dreadful. The two lackeys felt this, and retreated several paces behind his Highness' back, and even Rand, usually so courageous in his presence, stood with downcast eyes anxiously regarding his Highness' hair bag from the rear; only Wilhelm Halsband looked him boldly in the face, and said, with a quiet decision which could only have sprung from an utterly perverse heart:

"So! Your Highness has said it, and I accept the dismissal. I can no longer remain runner, for the disgrace which has come upon me might fall upon the other Court-servants."

"You rascal! you are not to go immediately!" cried his Highness; and he emphasized his princely decision with blows of his cane upon Halsband's back, being carried quite beyond his self-control by his great impulse and genius for governing and for making his subjects happy. Dürten Holzen interposed her stout person between his Highness' anger and Halsband's defiance. "What!" she cried, "this is shameful! What decent fellow would strike a man whose hands were bound?" And with that she began, quite at her ease, to untie the knots in the pack-threa with

which Clever—I should say, Stupid—Hans had bound the runner's arms.

Reigning Sovereigns make great pretensions now-a-days, and it was not less so then; but all those who had observed his Highness' extreme anger upon that occasion were of the opinion that he had already done his utmost in that respect, and that nothing further could be required of him. Since his wrath could rise no higher, there must be a "reaction," as they call it now, either by cramps or fainting, or something of the kind. So far all had gone quite naturally; but when he saw Dürten Holzen, heard her words, and observed her actions, one of his supernatural terrors came over him,—this time, probably, his terror of women. His cane dropped, he started back several steps, stretching out his hands, and calling:

"Rand! Rand! What is this? Who is this?"

"That is Dürten Holzen, gracious Herr," said Rand, supporting him under the arm. "It is the sister of Halsband's bride."

"Bride? bride? The fellow will marry? Wait! I will help you. The rascal shall be thrown immediately into a horrible dark dungeon."

Halsband would have spoken, but Dürten Holzen took the words from him: "Serene Highness," said she, standing before him without fear and without reproach, "you are our sovereign, and as such we must respect you. But why should Halsband be put in prison? What has he done? Why would you destroy his happiness? Why would you bring such sorrow to the innocent heart of my sister and the white hair of my father?"

"She shall be locked up too! She shall be thrown into a horrible, dark ——" cried his Highness; but he stopped suddenly, for he saw Frau Schultz, with her account in her hand, standing near Dürten, and he grew dizzy, and all the women in Nigen-Bramborg seemed to be dancing up and down the market-place, and all his unpaid accounts were dancing with them, and bells rang in his ears, as if they were marriage-bells for all the women, and he sank down in a fainting fit, and Rand and the two lackeys had to carry him and his cane back to the palace.

So far, all was correctly done; but when his Serene Highness and his body guard of three had retired from the market-place, nobody was left to put Halsband and Dürten Holzen into the dungeons, and Dürten remarked, very discreetly, that the best thing for her to do would be to go home. "And you, Halsband," she added, "would

do well to get your uniform; or will you remain here, as a spectacle for the people when they come out of church, running about in your shirt-sleeves on Ascension day? I should think you had been a spectacle quite long enough for one morning. Dear heart, what would my poor Stining say?"

"Yes, Dürten," said Frau Schultz, "that is best; but I know what I shall do. Wait! Impertinent woman, said he, — Wait! And if that sly old dog, that Rand, comes again to see Krischan, and drink our strong beer, then I say: Vinegar!"

Meanwhile his Serene Highness was lying upon a sort of impromptu couch, and Rand was bustling about him, covering him with blankets and propping him with pillows, and thrusting glasses and bottles under his princely nose, and when the pungent salts made his Highness sneeze, he so far forgot his respect that he never once said: "God bless you!" for Rand was an old servant, and old servants are a peculiar race. When his Highness' weather-glass stood high, and he cracked jests, and governed with energy, then Rand's stood low, and he was very quiet; and when his Highness' weather-glass stood low, and he lay on his back and groaned, then Rand's stood high, and he made the most horrible speeches, and acted as if his Serene Highness had done him the greatest injury. So it was this morning.

"I should say so! It must come to this, said Hofrath Altmann! Preserve us! What are we coming to? What sort of doings are these?"

"Rand," said his Highness, with a groan, "is Halsband locked up?"

"Eh, Serene Highness, what do I know! I have not locked him up. I have had my hands full, taking care of you. We are going too far altogether. We have no reason at all. We shall get our fingers pinched."

"Rand, is that the same Dürten Holzen who is to marry the Conrector?"

"Eh, Serene Highness, what business is that of ours? If we undertake to manage all these affairs, the business will be too much for us. It is of more consequence that the expenses should be attended to regularly; that is necessary, or what shall we live on? But these other matters! If we are going to faint away every other minute, we shall manage ourselves to death."

"Rand, what do you mean by such speeches? Let the Hofrath Altmann come to me."

"Eh, what do you want of him? You

go to him for comfort, and do you know what people say? *He is going to marry again, too.*"

"What? Buried three wives, and —"

"Yes, and now he wants a fourth. Is that anything so dreadful? We must think about it. How shall all the soldiers and the servant-maids and the shoemakers and the masons, and all the rest, be disposed of, and who is to pay them their wages? No, Serene Highness, we must be more considerate. Such a thing, for instance, as this morning, with Frau Schultz, — we called her 'impertinent woman!' and no burgher frau, particularly one with an account against us, will put up with such treatment as that; that may do us a deal of mischief."

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried his Highness, in a tone of much energy, considering the circumstances.

"Well, for all I care! I can hold my tongue; what business is it of mine? But what good it can do us to shut up that long-legged, thin-ribbed rascal of a Halsband, and prevent him from marrying, is more than I can see."

"Then I will tell you. You see, you are growing old, and when you cannot occupy your position any longer, then he shall take it, for he is willing and convenient."

"So! — well, I might have known. Of course I can be spared. Eh, why not?" said Rand, beginning to whisk the furniture about in rather a dangerous manner. "That may happen any day; the old Wallach is turned out of the carriage span and put to the dung cart!"

Something fell with a crash.

"What have you knocked down?" cried his Highness.

"Eh, it is the old pot-pouri pot; it was cracked before. That can be spared, too."

"Out with you, you old donkey!"

"Oh yes, oh yes!" cried Rand, and obeyed; but when he reached the door, he turned, spitefully, to ask: "Well, Serene Highness, when you ring again, who shall answer, Halsband or I?"

With that he closed the door, and was gone before his Highness had time to give expression to his princely displeasure.

In comparison with his Highness, Rand was but a stupid fellow, but in one thing he was right; his Highness should not have treated Schultsch so harshly; for if he had reasons for thinking that a baker's account was not suited to a princely ruler by the grace of God, he should have taken into consideration the fact that Schultsch also was an autocrat, in her way, and that it is ill striking two hard stones together.

Mischief must needs come of it, and it did. The next morning after this Ascension day, which had been for his Highness rather the day of the descent into Hades, he held his usual levee at nine o'clock. This state occasion was ordered exactly after the fashion of King Louis the Fourteenth of France. Court servants assisted their royal master into his garments, and foreign ambassadors and faithful subjects had the honor of looking on. Twelve lackeys stood in a row, the first with a shirt, the second with a pair of stockings, the third with something else, and so on; and the Kammerjunker von Knüppelsdörp had the command of the whole, with the exception of Rand, who, since he was employed specially about the person of his Highness, received his instructions only from his Highness in person. There were no foreign ambassadors present this morning, and the subjects were represented only by Hofrath Altmann's little five-year-old boy, who was a great favorite of the reigning sovereign, and had already been playing for an hour about his bed, since his Highness was fond of rational conversation with little children.

When Rand assisted his royal master to his feet, the child looked wonderingly at the preparations, and then again at his Highness, and finally broke out with the question: "Serene Highness, what are all these for?"

"They are going to dress me."

"What! — all these fellows going to dress you? My Fika dresses me all by herself, and my other mother says she shall not do it much longer; I must learn to dress myself alone."

At the beginning of this childish speech, his Highness smiled graciously upon the ignorance of his little subject; but when the child spoke of his other mother, his curiosity was excited, or as the future Court-poet, Kägebein, expressed it:

"The share thou takest in thy subject's weal,
Their joys rejoice thy heart, thou dost their sorrows feel."

"What mother?" asked his Highness. "You have no mother; your mother is dead."

"Yes, my mother is dead; but this is my other mother, and she always gives us cakes."

"What is your other mother's name?"

"Eh, my other mother;" and with all his questions his Highness could get no further answer from the child. So much he knew, however, — that Hofrath Altmann was going to marry again; Hofrath

Altmann, who was, so to speak, constantly about his person, since he supplied his money necessities. He was, therefore, justly indignant, and gave orders to the Kammerjunker von Knüppelsdörp to ascertain the name of the person who was willing to risk it for the fourth time with the Hofrath; and he gave orders also that for the present the Hofrath should be forbidden the Court. Rand shook his head at that; his Serene Highness allowed himself to be dressed, in a very sulky mood, and the child played merrily about the room; and as they were drawing the stockings upon his Highness' feet, the innocent child sang a rhyme which he had picked up on the street:

"Dörhrläuchten is von Gottesgnaden,
Hett drei por Strump, un doch Kein Waden."*

The Kammerjunker von Knüppelsdörp dropped the royal breeches, in his terror, the lackeys were too frightened to go on with their duties, the whole levee was interrupted; his Highness alone retained presence of mind, and graciously resolved not to regard the offence as high treason, although he commanded, in a tone of much decision, that the boy should be instantly removed from the apartment. Rand said never a word.

That his levee should have such a termination, and that such an accident could have occurred in it, naturally grieved the heart of this father of his country, and when his Highness was finally endowed with his green velvet dressing-gown, and seated in his red velvet chair with the ducal coronet on the back, he was in anything but a roseate humor. "My coffee!" said he. Rand said nothing, but placed the coffee before him.

"Where are the rolls?" asked he, with energy. Rand said nothing, but shrugged his shoulders.

"Where are the rolls?" asked his Highness, with still greater energy.

"There are none, to-day," said Rand.

"What does that mean, you donkey?"

"Eh, Serene Highness, didn't I say it would be so? Schultsch will not trust us any longer, and the other bakers have none."

"What! what!" cried his Highness, springing to his feet. "In our own land! What!—Have we not our treasury?"

"Yes, Serene Highness, we have it,—there it stands; but it is as empty as an egg blown three weeks ago. The ex-

penses from Strelitz here have taken the last groschen, and we must wait three weeks before our income is payable."

The sorrow which pierced the princely heart at these words can only be appreciated by a German student, who, three weeks before the arrival of his remittances, has been refused longer credit, and finds it impossible to borrow. Well for him who knows how to help himself in such an extremity! I knew one of these young Burschen, almost as well as I knew myself, who understood the matter. In some way a false Prussian thaler had been imposed upon him, and this counterfeit thaler became his helping angel. The young fellow took his meals wherever he pleased, and since he was an honest man, he paid, but always with the false thaler. And because he was honest, he took pains to say that he believed the thaler was counterfeit, and people were so glad to find that they were dealing with an honest man, that they would give him back his thaler, and charge his account; and he carried on this business until his remittances came, and then paid his debts with genuine Prussian thalers, and threw away the false one in the Saal at Jena. Why? Because he was an honest man.

His Serene Highness was also an honest man; but he had not the good fortune to possess a counterfeit Prussian thaler, so he sank back wearily in his arm-chair, leaned his head against the ducal coronet, and said:

"Hofrath Altmann must come."

"Yes, Serene Highness," said Rand, "but that will not do; for the Kammerjunker,—as I have just seen,—went over, directly after the levee, to tell him that he was forbidden the Court!"

So! Now all his Highness' nerves were cut through, also the nervus rerum gerendarum. His Highness could get no rolls for breakfast, and half the city were cracking Baker Schultz's crisp rolls, and Frau Schultz herself sat behind her shop counter, as stately as if she reigned that morning over the whole duchy of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

CHAPTER VIII.

Stining gets bad news by extra post and telegraph. — She is in mourning, and is instigated by Durten to a singular prayer. — How there came to be lightning-rods upon his Highness' palace, and how the Herr Conrector tweaked the nose of the Herr Kammererdiener Rand. — The Conrector and Durten look for and cannot find each other until Durten at last stands still. — Pagel Zarnewitz and Karl Bentwisch have a skirmish. — "What word means pickled-goose?" — The Conrector prophesies.

* "His Serene Highness, by the grace of God, Has three pair of stockings and no calves."

sies seven thunderstorms, and rises seven-fold higher in the estimation of his Serene Highness.

On this same morning, when his Serene Highness was compelled to resign his breakfast-rolls, Stining Holzen sat in her little chamber, feeling as if she must resign forever her whole happiness. On the day previous she had received speedy intelligence of Halsband's misfortunes, through the extra-post and telegraph of that period; the extra-post being attended to by the little street-boys, and the telegraph being the particular business of the old women at street corners, as they raised their hands and clasped them above their heads, and shook their heads back and forth. But these methods of circulating intelligence were no more reliable than the methods in use at present, and if, with all the world's progress, it sometimes happens that the Atlantic cable makes blunders and talks nonsense, why should we wonder if the little street-boy's post made blunders, and the old-wives'-telegraph talked nonsense, like this: "Don't be frightened, Stining! Halsband has been stealing."

This was as incomprehensible to Stining as if we should have news by cable, from America, that the President of the United States had been carried to the top of the City Hall in New York upon Blondin's back.

She could not believe such a blunder; but behind the evident blunder peered the veiled apparition called by men, Uncertainty; and when the veil should fall, what would be revealed? And the veil fell,—Dürten tore it down with a strong hand, and related the true story of Halsband's mishap, which she had learned by questioning one of the Broda day-laborers. It was nothing; it was a simple misunderstanding, for which no one was less to blame than Stining's Wilhelm; but people were shy in those days; every one had a

secret dread of being talked about in public, and one's reputation was affected not so much by his guilt, as by the knowledge of his disgrace; whether deserved or not, it was all one. Her Wilhelm had fallen into disgrace, his reputation had now a flaw, and the fear arose whether it might not be the means of preventing his entrance into any guild, and she reproached herself bitterly for having urged him to his undertaking.

The soul which is wholly and entirely absorbed in another soul anxiously seeks out torments, and ever finds a sting; for the protection with which others surround themselves as with a coat of mail, namely, self-love, it has cast off; that it may rise the lighter and brighter into its heaven.

Dürten also reproached herself; but she was sustained by the proud feeling that she had set his Highness at defiance in the open market-place, and the assurance that she could stand by her sister and Halsband with counsel and active help. But when, towards evening, she was obliged to go to her poor sister, who sat in deep sorrow, with the news that Halsband had been really thrown into prison, by command of his Highness, for a failure in respect, and she tormented herself in vain to devise means of help, then the dreadful thought came over her that, with her desire for the offered five thalers, she was to blame for the whole matter.

Stining lay on her bed without sleeping the whole night, and thought of her Wilhelm, whether he were not also lying without rest; and Dürten also lay without sleep, and thought how she could contrive to set the runner at liberty; for he was to be imprisoned for eight days, upon bread and water alternately;—"that he might become more light-footed," as Rand spitefully said when he announced to him his sentence.

THE YEAST GERM IN GRAPE JUICE. — Professor Pasteur has communicated to the Académie des Sciences a memoir to show that the yeast germ which induces fermentation in grape juice is derived from the outer skin of the grape. In the *Comptes Rendus* for October 7, this, and another paper by the same author, entitled, "New Facts Relating to the Theory of Fermentation, properly so called," are published, and also in *Les Mondes* of October 10. M. Pasteur comes to the conclusion that there

are two orders of life, one of which requires free oxygen for its sustenance, while the other is killed by it. Apples, pears, and the like, continue to live after being taken from the tree; they absorb oxygen, exhale carbonic acid, and ripen. Being prevented from absorbing oxygen, these fruits begin to assimilate oxygen from their own juices, an alcoholic fermentation commences, and the fruit becomes soft and pulpy. The researches on this interesting subjects are not yet complete.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
HEROISM.

It is an open question whether the policeman is not demoralizing us, and that, in proportion as he does his duty well; whether the perfection of justice and safety, the complete "preservation of body and goods," may not reduce the educated and comfortable classes into that lap-dog condition in which not conscience, but comfort, doth make cowards of us all. Our forefathers had, on the whole, to take care of themselves; we find it more convenient to hire people to take care of us. So much the better for us, in some respects: but, it may be, so much the worse in others. So much the better; because, as usually results from the division of labour, these people, having little or nothing to do save to take care of us, do so far better than we could; and so prevent a vast amount of violence and wrong, and therefore of misery, especially to the weak: for which last reason we will acquiesce in the existence of policemen and lawyers, as we do in the results of arbitration, as the lesser of two evils. The odds in war are in favour of the bigger bully; in arbitration, in favour of the bigger rogue; and it is a question whether the lion or the fox be the safer guardian of human interests. But arbitration prevents war: and that, in three cases out of four, is full reason for employing it.

On the other hand, the lap-dog condition, whether in dogs or in men, is certainly unfavourable to the growth of the higher virtues. Safety and comfort are good, indeed, for the good; for the brave, the self-originating, the earnest. They give to such a clear stage and no favour wherein to work unhindered for their fellow-men. But for the majority, who are neither brave, self-originating, nor earnest, but the mere puppets of circumstance, safety and comfort may and do merely make their lives mean and petty, effeminate and dull: their hearts must be awakened, as often as possible, to take exercise enough for health; and they must be reminded, perpetually and unfortunately, of what a certain great philosopher called "whatsoever things are true, honourable, just, pure, lovely, and of good report;" "if there be any manhood, and any just praise, to think of such things."

This pettiness and dullness of our modern life is what keeps alive our stage, to which people go to see something a little less petty, a little less dull, than what they see at home. It is, too, the cause of—I had almost said the excuse for—the mod-

ern rage for sensational novels. Those who read them so greedily are conscious, poor souls, of capacities in themselves of passion and action, for good and evil, for which their frivolous, humdrum daily life gives no room, no vent. They know too well that human nature can be more fertile, whether in weeds and poisons, or in flowers and fruits, than it is usually in the streets and houses of a well-ordered and tolerably sober city. And because the study of human nature is, after all, that which is nearest to every one and most interesting to every one, therefore they go to fiction, since they cannot go to fact, to see what they themselves might be had they the chance—to see what fantastic tricks before high heaven men and women like themselves can play, and how they play them.

Well: it is not for me to judge, for me to blame. I will only say that there are those who cannot read sensational novels, or, indeed, any novels at all, just because they see so many sensational novels being enacted round them in painful facts of sinful flesh and blood. There are those, too, who have looked in the mirror too often to wish to see their own disfigured visage in it any more; who are too tired of themselves and ashamed of themselves to want to hear of people like themselves; who want to hear of people utterly unlike themselves, more noble, and able, and just, and sweet, and pure; who long to hear of heroism and to converse with heroes; and who if by chance they meet with an heroic act, bathe their spirits in that, as in May-dew, and feel themselves thereby, if but for an hour, more fair.

If any such shall chance to see these words, let me ask them to consider with me that one word Hero, and what it means.

Hero; Heroic; Heroism. These words point to a phase of human nature, the capacity for which we all have in ourselves, which is as startling and as interesting in its manifestations as any, and which is always beautiful, always ennobling, and therefore always attractive to those whose hearts are not yet seared by the world or brutalized by self-indulgence.

But let us first be sure what the words mean. There is no use talking about a word till we have got at its meaning. We may use it as a cant phrase, as a party cry on platforms; we may even hate and persecute our fellow-men for the sake of it: but till we have clearly settled it in our own minds what a word means, it will do for fighting with, but not for working with. Socrates of old used to tell the young

Athenians that the ground of all sound knowledge was — to understand the true meaning of the words which were in their mouths all day long; and Socrates was a wiser man than we shall ever see. So instead of beginning an oration in praise of heroism, I shall ask my readers to think, with me, what heroism is.

Now, we shall always get most surely at the meaning of a word by getting at its etymology — that is, at what it meant at first. And if heroism means behaving like a hero, we must find out, it seems to me, not merely what a hero may happen to mean just now, but what is meant in the earliest human speech in which we find it.

A hero or a heroine, then, among the old Homeric Greeks, meant a man or woman who was like the gods; and, from that likeness, stood superior to their fellow-creatures. Gods, heroes, and men is a three-fold division of rational beings, with which we meet more than once or twice. Those grand old Greeks felt deeply the truth of the poet's saying —

Unless above himself he can
Exalt himself, how poor a thing is man.

But more: the Greeks supposed these heroes to be, in some way or other, partakers of a divine nature; akin to the gods; usually, either they, or some ancestor of theirs, descended from a god or goddess. Those who have read Mr. Gladstone's *Juventus Mundi* will remember the section (cap. ix. § 6) on the modes of the approximation between the divine and the human natures; and whether or not they agree with the author altogether, all will agree, I think, that the first idea of a hero or a heroine was a godlike man or godlike woman.

A godlike man. What varied, what infinite forms of nobleness that word might include, ever increasing, as men's notions of the gods became purer and loftier, or, alas! decreasing, as their notions became degraded. The old Greeks, with that intense admiration of beauty which made them, in after ages, the master sculptors and draughtsmen of their own, and, indeed, of any age, would, of course, require in their hero, their godlike man, beauty and strength, manners, too, and eloquence, and all outward perfections of humanity, and neglect his moral qualities. Neglect, I say, but not ignore. The hero, by virtue of his kindred with the gods, was always expected to be a better man than common men, as virtue was then understood. And how better? Let us see.

The hero was at least expected to be

more reverent than other men to those divine beings of whose nature he partook, whose society he might enjoy even here on earth. He might be unfaithful to his own high lineage; he might misuse his gifts by selfishness and self-will; he might, like Ajax, rage with mere jealousy and wounded pride till his rage ended in shameful madness and suicide. He might rebel against the very gods, and all laws of right and wrong, till he perished in his *ἀτασθαλίᾳ*,

Smitten down, blind in his pride, for a sign and
a terror to mortals.

But he ought to have, he must have, to be true to his name of Hero, justice, self-restraint, and *αἰδώς* — that highest form of modesty, for which we have, alas! no name in the English tongue; that perfect respect for the feelings of others which springs out of perfect self-respect. And he must have, too — if he were to be a hero of the highest type — the instinct of helpfulness; the instinct that, if he were a kinsman of the gods, he must fight on their side, through toil and danger, against all that was unlike them, and therefore hateful to them. Who loves not the old legends, unsurpassed for beauty in the literature of any race, in which the hero stands out as the deliverer, the destroyer of evil? — Theseus ridding the land of robbers, and delivering it from the yearly tribute of boys and maidens to be devoured by the Minotaur; Perseus slaying the Gorgon, and rescuing Andromeda from the sea-beast; Heracles with his twelve famous labours against giants and monsters; and all the rest —

Who dared, in the god-given might of their manhood,

Greatly to do and to suffer, and far in the fens
and the forests

Smite the devourers of men, heaven-hated, brood
of the giants;

Transformed, strange, without like, who obey
not the golden-haired rulers —

These are figures whose divine moral beauty has sunk into the hearts, not merely of poets or of artists, but of men and women who suffered and who feared; the memory of them, fables though they may have been, ennobled the old Greek heart; they ennobled the heart of Europe in the fifteenth century, at the re-discovery of Greek literature. So far from contradicting the Christian ideal, they harmonized with — I had almost said they supplemented — that more tender and saintly ideal of heroism which had sprung up during the earlier Middle Ages. They justified,

and actually gave a new life to the old noblenesses of chivalry, which had grown up in the later Middle Ages as a necessary supplement of active and manly virtue to the passive and feminine virtue of the cloister. They inspired, mingling with these two other elements, a literature, both in England, France, and Italy, in which the three elements, the saintly, the chivalrous, and the Greek heroic, have become one and undistinguishable, because all three are human, and all three divine; a literature which developed itself in Ariosto, in Tasso, in the *Hyperotomachia*, the *Arcadia*, the *Euphues*, and other forms, sometimes fantastic, sometimes questionable, but which reached its perfection in our own Spenser's *Fairy Queen* — perhaps the most admirable poem which has ever been penned by mortal man.

And why? What has made these old Greek myths live, myths though they be, and fables, and fair dreams? What, though they have no body, and, perhaps, never had, has given them an immortal soul, which can speak to the immortal souls of all generations yet to come?

What but this, that in them — dim it may be and undeveloped, but still there — lies the divine idea of self-sacrifice as the perfection of heroism; of self-sacrifice, as the highest duty and the highest joy of him who lays claim to a kindred with the gods?

Let us say, then, that true heroism must involve self-sacrifice. Those stories certainly involve it, whether ancient or modern, which the hearts, not of philosophers merely, or poets, but of the poorest and the most ignorant, have accepted instinctively as the highest form of moral beauty — the highest form, and yet one possible to all.

Grace Darling rowing out into the storm toward the wreck; the "drunken private of the Buffs," who, prisoner among the Chinese, and commanded to prostrate himself and kotoo, refused in the name of his country's honour: "he would not bow to any Chinaman on earth:" and so was knocked on the head, and died surely a hero's death. Those soldiers of the *Birkenhead*, keeping their ranks to let the women and children escape, while they watched the sharks who in a few minutes would be tearing them limb from limb. Or, to go across the Atlantic — for there are heroes in the Far West — Mr. Bret Harte's "Flynn of Virginia," on the Central Pacific Railway (the place is shown to travellers), who sacrificed his life for his married comrade, —

There, in the drift,
Back to the wall,
He held the timbers
Ready to fall.
Then in the darkness
I heard him call, —
"Run for your life, Jake!
Run for your wife's sake!
Don't wait for me."

And that was all
Heard in the din —
Heard of Tom Flynn,
Flynn of Virginia.

Or the engineer, again, on the Mississippi, who, when the steamer caught fire, held as he had sworn he would, her bow against the bank till every soul save he got safe on shore, —

Through the hot black breath of the burning
boat

Jim Bludso's voice was heard;
And they all had trust in his cussedness,
And knew he would keep his word.
And sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smokestacks fell, —
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the *Prairie Belle*.

He weren't no saint — but at judgment
I'd run my chance with Jim
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shake hands with him.
He'd seen his duty — a dead sure thing —
And went for it there and then;
And Christ is not going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

To which gallant poem of Colonel John Hay's — and he has written many gallant and beautiful poems — I have but one demurrer — Jim Bludso did not merely do his duty, but more than his duty. He did a voluntary deed, to which he was bound by no code or contract, civil or moral: just as he who introduced me to that poem won his Victoria Cross (as many a cross, Victoria and other, has been won) by volunteering for a deed to which he, too, was bound by no code or contract, military or moral. And it is of the essence of self-sacrifice, and, therefore, of heroism, that it should be voluntary; a work of supererogation, at least towards society and man; an act to which the hero or heroine is not bound by duty, but which is above though not against duty.

Nay, on the strength of that same element of self-sacrifice, I will not grudge the epithet heroic, which my revered friend Mr. Darwin well applies to the poor little monkey, who once in his life did that which was above his duty: who lived in continual terror of the great baboon,

and yet, when the brute had sprung upon his friend the keeper, and was tearing out his throat, conquered his fear by love, and, at the risk of instant death, sprang in turn upon his dreaded enemy, and bit and shrieked till help arrived.

Some would now-a-days use that story merely to prove that the monkey's nature and the man's nature are, after all, one and the same. Well; I, at least, have never denied that there is a monkey-nature in man, as there is a peacock-nature, and a swine-nature, and a wolf-nature — of all which I see every day too much. The sharp and stern distinction between men and animals, as far as their natures are concerned, is of a more modern origin than people fancy. Of old the Assyrian took the eagle, the ox and the lion — and not unwisely — as the three highest types of human capacity; the horses of Homer might be immortal, and weep for their master's death; the animals and monsters of Greek myth — like the Ananzi spider of Negro fable — glide insensibly into speech and reason; while birds — the most wonderful of all animals in the eyes of a man of science or a poet — are sometimes looked on as wiser, and nearer to the gods, than man. The Norseman — the noblest and ablest human being, save the Greek, of whom history can tell us — was not ashamed to say of the bear of his native forests that he had "ten men's strength and eleven men's wisdom." How could Reinecke Fuchs have gained immortality, in the Middle Ages and since, save by the truth of its too solid and humiliating theorem — that the actions of the world of men were, on the whole, guided by passions but too exactly like those of the lower animals? I have said, and say again, with good old Vaughan —

Unless above himself he can
Exalt himself, how mean a thing is man.

But I cannot forget that many an old Greek poet or sage, and many a sixteenth and seventeenth century one, would have interpreted the monkey's heroism from quite a different point of view, and would have said that the poor little creature had been visited suddenly by some "divine afflatus" — an expression quite as philosophical and quite as intelligible as most philosophic formulas which I read now-a-days — and had been thus raised for the moment above his abject selfish monkey-nature, just as man requires to be raised above his. But that theory belongs to a philosophy which is out of date and out of fashion at present, and which will have to wait a

century or two before it comes into fashion again.

And now: if self-sacrifice and heroism be, as I believe, identical, I must protest against an use of the word sacrifice which is growing too common in newspaper-columns, in which we are told of an "enormous sacrifice of life;" an expression which means merely that a great many poor wretches have been killed, quite against their own will, and for no purpose whatsoever: no sacrifice at all, unless it be one to the demons of ignorance, cupidity, or mismanagement.

The stout Whig undergraduate understood better the meaning of such words, who, when asked, "In what sense might Charles the First be said to be a martyr?" answered, "In the same sense that a man might be said to be a martyr to the gout."

And I must protest, in like wise, against a misuse of the words hero, heroism, heroic, which is becoming too common, namely, applying them to mere courage. We have borrowed the misuse, I believe, as we have more than one beside, from the French press. I trust that we shall neither accept it, nor the temper which inspires it. It may be convenient for those who flatter their nation, and especially the military part of it, into a ruinous self-conceit, to frame some such syllogism as this — "Courage is heroism: every Frenchman is naturally courageous: therefore every Frenchman is a hero." But we, who have been trained at once in a sounder school of morals, and in a greater respect for facts, and for language as the expression of facts, shall be careful, I hope, not to trifle thus with that potent and awful engine — human speech. We shall eschew likewise, I hope, a like abuse of the word moral, which has crept from the French press now and then, not only into our own press, but into the writings of some of our military men, who, as Englishmen, should have known better. We were told again and again, during the late war, that the moral effect of such a success had been great; that the *morale* of the troops was excellent; or again, that the *morale* of the troops had suffered, or even that they were somewhat demoralized. But when one came to test what was really meant by these fine words, one discovered that morals had nothing to do with the facts which they expressed; that the troops were in the one case actuated simply by the animal passion of hope, in the other simply by the animal passion of fear. This abuse of the word moral has crossed, I am sorry to say, the Atlantic; and a witty American,

the other day, (whom we must excuse, though we must not imitate,) when some one had been blazing away at him with a revolver, he being unarmed, is said to have described his very natural emotions on the occasion, by saying that he felt dreadfully demoralized. We, I hope, shall confine the word demoralization, as our generals of the last century would have done, when applied to soldiers, to crime, including, of course, the neglect of duty or of discipline; and we shall mean by the word heroism in like manner, whether applied to a soldier or to any human being, not mere courage; not the mere doing of duty; but the doing of something beyond duty; something which is not in the bond; some spontaneous and unexpected act of self-devotion.

I am glad, but not surprised, to see that Miss Yonge has held to this sound distinction in her golden little book of *Golden Deeds*; and said, "Obedience, at all costs and risks, is the very essence of a soldier's life. It has the solid material, but it has hardly the exceptional brightness of a golden deed."

I know that it is very difficult to draw the line between mere obedience to duty and express heroism. I know also that it would be both invidious and impertinent in an utterly unheroic personage like me, to try to draw that line, and to sit at home at ease, analyzing and criticizing deeds which I could not do myself: but — to give an instance or two of what I mean —

To defend a post as long as it is tenable, is not heroic. It is simple duty. To defend it after it has become untenable, and even to die in so doing, is not heroic, but a noble madness, unless an advantage is to be gained thereby for one's own side. Then, indeed, it rises towards, if not into, the heroism of self-sacrifice.

Who, for example, will not endorse the verdict of all ages on the conduct of those Spartans at Thermopylæ, when they sat "combing their yellow hair for death on the sea-shore?" They devoted themselves to hopeless destruction: but why? They felt — I must believe that, for they behaved as if they felt — that on them the destinies of the Western world might hang; that they were in the forefront of the battle between civilization and barbarism, between freedom and despotism; and that they must teach that vast mob of Persian slaves, whom the officers of the Great King were driving with whips up to their lance-points, that the spirit of the old heroes was not dead; and that the Greek, even in defeat and death, was a mightier and a nobler man than they. And they did their work.

They produced, if you will, a "moral" effect, which has lasted even to this very day. They struck terror into the heart, not only of the Persian host, but of the whole Persian empire. They made the event of that war certain, and the victories of Salamis and Plataea comparatively easy. They made Alexander's conquest of the East, 150 years afterwards, not only possible at all, but permanent when it came; and thus helped to determine the future civilization of the whole world.

They did not, of course, foresee all this. No great or inspired man can foresee all the consequences of his deeds: but these men were, as I hold, inspired to see somewhat at least of the mighty stake for which they played; and to count their lives worthless, if Sparta had sent them thither to help in that great game.

Or shall we refuse the name of heroic to those three German cavalry regiments who, in the battle of Mars La Tour, were bidden to hurl themselves upon the chassépots and mitrailleuses of the unbroken French infantry, and went to almost certain death, over the corpses of their comrades, on and in and through, reeling man over horse, horse over man, and clung like bull-dogs to their work, and would hardly leave, even at the bugle-call, till in one regiment thirteen officers out of nineteen were killed or wounded? And why?

Because the French army must be stopped, if it were but for a quarter of an hour. A respite must be gained for the exhausted Third Corps. And how much might be done, even in a quarter of an hour, by men who knew when, and where, and why to die? Who will refuse the name of heroes to these men? And yet they, probably, would have utterly declined the honour. They had but done that which was in the bond. They were but obeying orders after all. As Miss Yonge well says of all heroic persons — "I have but done that which it was my duty to do," is the natural answer of those capable of such actions. They have been constrained to them by duty or pity; have never deemed it possible to act otherwise; and did not once think of themselves in the matter at all."

These last true words bring us to another element in heroism: its simplicity. Whatsoever is not simple, — whatsoever is affected, boastful, wilful, covetous, tarnishes, even destroys, the heroic character of a deed; because all these faults spring out of self. On the other hand, wherever you find a perfectly simple, frank, unconscious character, there you have the possibility, at least, of heroic action. For

it is nobler far to do the most commonplace duty in the household, or behind the counter, with a single eye to duty, simply because it must be done—nobler far, I say, than to go out of your way to attempt a brilliant deed, with a double mind, and saying to yourself not only "This will be a brilliant deed," but also, "and it will pay me, or raise me, or set me off into the bargain." Heroism knows no "into the bargain." And therefore, again, I must protest against applying the word heroic to any deeds, however charitable, however toilsome, however dangerous, performed for the sake of what certain French ladies, I am told, call "*faire son salut*"—saving one's soul in the world to come. I do not mean to judge. Other and quite unselfish motives, may be, and doubtless often are, mixed up with that selfish one: womanly pity and tenderness; love for, and desire to imitate, a certain incarnate ideal of self-sacrifice, who is at once human and divine. But that motive of saving the soul, which is too often openly proposed and proffered, is utterly unheroic. The desire to escape pains and penalties hereafter by pains and penalties here; the balance of present loss against future gain—what is this but selfishness extended out of this world into eternity? "Not worldliness," indeed, as a satirist once said with bitter truth, "but other-worldliness."

Moreover—and the young and the enthusiastic should also bear this in mind—though heroism means the going beyond the limits of strict duty, it never means the going out of the path of strict duty. If it is your duty to go to London, go thither: you may go as much further as you choose after that. But you must go to London first. Do your duty first: it will be time after that to talk of being heroic.

And therefore one must seriously warn the young, lest they mistake for heroism and self-sacrifice what is merely pride and self-will, discontent with the relations by which God has bound them, and the circumstances which God has appointed for them. I have known girls think they were doing a fine thing by leaving uncongenial parents or disagreeable sisters, and cutting out for themselves, as they fancied, a more useful and elevated line of life than that of mere home duties: while, after all, poor things, they were only saying, with the Pharisees of old—"Corban, it is a gift, by whatsoever thou mightest be profited by me;" and in the name of God, neglecting the command of God to honour their father and mother.

There are men, too, who will neglect their households and leave their children unprovided for, and even uneducated, while they are spending their money on philanthropic or religious hobbies of their own. It is ill to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs: or even to the angels. It is ill, I say, trying to make God presents, before we have tried to pay God our debts. The first duty of every man is to the wife whom he has married, and to the children whom she has brought into the world; and to neglect them is not heroism, but self-conceit: the conceit that a man is so necessary to Almighty God, that God will actually allow him to do wrong, if He can only thereby secure the man's invaluable services. Be sure that every motive which comes not from the single eye; every motive which springs from self; is by its very essence unheroic, let it look as gaudy or as beneficent as it may.

But I cannot go so far as to say the same of the love of approbation; the desire for the love and respect of our fellow-men.

That must not be excluded from the list of heroic motives. I know that it is, or may be proved to be, by victorious analysis, an emotion common to us and to the lower animals. And yet no man excludes it less than that true hero, St. Paul. If those brave Spartans, if those brave Germans, of whom I spoke just now, knew that their memories would be wept over and worshipped by brave men and fair women, and that their names would become watchwords to children in their fatherland: what is that to us, save that it should make us rejoice, if we be truly human, that they had that thought with them in their last moments to make self-devotion more easy, and death more sweet?

And yet—and yet—is not the highest heroism that which is free even from the approbation of our fellow-men; even from the approbation of the best and wisest? The heroism which is known only to our Father who seeth in secret? The Godlike deeds done in the lonely chamber? The Godlike lives lived in obscurity?—A heroism rare among us men, who live perforce in the glare and noise of the outer world: more common among women; women of whom the world never hears; who, if the world discovered them, would only draw the veil more closely over their faces and their hearts, and entreat to be left alone with God. True, they cannot always hide. They must not always hide:

or their fellow-creatures would lose the golden lesson. But, nevertheless, it is of the essence of the perfect and womanly heroism, in which, as in all spiritual forces, woman transcends the man, that it would hide if it could.

And it was a pleasant thought to me, when I glanced lately at the golden deeds of woman in Miss Yonge's book—it was a pleasant thought to me, that I could say to myself—Ah! yes. These heroines are known, and their fame flies through the mouths of men. But if so, how many thousands of heroines there must have been, how many thousands there may be now, of whom we shall never know. But still they are there. They sow in secret the seed of which we pluck the flower and eat the fruit; and know not that we pass the sower daily in the streets—perhaps some humble ill-dressed woman, earning painfully her own small sustenance. She who nurses a bedridden mother instead of sending her to the workhouse, she who spends her heart and her money on a drunken father, a reckless brother, on the orphans of a kinsman or a friend. She who—— But why go on with the long list of great little heroisms, with which a clergyman at least comes in contact daily—and it is one of the most ennobling privileges of a clergyman's high calling that he does come in contact with them—Why go on, I say, save to commemorate one more form of great little heroism—the commonest, and yet the least remembered of all—namely, the heroism of an average mother? Ah, when I think of that last broad fact, I gather hope again for poor humanity; and this dark world looks bright, this diseased world looks wholesome to me once more: because, whatever else it is or is not full of, it is at least full of mothers.

While the satirist only sneers, as at a stock butt for his ridicule, at the managing mother trying to get her daughters married off her hands by chicaneries and meannesses, which every novelist knows too well how to draw—would to heaven he, or rather, alas! she, would find some more chivalrous employment for his or her pen—for were they not, too, born of woman?—I only say to myself—having had always a secret fondness for poor Rebecca, though I love Esau more than Jacob—Let the poor thing alone. With pain she brought these girls into the world. With pain she educated them according to her light. With pain she is trying to obtain for them the highest earthly blessing of which she can con-

ceive, namely, to be well married; and if in doing that last, she manœuvres a little, commits a few *bassesses*, even tells a few untruths, what does all that come to, save this—that in the confused intensity of her motherly self-sacrifice, she will sacrifice for her daughters even her own conscience and her own credit? We may sneer, if we will, at such a poor hard-driven soul when we meet her in society; our duty, both as Christians and gentlemen and ladies, seems to me to be—to do for her something very different indeed.

But to return. Looking at the amount of great little heroisms, which are being (as I assert) enacted around us every day, no one has a right to say, what we are all tempted to say at times, "How can I be heroic? This is no heroic age, setting me heroic examples. We are growing more and more comfortable, frivolous, pleasure-seeking, money-making; more and more utilitarian; more and more mercenary in our politics, in our morals, in our religion; thinking less and less of honour, duty, and more and more of loss and gain. I am born into an unheroic time. You must not ask me to become heroic in it."

I do not deny that it is more difficult to be heroic while circumstances are unheroic round us. We are all too apt to be the puppets of circumstance; all too apt to follow the fashion; all too apt, like so many minnows, to take our colour from the ground on which we lie, in hopes, like them, of comfortable concealment, lest the new tyrant deity, called public opinion, should spy us out, and, like Nebuchadnezzar of old, cast us into a burning fiery furnace—which public opinion can make very hot—for daring to worship any god or man save the will of the temporary majority.

Yes, it is difficult to be anything but poor, mean, insufficient, imperfect people, as like each other as so many sheep; and, like so many sheep, having no will or character of our own, but rushing altogether blindly over the same gap, in foolish fear of the same dog, who, after all, dare not bite us; and so it always was and always will be.

For the third time I say, —

Unless above himself he can
Exalt himself, how poor a thing is man.

But, nevertheless, any man or woman who will, in any age and under any circumstances, can live the heroic life, and exercise heroic influences.

If any ask proof of this, I shall ask them, in return, to read two novels; novels, indeed, but, in their method and their

moral, partaking of that heroic and ideal element, which will make them live, I trust, long after thousands of mere novels have returned to their native dust. I mean Miss Muloch's *John Halifax, Gentleman*, and Mr. Thackeray's *Esmond*, two books which no man or woman ought to read without being the nobler for them.

John Halifax, Gentleman, is simply the history of a poor young clerk, who rises to be a wealthy mill-owner here in these manufacturing districts, in the early part of this century. But he contrives to be an heroic and ideal clerk, and an heroic and ideal mill-owner, and that without doing anything which the world would call heroic or ideal, or in anywise stepping out of his sphere, minding simply his own business, and doing the duty that lies nearest him. And how? By getting into his head from youth the strangest notion, that in whatever station or business he may be, he can always be what he considers a gentleman; and that, if he only behaves like a gentleman, all must go right at last. A beautiful book. As I said before, somewhat of an heroic and ideal book. A book which did me good when first I read it; which ought to do any young man good, who will read it, and then try to be, like John Halifax, a gentleman, whether in the shop, the counting-house, the bank, or the manufactory.

The other—an even more striking instance of the possibility, at least, of heroism anywhere and everywhere—is Mr. Thackeray's *Esmond*. On the meaning of that book I can speak with authority. For my dear and regretted friend told me himself that—my interpretation of it was the true one; that this was the lesson which he meant men to learn therefrom.

Esmond is a man of the first half of the eighteenth century, living in a coarse, drunken, ignorant, profligate, and altogether unheroic age. He is—and here the high art and the high morality of Mr. Thackeray's genius is shown—altogether a man of his own age. He is not a sixteenth-century or a nineteenth-century man born out of time. His information, his politics, his religion, are no higher than of those round him. His manners, his views of human life, his very prejudices and faults, are those of his age. The temptations which he conquers are just those under which the men around him fall. But how does he conquer them? By holding fast throughout to honour, duty, virtue. Thus, and thus alone, he becomes an ideal eighteenth-century gentle-

man, an eighteenth-century hero. This was what Mr. Thackeray meant—for he told me so himself, I say—that it was possible, even in England's lowest and foulest times, to be a gentleman and a hero, if a man would but be true to the light within him.

But I will go further. I will go from ideal fiction to actual, and yet ideal, facts; and say, that as I read history, the most unheroic age which the civilized world ever saw was also the most heroic; that the spirit of man triumphed most utterly over his circumstances at the very moment when those circumstances were most against him.

How and why he did so is a question for philosophy in the highest sense of that word. The fact of his having done so is matter of history. Shall I solve my own riddle?

Then, have we not heard of the early Christian martyrs? Is there a doubt that they, unlettered men, slaves, weak women, even children, did exhibit, under an infinite sense of duty, issuing in infinite self-sacrifice, a heroism such as the world had never seen before; did raise the ideal of human nobleness a whole stage—rather say, a whole heaven—higher than before; and that wherever the tale of their great deeds spread, men accepted, even if they did not copy; those martyrs as ideal specimens of the human race, till they were actually worshipped by succeeding generations, wrongly, it may be, but pardonably, as a choir of lesser deities?

But is there, on the other hand, a doubt that the age in which they were heroic was the most unheroic of all ages; that they were bred, lived, and died under the most debasing of materialist tyrannies, with art, literature, philosophy, family and national life dying or dead around them, and in cities the corruption of which can not be told for very shame—cities, compared with which Paris or New York are the abodes of Arcadian simplicity and innocence? When I read Petronius and Juvenal, and recollect that they were the contemporaries of the Apostles; when—to give an instance which scholars, and perhaps, happily, only scholars, can appreciate—I glance once more at Trimalchio's feast, and remember that within a mile of that feast St. Paul may have been preaching to a Christian congregation, some of whom—for St. Paul makes no secret of that strange fact—may have been, ere their conversion, partakers in just such vulgar and bestial orgies as those which were going on in the rich freedman's

halls: after that, I say, I can put no limit to the possibility of man's becoming heroic, even though he be surrounded by a hell on earth; no limit to the capacities of any human being to form for himself or herself a high and pure ideal of human character; and, without "playing fantastic tricks before high heaven," to carry out that ideal in every-day life and in the most commonplace circumstances, and the most menial occupations, to live worthy of — as I conceive — their heavenly birth-right, and to imitate the heroes, who were the kinsmen of the gods.

C. KINGSLEY.

From Fraser's Magazine.

SOME CURIOSITIES OF CRITICISM.

MARKHAM.—I was struck by a remark of yours the other day, Benison, as to the irreconcilably various opinions held on certain points by men of superior intelligence; and set about in my mind to recollect examples, especially in the department of literary judgments, and I have lately spent two wet mornings in the library hunting up some estimates of famous men and famous works, the estimators being also of note. Most of these are from diaries, letters, or conversations, and doubtless express real convictions.

Benison. Will you give us the pleasure of hearing the result of your researches? It is a rather interesting subject.

Markham. I have only taken such examples as lay ready to hand. If you and Frank are willing to listen, I will read you some of my notes; and you must stop me when you have had enough. First I opened our old friend Pepys. Since his *Diary* was decyphered from its shorthand and published (as he never dreamed it would be) we think of Samuel as a droll gossiping creature, but he bore a very different aspect in the eyes of his daily associates. Evelyn describes him as "a philosopher of the severest morality." He was in the best company of his time, loved music and books, and collected a fine library. He was a great frequenter of the theatres and a critical observer of dramatic and histrionic art. Well, on the 1st of March, 1661, Mr. Pepys saw *Romeo and Juliet* (a) "the first time it was ever acted" — in his time, I suppose — "but it is a play of itself the worst that ever I heard, and the worst acted that ever I

saw these people do." "September 29, 1662 — To the King's Theatre, where we saw *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid, ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life." "January 6, 1662-3 — To the Duke's House, and there saw *Twelfth Night* acted well, though it be but a silly play, and not relating at all to the name or day."

Benison. Pepys was certainly sensitive to visible beauty, and also to music; to poetry not at all. Shakespeare's fame seems to have made no sort of impression on him.

Frank. We must remember, however, that most if not all of these that Samuel saw were adaptations, not correct versions.

Markham. He had a somewhat better opinion of *Macbeth*. "November 5, 1664 — To the Duke's House to see *Macbeth*, a pretty good play; but admirably acted." "August 20, 1666 — To Deptford by water, reading *Othello*, *Moor of Venice* [this, doubtless, was the original], which I ever heretofore esteemed a mighty good play; but having so lately read *The Adventures of Five Hours*, it seems a mean thing." The bustling play which Pepys so much admired was translated or imitated from Calderon, by one Sir George Tuke, and is in the twelfth volume of Dodley's *Old Plays*. April 15, 1667, he saw at the King's House "*The Change of Crownes*, a play of Ned Howard's, the best that ever I saw at that house, being a great play and serious." August 15, he was at the same theatre, and saw *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, "which did not please me at all, in no part of it." "*The Taming of a Shrew* hath some very good pieces in it, but is generally a mean play." (April 8, 1667.) Later (November 1) he calls it "a silly play." *The Tempest* he finds (November 6, 1667) "the most innocent play that ever I saw;" and adds, "The play has no great wit, but yet good, above ordinary plays." To do Samuel justice, he was "mightily pleased" with *Hamlet* (August 31, 1668); "but, above all, with Betterton, the best part, I believe, that ever man acted."

Frank. It is pleasant to part with our friendly Diarist on good terms. How persistently, by the way, Shakespeare held and continues to hold his place on the boards amid all vicissitudes, literary and social. This very year, in rivalry with burlesque, realistic comedy, and *opéra bouffe*, he has drawn large audiences in London.

Markham. Whenever an actor appears

(a) Pepys, 5th edition, 4 vols. London, 1854.

who is ambitious of the highest things in his art, he must necessarily turn to Shakespeare.

Benison. That double star, called Beaumont and Fletcher, has long ago set from the stage. It is curious to remember that there were hundreds of dramas produced in the age of Elizabeth and James, no few of them equally, or almost equally, successful with Shakespeare's; many written by men of really remarkable powers; and that not a single one of all these plays has survived in the modern theatre.

Frank. Might not one except *A New Way to Pay Old Debts* of Massinger?

Benison. That is revived, rarely and with long intervals, to give some vehement actor a chance of playing Sir Giles Overreach. *The Duchess of Malfy* and perhaps one or two other old plays have been mounted in our time for a few nights, but excited no interest save as curiosities.

Markham. But there have been fluctuations in taste; in Pepys's time, and not in Pepys's opinion merely, the star of Shakespeare was by no means counted the brightest of the dramatic firmament. I have a note here from Dryden, which comes in pat. In his *Essay on Dramatic Poetry*, he says that Beaumont and Fletcher "had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont, especially, being so accurate a judge of plays that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure." "I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection." "Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those that were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better. . . . Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's; the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humours. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs."

Frank. It is very comforting, sir, to find the best holding up its head, like an island mountain amid the deluge of nonsense and stupidity, which seems to form public opinion.

Benison. The nonsense and stupidity are only the scum on the top. It is plain

that public opinion, or rather say the general soul of mankind, has, in the long run, proved to be a better judge of the comparative merits of plays than Dryden or Beaumont.

Markham. I have sometimes thought that old Ben's *Silent Woman* would still please if well mapaged, and *The Fox*, too, perhaps. They have more backbone in them (*pace* our great critic) than anything of Beaumont and Fletcher's. But now, with your leave, I'll go on a century, and pass from Pepys to Doctor Johnson and Horace Walpole.

Frank. Who by no means formed a pair.

Markham. Very far from it. Both, however, are notables in literary history, and men of undoubted acuteness. The Doctor's opinion of Milton's sonnets is pretty well known — those "soul-animating strains, alas! too few," as Wordsworth estimated them. Miss Hannah More wondered that Milton could write "such poor sonnets." Johnson said, "Milton, madam, was a genius that could cut a colossus from a rock, but could not carve heads upon cherry-stones." (b)

Take another British classic. "Swift having been mentioned, Johnson, as usual, treated him with little respect as an author." (c) "He attacked Swift, as he used to do upon all occasions. . . . I wondered to hear him say of *Gulliver's Travels*, 'When once you have thought of big men and little men, it is very easy to do all the rest.'" (d)

Gray was also one of the great Doctor's antipathies. "He attacked Gray, calling him 'a dull fellow.' BOSWELL: 'I understand he was reserved and might appear dull in company, but surely he was not dull in poetry?' JOHNSON: 'Sir, he was dull in company, dull in his closet, dull everywhere. He was dull in a new way, and that made many people call him great.'" (e)

Nor did Sterne fare much better. "It having been observed that there was little hospitality in London — JOHNSON: 'Nay, sir, any man who has a name, or who has the power of pleasing, will be very generally invited in London. The man Sterne, I am told, has had engagements for three months.' GOLDSMITH: 'And a very dull fellow.' JOHNSON: 'Why, no sir.'" (f) [1773]. "Nothing odd will last long. *Tristram Shandy* did not last." (g) "She (Miss

(b) Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, Illustrated Library, iv. 207.

(c) ii. 207.

(f) ii. 145.

(c) ii. 43.

(d) ii. 212.

(g) ii. 237.

Monckton) insisted that some of Sterne's writings were very pathetic. Johnson bluntly denied it. 'I am sure,' said she, 'they have affected me.' 'Why,' said Johnson, smiling, and rolling himself about, 'that is, dearest, because you are a dunce.'" (h)

His opinion of the Old Ballads, in which Bishop Percy threw open a new region of English poetry, was abundantly contemptuous.

Benison. It must be owned there were a good many blunders to be scored against old Samuel—a professed critic, too, who might have been expected to hold an even balance. Speaking of Johnson and poetry, I never can hold the Doctor excused for the collection usually entitled *Johnson's Poets*.

Frank. He did not select the authors.

Benison. No, but he allowed his name to be attached to the work, and there it remains, giving as much authorization as it can to a set of volumes including much that is paltry and worthless, and much that is foul. It is one of the books that I ferretted out as a boy from my father's shelves; and many of the included "poets" would certainly never have found their way thither but for the Doctor's *imprimatur*.

Markham. He says himself, in a memorandum referring to the *Lives*, "Written, I hope, in such a manner as may tend to the promotion of piety." (i)

Benison. I remember he pooh-pooh'd objections made to some of Prior's poems; but Prior at least was clever. On the whole, he evidently allowed the booksellers to take their own way in the selection of "Poets," and did not hold himself responsible for the work as a whole—but responsible he was.

Markham. In a measure, certainly.

Frank. The work as a collection is obsolete, is it not?

Benison. I believe so, and many of the individual writers would now be utterly and justly forgotten but for Johnson's *Lives*. But you have some more extracts for us.

Markham. Yes. The opinions of Horace Walpole, an acute man and fond of books, of his predecessors and contemporaries are often curious enough. Every one of the writers whom we are accustomed to recognize as the unquestionable stars of that time he held in more or less contempt. And remember that Horace collected, selected, and most carefully revised and

touched up that famous series of Letters of his. There is nothing hasty or unconsidered. "What play" (he writes to Lady Ossory, March 27, 1773), "makes you laugh very much, and yet is a very wretched comedy? Dr. Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*. Stoops indeed! So she does, that is, the Muse. She is dragged up to the knees, and has trudged, I believe, from Southwark Fair. The whole view of the piece is low humour, and no humour is in it. All the merit is in the situations, which are comic. The heroine has no more modesty than Lady Bridget, and the author's wit is as much *manqué* as the lady's; but some of the characters are well acted, and Woodward speaks a poor prologue, written by Garrick, admirably." (j). Of the same comedy he writes to Mr. Mason:—"It is the lowest of all farces. . . . But what disgusts me most is, that, though the characters are very low, and aim at low humour, not one of them says a sentence that is natural, or marks any character at all." (k) He thus notices the author's death:—"Dr. Goldsmith is dead. . . . The poor soul had sometimes parts, though never common sense." (l)

Dr. Johnson's name always put Walpole into a bad humour. "Let Dr. Johnson please this age with the fustian of his style and the meanness of his spirit; both are good and great enough for the taste and practice predominant." (m)

"Leave the Johnsons and Macphersons to worry one another for the diversion of a rabble that desires and deserves no better sport." (n) "I have not Dr. Johnson's *Lives*. I made a conscience of not buying them. . . criticisms I despise." (o) "The tasteless pedant . . . Dr. Johnson has indubitably neither taste nor ear, criterion of judgment, but his old women's prejudices: where they are wanting he has no rule at all." (p) "Sir Joshua Reynolds has lent me Dr. Johnson's *Life of Pope*. . . . It is a most trumpery performance, and stuffed with all his crabbed phrases and vulgarisms, and much trash as anecdotes. . . . Was poor good sense ever so unmercifully overlaid by a babbling old woman? How was it possible to marshall words so ridiculously? He seems to have read the ancients with no view but of pilfering polysyllables, utterly insensible to the graces of their simplicity, and these are called standards of biography!" (q) ". . . Yet he [Johnson] has other motives than

(j) v. 453.

(k) vi. 73.

(l) vi. 193.

(p) viii. 10.

(k) v. 467.

(m) vi. 109.

(o) vii. 508.

(q) viii. 27.

lucre: prejudice, and bigotry, and pride, and presumption, and arrogance, and pedantry, are the bags that brew his ink, though wages alone supply him with paper.”(r) On the Doctor’s manners Horry comments thus mildly:—“I have no patience with an unfortunate monster trusting to his helpless deformity for indemnity for any impertinence that his arrogance suggests, and who thinks that what he has read is an excuse for everything he says.”(s) Of Dr. Johnson’s *Prayers* he writes:—“See what it is to have friends too honest! How could men be such idiots as to execute such a trust? One laughs at every page, and then the tears come into one’s eyes when one learns what the poor being suffered who even suspected his own madness. One seems to be reading the diary of an old almswoman; and in fact his religion was not a step higher in its kind. Johnson had all the bigotry of a monk, and all the folly and ignorance too.”(t)

“Boswell’s book is the story of a mountebank and his zany.”(u) “A jackanapes who has lately made a noise here, one Boswell, by anecdotes of Dr. Johnson.”(v) “Signora Piozzi’s book is not likely to gratify her expectation of renown. There is a Dr. Walcot, a burlesque bard, who had ridiculed highly and most deservedly another of Johnson’s biographic zanies, one Boswell; he has already advertised an *Eclogue between Bozzi and Piozzi*; and indeed there is ample matter. The Signora talks of her Doctor’s *expanded* mind, and has contributed her mite to show that never mind was narrower. In fact, the poor man is to be pitied; he was mad, and his disciples did not find it out, but have unveiled all his defects; nay, have exhibited all his brutalities as wit, and his lowest conundrums as humour. . . . What will posterity think of us, when it reads what an idol we adored?”(w) She and Boswell and their hero are the joke of the public.”(x)

Walpole’s chief poets were Dryden, Pope, Gray, and—the Reverend William Mason, “a poet if ever there was one.”(y) He also had a great admiration for Mr. Anstey.(z) He desires the acquaintance, he says, of the author of the *Bath Guide* [Anstey] and the author of the *Heroic Epistle* [Mason], adding, “I have no thirst to know the rest of my contemporaries,

from the absurd bombast of Dr. Johnson down to the silly Dr. Goldsmith; though the latter changeling has had bright gleams of parts, and the former had sense, till he changed it for words and sold it for a pension.”(a) Mr. Mason’s acquaintance he *had* the privilege of, and kept up a profuse exchange of compliments with that great writer (“Your writings will be standards,”(b) “Divine lines,”(c) “Your immortal fame,”(d) &c. &c.). Mr. Mason was not only an immortal poet, but a connoisseur of the first water in the arts of painting and music. Here, by the bye, is his judgment of a certain musical composer of that day: “As to Giardini, look you, if I did not think better of him than I do of Handel, my little shoemaker would not have had the benefit he will have (I hope) from the labour of my brain [Mr. M. had been writing an opera-book, *Sappho*, and Giardini, whoever he was, was to furnish the music]. Let Handel’s music vibrate on the tough drum of royal ears; I am for none of it.”(e)

“Somebody,” says Walpole, “I fancy Dr. Percy, has produced a dismal, dull ballad, called *The Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin*, and given it for one of the Bristol Poems, called Rowley’s, but it is a still worse counterfeit than those that were first sent to me.”(f) This was one of Chatterton’s productions, but after the boy’s miserable death had made a stir, Walpole thought “poor Chatterton was an astonishing genius,”(g) and denied that he had had any hand in discouraging him.

To turn to the stage. We are accustomed to think of Garrick as a good actor, but Walpole loses no opportunity to sneer at him. “He has complained of M^{de}. Le Texier for thinking of bringing over Cailland, the French actor, in the *Opéra Comique*, as a mortal prejudice to his reputation; and no doubt would be glad of an Act of Parliament that should prohibit there ever being a good actor again in any country or century.”(h) Being asked to meet David at a friend’s house, Walpole writes, “Garrick does not tempt me at all. I have no taste for his perpetual buffoonery, and am sick of his endless expectation of flattery.”(i) Of Mrs. Siddons he writes (in 1782, after seeing her as Isabella in *The Fatal Marriage*), “What I really wanted, but did not find, was originality, which announces genius, and with-

(r) viii. 150.

(s) ix. 11.

(v) ix. 45.

(x) ix. 49.

(z) ii. 12.

(a) vi. 302.

(u) ix. 25.

(w) ix. 43.

(y) vi. 375.

(a) v. 458.

(b) vii. 121.

(c) vii. 458.

(f) v. 339.

(h) vi. 416.

(c) vii. 84.

(e) vii. 26.

(g) vi. 447.

(i) vi. 303.

out both which I am never intrinsically pleased. All Mrs. Siddons did, good sense or good instruction might give. I dare to say that were I one-and-twenty, I should have thought her marvellous, but, alas! I remember Mrs. Porter and the Dumesnil, and remember every accent of the former in the very same part." (j)

Frank. Johnson, I remember, though always friendly to his old townsfellow and schoolfellow, Davy, said many contemptuous things of him.

Benison. Perhaps rather of the art of acting. He certainly thought Garrick superior to almost all other actors. Johnson was a good deal about the theatres at one period of his life, and, as we know, wrote a play and several prologues and epilogues, yet he settled into a conviction of the paltriness of acting.

Frank. As Goethe seems to have done.

Benison. The Doctor says, for example, that a boy of ten years old could be easily taught to say "To be or not to be" as well as Garrick. But pray go on.

Markham. Neither Sterne nor Sheridan pleased Master Walpole a bit. "Tiresome *Tristram Shandy*, of which I never could get through three volumes." (k) "I have read Sheridan's *Critic*, but not having seen it, for they say it is admirably acted, it appeared wondrously flat and old, and a poor imitation." (l)

And now let me lump in some of his notions of more distant literary worthies. (m) He was going to make "a bower" at his toy-villa of Strawberry Hill, and consulting authorities. "I am almost afraid (he says) I must go and read Spenser, and wade through his allegories and drawing stanzas to get at a picture." (n) Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* are "a lump of mineral from which Dryden extracted all the gold, and converted [it] into beautiful medals." (o) "Dante was extravagant, absurd, disgusting: in short, a Methodist parson in Bedlam." (p) Montagne's *Travels*, which I have been reading; and if I was tired of the *Essays*, what must one be of these! What signifies what a man thought who never thought of anything but himself? and what signifies what a man did who never did anything?" (q) There is a new *Timon of Athens*, altered from Shakespeare by Mr. Cumberland, and marvellously well done, for he has caught the manners and diction of the original so exactly, that I think it

is full as bad a play as it was before he corrected it." (r)

Frank. It is to be hoped that neither Dante nor Shakespeare will suffer permanently from the contempt of Horace Walpole.

Benison. Nor Johnson and Goldsmith, for that matter. One moral of the whole subject before us is — not that we are to despise criticism and opinion, but that the criticisms and opinions of even very clever men are often extremely mistaken. The comfort is, as Frank said, that good things do, somehow, get recognized sooner or later, and are joyfully treasured as the heritage of the human race.

Frank. Take away *Boswell's Johnson* — "the story of a mountebank and his zany" — and what a gap were left in English literature!

Markham. Do you remember what Byron said of Horace Walpole? Here it is, in the preface to *Marino Faliero* — "He is the *ultimus Romanorum*, the author of the *Mysterious Mother*, a tragedy of the highest order, and not a puling love-play. He is the father of the first romance and of the last tragedy in our language; and surely worthy of a higher place than any living author, be he who he may."

Frank. A comical judgment, truly, if sincere!

Benison. I believe Byron had a deep insincerity of character, which ran into everything he wrote, said, or did.

Markham. And now listen to Coleridge's opinion on this same "tragedy of the highest order." "The *Mysterious Mother* is the most disgusting, vile, detestable composition that ever came from the hand of man. No one with a spark of true manliness, of which Horace Walpole had none, could have written it."

Frank. Decided difference of opinion! By the way, it is Byron's distinction among English poets to have been in the habit of speaking slightly of Shakespeare and of Milton, who (he observed) "have had their rise, and they will have their decline." (s)

Markham. Let us return to Coleridge. Talking of Goethe's *Faust*, after explaining that he himself had long before planned a very similar drama (only much better) with Michael Scott for hero, he praises several of the scenes, but adds, "There is no whole in the poem; the scenes are mere magic-lantern pictures, and a large part of the work is to me very flat." Moreover,

(j) viii. 295.

(l) vii. 291.

(n) iv. 330.

(p) viii. 235.

(k) v. 91.

(m) 18 to 22.

(o) vi. 201.

(q) vi. 92.

(r) v. 356.

(s) Letter on Bowles's *Strictures*, note. *Life*, &c. 1839, p. 695.

much of it is "vulgar, licentious, and blasphemous."

Frank. By my troth, these be very bitter words!

Markham. Coleridge's estimate of Gibbon's great work is remarkable. After accusing him of "sacrificing all truth and reality," he goes on to say:—"Gibbon's style is detestable, but his style is not the worst thing about him. His history has proved an effectual bar to all real familiarity with the temper and habits of imperial Rome. Few persons read the original authorities, even those which are classical; and certainly no distinct knowledge of the actual state of the empire can be obtained from Gibbon's rhetorical sketches. He takes notice of nothing but what may produce an effect; he skips on from eminence to eminence, without ever taking you through the valleys between: in fact, his work is little else but a disguised collection of all the splendid anecdotes which he could find in any book concerning any persons or nations from the Antonines to the capture of Constantinople. When I read a chapter of Gibbon, I seem to be looking through a luminous haze or fog: figures come and go, I know not how or why, all larger than life, or distorted or discoloured; nothing is real, vivid, true; all is scenical, and, as it were, exhibited by candlelight. And then to call it a *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*! Was there ever a greater misnomer? I protest I do not remember a single philosophical attempt made throughout the work to fathom the ultimate causes of the decline or fall of that empire." After some further strictures, Coleridge ends thus:—"The true key to the declension of the Roman Empire—which is not to be found in all Gibbon's immense work—may be stated in two words: the *imperial* character overlaying, and finally destroying, the *national* character. Rome under Trajan was an empire without a nation."

Frank. Coleridge's two words are not so decisively clear as one could wish. The "key" sticks in the lock. But his criticism on Gibbon certainly gives food for thought.

Benison. Gibbon, however, completed a great book, and has left it to the world, to read, criticise, do what they will or can with; whereas Coleridge dreamed of writing many great books, and wrote none. He is but a king of shreds and patches.

Markham. Even "the Lakers" did not always admire each other. "Coleridge's ballad of *The Ancient Mariner* (says Southey) is, I think, the clumsiest attempt at German sublimity I ever saw." And

now, if you are not tired out, I will finish with some specimens of criticism on works of the last generation which (whatever differences of opinion may still be afloat concerning them) enjoy at present a wide and high reputation. The articles on Wordsworth and Keats are famous in their way, but the *ipsissima verba* are not generally familiar. Take a few from Jeffrey's review of *The Excursion* (*Edinburgh Review*, November, 1814).

"This will never do. . . . The case of Mr. Wordsworth, we presume, is now manifestly hopeless; and we give him up as altogether incurable and beyond the power of criticism, . . . a tissue of moral and devotional ravings, . . . 'strained raptures and fantastical sublimities'—a puerile ambition of singularity engrafted on an unlucky predilection for truisms."

In the next number, I see, is a review of Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, beginning, "Here is another genuine lay of the great Minstrel."

Frank. One must own that much of the *Excursion* is very prosaic; but that does not, of course, justify the tone of this review.

Markham. And here is the *Quarterly Review*, January, 1819, on *The Revolt of Islam*. "Mr. Shelley, indeed, is an unsparing imitator." "As a whole it is insupportably dull." "With minds of a certain class, notoriety, infamy, anything is better than obscurity; baffled in a thousand attempts after fame, they will make one more at whatever risk, and they end commonly, like an awkward chemist who perseveres in tampering with his ingredients, till in an unlucky moment they take fire, and he is blown up by the explosion." "A man like Mr. Shelley may cheat himself . . . finally he sinks like lead to the bottom, and is forgotten. So it is now in part, so shortly will it be entirely with Mr. Shelley:—if we might withdraw the veil of private life, and tell what we now know about him, it would be indeed a disgusting picture that we should exhibit, but it would be an unanswerable comment on our text."

Now a few flowers of criticism from Mr. Gifford's review of *Endymion*, a poem, in the *Quarterly Review*, April, 1818. "Mr. Keats, if that be his real name, for we almost doubt that any man in his senses would put his real name to such a rhapsody. . . . The author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt; but he is more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype." "At first it appeared to us

that Mr. Keats had been amusing himself, and wearing out his readers with an immeasurable game at *boutsrimés*; but, if we recollect rightly, it is an indispensable condition at this play, that the rhymes when filled up shall have a meaning; and our author, as we have already hinted, has no meaning." The reviewer ends thus: "But enough of Mr. Leigh Hunt and his simple neophyte. If anyone should be bold enough to purchase this 'Poetic Romance,' and so much more patient than ourselves as to get beyond the first book, and so much more fortunate as to find a meaning, we entreat him to make us acquainted with his success; we shall then return to the task which we now abandon in despair, and endeavour to make all due amends to Mr. Keats and to our readers."

Benison. You remember Byron's kind remarks on the same subject? In a letter from Ravenna, October 20, 1820, he writes, "There is such a trash of Keats and the like upon my tables that I am ashamed to look at them." "Why don't they review and praise Solomon's *Guide to Health*? it is better sense, and as much poetry as Johnny Keats'." "No more Keats, I entreat, flay him alive; if some of you don't, I must skin him myself. There is no bearing the drivelling idiotism of the manikin."

Markham. The *Quarterly* in March, 1828, had another generous and appreciative article beginning—"Our readers have probably forgotten all about 'Endymion, a Poem,' and the other works of this young man [Mr. John Keats], and the all but universal roar of laughter with which they were received some ten or twelve years ago."

But now enough. Only I should like to read you just one thing more, which is less known, and presents, perhaps, the extreme example of literary misjudgment, by a man of true literary genius—Thomas De Quincey's elaborate review of Carlyle's translation of *Wilhelm Meister*, in the *London Magazine* for August and September, 1824. "Not the basest of Egyptian superstition, not Titania under enchantment, not Caliban in drunkenness, ever shaped to themselves an idol more weak or hollow than modern Germany has set up for its worship in the person of Goethe." A blow or two from a few vigorous understandings will demolish the "puny fabric of babyhouses of Mr. Goethe." For the style of Goethe "we profess no respect," but it is much degraded in the translation, on which the reviewer expends many choice epithets of contempt. The work is "totally without

interest as a novel," and abounds with "overpowering abominations." "Thus we have made Mr. Von Goethe's novel speak for itself. And whatever impression it may leave on the reader's mind, let it be charged upon the composer. If that impression is one of entire disgust, let it not be forgotten that it belongs exclusively to Mr. Goethe."

The reviewer is annoyed to think that some discussion may still be necessary before Mr. Goethe is allowed to drop finally into oblivion.

Benison. You have not quoted any of Professor Wilson's trenchant *Blackwoodisms* against "the Cockney School."

Markham. It did not seem worth while. All the bragging and bullying has long ceased to have any meaning.

Frank. And "Maga's" own pet poets, where are they?

Benison. Let echo answer. You might easily, Markham, bring together some specimens of misapplied *eulogy*—of praise loud and lavish, given (and not by foolish or insincere voices) to names and works which proved to have no sort of stability. Meanwhile, many thanks for your Curiosities.

Frank here, whom I half suspect of a tendency to authorship, may take a hint not to care too much for censure or praise, but do his work well, be it little or great, and, as Schiller says: *werfe es schweigend in die unendliche Zeit*,—"cast it silently into everlasting time."

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A SLIP IN THE FENS.

CHAPTER I.

THE sleepy river crawled through the sleepy fen. No breeze waked a ripple on its surface or stirred the rushes that grew near its flat edge; they rose silent and straight from their reflections, and these reflections were turbid. The sparse willows were too faint to give any shade, and the sleepy cattle stood motionless and apart, each bearing its burden of heat alone. Beyond this fen were more fens, with more sleepy cattle and more willows; but there the cattle looked indistinct, and the willows were blended into straggling rows. After these again were other fens, and fens, till they faded into the distance, where the cattle seemed shapeless dots, the willows were merged in a pale watery haze, and the horizon gave no relief, but suggested an indefinite stretch of the same

fen-land beyond, with the same haze and the same heat. The sun stared down on the naked waste, not sparing its ugliness, and the waste was nothing abashed, as it stared back blankly. But with all this sameness there was no repose, nor freedom in the unprotected breadth. For, prying over an embankment which had crushed down the wild reeds, the window of the exciseman's house kept a vigilant eye on the river, that no one might turn its sleepiness to his profit; and beyond this, the great engine pained the fen with its incessant throbbing, as it drained it of its life, till it should be no more a fen, and wearied the air with a sense of labour, completing the climax of monotony, sunlight without gladness, stillness without rest.

On the same side of the river was the old inn, "Five miles from anywhere, no hurry." It seemed to turn away from the dreariness with disgust, for it hid its face in the great elm in front, and turned a sulky blank wall to its neighbours; the exciseman's house on the opposite bank, the floating bridge which connected the two, and the half idiot who worked the bridge, and was generally found leaning against the piers of it, when there was no use for this rusty piece of mechanism, of which he seemed a part. But the river sent an impudent little creek up to the very door of the inn, to peep at it, and insult it with a mock flotilla of ducks' feathers, and other refuse, which it would not have seen if it had looked out pleasantly into mid-stream. The big tree too had grown over it and spread round it, pressing in its casements and darkening its doorway, till at last the heavy branches hung so low that they shut out its view of the skittle-ground, which might possibly have been lively at times. This seemed but a just punishment, for the old house had no right to such exclusiveness; it was thoroughly in keeping with its surroundings. Its red face was weather-beaten, and grizzled all over with lichens. Neglected in all niceties, it was an offence; preserved in all essentials, it had not that touch of ruin which might have redeemed it from vulgar dulness to the picturesque. To the right of the door were two tall, sad-looking posts, united at the top by a cross bar. They might have been the remains of a miniature gibbet, a gigantic signpost, or some contrivance belonging to a gymnasium. Appropriate to nothing, they were at home here, where everything looked purposeless and desolate. Round the left corner were two carts, straggling out of a broken shed, the only indications

that this end of the lane was called the stable yard. The lane itself was the raised way, common in the neighbourhood, flanked by ditches, perilous with ruts, and giving a clear view over the hedges that seam the fen country.

This summer noon no shadow crossed the broad, dusty way till two young men entered it at the farther end, and sauntered towards the inn, in such close conversation as was possible on the rough, sun-baked road. One of them was conspicuously tall, and seemed much perplexed by the ruts. The other was not so tall, but well-knit, and he moved with a healthy freedom that was seldom disturbed by any perplexity whatever. In spite of his personal advantages, no one talked of Philip Dobree as "handsome." He had clear, firm features, and grey eyes; but they showed more character than conventional people care for; so those critics were quick to discover that while the square jaw gave force, it took from the regularity of his face, just as the rugged eyebrows contradicted the smoothness of its surface. The directness of his manner, too, did violence to their fine feelings at times.

He had come up to Cambridge later than most men. During the year he had been there, a good property, swelled by a long minority, had secured him an equivalent show of consideration, which found decent disguise for its motives in his reputation for unusual abilities. That he was more bored than gratified by the overtures he received, he took some pains to conceal; but with so little success that his unsociability would have been resented, but for the aforesaid fortune, which threw its veil of potential benefits over this worst of sins, and reserved a great fund of popularity for his use at pleasure. It is true he had not been wholly isolated, but such likings as he had betrayed had been so queer, that his tastes had been much shrugged at by the more showy men of his own standing; and, if there had been passages in those peculiar friendships, which could have turned opinion in his favour, he had managed that they should not come to light; and such satisfaction as he derived from them was quite independent of criticism.

His companion was a strong contrast to himself; it might be better said a weak one. Nature had reared him to a useless height, had got tired of him, and left him unfinished. Luard was indefinite. His eyes had a wandering look; one could hardly tell how much he saw, and his straggling moustache quivered over a mouth

that had an uncertain expression. Luard had never spoken to Dobree till this morning, just before they started from Cambridge. They had met by chance, and found that they were both bound for the same place. But he had heard a great deal of him, and of such sort, that he felt somewhat shy at first; by the time they reached Upware, however, he felt more at home with Dobree than with the people who had boasted of his superiority; and, as they came in sight of the inn, he remembered several things he should have liked to consult him about.

"Well, I suppose I shall stay up at Cambridge all my time; don't see anything better, do you?"

"That depends on your ultimate plans."

"All my people have gone off early—consumption, or something of the sort—dare say I shall too, so it doesn't signify."

"You will not get on better in one place than another, if you have that desponding notion," said Dobree, throwing some vigour into his voice. "Because the rest of your family have died young, it does not follow that you should too. You have had some advantage over them in climate, I believe?"

"Yes; West Indies—they were all brought up out there—I was the only one sent home. Went to Australia first, though—uncle living there—travelled round the world before I was nine years old."

Dobree passed over the digression. "Cambridge is not the place for weak lungs; but, as you have been tolerably well since you came up, I see no reason why you should not be able to stay another year, with care; but, if you are afraid of it, you ought to give up soon, and leave before the mischief is done. For my part, I would rather come to the end at once, than drag on in a limp expectation of it."

Luard was addicted to dribbling confidence, but he shrank from a steady discussion of himself, or indeed of any subject that led up to a decision; so he was helplessly silent till he found an escape from this one.

"Was told that *you* didn't intend to stay up another term."

"I don't think it will answer my purpose."

"Don't see any good in the place?" he asked eagerly.

"There *is* good in Cambridge," Dobree answered quietly: "the knowledge it professes is there; but that I can find elsewhere. It is the tone of the place I am disappointed in."

"I hate it too—no constitution—can't go in for rowing and that sort of thing. All the fellows so busy with their training, it's awfully dull for anyone else. As for me"—and he yawned—"I've taken up reviewing—'Universal Critic'—gives a guinea three volumes"—Dobree looked at him curiously—"can do it in five hours—have got one now—novel, I mean. By the bye, do you know the uniform of the French Mousquetaires, reign of Louis XV.?"

"No, I am not up in those things."

"Pity! thought perhaps you might," and Luard looked very much at a loss. "Meant to ask you as soon as I saw you to-day."

"Why?"

"Don't see much to notice in this book. Must say something—author strong in costumes—thought if I could trip him up there. You've been a great deal abroad, haven't you?"

"Several years."

"Then that's why you were disappointed with Cambridge," suggested Luard, suddenly catching an idea.

"I don't know that that influenced my opinion of it much," Dobree answered lazily; but noticing that Luard still looked for an explanation, he added, "Indirectly, perhaps, it may have had something to do with it. If I had been living in England, I should have known more about it before I came up. The truth is, I expected to find more reading men among the loungers who are not working up for degrees."

Luard did not enter into this; but he jerked out his sympathy with an energy, meant to atone for its incompleteness. "Great bore!"

Dobree appreciated alike the want and the good-nature, and did not think it worth while to discuss the subject any further; so he dismissed it with a shrug. "I have but little to complain of—I am only disappointed in not having more companions of my own way of thinking."

"Like our select selves! who represent the learning and virtue of the place by staying up and working in the 'long.'"

This interruption was shouted by a loud voice from the river. Two other Cambridge men were pulling into the little creek, and caught sight of Dobree and Luard as they now turned the corner of the inn.

"There's Bordale!" exclaimed Luard, somewhat disturbed.

"Yes, there *is* Bordale," Dobree repeated, looking amused.

On seeing Bordale, no one who knew

him could help saying, "There he is." It was not that his self-assertion left much to announce; on the contrary, most people felt that his presence threw them into the shade; and if they suffered the eclipse with more than common patience, it was by no means owing to their sense of humiliation, but rather to the alleviating prospect of a laugh at his expense. His exterior was not such as a vain man would willingly thrust into notice; yet, to suppose that his obtrusiveness came from a total absence of vanity would be to strain the mercy of criticism. He certainly showed a fine disregard of appearance, as he now drew on a jacket over his Guernsey, leaving great irregularity of outline. He was in the habit of boasting that the Trinity Hall colours were select—if they were, they did not suit him. He had small, colourless eyes and pouch-like cheeks, which gave him a droll expression, heightened in no small degree by his course drab hair. This was duly parted down the middle; but, rejecting all further control, it stood erect, and formed two tunnels over his narrow forehead, repeating the comic curves of his eyebrows, which were chronically raised to emphasize his own wit.

They were laying aside their oars when Dobree walked to the water's edge and said, "The learning, at least, seems to be at rest for the day."

"But the virtue awfully in force;" and Bordale gave a sounding sigh. "What do you think but duty and friendship could have driven me down the river in this sweltering sun, straining like a convict, pulling for two? Too bad that; eh?" he added, looking facetiously at his companion; and discredits my training besides." Then to Dobree, "My friend here never held an oar till I took him in hand—hope to see him in the 'Varsity eight yet—think the pulling to-day promises yet?" And, without waiting for an answer, or caring if Dobree were qualified to give it, he abruptly gave his friend's name and college.

The friend knew Dobree well by reputation, and coveted his acquaintance. This was from motives of social ambition on his part; but Lillingstone knew that Dobree chose his friends on their own merits alone, and it mortified him to be introduced in a manner which showed him to so small advantage. If the slow inclination of his head, by which he acknowledged Dobree and acquiesced in Bordale's account of himself, denied any inward disturbance, the quick, girlish flush which followed betrayed his composure to be more the re-

sult of good breeding than of natural superiority to the slight affront. He read Dobree's face eagerly, to learn what effect Bordale's speech had made on him; and it seemed that the scrutiny was satisfactory, for, after he sprang on the bank, he turned lightly on his heel, satisfied that he could reassert himself now. The studied carelessness with which he had adapted his shirt to the display of a rather well-formed throat, his dress, and bearing altogether, showed that he relied on the prepossessing effect of his appearance with some confidence; and this was not wholly unfounded. But his attractiveness lay rather in a general grace, and in refinement of colouring, than in excellence of proportion; and his every movement expressed a delicate organization, lulled by that lassitude of self-indulgence which some people attribute to sensitiveness.

"Before we go on, I propose that we have some beer," said Bordale.

"Beer, yes, decidedly beer," echoed Lillingstone in a slower tone. And they all moved towards the inn. Bordale walked off with Dobree, as a matter of course, leaving Luard and Lillingstone to fraternize as best they might.

The inn parlour was furnished with horsehair, and enlivened by a framed sampler, a memorial picture worked in hair, a group of shell-flowers, and other ornaments, which, having but little beauty at the beginning, had not much to fear from the effects of time, and so had been considered good investments for an establishment which hoped to be of long duration. Lillingstone pushed open the creaking casement to see if there was anything pleasanter to look at outside, but there was not; so he turned on his elbow, and made a fruitless effort to be luxurious in the angular window-corner. Luard never penetrated farther than the doorway, which was too low for him: so he stood with his legs stretched out across the step, to the peril of the barmaid, who retreated, blushing to her elbows in the contagious confusion of his apologies. Bordale bestrode a chair opposite Dobree. "I am surprised to meet you here," he said; "I did not know this was one of your haunts."

"It is not generally. I am now on my way to a place where I am told I shall find some ferns."

"Really! I didn't know that you—" Bordale began with great apparent interest.

Dobree interrupted him. "I know very little about them; but a friend of mine is collecting the ferns of each county, and,

poor as the fen district is, it must be represented. I heard they were not difficult to find, so I offered to get them, and save the time of a good botanist."

"Ah!" said Bordale, delighted to take the lead in a conversation with Dobree, and that before an audience, "that is a subject I was well up in at one time. Scholefield, the great swell in botany—Edinburgh, you know—is a great ally of mine. I once joined him in a scientific tour in Wales. Odd fellow, very, but I put up with his peculiarities for a time; he made such a point of having me with him—wanted to consult me about a work he was bringing out." Bordale noticed a passing expression on Dobree's face, and thought he was not following him; but Dobree looked expectant, so he continued in the same patronizing tone, "I shall be very glad to help you if I can. There's a pretty little thing, the *Lastrea Thelypteris*, which you would pass over, most likely, if it was not pointed out to you."

"Thanks, I think I have it on my list."

"But there's one thing," persisted Bordale, "in which I hope you will be advised by me. It's awfully hot now. Don't spend your time looking for an 'adder's tongue.' There are very few in the fens; they are taken as soon as they grow to a fair size. I can easily get you some better specimens; and, as everyone knows that it is to be found here, it doesn't matter whether the identical ones you send grew here or not."

"I am afraid that would touch the integrity of the collection."

"No, that wouldn't do at all," observed Lillingstone, languidly launching his voice into the discussion.

Bordale affected to look over Lillingstone's opinion as quite unworthy of notice. "My young friend is very nice about trifles,"—and he turned superciliously to Dobree,— "doesn't like to be tripped up; in fact, guards his reputation like a tender flower. Almost a pun that! Would be a good one if he'd only drop some of the superfluous letters of his name."

Dobree was silent. He could not see the point of the joke. But Bordale was not to be put down. "Ha, ha! Have a habit of making puns. The worst of it is that when it's known, people are always expecting one to say clever things. By the bye, Lillingstone, what was that good thing I said just as we started?" Lillingstone's mood was not favourable to his memory. "It's well that Sheridan, and Hook, and those great swells had friends who exerted their memories, or we should

have lost all their good sayings," said Bordale with some pique.

"Seems only natural to remember a clever thing when you hear it," put in Luard.

"Past twelve," said Dobree, standing up and looking at his watch. "As for me, I'm rested enough: don't you think we had better be getting on?"

"Yes," said Bordale, looking at the empty glasses; "there's nothing more to wait for here. We are off pigeon shooting; plantation on other side of the fen."

"That's on Brasnell's land," said Luard; "you must be careful; he's rather sharp on trespassers."

"Oh, he won't see us; and what if he does? we shan't be doing any harm. You're not afraid of Brasnell, are you?" and Bordale went off laughing, to fetch the guns, which had been left at the inn since last week, when he and Lillingstone had had a day's shooting at Soham.

Whether the necessity for "being careful" had any charm for him, it is impossible to say; but, when Bordale returned, it was settled that Luard should join the doubtful expedition, and leave Dobree to go for his ferns alone.

"Two guns for three," said Bordale aside to Lillingstone.

Luard overheard it. "Oh, never mind; it doesn't signify."

"But it does signify," insisted Lillingstone, turning round from his place in the window, "when everybody knows you're such a good shot."

Dobree looked up involuntarily at Luard; but Bordale confirmed what had been said by a side look.

Then Lillingstone assured Luard that he did not care about shooting at all; he had only made it an excuse for the pull down the river. In fact, if Luard would take his gun, he should be very glad; it was a bore even to carry it this hot day.

They all went out together, but soon separated. Dobree had to go up the lane again, while Bordale and his party turned down by the Burwell lode.

"Is this the right road?" asked Lillingstone, looking towards the plantation.

"Short cut," said Bordale; "strike off to the left, and take the chance of planks over the branch lodes." As soon as Dobree was out of hearing, "There's a man!" he exclaimed with a showman's flourish of the hand; "has read every book of philosophy ever written! Finds nothing to learn in Cambridge."

"Wouldn't think so from his way of talking," observed Luard.

"Oh, he doesn't show himself to everybody," said Bordale, complacently. "Very exclusive! I met him at wine soon after he came up. Of course we fraternized at once, and have been friends ever since."

CHAPTER II.

DOBREE retraced his steps down the lane by which he had come with Luard, and then turned to the right into another lane, quite as dusty and as dry. On the left lay Widow Gaithorne's farm; the only place that looked comfortable in the heat. There the tiles of the newly-roofed stable glistened in the sun; the strawyard refracted every ray of light, making more of them; and the bees buzzed about the hives, under the orchard trees, as if this were the pleasantest day that could be.

Dobree did not find it so pleasant. He soon turned to the right, through a gate that shut in the path to Wicken. A grove of aspens stood round it, and he was grateful even for the doubtful shade they afforded. But this lasted only for a few minutes, and then he came out into the broad heat again. From here he could see his recent companions, who were already half-way across the fen. Bordale was striding on in advance with an energy meant to inspirit his followers; they were plodding more slowly behind.

As Dobree looked after him he laughed. "That would be a friend for Nat to consult;" and he laughed again as he pictured to himself the two together. Of course it was possible that they had met, but quite impossible that they could be friends. That was why he had not said that Scholefield was his cousin; for if Luard had been too absent to notice any variation that Bordale might have made in his story after such a disclosure, Lillingstone, at least, would have been keenly alive to it; as, it was, they might never think of it again.

Dobree had been left in the care of Scholefield's parents when his own father died, and the two had grown up together like brothers. They thought alike on all important points, so their early intimacy was confirmed, and many slight differences drew them closer together. Dobree was not sentimental, nor Scholefield helpless; yet Dobree thought that if it had not been for his cousin, he might have turned out a worse fellow than he was; and Scholefield knew that without Dobree his dealings with the world outside would have been more vexatious to him than they had been. As it was for him that

Dobree was now collecting those ferns, he would have been indifferent to any ordinary fatigue; but not to this, for there was no refuge from the burning rays that poured down on his head, and his own shadow was the largest anywhere within sight.

He had already left Upware in the distance, and before him, at the end of a long straight path, was Wicken—so he had been told; he could not see it, because the houses were hidden by a screen of pale green foliage. The fen on that side was skirted by an osier-bed, which sloped up to a bank of willows, and these, in their turn, trespassed on the fields till they joined some tall, disjointed-looking aspens, that kept up an uncertain motion, as if they were straying about to find rest. It tired Dobree to look at them. To the right of these was an opening, and away beyond the meadow he could see the grand old elms as they stood staunch by the church that held so many tombs. They also made shadows over the fishponds close to the graveyard wall; but these he could not see, for they had sunk out of sight as their good times had passed out of mind. Brasnell's farm now covered the site of the monastery they had belonged to. The old monks had known more than the people, and out of their knowledge had helped them. Now everything was new but the ponds, and they were preserved because they looked old—they were there, but they reflected the grave face of the church, and looked sad.

To the left, at the other end of Wicken, was the farm belonging to Spinney Abbey; and beyond this, and on all sides, stretched the fens, intersected everywhere by canals. These canals are called lodes, and are at the same time boundary and road; for the chief occupation of the people is draining and cutting peat, which they bring back in barges adapted to the size of the channel. Dobree now passed the skeleton of one of these barges; the keel rose ominously out of the lode, bearded with the scum of many floods; and to his eyes it fitly expressed the dreariness of the place. The ground was black, the water was black; the scant pasture was sickly and yellow, and the cattle loathed it. This was the drained land; people called it the cultivated fen. When he looked round, he tried to walk faster, but his feet sank into the soft peat; and it clung to his boots as he toiled in the worn track made by the barge-donkeys. The bullocks found this loose ground more easy than the stubby grass; and one of them barred his path

when he came to the cross canal. It had been standing there all day, stamping the black peat into the water, and the lilies into the peat; its footmarks were filling slowly with ooze; and it was now lying down on the chain of the plank he must cross by. Too lazy to get out of his way, it watched his difficulty through half-closed lids; till at last, after much straining and tugging at the chain, Dobree got over to the Wicken side, where there were fewer signs of life, and the stillness and dearth seemed unbearable. Here and there, it is true, a lonely frog stared sadly at the sun, and a few stray bubbles betrayed some crawling life below; but there was no movement in the rushes as they shed their seeds on the water, no movement in the lilies as they slept on its surface, no movement in the lode itself as it crept on, sleepy and slimy and slow. Dobree has not noticed that he was passing the sedge fen; for the hot mud was seething in the sun, and the unwholesome vapour that rose from it was stealing over himself, carrying with it the weariness of the fens. Gradually he relaxed his pace; he, too, became listless and slow, and was past feeling any reaction of pleasure, when he neared the cluster of cottages called after the lode. A number of barges covered this end of the canal, which was widened to receive them. Peat stacks were piled along the bank for some distance, and after this was a large open space, black with trodden peat; then a high mixed fence, over which appeared the chimney-tops of the cottages that opened on the lane, farther round to the left. But even here there was no one stirring, nor any noise to be heard.

Then suddenly he perceived a figure sitting on the ground at no great distance, leaning against one of the stacks. Dobree had overlooked it till now because it was on the shady side, and its clothes were the colour of the peat. It was refreshing to see a human creature, though this one was not very animated; but as he drew near it, it puzzled him. It had on fustian trousers and nailed boots, but over them a woman's gown. Its hands rested helplessly on the ground, palms upward. The attitude was not one of sleep, yet it gave no sign that it noticed him. A torn straw hat hid its averted head. His instinct told him there was something wrong. He stood still before it at a little distance; then the head turned slowly round, and showed an idiot's gape and goitre. It was as if all the dreariness of the fens had stared at him out of one face; and he recoiled from it in disgust.

"One of two cottages at the end of the lane—the first you come to," he said to himself, repeating Scholefield's words. They supplied some sense of companionship; and he turned away to find this cottage.

It was just round the corner. There was no gate before it. It had an empty, open look, as if it had no grief or joy, and no reserve; and the stunted marigolds that grew by the brick path were thirsty. The door was ajar. Dobree knocked lightly but heard no one moving; only the clock ticked in a wearied, warning tone. Presently he pushed the door, and looked. A woman lay on a bed near the window; the tall clock stood at her head and persisted in its warning. A thin cascade of blown glass wormed its way resolutely through the picture over its face, imitating its dull rotation. The spring was bent, but that never hindered it from going; it only made a gap in the landscape. So on it went, round and round, the water always rolling over the figure "2," every now and then bending forward a little, when it would recover itself with a jolt and a whirl which betrayed its growing disorder.

The woman was still, except her lips, that muttered feebly, as if they too wanted to keep time with the clock. Sometimes they would contract nervously, and stay apart when she had lost the beat; then they would begin again, muttering, and always trying to catch the measure. Her eyes wandered restlessly, but they took no note of him. The white blind, drawn before the window, made the light more grievous to her. There was the close heat, the aridness of a sick-room deserted, the burden of suffering, without the care which mostly lightens it. A big fly buzzed into it, and had time to bump itself all round the walls, and against the hollow body of the clock, before Dobree knew that he had been heard. Then a woman came slowly to the step of the back door. She was gaunt and pinched-looking; and her coarse hands fidgeted in a limp way with her apron while she looked at Dobree.

"I came to ask for some ferns, but I fear I am intruding;" and he glanced towards the sufferer.

"It's only the fever." She had the fen drawl.

"Then it is not dangerous?" he said, answering her look of indifference.

"Well, it *do* take off some o' 'em roun' here most every year; I don't think this un'll git up from it," and she suspended

the action of the apron to take an apathetic look towards the bed.

"The place must be unhealthy."

"Handy to git up o' the mornin'. The men are down in fen by three o'clock this weather. Must put up wi' sunmat in every place."

"But this is too close to the marsh.

"There's many that says the same; but there—it's the will o' God, and it's waste o' talk to wonder about that. But I don't mind what you was a-wantin'," and she put down her apron impatiently, "for there's a large gatherin' o' beans, and they takes a lengthy time to shell."

"I am told you sell ferns, and I want to know if you have any in the house now."

"There may be, and there mayn't."

"If you have, I should like to see them," he said, suppressing some impatience in his turn.

"I don't know nothin'! I've only come to mind the place while Lister's away." She stopped, as if to think; but nothing came of it, and presently she turned, as if she was going away.

"Most likely I have come to the wrong cottage."

"Like enough, but there's no one hereabouts as minds such things."

"Which is the way into the village?"

"Up street? Why," and she looked vaguely round, "ye go up the lane as far as Copley's corner, then ye turn down, as far as Stannard's yard."

"Thanks; is there no straighter road?"

"Yes, sure-ly; if ye're minded to go straight, ye've only to go back to the stacks, and keep along the bank. Ye'll see the church when ye come to 't."

She returned to her shelling of beans, and left Dobree standing on the threshold, looking at the meaningless face of the sick woman, listening to the empty tone of the clock. This followed him as he went back over the bricks; and, as he paused at the gate, it reached him even there; it seemed the voice of the solitude, warning, complaining, never resting.

He took the path the woman had recommended, a high embankment like a sea-wall. It was at an angle with that by which he had come, with much the same outlook, and quite the same heat. Upware looked from Wicken as Wicken had looked from Upware, but it was easier to recognize; for the tall engine chimney, that rose from amongst its colourless houses, seemed as if it had been planted in the irregular heap to mark its place.

Before Dobree had gone half-way to the church, he turned into a side-path on the

left. "If not the nearest way, at least the lanes would be pleasanter than this," he said: and he was just getting over a stile into a corn-field, when he thought he heard sounds of moaning in a broken shed close to the hedge.

It was a neglected hovel, with tufts of grass growing out of the holes in the thatch. He stopped and listened: "Perhaps he ought to go back and see what was the matter, but most likely it was nothing extraordinary; disease and misery seemed natural conditions of the fen: why should he seek out any more of them?—it was no business of his." But while he was still saying this to himself, he re-crossed the stile, and was going reluctantly round the shed, when some one crept out stealthily, and a gruff voice behind him said,—

"Listenin' don't go wi' fine clothes."

"I thought I heard groans as if some one was ill," said Dobree as he turned, and went towards an old man who had come to the farther corner of the shed. When Dobree drew near him, he shut the door, and stood before it. He had a grizzled beard of some days' growth, and looked haggard. A few straws straggled from the pitchfork he held in his hand; he planted this firmly in the ground, and folded his hand on the top of it, as he took his stand before the door, eyeing Dobree with evident suspicion.

"Well, and if there was some one took bad, is that any call for pryin'?"

"Certainly, if I could be of any use."

"If that's all yer a-thinkin' about, ye may get 'bout yer business; for what ye heered was only me—for I'm sore troubled with the rheumatics; and, when I moves——" and he pressed down his trembling hand over his corduroys, with an expression of great suffering.

"Well, I'm glad it's no worse;" and Dobree moved on, though he was not satisfied.

"Is this the way into the village?"

"Hinderway," the old man answered, flinging his thumb over his right shoulder in the direction of the church, with an alacrity that cast some doubt on the "rheumatics."

Dobree had not gone many steps before he heard a shrill voice calling after him. "I say, Mister," and he turned to see a small boy in dust and fustian.

"Grandfeyther says ye must go arter-way!" and, making the characteristic sign over his left shoulder, he scuffled back to the shed.

Dobree had already taken his own way;

this soon brought him to another stile, which he got over; and a flutter of white feathers on a stagnant pool announced his arrival on the high road.

That at least was something gained; and he walked briskly down the "street." This passed along the side of a large open green. At one corner was an enormous oak; the grass round it was worn away, showing it to be the meeting place of merry feet, which were now swinging uneasily from the school benches, bringing down on their owners many reproofs.

It was quiet under the old oak-tree now, save for the buzzing gossip of three old men, who sat in a corner of the crooked seat, and were wise at the expense of their neighbours.

The houses stood round in a half-square; their plaster fronts, coloured a pale yellow, looked soft and rich under the wide eaves, and were made still darker by a row of horse-chestnut trees, which extended the whole length of the buildings. This sultry weather had tempted the wives to leave their usual work, and sit outside; so the long, broad shade was alive with parti-coloured groups of women, sewing, talking, and dancing children; all the faces were glad with the sense of summer holiday. Beyond this, were the sheds with newly painted carts standing out to dry; and, last of all, the blacksmith's shop.

Here stood, leaning in the doorway, a still figure — so still as to be hardly noticeable; but Dobree, quick-sighted after his late disgust, recognized another idiot — and that tainted the sweetness of the scene for him.

He passed on quickly, till he had crossed another green like the first; and then the houses closed in to the road on each side of the way.

A little farther on he saw a knot of people in the middle of the road, before the ruins of a building half pulled down. This was a good sight to Dobree — "most likely they would help him to the ferns" — for till now, he had not met any one he thought it worth while to ask about them; and he had not ventured to disturb the dwellers — if there were any — in the sycamore-shaded farm he had just passed on the left-hand side. So he stopped just out of earshot of these people; feigning an unnatural interest in a patch of dusty potatoes, till their conversation should come to an end.

The young man in the bath chair was evidently a parson — fair, and worn-looking. He spoke with difficulty, but his eyes were bright with an eagerness which

was sad to see. His sister's strength was not wasted by such excitement. She stood at his side, critically watching the effect of his eagerness on Treen the builder.

"This enthusiasm might spoil his bargain," Miss Porteous thought; for he was arguing in favour of some pet plan to improve the almshouses; and he was anxious to have it finished while he yet had a voice in the matter, because the parish was striving to be economical in some way that was vexatious to the pensioners.

When he became aware of the stranger, he pointed him out to his sister; and Dobree, seeing that a favourable moment had come, hurried towards them.

He told his object in coming to Wicken — his experience of the people — and his circuitous walk into the village.

"That must have been Martha Lister," said Miss Porteous aside to her brother, after she had expressed the due proportion of conventional sympathy with Dobree; for the woman had sent him more than a mile out of his way.

"Yes, indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Porteous, with an impatient movement, as he thought of Mrs. Lister, under *her* care. "It is nearly a week since either of us were down there, and we really must try —" but he interrupted himself to attend to Dobree.

"He had gone to the wrong cottage. The one he was looking for was next door; but it stood back from the road, and had a hedge in front. Reade was the name of the people who lived there."

Dobree asked the shortest way back to it.

That sounded rather intricate; and it occurred to Miss Porteous that she had some parish duties that obliged her to go into that neighbourhood. She would show him the way herself.

Mr. Porteous looked good-naturedly glad when she offered this; for, as he afterwards contended, in spite of his sister's opposition, "there was something very prepossessing about the man."

"Would he not rest at the Parsonage before he went on?"

Dobree regretted that he was obliged to be back in Cambridge before seven o'clock, if possible; so, after some exchange of pleasant assurances, they went off at once.

Mr. Porteous beckoned back his sister. "If you had the 'Cattle Plague' Caution we put aside for Widow Gaithorne, you might find some one going across fen to-night who would take it to her."

Miss Porteous tapped the packet she held in her left hand with her forefinger lightly, and looked at him intently. On the

top of it was the "Caution,"—heading many small duties. Then she led the way down a narrow path between two garden fences.

She was neither pretty nor ugly; her features matched each other and her skin, which was of a serviceable sallow. A pattern of neatness about the throat and wrists; in fact, correct in everything, she was the "clergyman's sister." Her manners were stiff, and her ready sympathy with other people's affairs lost its agreeable flavour in the professional twang that pervaded it.

As they turned into the wider lane, and she began to do the honours of Wicken to Dobree, he felt a dim suspicion that he, in his turn, had become a "duty;" and the eighteen miles' walk on this hot July day had so reduced his vanity, that it did not assert itself to dispute it. However that might be, it was a great effort for him to talk, the subject too was disagreeable to him, for he had taken a strong dislike to the fens. So, by the time she had explained to him that Wicken was like an island in them, with no thoroughfare, for the Soham road led only to a farm in High Fen; that the misery he had seen had given him a true notion of the state of the people—of those, at least, who were really engaged in fen-work; and though he had exerted himself to show a civil interest in it all, he was quite oppressed by the stagnation of the place, and his own weariness of it.

When they had gone some distance, and there had been a pause, he described the strange manner of the old man at the shed. Miss Porteous grew very attentive, questioned him minutely about it, and then became thoughtful. "I think I can guess the secret of this," she said presently; then in a brisker tone, "and we ought to look into it at once, but there is always so much to be done, especially since my poor brother is ill." And she stopped before a little gate, while she looked doubtfully at Dobree. "I do not think you are likely to lose your way now. You must follow this path as far as it goes. Then turn to your left down the lane that opens on the fens—you can hardly mistake the cottage now."

"No;" he was sure he was all right; he thanked her, and was afraid he had taken too much of her time.

She was eager to remind him that she had been "obliged to come so far. And besides," she added, with a self-conscious smile and stiff little bow, "I think your misfortune will have given us an insight

into something important for us to know;" and she disappeared into the house.

Now Dobree would not have to talk any more. The way, too, was not so much exposed, for the trees met over the narrow bridle-path. This soon ended in Lode Lane, and he had not many steps to go before he came to the Reades' cottage.

It was secluded from its neighbour's by an alder hedge that ran between the two gardens. This was so high and ragged that it cast broken shadows over the thatched roof; and, uniting with the briar fence in front and the elm-bank on the other side, held the cottage quite secret in a delicious nest of green. For the white bindweed crept all over the fence, losing itself among the roses, hanging its clear bells round the alder trunks, running in and out through the branches, and twining itself with everything, till at last it dared to mingle with the honeysuckle over the window. That the honeysuckle was an object of chief care, was betrayed by sundry pieces of red wool which held it against the wall. It left flickering lights on the casement, and made pleasant shelter for the thrushes' cage that hung on a nail in the corner. But even the bindweed did not touch the pale lilies, as they stood stately by the door, holding a crown of light over the rich, sweet flowers that riot-ed in the dampness below.

The cottage itself was old and weather-beaten; but the seams in its grey thatch were hidden by clematis and ivy that climbed all over it, peeping under the eaves, and playing in its queer corners, till it looked like a cluster of buds and nests and glistening leaves—a mysterious home for spiders and lithe creeping things, which were now buzzing about in the sunshine.

As Dobree turned the gate on its one hinge, he saw this happy look of freedom, and it was a relief.

The door was shut, and he knocked, but no one answered. It was the stillness of a house deserted. As he pulled the leather thong that raised the latch he saw the door key, which had been left in a hole in the corner; but "it was a long walk to take a second time: before he went away he would go round and see if he could find anyone." So, stooping under the eaves, and slipping on the green stones, he made his way to the back of the house. Here the bushes grew high under the bent orchard trees, and hid the sweet thyme and lavender that bordered the path to the bee-hives. Openings in the branches showed glimpses of the fen beyond; but there was no one to be seen.

He was very thirsty. He took a cup which had been left on the window-sill and went back to the well. It stood in a corner under the elms, and was made dark by a thick roof of ivy, which extended its shade over a low, worm-eaten bench that faced the house.

After he had drunk some water, Dobree sat down here, and leaned against the thick leaves, glad to rest.

Here everything was in direct contrast to the fens. Nature was generous, and the slight guidance was done with a loving, if an untutored, hand. There, silence was unspoken pain. Here, it was glad life, just audible in the suppressed humming of the insects, the soft twittering of the birds, and all sounds of low breath and gentle movement that were seldom disturbed. Dobree did not mean to stay there long: he said so to himself more than once; but, overcome by the heat and fatigue, he yielded to the soothing influences of the place, and presently he fell asleep, lulled by the half light, the low voices, and the heavy scent of flowers.

He had been unconscious some time, when he was startled by a slight pressure on his shoulder and a softness against his cheek. When he moved, it was hastily withdrawn, and he heard a rustling in the leaves behind him. He roused himself to see who it was, but there was no one near.

Then he stood up, and looked round the ivy, but he saw no sign of anyone, and sat down again. Just then he was attracted by the gleam of some bright steel knitting-needles, glancing in the sun. They belonged to an unfinished stocking, which had been thrown down in disorder. He considered it for a moment, somewhat puzzled, then picked up the nearest needle, and was using this to hook up the work that lay almost beyond his reach, when he became conscious that two bright eyes were looking down upon him from the ivy leaves with a vivacity, an intensity of fun, quite contagious. He let go the stocking, and reached down a fluffy kitten from a shelf he had not noticed before, and which evidently had been the unsafe resting-place of the knitting. It was a tiny spoiled pet, that refused alike to be still or unnoticed. It escaped again into the ivy, and held up its paw defiantly, as it eluded his efforts to catch it. Then, when he was tired, it came of its own accord and settled down on his sleeve, purring with a satisfaction quite at variance with its former shyness; and if, while Dobree sat watching its graceful movements, he allowed his thoughts to

wander back to the knitting, it took nothing from his sense of home rest.

This he carried with him as he set out on his return; and though the dullness was the same as before, it did not seem so hopeless. The fixed stare of the fens had oppressed him as a spectacle of slow death; but now, this secret home suggested life and beauty, and, simple as it was, it changed his dreary mood into a pleasant dreaminess. As he plodded on by the canal, not looking beyond the path, not caring to think, the dark water bearing fair lilies seemed a fit emblem of this life in death; so his interest fastened on it, and he grew curious of what might be beneath the surface, and then he laughed, knowing it was a drain. Perhaps there was some touch of satire at more fine research, that brings to light few pleasant things, and oftener nothing — but all was lazy dreaming, nothing thought. As he came to the cross canal he paused, and, looking over the lode towards the sedge fen, it occurred to him that he had paid but little attention to this curiosity. When he first stopped, the water was shadowless save for his own figure reflected dimly; but while he stood there, there came another shadow that blended with his, then stood alone. He had not heard any footsteps because the peat deadened the sound, and he had been too absent to notice that anyone was walking by the side lode.

This reflection showed a woman's figure bent under a large wheat-sheaf, which she carried on her head and supported with one hand. Some drapery hanging from the corn fell over her left shoulder, and blotted out her hand, which was firmly planted on her hip. Slight ripples in the outline suggested a heavy garment drawn into close folds.

A certain grace in this dark caryatide kept Dobree looking at it, rather than at the real woman. "The fen people were coarse; the charm would be dispelled." But when he did look at her, he found that he had judged too hastily.

Her coarse gown was weather-stained, and as it wound round her, shapeless in itself, hiding her shape, it shrouded her in sombre hues of brown, making her seem one with the soil; just as the heavy spirit of the fens had settled upon her, and stultified her life. Great rolls of hair struggled from beneath the canvas cloth that bound the bundle on her head. This, too, was brown, but intense in shadow, soft in fitful lights, as it mixed with the wheat-ears and poppies that strayed down her neck. Pressed by the weight above, it

stood in a coil over her low wide forehead, making her fine features seem more fine. Her beauty would have shown in painful contrast to the work she did, had not its calm expressed less of endurance than of apathy.

She had had no motive in stopping, only the instinct common to animals, to stare in the direction in which they see others staring. She looked into the lode as Dobree had done, and, like him, saw nothing. His knowledge and her ignorance met. When she found that she had thrust herself under the notice of the stranger, she looked up at him and turned away. Her eyes were clear and blue, with a shadow in them; and Dobree noticed especially the firm line of her mouth, which might have been so passionate and was so reposed. She passed away from him silently, as the shadow had come, and he walked on as before.

CHAPTER III.

THE young woman whom Dobree had just met was on her way to Wicken. After she left him, she had not gone far before she saw three men running along the bank that led from Brasnell's farm to the lode lane; and in another minute young Brasnell ran out of the plantation in pursuit of them. She recognized by their dress that they were Cambridge "young gentlemen." It was Bordale's party that had been caught trespassing. They were all some distance apart; Bordale first, then Luard. As they drew nearer she could hear what they said.

"Come on; you're awfully slow," Bordale called out to Luard, who lagged behind, waiting for Lillingstone. "Come on; he's all right; he's taken a short cut;" as Lillingstone struck across the fen, making for the main lode.

Luard looked back again hastily, took this for granted, and soon outstripped Bordale.

The girl did not see where they went: she had no eyes but for Lillingstone. "Surely," she thought, "he can't know where he's going to."

No; that was plain, for when he came to the little cross-lode he stopped suddenly, and looked back. Brasnell was gaining on him, so he took the leap; but his hesitation had spoiled it, and he came down just inside the bank, bringing away some of the peat in his fall.

Brasnell came up to the edge a minute after.

"Your name and college," he demanded, in a loud voice.

Lillingstone did not answer. He tried to scramble up the side, but the bog gave way under his weight, and he was soon up to the middle in water. Brasnell watched his efforts with a grin, and his face glowed with sunburn and vindictiveness, as he stood with arms folded and legs astride, repeating his question.

Lillingstone felt that if he struggled he would sink rapidly, so he planted his arms as firmly as he could on the bank, and waited to gain strength.

He now turned his head round, and looked up at Brasnell with a sneer of haughty contempt. "Supposing that you were to give me the name of *yours*?"

This had reference to Brasnell's blue cricketering cap, which was perched impudently over his eyes. His habit of adopting college colours, to which he had no right, was one of the snobbish tricks which had already brought him into disrepute in Cambridge. He said nothing; but he had the satisfaction of seeing that Lillingstone was sinking lower.

The girl had thrown down her bundle, and run to the place. She looked at Brasnell with surprise; but he knew the danger as well as they did, and had begun to move off.

"Aren't you going to help the gentleman?" she called out after him.

"Not I, if he can't answer a civil question," he said over his shoulder as he increased his pace.

Lillingstone made one more desperate effort to get on the bank, but he only sank lower.

The girl looked on, trembling with fright. "Please, sir, keep quiet; it's such dangerous ground there!"

"If I could only get a footing," he gasped out, looking helplessly about him.

The girl seemed to have a bright idea. "Don't move *one bit*. I'll be back in a minute."

Lillingstone looked after her in surprise as she ran away; but he understood when he saw her pick up her bundle of wheat, and bring it towards him. He had managed to alter his position a little, and was now supporting himself by his two elbows on the bank, for he realized that it was "dangerous ground," and he hardly dared to breathe.

"That idea of yours will be the saving of me!" he exclaimed, as she put the wheat down before him. He reached out his hand towards it.

"No. *You* keep still. I'll sink it endways by the side of you; and when it

touches the bottom, you'll take hold of it, and ease yourself up a little at a time."

Lillingstone watched her as she lowered it gently into the black water of the lode.

"Now you mustn't be too quick," she said, as she let it go; "and when you've got it *well* under you, I'll be ready to give you a hand."

It now stood more than two feet above the surface.

She looked on a moment to see that he followed her instructions; and, while he was slowly pressing down the dry straw beneath him, she worked at the peat with her feet, to increase an unevenness that was there already. Then she knelt down, pressing her knees against it for support.

"You're sure you've got a good hold now?"

"Yes; but I'm not so sure that I shall be able to scramble up this soft stuff."

"I'm here to help you, if you'll take hold of my hands."

"But I should pull you in."

"I'm not afraid for myself, if you'll only do the best you can, and tell me when you're ready. I'm stronger than you think," she added, seeing that Lillingstone still hesitated a little.

He looked round, and saw that was the only thing for him to do; so he accepted the risk, and in a minute more he was on firm ground.

They both stood silent for a moment. The girl's face was bright with excitement; and Lillingstone noticed her beauty now for the first time. She turned her face away as he looked at her, for she felt so thankful—it was an effort for her not to cry. She would have been glad to go on without any more speaking, but Lillingstone's gratitude soon found expression in words; and their warmth was not lessened, perhaps, by his admiration of her.

"Oh, don't thank me so much," she said, interrupting him; "I'm only so glad that I was coming by just then; and as for my gleaming, you mustn't be so sorry for that. It's true it's gone, but it's been useful."

Lillingstone said no more for the present; but he was thinking of asking her where she lived, when the prospect of the second walk reminded him of his return now. He looked down at his clothes, all mud-stained and black, and laughed, in spite of the dilemma he was in.

"I can't go to Cambridge in this plight, can I?"

"Not exactly," she answered, smiling a little shyly at his appearance. Then she said quickly, and with heightened colour, "If you're not in a *great* hurry, I could

wash them for you—our cottage is close by."

"I should be thankful to avail myself of your offer, but I don't like to add anything to the trouble I have given you to-day."

"Then if you'll please come on, sir," she said, passing over this, and moving forward a step or two—"for they'll take some time to dry." And they walked on.

While she was speaking, a lad had come on to the towing-path from Wicken.

"Do you think that boy would take a note to Upware for me?" said Lillingstone; "I was with two friends when we were overtaken by that fellow."

The girl smiled derisively when he spoke of "his friends."

"Of course he would," she said; "he must be going there now; this is the road to it. I think your friends are safe enough, if you're in trouble about them—they seemed to know the country better than you, sir."

Lillingstone did not appear to notice the doubt thrown upon his friends; he was taking paper after paper from his pockets, but they were all soaked through. At last he took out some tablets. "That's a wonder," he muttered to himself, as he opened them, and began at once a note to Bordale.

"I'll go on and make a fire," the girl said, as Lillingstone walked more slowly while he was writing. "If you'll follow straight on till you come to the stacks, then turn to the left, and it's the second cottage you come to up the lane."

"Thank you," said Lillingstone, as courteously as if she had been of his own rank; "I shall not be long in following you." He looked up from his writing more than once, before she was out of sight, for he was struck by the unusual dignity of her carriage.

"Can you take a note for me to Upware?" he asked, when the boy came up.

"I'm a-takin' one there a'ready," he said, holding out a large official-looking paper addressed to Mrs. Gaithorne.

"I want you to go to the inn 'Five miles from anywhere,' near the ferry. You know?"

The boy admitted slowly that he did know; he was staring in open-mouth astonishment at the state of Lillingstone's clothes.

"Well, you'll be quick: and be sure to give this to Mrs. Watson."

The boy's expression was not very assuring, but the sight of a shilling quickened his intelligence, and he went off at a pace

which gave Lillingstone some hope that the following note would be delivered :—

“DEAR BORDALE, — I took what I thought a short cut across the fen, but there was no path, so I had to jump the lode. I missed it, got a ducking, and am now on my way to a cottage to get my things dried. Don't wait for me — shall get back to Cambridge towards the evening.”

From Good Words.
PAGANINI.

BY REV. H. HAWES.

WHO is this man who rises up suddenly in the world of music, and whose fame passes with the brightness and rapidity of a meteor through the civilized world; who at the moment when Baillot, Spohr, Rode, and Lafont seemed to have explored the heights and depths of the violin, opened up new vistas full of strange, unparalleled mysteries, and gave us glimpses into a hell, purgatory, and paradise beyond the dreams even of Dante — whose gaunt and supernatural figure startled and fascinated the crowds that thronged about him, a solitary man amongst men, but so unlike them, that he seemed to belong to another race, and to discourse in the weird music of another world — who bowed to none, yet was idolized by all — whose engagements were negotiated by kings and ministers — who could spurn the prayers of princes and grand duchesses, and yet received honour at their hands, and was alternately decorated by the Pope, and anathematized by the clergy; — who was this exceptional being reigning supreme for forty years without a rival over the conflicting schools of Italy, Germany, and France, at whose approach the greatest masters confessed themselves vanquished — who, although he set the fashions, infected whole populations, invented a new school yet in his own peculiar greatness had no masters, no equals, and has left no followers? This man, who has stamped so indelible an impression of himself upon the musical world, whilst his name will survive as the synonym of wonder and mystery to the remote ages — this Hercules of the Violin was NICOLÒ PAGANINI.

In the early days of his boyhood were probably laid the seeds of that idiosyncrasy of temperature which became at once the glory and the curse of his life. Little as we know about the human brain, it is tolerably certain that its particles move in physical grooves and acquire methodical

arrangements, which correspond to what we call mental qualities and states of mind. Illness may perpetuate some, and modify others. Great severity may have a similar effect; recurrent outward action, for instance, may create intense propensity in certain directions, and thus impart the perseverance of mania to inward dispositions; the nervous system at the same time, if it does not break down, becomes over developed, and is then endowed with an almost supernatural sensibility. Something of this kind appears to have been the case with Paganini; he was by nature very delicate. At four years old he was nearly buried alive, he lay a whole day in a state of catalepsy, and was already placed in his shroud, when he revived, but with a nervous system which from that time forward showed signs of a strange and unnatural susceptibility. By his own temperament, as soon as he could hold the violin he was urged to an intense and dangerous application — for the least fault he was severely beaten by his father, which seemed only to increase an ardour which should, for his own sake, have been rather moderated. Precocity was still further forced on by starvation. Had it not been for his mother he might never have survived this brutal treatment. We shall see by-and-by how lovingly he remembered her in the midst of his triumphs.

Paganini was born at Genoa on the 18th February, 1784. After exhausting his father's instruction, he was taken in hand by Signor Serretto, of the Genoese theatre; then Giacomo Costa, chapel master, taught him, and the child was often seen playing in the Genoese churches on a violin almost as large as himself; but, like Mozart before him, and Mendelssohn after him, Nicolo was the despair of his masters, who were in turn angry with his innovations, and astonished at his precocious facility. In his ninth year he appeared at a concert, and electrified every one with variations on the French air, *La Carmagnole*. This triumph impelled his avaricious father to discover some one who could further teach him; the young talent was to be pressed and squeezed to its utmost limit, in order to produce the golden harvest.

At Parma lived the celebrated musician Rolla. To Rolla was the boy taken, but Rolla was ill. Whilst waiting in the ante-room little Nicolo took up a violin, and played off at sight some difficult music which he found lying on the table. The invalid composer raised himself on his bed to listen, and eagerly inquired who the

great master was who had arrived, and was playing in his anteroom? "A mere lad!—impossible!" but on Paganini's making his appearance as an humble pupil, Rolla at once told him that he could teach him nothing. Thence to Paër, who was glad to make his difficult charge over to Ghiretti, and this master gave him three lessons a week in harmony and counterpoint. It is not clear that this extraordinary genius owed much more to anyone but himself—his indomitable perseverance and his incessant study. His method is to be noted. For ten or twelve hours he would try passages over and over again in different ways with such absorption and intensity, that at nightfall he would sink into utter prostration through excessive exhaustion and fatigue. Though delicate, like Mendelssohn, he ate at times ravenously, and slept soundly. When about ten he wrote twenty-four fugues, and soon afterwards composed some violin music, of such difficulty, that he was unable at first to play it, until incessant practice gave him the mastery.

In 1797, Paganini, being then thirteen years old, made his first professional tour, but not as a free agent. His father took him through the chief towns of Lombardy, and not unnaturally prescribed the task and pocketed the proceeds. But the young neck was already beginning to chafe against the yoke. In 1798 he escaped, with his father's tardy consent, to Lucca, where a musical festival in honour of St. Martin was going on. He there gave frequent concerts, and was everywhere met with applause, and, what was more to the purpose, with money. Surrounded by men of inferior talents, a mere inexperienced youth, without education, without knowledge of the world, with nothing but ambition and his supreme musical genius, he now broke wildly away from all wise restraints, and avenged himself upon his father's severity by many youthful excesses. He gambled—he lost—he was duped by his companions; but he made money so fast, that he soon owned about £1,000. It is pleasant to think that he at once thought of giving some of this to his father and mother; it is unpleasant to record that his father claimed, and eventually got, almost the whole sum from him. But it did not much matter now, for everything seemed literally to turn into gold beneath those marvellous fingers, and bad luck proved nearly as profitable to him as good.

By the time he had reached seventeen, Paganini was a confirmed gambler. He had little left but his Stradiarius violin,

and this he was on the point of selling to a certain prince, who had offered him £80, a large sum at the beginning of this century even for a Stradiarius. Times have changed, and in these latter days we think nothing of giving £300 for a genuine instrument of the first class. But the reckless youth determined to make a last stand for his violin. "Jewels, watch, rings, brooches," to use his own words, "I had disposed of all—my 30 francs were reduced to 3. With this small remains of my capital I played, and won 160 francs! This amount saved my violin, and restored my affairs. From that time," he adds, "I abjured gaming, to which I had sacrificed a part of my youth, convinced that a gambler is an object of contempt to all well-regulated minds." The violin he narrowly missed losing was given him by Pasini the painter, who on one occasion brought him a concerto of extraordinary difficulty to read at first sight, and placing a fine Stradiarius in his hands, said, "This instrument shall be yours if you can play that concerto at first sight in a masterly manner." "If that is the case," replied Paganini, "you may bid adieu to it;" and playing it off at once, he retained the violin. Easy come—easy go. Some years later, at Leghorn, being again in great straits, he was obliged to part, for a time at least, with this same Stradiarius; but this disaster was the only means of procuring him the favourite Guarnerius, upon which he ever afterwards played. In his need, Monsieur Livron, a distinguished amateur, lent him this splendid instrument, and was so enraptured by his playing, that he exclaimed, "Never will I profane the strings that your fingers have touched. It is to you that my violin belongs." This violin is still shown at Genoa under a glass case.

At the age of seventeen Paganini appears to have been entirely his own master—weak in health, nervous, irritable, and excitable; his wild and irregular habits and pursuits were, at this critical age, threatening to hurry him to an early grave, when an event occurred which, although but too characteristic of the looseness of Italian manners, probably saved his life.

Suddenly, in the midst of new discoveries and unexampled successes, Paganini ceased to play the violin. He retired into the depths of the country, and devoted himself for three years to agricultural pursuits, and to the society of a lady of rank who had carried him off to her Tuscan estate, and to the guitar. With the sole exception of the late Regondi, no such

genius has ever been concentrated upon this limited and effeminate instrument. But the lady's taste ran that way, and the great violinist lavished for a time the whole force of his originality and skill upon the light guitar. He wrote music for it, and imitated it on the violin, but seldom touched it in after life until quite the close, although, as we shall presently see, he was able to produce a prodigious effect upon it when he chose. These years of country life and leisure, during which he was delivered from the pressure of crowds, the excitement of public performances, and, most of all, the grinding anxieties of life, had the effect of bracing him up in health, and prepared him for that reaction towards intense study and exhausting toil which left him without a rival — the first violinist in the world.

In 1804 he returned to Genoa, where he seems, amongst other things, to have given lessons to a young girl of fifteen, named Catherine Calcagno, who appears to have caught something of his style, and to have astonished Italy for a few years, but after 1816 we hear no more of her. And now the neglected violin was taken up once again, but this time with maturer powers and settled intentions. There is a strange thoroughness about Paganini, — nothing which any previous musician knew or had done must be unknown or left undone by him; there was to be no hitting him between the joints of his armour; no loophole of imperfection anywhere. He now occupied himself solely with the study of his instrument, and with composition — wrote four grand quartettes for violin, viol, guitar, and violoncello; and bravura variations with guitar accompaniment. At the age of twenty-one (1805) he made a second professional tour, passing through Lucca and Piombino, and in one convent church where he played a concerto, the excitement was so great that the monks had to leave their stalls to silence the uproar in the congregation. It was at the end of this tour that Napoleon's sister, the Princess Eliza, offered the new violinist the direction of the court music, and gave him the grade of captain in the royal guard, with the privilege of wearing that officer's brilliant uniform on state occasions.

Between 1805 and 1812, whilst in the service of the Princess Eliza, afterwards Grand Duchess of Tuscany, Paganini probably reached his acme of power, if not of fame. He had for years been at work upon new effects and combinations, but, at the very time when each new exploit was being greeted with frantic applause, he

betook himself to an exhaustive study of the old masters. Something he seemed to be groping after — some clue he wished to find. How often had he thrown over Viotti, Pugnani, Kreutzer, how often had he returned to their works! All were found utterly inadequate to suggest to him a single fresh thought, and it was nothing short of a new world that he was bound to discover.

In studying the ninth work of Locatelli, entitled "*L'Arte de Nuova Modulazione*," his brain was set suddenly agoing in the peculiar direction of his new aspirations. Every original genius seeks some such clue or point of departure. Something in Locatelli's method inflamed Paganini with those conceptions of simultaneous notes struck in different parts of the instrument; the hitherto unknown management of the screws, in which the violin was tuned all sorts of ways to reach effects never heard before or since; the harmonic flying out at all points, the arpeggios and pizzicatos, of which more anon; these which were in after years brought to such perfection, were born out of infinite study and practice, under the stimulating influence of the Grand Duchess and her court.

It is at this season of his life that Paganini appears most like other people; the idol of the court, untouched as yet by any definite malady, occupying an official post, and systematically labouring to perfect a talent which already seemed too prodigious to belong to any one man, — all conditions seemed most favourable to his peace and pleasure, could they have only lasted, but this was not possible. They continued until he had achieved the last step in the ladder of consummate skill, and no longer. Probably all his executive peculiarities were developed at this time. It was at Florence, for instance (and not in a prison), that Paganini first played upon only two — the first and fourth — strings, and then upon one — the fourth — string.

Being in love with a lady of the court, who reciprocated his attachment, he gave out that he would depict upon his violin a *Scène Amoureuse*; the treble string, we presume, was the lady, and the fourth string the gentleman. The emotional dialogue was carried on between the two in a manner which fairly overcame the audience with delight, and led to the Grand Duchess requesting him to try one string alone next time. How he succeeded in that exploit is known to all the world, for he ever afterwards retained an extreme partiality for the fourth string.

In 1808 he obtained from the Grand

Duchess leave to travel. His fame had preceded him. Leghorn, where seven years before he had forfeited his famous Stradivarius and won a Guarnerius, received him with open arms, although his appearance was marked by an amusing *contretemps*. He came on to the stage limping, having run a nail into his heel. At all times odd-looking, he, no doubt, looked all the more peculiar under these circumstances, and there was some tittering among the audience. Just as he began, the candles fell out of his desk—more laughter. He went on playing, the first string broke—more laughter. He played the rest of the concerto through on three strings, but the laughter now changed to vociferous applause at this feat. The beggarly elements seemed of little consequence to this magician. One or more strings, it was all the same to him; indeed, it is recorded, that he seldom paused to mend his strings when they broke, which they not unfrequently did. Whether from abstraction or carelessness he would allow them at times to grow quite ragged on the finger board, and his constant practice of plucking them, guitar-like, with the left hand, as well as harp-like with the forefinger of the right hand, helped, no doubt, to wear them out rapidly.

At Ferrara both he and his violin met with a different reception. A singer had failed him, and he had induced a *danseuse* who had a pretty voice to come to the rescue. Some graceless fellow in the audience hissed her singing, which caused Paganini to take a revenge little suited to the occasion. In his last solo he imitated the cries of various animals, and suddenly advancing to the foot-lights, caused his violin to bray like an ass, with the exclamation, "This is for him who hissed!" Instead of laughter, the pit rose in fury, and would have soon made short work of him and his violin, had he not escaped by a back door. It appears that the country folk round Ferrara called the town's people, whom they hated, "asses," and were in the habit of singing out "hee-haw!" whenever they had to allude to them, hence the angry reception of Paganini's musical repartee.

We get but fugitive glances of the great artist during this professional tour, but it is too true that at Turin he was attacked with that bowel complaint which ever afterwards haunted him like an evil demon, causing him the most frightful and protracted suffering, and interrupting his career sometimes for months together. His distrust of doctors, and love of quack

medicines, no doubt made matters worse, and from this time his strange appearance grew stranger, his pallor more livid, his gauntness and thinness more spectral and grotesque, whilst greatly, no doubt, in consequence of suffering, his face assumed that look of eagle sharpness, sometimes varied by a sardonic grin, or a look of almost demoniacal fury, which artists have caricatured, and sculptors have tried to tone down. Indeed, he must have been altogether an exceptional being to behold in the flesh. People who knew him say that the figure which used to be exhibited at Madame Tussaud's, some twenty-five years ago, was a remarkable likeness. He looked like an indifferently dressed skeleton, with a long parchment face, deep dark eyes, full of flame, long lank hair, straggling down over his shoulders. His walk was shambling and awkward, the bones seem to have been badly strung together, he appeared as if he had been fixed up hastily on wires and the wires had got loose. As he stood, he settled himself on one hip, at a gaunt, angle, and before he began, the whole business looked so unpromising, that men wondered how he could hold his violin at all, much less play it!

It must have been at his first visit to Florence, before his appearance was familiar, as it afterwards became, to the inhabitants of that city, that we get one of those side-views of the man which are more precious than many dates and drier details.

Slowly recovering from illness, Paganini repaired to Florence, probably in May of the year 1809. He must have then lived in almost complete solitude, as he does not appear to have been recognized there before the month of October, when he was officially recalled to his duties, by the late Princess, now Grand Duchess, at the Court of Florence.

Those who have wandered in spring-time about the environs of Florence, know the infinite charm there is in the still and fertile country, without the walls of the city. Outside the gate of Pitti, on the summit of a steep hill stands Fiesole, bathed in clear air and warm sunshine. How many an invalid has walked up that winding and rugged path, gathering, here and there, a sweet wild-flower, resting, from time to time, to drink in the delicious air, until pure health seemed borne back to the feeble frame upon the soft and fragrant breeze.

Alone, on a bright morning, a tall, ungainly figure goes slowly up the hill

towards Fiesole. He pauses at times, he looks round abstractedly. He is talking to himself out loud, unconscious of any one near him—he gesticulates wildly—then breaks out into a loud laugh—but stops suddenly, as he sees coming down the hill a young girl, carrying one of those large baskets full of flowers so commonly seen in the streets of Florence. She is beautiful with the beauty of the Florentine girls, the brown flesh-tints mellowed with reflected light from the white road strewn thick with marble dust; under the wide straw hat the free curls flow dark and thick, clustering about her temples, and lowering the forehead. Suddenly the large black eyes, so common amongst the Italian peasants, seem transfixed with something between wonder and fear, as they fall upon the uncouth figure approaching her. In another moment, conscious of the stranger's intense gaze, she stands motionless, like a bird charmed by a serpent; then she trembles involuntarily, from head to foot. A strange smile steals over the pale and haggard face of Paganini—was he then conscious of exercising any mesmeric power? At times he seemed so full of some such influence that individuals, as well as crowds, were irresistibly drawn and fascinated by his look. But the strange smile seemed to unloose the spell, the startled girl passed on, and the solitary artist resumed his walk towards Fiesole.

Heavy clouds, riven with spaces of light, were driving before the wind. Over the bridge Delle Grazie, up the hill once more without the gates of Florence, we pass towards a ruined castle. A storm seems imminent, the wind whistles and howls round the deserted promontory, the bare ruin that has braved the storms of centuries stands up dark against the sky, and seems to exult in the fury of the elements, so much in harmony with its own wild and desolate look. But what are those low wailings? Is it the wind or some human being in anguish? The traveller rushes forward—in a cavity of the deep ruin, amongst the tumbled stones, o'ergrown with moss and turf, lies a strange figure—a lonely, haggard man. He listens to the wind, and moans in answer, as though in pain. Is he the magician who has conjured up all unreal? or has the tempest entered into his soul, and filled him with its own sad voice? Indeed, as he lies there—his pale, almost livid, face distorted, his wet hair streaming wildly about his shoulders—his uncouth form writhing with each new burst of the hurricane—he

looks the very impersonation of the storm itself. But, on being observed, his look becomes fixed—the stranger insensibly recoils, and feels awkwardly the sense of intrusion. If the strange man is in pain he wants no help; thus rashly exposed to the weather, hardly recovered from his grievous malady, he may well be actually suffering, but most likely he is merely possessed for the time by certain emotions impressed upon his sensitive and electric organization by the tempest from without. He is drinking in the elemental forces which, by-and-by, he will give out with a power itself almost as elemental.

Some of us may have walked in the soft moonlight under the long avenue (Cascine) that runs by the brink of the rushing Arno straight out of Florence. We can remember how the birds love those trees, and the broken underwood beneath them. When the city sleeps the heart of those woods is alive, even the daylight birds are sometimes aroused by the nightingales, as they answer each other in notes of sweetness long drawn out, and tender raptures that seem to swoon and faint into the still more tender silences of the summer night. But suddenly the birds' song is checked—other strains of incomparable sweetness arise in the wood. The birds are silent, they pause, and listen: the notes are like theirs, but more exquisite—they are woven by a higher art into phrases of inspiration beyond even the nightingale's gift. The strange whistler ceases, and the birds resume, timidly, their song; again the unearthly music breaks forth and mingles with theirs. As we push apart the bushes, we discover the same weird figure that but lately lay moaning in the storm among the ruins upon yonder hill.

The person to whom we owe, substantially, the above glimpses met the extraordinary man again in the streets of Florence a few days later. A merry party of young people, laughing and shouting, pass by towards the Uffizzi—we listen to their ringing voices, occupied with themselves, and, youth-like, caring for nothing at the time but their own gaiety, when suddenly the voices fall, the twanging of the guitar ceases, a curious murmur runs through the merry throng, and not a pleasant murmur; a tall, pale man, with eyes on fire, and strange imperious look, has pushed brusquely in amongst them. He seizes the guitar, and, sweeping its strings with passion, causes it to wail like a zither, then peal out like the strains of a military band, and finally settle into the rich chords and settled cadences of a

strong harp. All resistance and murmuring ceases as the astonished party follow him spell-bound. His cravat flies loose, his coat-tails wave madly to and fro, he gesticulates like a maniac, and the irresistible music streams forth louder, wilder, more magical, than ever — he strides, leaps, dances forward with the guitar, which is no longer a guitar, but the very soul of Nicolo Paganini. A few days later still the mystery was cleared up. Paganini had been officially called to Florence by the Grand Duchess to superintend some court concerts, and the whole of the town was soon ringing with his name.

About the age of thirty, at which time, as we shall presently narrate, Paganini became free never again to be bound by any official appointment — the great violinist had exhausted all the possible resources of his instrument. From this time Paganini, incredible as it may appear, seldom, if ever, played except at concerts and rehearsals, and not always even at rehearsals. Mr. Harris, who for twelve months acted as his secretary, and seldom left him, never saw him take his violin from its case. At the hotels where he stopped the sound of his instrument was never heard. He used to say that he had worked enough, and had earned his right to repose; yet, without an effort, he continued to overcome the superhuman difficulties which he himself had created with the same unerring facility, and ever watched by the eager and envious eyes of critics and rivals. In vain! No false intonation, no note out of tune, no failure was ever perceptible. The *Times* critic, reviewing him in London some years before his death, says his octaves were so true, that they sounded like one note, and the most enormous intervals with triple notes, harmonics and guitar effects seem to have been invariably taken with the same precision. In the words of a critical judge, M. Fetis, "his hand was a geometrical compass, which divided the finger-board with mathematical precision." There is an amusing story told of an Englishman who followed him from place to place, to hear him play in private, in the hope of discovering his "secret." At last, after many vain attempts, he managed to get lodged in the next room to the great artist. Looking through the keyhole, he beheld him seated on a sofa, about to take its violin from its case — at last! He raises it to his chin — but the bow? — is left in the case. The left hand merely measures with its enormous wiry fingers a few mechanical intervals, and the instrument is replaced in silence

— not even then was a note to be heard!

Yet every detail of rehearsal was an anxiety to him. Although he gave a prodigious number of concerts he was always unusually restless and abstracted on the morning of the day on which he had to perform. He would be idle for hours on his sofa — or, at least, he seemed to be idle — perhaps the works were then being wound up before going to rehearsal — he would then before starting take up his violin, examine it carefully, especially the screws, and, having satisfied himself, replace it in its shabby-worn case without striking a note. Then he would sort and arrange the orchestral parts of his solos, and go off to rehearsal. He was very unpunctual, and on one occasion kept the whole band waiting for an hour, and was at last found sheltering from the rain under a colonnade, rather than take a cab. This was in London. At the rehearsal there was always the most intense eagerness on the part of the band to see him play, and when he came to one of his prodigious cadenzas, the musicians would rise in their seats, and lean forward to watch every movement, and follow every sound. Paganini would then just play a few commonplace notes, stop suddenly, and turning round to the band, wave his bow, with a malicious smile, and say, "Et cætera, Messieurs!" If anything went wrong he got into a paroxysm of fury; but when things went well he freely showed his satisfaction, and often exclaimed, "Bravissimo sieti tutti virtuosi!" He could be very courteous in his manner, and was not personally unpopular with his fellow-musicians, who stood greatly in awe of him. No one ever saw the principal parts of his solos, as he played by heart, for fear of the music being copied. The rehearsal over, he carried even the orchestral parts away with him. He would then go straight home, take a light meal, throw himself on his bed, and sleep profoundly until his carriage arrived to take him to the concert. His toilet was very simple, and took hardly any time; his coat was buttoned tightly over his chest, and marked the more conspicuously the impossible angles of his figure; his trousers hung loose for trousers of the period; his cravat was tight about his neck. He sweated so profusely over his solos, that he always carried a clean shirt in his violin trunk, and changed his linen once at least during the concert. At concert time he usually seemed in excellent spirits. His first question on arriving was always, "Is there a large audience?" If the room was

full he would say, "Excellent people! good, good!" If by any chance the boxes were empty he would say, "Some of the effect will be lost." He kept his audience waiting a long time, and he would sometimes say, "I have played better," or "I have played worse," and occasionally his first solo would be more effective than his last! After once or twice trying the music of Kreutzer and Rode in public, he decided never to play any but his own, and said to his secretary, Mr. Harris, "I have my own peculiar style; in accordance with this I regulate my compositions. I had much rather write a piece in which I can trust myself entirely to my own musical impressions." "His art," observes M. Fétis, "was an art born with him, the secret of which he has carried to the grave."

Some have pretended that, as Paganini never cared to play except in public, his art was nothing to him but a means of making money. It would be, perhaps, nearer the truth to say that his art was so entirely himself, that he did not require, except at seasons, and chiefly for others, to give it outward expression. He needed no more to play than Beethoven needed to hear. Happier than Beethoven, he was not deprived of the power of realizing outwardly the art in which he inwardly lived; but probably the creations of his spirit infinitely outstripped the utmost limits even of his executive powers, until in his eyes they seemed, after all, the faint and inadequate symbols of his wild and inspired dreams. There are times when the deepest feeling is the most silent — music may come to the aid of words; but there is a point at which music itself is a mere beggarly element. What made Paganini so exceptionally great was the portentous development, the strength and independence of the emotional fountain within. The whole of life was to him nothing but so many successions of psychological heat and cold. Incidents immediately became clothed with a psychic atmosphere — perhaps the life of emotion was never so completely realized in itself, and for itself, as in the soul-isolation of Paganini. That life, as far as it could be individually expressed, was uttered forth by his violin. On his concert-bills he used to put, —

"Paganini fara sentire il suo Violino."

What the tempest had told him his violin would proclaim; what the summer night had whispered was stereotyped in his soul, and the midnight song of birds came forth from the cremona depths at his bidding. Nor was there any phase of passion un-

known to him, save, alas! the phase of a pure and lasting love. His wild soul had early consumed itself with unbridled excesses, and although in his maturer years he grew more sober in such matters, it was not before he had fathomed the perilous depths of more than one "grande passion," and made himself master of all its subtle expressions.

When, then, we are told that he seldom played, we must remember that his inmost life was itself one vast cosmos of imaginary concord and discord — he *was* music, although only at times "the tides of music's golden sea" would burst forth with incomparable splendour, and gather a kind of concrete existence in sound, yet to him his own inspirations were as real — perhaps more real — without it. For music exists apart from physical vibrations, nor can such vibrations, however subtle and varied, express it wholly as it lives in the creative heart. The ear of the soul hears what no ear of sense can hear, and a music fairer than anything on earth is often sounding in the spirit of the true musical seer. Nay, does he not feel, like Beethoven, the bitter descent when he formulates his thoughts upon paper, strikes the keys, or sets in vibration the strings which after all are but feeble apologies for the ideal beauty, the intense, the subtle, or exalted harmonies of the inner life?

From The Cornhill Magazine.
"AN UGLY DOG."

"SPLISH — splash," went that wretched dog through the mud, his ears hanging down and his tail between his legs.

"Oh! the ugly dog!" cried two young girls who were carrying home clothes from the wash.

"Oh! the ugly brute!" shouted a cartier; and he gave his whip a loud crack to frighten him. But the dog took no heed of them. He ran patiently on, only stopping at the crossings when there were too many carriages for him to pass, but not seeming to busy himself at all as to what people said, or what they thought about him.

He ran on so for a long way.

No doubt of it, he was an ugly dog. He was lean and scraggy. His coat was of a dirty gray colour, and in many places the hair was worn off in patches. Neither were there any tokens that he had ever been a handsome dog, and that his present state of wretchedness was owing merely

to sudden misfortune. He looked, on the contrary, as though he had always been an ill-fed dog, having desultory habits, no home to go to, and seldom anything better to eat than a chance bone or a crust picked up in the gutter. Yes, he was certainly a miserable dog.

But I wondered to see him run so obstinately in the middle of the road, when there was room in plenty for him on the pavement. He was a small dog, and by trotting close under the shop-fronts he could have slipped unnoticed through the crowd, and not have exposed himself to be run over by the cabs and whipped by the carters. But no; he preferred the road where the mud was, and he ran straight before him, without looking right or left, just exactly as if he knew his way.

I might have paid no more attention to this dog, for there are enough of whom I take no notice; but I observed that he had a collar round his neck, and that to this collar was attached a basket. This set me thinking; for a dog who carries a basket is either a dog sent out on an errand, or a runaway dog who has left his master, and does not know where to go. Now which could this one be? If he was a dog that ran on errands, why did not his owners feed him better, so that his ribs should look less spare? But if he was a dog who had left his master, and run away into the world to face care and trouble alone, what hardships or what cruelties had he had to suffer, that he should have taken such a step in despair? I felt I should like to have these questions answered, for there was something of mystery in them; I therefore followed the dog.

We were in Oxford Street, in that part of it which lies between the Marble Arch and Duke Street, and the dog was running in the direction of the Regent Circus. It was a dull wet day in winter; the rain had been falling. A gray fog was spreading its vapours along the road, and every one looked cold and uncomfortable. A few shops were being lighted up here and there, for evening was setting in. But the contrast between the glare of the gas and the occasional glow of the red coal fires burning cheerily in the grates of ground-floor parlours, only served to make the streets seem more dark and dreary. And yet the dog was pattering on, going at a sort of quick jog-trot pace, keeping his ears always down, and paying no attention either to the omnibuses that rolled by him, the costermongers who swore at him, or the other dogs who stopped at times with a puzzled air, and gazed at him with silent

wonder. I had to step out fast to keep up with him. It is astonishing how that squalid dog could trot. I was afraid more than once that he would distance me, but, thanks to the knack he had of always keeping to the middle of the road, I was prevented from losing sight of him. We passed North Audley Street, after that Duke Street, and we then came opposite a small street which forms a very narrow and dirty thoroughfare at the end which is nearest Oxford Street. Here the dog paused for a moment and appeared to hesitate as to what he should do. He made a few steps forward, then receded; but, finally, seemed to make up his mind and entered the street, still trotting. There was no one there. The dim drizzling rain, which had begun to fall again, the cold, and the fog had all scared away the habitual frequenters of the one or two sordid cook-shops that line both sides of the way. There was only a rag-and-bone-man sorting broken bottles at his door and coughing wheezily from old age and misery. The dog went on. The street grows wider as one proceeds, and the houses also become better and cleaner. I asked myself whether the dog could possibly have his home about here, and whether he would not suddenly disappear down an area, in which case the romance of the thing would have been ended, and I should have had my walk for nothing. But no, he turned abruptly off at a mews, and, after a few seconds of the same apparent hesitation as before, slackened his pace and stopped opposite a public-house.

A mews is never quite empty. There are always grooms loafing about in doorways, or stable-boys going in and out of washhouses. At the moment when the dog and I appeared a coachman was harnessing two horses to a brougham, and a couple of men were helping him. Opposite, and exchanging remarks with them from the threshold of the public-house, stood a servant in breeches smoking a long clay pipe; the dog was standing still; but all at once, before I had had time to suspect what was going to happen, he rose up on his hind legs and commenced walking gravely round in circles.

The man with the breeches and the clay pipe uttered a cry of surprise. The two others and the coachman raised their heads, and, upon seeing this strange sight, left their work and clustered up to look. A few more people attracted by the noise came and joined us. We soon formed a ring.

It seemed to please the dog to see us

all around him, for he gravely wagged his tail once to and fro, and tried to put more spirit into his exercise. He walked five times round on his hinder legs, looking fixedly before him like a soldier on duty, and doing his best, poor dog!—I could see that—to make us laugh. For my part, seeing the others remain speechless in their astonishment, I laughed aloud to encourage him; but shall I say the truth? I felt more ready to cry. There was something inexpressibly sad in the serious expression of this lonely dog, performing by himself a few tricks that some absent master had taught him, and doing so of his own accord, with some secret end in view that he himself only could know of. After taking a moment's rest he set to work again, but this time on his fore-feet, pretending to stand on his head. And what a poor, intelligent head it was, as almost shaving the ground, it looked appealingly at us all, and seemed to say: "Please do not play any pranks with me, for really I am not doing this for fun." When he had walked round on his head until he was weary, he lay down in the midst of the ring and made believe he was dead. He went through all the convulsions of a dying dog, breathing heavily, panting, suffering his lower jaw to fall, and then turning over motionless. And he did this so well that a stout, honest-faced woman, who had been looking on without laughing, exclaimed, "Poor beast!" and drew her hand across her eyes.

The rain continued to fall, but not one of us thought of moving, only the dog, when he had lain dead a minute, got up and shook himself, to show us all that the performance was ended. He had displayed the extent of what he knew, and now came forward to receive his fee. He stood up on his hind-legs again and, walking to each of us separately, assumed the posture that is popularly known as "begging." I was the first to whom he came. He gazed at me inquiringly with his soft eyes wide opened, and followed my hand patiently to my waistcoat-pocket. The basket round his neck was a round one with a lid to it tied down with string, and a little slit in the lid through which to put in money. I dropped in a shilling and stooped down to read a bit of crumpled paper I saw hanging loosely from the collar. It bore these words, written in a shaky hand: "This is the dog of a poor man who is bed-stricken; he earns the bread of his master. Good people, do not keep him from returning to his home." The dog thanked me for my offering by

wagging his tail, and then passed on to my neighbour. Human nature must be kinder than people think, for there was not one of the spectators—not even he with the breeches and the clay pipe, whose face had impressed me unfavourably,—but gave the dog something. As for him, when he had gone his round, he barked two or three times to say good-by, and then pattered contentedly away at the same jog-trot pace he had come.

He went up the street, and I followed him, but when we had reached Oxford Street he quickened suddenly, and began to run hard, as if his day was ended and he wanted to get home. Evening had quite fallen by this time, and I felt it would be useless to go after my four-legged mystery on foot, so I called a cab, and said: "Follow that dog," very much to the driver's amazement.

It is a long way from the part of Oxford Street in which we were to Tottenham Court Road, where the small dog led me. But I should have understood the journey had it not been made at such a furious pace. The dog never once looked round. Twenty times I thought he would be crushed by passing vans or carriages; but somehow he got through it. He had an extraordinary tact for finding a passage between horses' hoofs, and, like a true London dog as he was, he showed intimate familiarity with all the intricacies of crossings. Still, it was some relief to me, both on his own account and on mine, when I saw him branch off at last. I was beginning to fear that he would never stop, that he had something of the wandering Jew in him. It seemed impossible that, without taking any rest, without pausing even for an instant to draw breath, such a very lean dog should keep on going so long. Tottenham Court Road (this was about eighteen months ago) used to be a sort of fair at night-time. It is a lengthy highway running amidst a tangled network of sorry streets, the population of which, from dusk until the hour when the public-houses close, used to spread hungry and idle amongst the countless booths which had then not yet been swept away, and where shell-fish, sour fruit, and indigestible-looking meat were sold by yelling costermongers. On the night in question, when I went there in pursuit of the dog, I foresaw that I should be led to one of those sickly nests of fever, where poverty, disease, and misery have their abodes set up in permanence; and I was not wrong.

The dog, running faster than ever now, as if he felt more afraid for his basket

amongst these ravenous crowds than he had done at the West End, bolted suddenly up a narrow side street, where there was no room for a cab to pass. I paid the driver, and jumped out. It was a filthy street, but that was a secondary matter. Where the dog went I would go: and thus I dodged after him, first down a crooked alley, then through a foul court, and lastly up a passage where it was pitch dark. Here I groped my way along a damp wall, and stumbled upon the first step of a staircase. Being a smoker, however, I had some vesuvians about me. I struck one, lit a piece of twisted paper with it, and by the moment's flame I thus obtained descried the dog making his way up a creaky flight of wooden steps, battered in places and rotting from mould. He barked when he saw the light, and growled uneasily. But I softened my voice, and cried out, "Good dog! good dog!" trying thereby to appease him. I suppose his instinct told him that I was not an enemy, for he turned round to sniff my trousers, and when I struck a second vesuvian he consented to my accompanying him without doing anything else but continue his sniffing. We went up three stories in this way, until we reached the garret floor. There were two doors face to face, and one of them had a latch with a piece of string tied to it. The string dangled with a loop at its end to within a few inches of the ground. The dog raised one of his forepaws, pressed it on the loop, and by this means opened the door. We both walked in together.

There was a rushlight burning in the neck of a ginger-beer bottle. There was an empty saucepan in a grate without a fire. Some tattered clothes were hanging on the back of a broken chair, and some bits of plaster, fallen from a cracked ceiling, were encumbering the floor. On the splintered deal table was a plate with a solitary bone on it, and next to it a cup with the handle gone. I turned from the sight of these things to a mattress laid in a corner of the room. The light was rendered so flickering by the gusts of wind that swept through the window — to which bits of newspaper had been pasted for want of glass — that I could not at first distinguish very clearly where I was, and what I saw. I could only hear the affectionate whinings of the dog, and vaguely see him leaping upon some one against whom he was rubbing his head, and whose face he was licking with an exuberance of love. I heard a voice, too — but a voice so husky and broken, that it resembled a

whisper — repeat feebly, "Good dog — good Jim!" and then I saw a hand untie the basket, and heard the sound of money poured out on the couch.

"Good Jim! — good Jim!" went on the cracked voice; and it began counting, "One, two. Oh, good Jim! — good Jim! here's a shilling. One-and-threepence, one-and-ninepence, two shillings. Oh, good dog! three and a penny, three and —" But here followed a terrified shriek.

"Who's that?" cried the man, covering up the money with his sheet, and he looked at me, livid and haggard with the ague of fever.

"Don't be frightened," I said; "I am come to do you no harm. I am a friend. I have followed your dog home, and I desire to help you if you are in need."

He seemed to be a man about fifty, for his hair was not all grey; but the ghastly hollowness of his cheeks, the emaciated condition of his body, and above all, the gleam of disease in his burning eyes, made him older than a man of ninety, for they told more plainly than words could have told that he had already one foot within his grave.

My tone and my appearance seemed to reassure him; but he continued to hide his money.

"I am a poor man, sir," he gasped, — "a very poor man. I have nothing but what my dog earns me, and that's nothing. He goes out to idle; and if he picks up a few pence" (here the man had a fit of hectic coughing) — "if he picks up a few pence, sir, it's all he do pick up."

I felt my heart ache, for I guessed the truth.

"He's not an idle dog," I said. "Has he not earned you more than three shillings to-day?"

"Oh, no, sir — no, sir; it's threepence," protested the miser, trembling. "It's threepence — threepence, sir. Look and see."

And he held up three copper coins from out of his covering.

"You are very ill, my man," I said, approaching his mattress. "You must let me send you a doctor."

Oh, sir! no, no; I — I've no money to give them. Let me alone, please. I'm not ill: I shall be well to-morrow. It's nothing but a cold — a — a cold."

His dog was continuing to lick his face. I remembered that the poor brute had not eaten.

"Your dog must be hungry," I observed; "shall I give him this bone? He has earned it well."

"Oh, God! — oh, God! Let that bone alone," faltered the unhappy wretch, trying to rise; "it's my supper for to-night. Jim doesn't want anything: he picks up plenty in the streets. Oh! — oh! I shall starve if you give him that bone."

"I will buy you something to eat," I answered, taking up the bone, to which there was no particle of flesh left. "Here, Jim," said I, holding it out. But the dog, instead of accepting the bone, looked wistfully at his master to ask for leave.

"No! no! Jim," panted the miser fearfully; and the dog turned away his head, refusing to be enticed.

"How long have you been laid up like this?" was my next question. I was growing sick at heart.

"Ten weeks, sir, — oh, ten weeks," groaned the man — who had caught the bone out of my hand and thrust it under his pillow — "ten weeks; and when I fell ill, the dog went out one morning and brought me back a penny in his mouth. Since then, I bought him a basket, and he goes out every day . . . but he's — he's idle, sir — he's idle; he brings me nothing to what he used to do when we went out together. Yes — oh, yes! he's an idle dog!"

But why prolong such a dialogue? Is there anything more depressing than the sight of moral infirmity coupled with bodily disease. This palsied miser was a rich man; at least rich comparatively to his station. He had made himself a small fortune by the intelligence of his dog, and his sudden illness, instead of reducing him to poverty, had, on the contrary, only added to his means. The dog earned more alone than he had ever earned with his master. Each morning at the break of day, he went out with his empty basket, and every night at sunset he returned with it half full. I learned this from the miser's neighbours; honest people, though poor, who pretended to believe in the fevered wretch's tales of want, in order that he might not have cause to dread them, and so refuse their necessary services.

There is a great deal of this innate unsuspected delicacy in the hearts of the working poor. These rough and uncouth, but kindly natures, tended the graceless miser in his sickness. They bought his food for him, they washed his linen, and they asked for no payment for anything they did. As for the unhappy man's gold, it was at their mercy; but the thought of touching it never seemed to cross their minds.

"Only," said one with a naïve accent, "I think, sir, 'twill be better when he's laid in the ground. His money might be good then to some as would make use of it."

"And the dog?" I murmured reflectively.

"The dog's his friend, sir," was the neighbour's answer, "and he won't live long when his master's gone."

And these words were prophecy. I sent for a doctor, for a nurse, and for nourishing food, to battle against death; but our efforts were useless. The miser lived a week, and upon each of the seven days the dog went out according to his habit, with his basket round his neck, and remained out for ten or twelve hours, till dusk. Sometimes I followed him from morning till evening; seeing which, and remembering my face as that which stood daily by his master's bedside, he wagged his tail at my approach, and consented to walk at my heels. One night the miser died, and on the morrow Jim did not go out. He had missed his master the night before, and guessed that they had put him in the long black box that stood in the middle of the room. When the men came to carry away this long black box, the dog went after them and cried. He followed the coffin to the cemetery, where he and I were the only spectators beside the curate, the sexton, and the undertaker's men. When the earth was thrown in, he looked at me plaintively to know what it meant, and when the burial was over, he wished to remain near the open tomb, waiting till his master should rise. I took him home with me, but he would not eat, and next morning at sunrise he howled for his basket. It was no use keeping him, so I tied the basket round his neck, and sent him out.

That evening, foreseeing what would happen, I went to the cemetery. The dog arrived at nightfall, with his basket full of pence, and I turned them all out upon the grave. "Come home, Jim," I said, with the tears rising to my eyes; but he whined mournfully, and tried to scratch up the earth. Twice more he went out like this all day, and brought back money for his master; but on the third evening, finding that the pence on the grave remained untouched, he suffered me, without resistance, to take off his collar, and lay down at his full length, near the miser's last sleeping-place.

The next morning he did not go on his rounds, for he was dead!

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BRAMBLEBERRIES.

GREAT Morning strikes the earth once more,
 And kindles up the wave,
 As many and many a time before, —
 And am I still a slave?
 Come! let me date my years anew;
 This day is virgin white;
 By heav'n, I will not reindue
 The rags of overnight!
 I was a king by birth, and who
 Is rebel to my right?
 None but myself, myself alone:
 Conquer myself, I take my throne!

To plan a wise life little pains doth ask:
 To live one wise day, troublesome the task.
 — Yet why so hard? What is it thwarts me
 still?
 A tainted memory, a divided will,
 A weak and wavering faith, which for mere
 shows
 And shams of things, forsakes the truth it
 knows.

Think you that words can save? that even
 thought,
 Knowledge, or theoretic faith, does aught?
 Truth into character by act is wrought.
 Your life, the life that you have lived, not
 sham'd.
 Is *you*; in that alone you're saved or damn'd.

Glory of life — deep tenderness, —
 Enigma of the human soul!
 Set in this wondrous world whose dress
 Is beauty, whilst the heav'n doth roll
 Its myriad suns around; where love
 Sports in the constant shade of death,
 Fond memory sighs, hope looks above,
 And sorrow clings to faith; —
 Life, all made up of hints and moods and fine
 transitions,
 Great secrets murmur'd low, pure joys in fleet-
 ing visions!

Almighty Lord, if day by day
 From Thee I further move away,
 O let me die to-night, I pray!

Yet no: this pray'r is idle breath.
 I understand not life or death,
 Nor how man's course continueth.

Swept in a wide and trackless curve,
 Tho' seeming more and more to swerve,
 An orbit it may still preserve.

I will not seek to live or die;
 Do as Thou wilt, I'll ask not why.
 Keep hold of me — content am I.

O Father! grant that day by day
 My soul to Thee may tend away.
 Recall it quickly when astray.
 I hear Thee: hear me when I pray!

Fraser's Magazine.

VENUS'S LOOKING-GLASS.

I MARKED where lovely Venus and her court
 With song and dance and merry laugh went
 by;
 Weightless, their wingless feet seemed made
 to fly,
 Bound from the ground and in mid air to sport.
 Left far behind I heard the dolphins snort
 Tracking their goddess with a wistful eye,
 Around whose head white doves rose, wheel-
 ing high
 Or low, and cooed after their tender sort.
 All this I saw in Spring. Thro' Summer heat
 I saw the lovely Queen of Love no more.
 But when flushed Autumn thro' the wood-
 lands went
 I spied sweet Venus walk amid the wheat:
 Whom seeing, every harvester gave o'er
 His toil, and laughed and hoped and was
 content.

Argosy.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI

LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

LOVE that is dead and buried, yesterday
 Out of his grave rose up before my face;
 No recognition in his look, no trace
 Of memory in his eyes dust-dimmed and grey.
 While I, remembering, found no word to say,
 But felt my quickened heart leap in its place;
 Caught afterglow, thrown back from long-set
 days,
 Caught echoes of all music passed away.
 Was this indeed to meet? — I mind me yet
 In youth we met when hope and love were quick,
 We parted with hope dead, but love alive:
 I mind me how we parted then heart-sick,
 Remembering, loving, hopeless, weak to
 strive: —

Was this to meet? Not so, we have not met.
 Argosy. CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

In the following verses the identity of thought
 and similarity of expression are not a little re-
 markable: —

“He who for love hath undergone
 The worst that can befall,
 Is happier thousandfold than one
 Who never loved at all.

“A grace within his soul hath reigned
 Which nothing else can bring;
 Thank God for all that I have gained
 By that high sorrowing.”
Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton).

“I hold it true whate'er befall;
 I feel it when I sorrow most;
 'Tis better to have loved and lost
 Than never to have loved at all.”
Tennyson.

I think it will be readily granted that the
 thought has not gained by condensation.

A. G. Notes and Queries.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MR. FROUDE'S ENGLISH IN IRELAND.

AMONG the intellectual phenomena of the present day, one of the most remarkable is certainly the presence among us of a small but able body of literary men, whose repugnance to modern liberal tendencies has led them to opinions on secular policy more fitted for the latitude of Russia than of England, and on religious policy more fitted for the Middle Ages than for the nineteenth century. The two things they hate the most are civil and religious liberty. Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, representative government, the rights of nations to determine the form of government under which they will live, the rights of weak minorities to protection, as long as they do not injure their neighbours, the right of every man to profess the religious belief and adopt the religious worship which he considers the best, are in their phraseology mere cant or shams. The two fundamental principles of all constitutional government — that the will of the majority should rule, and that the scruples of the minority should be respected — are equally antipathetic to them. The whole tendency of modern policy in their eyes is a mistake, and history has to them a certain melancholy charm as a record of religious and political despotisms which have been weakly banished from the world.

Opinions such as these, though now rare, and, we venture to think, morbid eccentricities, were once supreme in Europe, and were usually based upon theological tenets. The belief in an infallible Church, in the criminality of religious error, and in the divine right of kings, has at different periods led good men to justify some of the most atrocious crimes that ever disgraced our world. The modern school, however, has no sympathy with these doctrines, and it is a melancholy, and indeed a humiliating fact, that some of the most ardent eulogies of the policy of destroying certain forms of religion by the sword have come from men whose own opinions on these matters are notoriously heterodox or lax.

It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that there is no distinct principle underlying these views. The leading doc-

trine of this school is the worship of success as the supreme evidence of goodness. Wherever they find might there also they find right. To decide whether a nation is right in invading, dispossessing, or enslaving another, the one real question is whether she is able to do it. If she is, the pretext she chooses is of little consequence. Her ultimate success is her justification. She is obeying "God's law," and the weaker nation, if unable to resist effectually, is immoral in resisting at all. The supreme law of political ethics is thus

"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That he should take who has the power,
And he should keep who can."

As Mr. Froude expresses it in the present work: "The superior part has a natural right to govern, the inferior part has a natural right to be governed; and a rude but adequate test of superiority and inferiority is provided in the relative strength of the different orders of human beings."* "The rights of man — if such rights there be — are not to liberty, but to wise direction and control."† "The right to resist depends upon the power of resistance."‡ "There is no disputing against strength, nor happily is there any need to dispute, for the strength which gives a right to freedom implies the presence of those qualities which ensure that it will be rightly used."§

That the leading writers of this school are not only men of great genius, but also of eminently noble and humane dispositions, may be readily conceded. The character of a writer is one thing. The principles he advocates are quite another, and nothing which is here written about the latter is intended to cast the smallest reflection upon the former. Of the doctrine, however, we can speak with no respect. It appears to us not only profoundly false in itself, but also as well fitted as any in the whole range of opinions to pervert the moral judgments of men. No system can strike more directly at the root of all that is noble and generous in human nature than this deification of success, this worship of force as the incarnation of right, this

* P. 2.

† P. 5.

† Ibid.

§ P. 11.

hatred of all that is weak and of all that is unsuccessful. It makes it the function of History to stand by the scaffold and curse the victims as they pass. Its natural fruits have been an enthusiasm for despotism and persecution, a firm belief in the power of ends to justify means, a systematic depreciation or neglect of all the virtues which soften the character and adorn the social or domestic sphere, without fortifying men for the great collisions of life. It has led one great and venerable writer to make Frederick William a hero, and to become the eulogist of the invasion of Silesia, and the partition of Poland, while he speaks with contempt of the philanthropy of Howard, and of all the noble efforts that have been made to break the fetters of the slave. It has made another great writer, the panegyrist of Henry VIII., the apologist for the use of judicial torture, and the author of one of the most uncompromising defences of religious persecution it has ever been our fortune to peruse.

This book belongs to the class of histories which are written, not for the purpose of giving a simple and impartial narrative of events, but clearly and almost avowedly for the purpose of enforcing certain political doctrines. It is written with passion, and apparently under extreme irritation, and is, for the most part, a bitter invective against the Irish people, against the Catholic religion, and, above all, against the maxims of liberal policy. The Irish Celts, in the opinion of Mr. Froude, are a race hopelessly vitiated and debased, absolutely, incurably, and constitutionally unfitted for self-government, and only to be ruled by a strict and steady despotism. They are a people "who do not understand forbearance, who interpret lenity into fear, and respect only an authority which they dare not trifle with."* They are "a people incapable of self-restraint."† "The worst means of governing them is to give them their own way. In concession they see only fear, and those that fear them they hate and despise. Coercion succeeds better. They respect a master hand, though it be a hard and cruel one."‡ The main object in ruling them

should be to annihilate their social and political power, to prevent them as far as possible from amalgamating with, and thus depressing the ruling race, and, above all, to extirpate their religion. Cromwell, and Cromwell alone, we are told, endeavoured to govern the Irish "by true ideas," or, in other words, "by the laws, so far as intellect can discern them, appointed by the Maker of the world."* When the capture of Drogheda and Wexford and the deliberate massacre of their entire garrisons had concluded the rebellion, he availed himself of the opportunity to confiscate all the land in the three chief provinces of Ireland. He colonized those provinces with his soldiers. He left indeed the peasantry to till the soil for the new masters, but he banished all the ruling classes, "the chiefs, the leading members of the Irish race — the middle and upper classes, as we should call them,"† into Connaught. He absolutely suppressed that religious worship which the whole native population believed to be essential to their eternal salvation. He pronounced by one sweeping judgment, and without any detailed investigation, the entire priesthood guilty of high treason; and those who remained to sustain the faith of the wretched peasants, or carry comfort to their desolated homes, were either put on board vessels for Spain, transported as convicts to the Barbadoes, or imprisoned in two small islands in the Atlantic. Having taken these measures with the natives, he endeavoured to encourage the Protestant colony by commercial freedom, by abolishing the separate parliament, and giving the colonists a representation in England.

This scheme of policy in all its parts is the subject of warm, repeated, and unqualified eulogy by an English historian of the nineteenth century. The attempt especially to extirpate by law the religion of an entire nation arouses his most ardent sympathies. He dilates with fervour upon the disloyalty of the Catholics, upon the penalties which in other lands they inflicted upon Protestants, upon the pernicious nature of their opinions. No Moslem conqueror, no Spanish inquisitor, was ever

* P. 65.

† P. 571.

‡ P. 133.

* Pp. 537, 570, 571.

† P. 133.

less troubled with scruples of humanity in persecuting the enemies of his faith. "The lines of the two creeds," we are told, "were identical with the lines of loyalty and disloyalty."* "The best minds of England really believed that besides its treasonable aspects the Roman Catholic religion was intellectually degrading and spiritually poisonous."† "The mass — as a symbol whose supreme pontiff had applauded the insurrection of 1641 — it was not legitimate only, but necessary to interdict, till the adherents of it retired from a position which was intolerable in civilized society."‡ Of the efficiency, as well as of the legitimacy of persecution, Mr. Froude has no doubt. "Had the Catholic bishops been compelled in earnest to betake themselves elsewhere, had the importation of priests from abroad been seriously and sternly prohibited, the sacerdotal system must have died a natural death, and the creed have perished along with it."§ "Ireland, had Cromwell left a son like himself, must in another generation have been Protestant."|| "Romanism, sternly repressed, must have died out as Protestantism died in Spain and Italy."¶

We do not intend — to the great majority of our readers we believe it would be wholly superfluous — to make any comment upon the morality or humanity of those sentiments, or to enter into any general defence of the principles of religious toleration. We shall content ourselves with pointing out what appears to us the gross historical exaggeration involved in the belief that the creed of the Irish was at the root of their rebellions. The struggle between the two races had raged for centuries when their religion was the same, and it was the natural and inevitable consequence of their relative position. It was a question of nationality, and of race, and afterwards of the possession of land, much more than of creed. Ireland had only been very partially conquered by Strongbow. The English remained a small military colony, planted in the midst of a large, hostile, and half-savage population. The Irish followed a multitude of great in-

dependent chiefs, each of whom could command the undivided allegiance of a considerable body of followers, each of whom was constantly at war with the English, or with the others. At certain periods, intermarriage with the Irish, and the strange fascination which the freer Irish mode of life appears to have exercised over the colonists, induced the latter in great numbers to adopt the manners of the natives. At others, the line of demarcation was clearly drawn. Intermarriage was forbidden. The Irish were placed beyond the pale of law, and were accustomed themselves to levy black mail upon the English. There was a kind of chronic hostility, accompanied on both sides by great barbarities. On the one side was a compact body of disciplined men of a higher civilization, and often actuated by motives and views of government that were far from ignoble; on the other were a multitude of divided chiefs and undisciplined clans, recoiling from the obligations of feudal law, and struggling to free their country from a foreign invader.

The Reformation came, and it undoubtedly furnished some new pretexts, aggravations, and alliances; but it did not produce, for some years it hardly influenced the quarrel. "On the rupture of England with the Papacy," says Mr. Froude, "the Irish, by immediate instinct, threw themselves on the Roman side."* It would be more correct to say that the Irish simply remained in the position in which they were. The causes which induced the English suddenly to change their creed did not operate in Ireland, and the main demand of the Irish for a long period was merely to be permitted to worship according to the religion in which they were born. Their creed, however, at this time rested very lightly upon them, and no part of their violence can be ascribed to fanaticism. Under Henry the chiefs were induced with little difficulty to accept large portions of the confiscated Church lands.† Under his successor proselytism was more active. Unconsecrated prelates were thrust into Irish sees, but still there was hardly a ripple of religious agitation.

* P. 210.

† P. 213.

‡ P. 127.

§ P. 213.

|| P. 212.

¶ P. 140.

* P. 39.

† P. 40.

Under Mary, when the supreme power passed once more into Catholic hands, and at the very time when a fierce persecution was raging in England, the Protestants in Ireland were absolutely unmolested. A more decisive and, it must be added, a more honourable proof of the absence of religious fanaticism it would be impossible to conceive.

With Elizabeth matters began to change. "At this time," observes Mr. Froude, "in Ireland, 'of the birth of the land' there were no Protestants at all."* Elizabeth determined—and Mr. Froude appears warmly to approve of her resolve—to thrust upon this people the new faith. The mass was accordingly forbidden by law. Fines were imposed on those who abstained from the Anglican service, and the bishops within the pale, who refused to take the oath of supremacy, were deprived of their sees. Yet no serious measures were taken for the conversion of the people. The Bible was not translated into Irish. Proselytism was discouraged. As the Government desired, as far as possible, to suppress the Irish tongue, it was ordered that the Anglican service amid an Irish-speaking population should be read in English, or, if that language was not understood, in Latin. At the same time the extreme difficulty of enforcing a general proscription of the religion of the nation, as well as the natural temperament of the Queen, which inclined to half-measures, placed limits to the persecution. Catholicism was branded by law. The priests were deprived of their churches and revenues, but the mass was celebrated without difficulty in the castles of the chiefs and on the hill-sides. It was inevitable that under these circumstances the people should have continued Catholic. It was equally inevitable that the religious feeling of the country should be driven into rebellion.

Mr. Froude, as we have said, in the present work warmly eulogizes the efforts that were made to extirpate Catholicism. He is full of eloquence about its natural disloyalty; and if he blames Elizabeth, it is chiefly for the feebleness and lenity of her policy. Most persons, we should imagine, in reviewing the rebellions in her reign, would consider that penal laws directed against the religion of the entire nation were sufficiently oppressive and sufficiently irritating to account for them. Mr. Froude, however, has a different theory. He assures us that it is a peculiar-

ity of the Irish race, and especially of the Irish Catholics, that the more they are indulged the more they will rebel, and their rebellion under Elizabeth is his first great proof of this position. He deliberately argues that if they rose against the Queen it was not because she had proscribed their religion and overthrown their altars, not because she had driven the priests out of the churches and plundered their revenues, but because "she had forbidden her viceroys to meddle with religion," because she had connived at the secret celebration of their worship. The rebellion was not due to the rigour of the Government. It was an ungrateful return for excessive indulgence.* A paradox of this description might fairly be left to the common sense of the reader. It happens, however, that only a few years ago, Mr. Froude himself treated this portion of Irish history in his former work, and those who desire to test his weight and consistency as an historian can hardly do better than turn to what he then wrote. The following plain and unsophisticated account from his own pen is a crushing answer to his later book:—

"The suppression of the Catholic services enforced wherever the English had power, and hanging before the people as a calamity sure to follow as the limits of that power were extended, created a weight of animosity which no other measure could have produced, and alone made the problem of Irish administration hopelessly insoluble."† "The language of the Archbishop of Cashel to Cardinal Aleziati shows that, before the Government attempted to force a religion upon them which had not a single honest advocate in the whole nation, there was no incurable disloyalty. If they were left with their own lands, their own laws, and their own creed, the chiefs were willing to acknowledge the English Sovereign."‡

But it was not only the worship of the nation that was threatened. We know from the unimpeachable authority of Sir John Davis, that a project had long been entertained of "rooting out" the Irish from the soil. Before the great rebellion had begun, a design had been already formed and already discovered for taking possession of three-fourths of Munster, and exterminating the native population. "To these intending colonists," writes Mr. Froude, "they were of no more value

* Pp. 51, 52, 211, and 364.

† History of England (ed. 1870), vol. x. pp. 222, 223.

‡ Ibid. p. 298.

than their own wolves, and would have been exterminated with equal indifference. Accident only, which betrayed the project prematurely, and gave the chiefs time to combine, prevented the experiment being tried."* "The expectation that the attempt would be renewed hung like a standing menace over an excited and agitated race, who believed that England was watching for an opportunity to sweep them out and destroy them."†

Our readers have now an opportunity of judging from Mr. Froude's own words the wisdom of his new theory, that the rebellion under Elizabeth was an illustration of the great law that the more Irish Catholics are indulged the more they will rebel. The term rebellion can hardly be applied with strict accuracy to nobles whose subjection to the English crown was never more than nominal. At all events they had the strongest of all conceivable reasons for their revolt. We have no desire to drape them in any colours of fantastic romance, or to represent them as other than semi-barbarous chiefs; but at least they were fighting for the three strongest motives that can actuate men, for their creed, their country, and their property. In the present work it suits Mr. Froude's theory to represent their rebellion as merely religious, and he is very emphatic concerning their ingratitude. "In no Catholic country in the world had so much tolerance been shown for Protestants as had been shown to Catholics in Ireland. Each successive provocation had been repaid with larger indulgence and always with more miserable results. . . . The bloody rebellions of Shan O'Neil, of the Earl of Desmond, and of the Earl of Tyrone . . . were the rewards of forbearance."‡ A few years ago, writing concerning this portion of Irish history, he informed us that "The Irish were not to be blamed if they looked to the Pope, to Spain, to France, to any friend in earth or heaven, to deliver them from a power which discharged no single duty that rulers owe to subjects."§

To these causes we must add the atrocities which before the rebellion were practised by English soldiers. "Elizabeth's soldiers, with their pay for ever in arrears, and not choosing to starve, lived almost universally by plunder. Placed in the country to repress banditti, they were little different from banditti. . . .

Too few to be able to take prisoners, or hold a mutinous district in compelled quiet, their only resource was to strike terror by cruelty. When sent to recover stolen cattle or punish a night foray, they came at last to regard the Irish peasants as unpossessed of the common rights of human beings, and shot or strangled them like foxes or jackals. More than once in the reports of officers employed in these services we meet . . . English gentlemen describing expeditions into the mountains 'to have some killing,' as if a forest was being driven for a battue."* The ferocity of these soldiers extended to the women and children. Sir Peter Carew and Gilbert were accustomed to slaughter women, babies that had scarcely left the breast, "children of three years old," and to glory in the act, and they were absolutely unpunished and uncensured.† In his former book, when his main object was not to defame the Irish Catholics, Mr. Froude characterized these acts as they deserved. "The English nation was shuddering over the atrocities of the Duke of Alva. The children in the nurseries were being inflamed to patriotic rage and madness by tales of Spanish tyranny. Yet Alva's bloody sword never touched the young, the defenceless, or those whose sex even dogs can recognize and respect."‡

It is with no pleasure that we revive the memory of these atrocities, but the extreme partiality which in the present work Mr. Froude had displayed in the management of his facts compels us to do so. The great rebellion, or rather the series of rebellions which followed, were their natural consequence. That of Desmond was in reality little connected with religion. That of O'Neil had a more theological complexion, for one of the chief demands of that great leader was that the Catholic worship should be permitted among Catholics. As might have been expected from its antecedents the war soon became one of extermination. No quarter was given, and in numerous cases women and children and men of the Irish race who had never taken part in the rebellion were deliberately massacred. In the island of Rathlin 600 women and children, who had been sent there as to a safe refuge, were surprised by Norris, and were all slaughtered. Essex accepted the hospitality of Sir Brian O'Neil. After a banquet, when the Irish chief had retired unsuspectingly to sleep, the English general sur-

* History of England, vol. x. p. 232.

† Ibid. p. 54.

§ Ibid. pp. 262, 263.

‡ P. 211.

* History of England, vol. x. p. 51.

† Ibid. pp. 243-257.

‡ Ibid. p. 252.

rounded the house with soldiers, captured his host with his wife and his brother, sent them all to Dublin for execution, and massacred the whole body of his friends and retainers. On another occasion an English officer, a favourite of the Viceroy, invited seventeen Irish gentlemen to supper, and when they rose from table had them all stabbed. For many years the history of Ireland was with little intermission a dreary monotony of carnage. No language can adequately describe the horrors of the scenes that were enacted in Munster. Year after year the harvests were deliberately burnt, everything that could furnish sustenance for man was destroyed, and famine rose to such a pitch that little children were killed for food. "The Irish," said Spenser, "looked like anatomies of death, and spoke like ghosts crying out of the grave; they flocked to a plot of watercresses as to a feast, and ate dead carrion, happy when they could find it; and soon after scraped the very carcasses out of the graves." Women lay in wait for a passing rider, and rushed out like famished wolves to slay and devour his horse. At last a great solitude reigned over the land. "Whoever did travel from the one end to the other of all Munster," said Holinshed, "would not meet any man, woman, or child, saving in towns and cities, nor yet see any beast." Over whole provinces there was not to be heard the lowing of a cow or the voice of a husbandman, and it is probable that even more perished by starvation than by the sword.

The war at last burnt out, but a new source of trouble began. Large confiscations followed, and a tide of English and Scotch adventurers set in to settle upon the soil. The threat of the wholesale confiscation of their property had been one of the causes that drove the chiefs into rebellion, and Mr. Froude clearly intimates his opinion that on its suppression such a measure should have been universal, and should have been accompanied by stricter laws against Catholicism.* The statesmen of Elizabeth were somewhat more merciful and tolerant than their historian, but under James I. six counties in Ulster were appropriated and colonized by the Scotch. Measures of the same nature, but on a smaller scale, had already taken place under Elizabeth, but the plantation under James was far more important. It was planned with much skill—partly by the advice of Bacon. Some regard was paid

to the interest of the poorer Irish, and the introduction of a new and energetic element produced a considerable influx of prosperity and laid the foundation of much future good. On the other hand, multitudes of proprietors were driven as beggars from the land. A new and bitter cause of resentment was planted in the minds of the people, and the first great step was taken in producing that insecurity of property and that smothered war between landlord and tenant which was destined for so many generations to be the bane of Irish life. As Mr. Goldwin Smith observes: "No inherent want of respect for property is shown by the Irish people, if a proprietorship which had its origin within historical memory in flagrant wrong is less sacred in their eyes than it would have been if it had its origin in immemorial right."

The country remained quiet till the civil war under Charles I. An inveterate animosity, however, now rankled in the minds of the Irish, above all in those counties in Ulster where the confiscations had taken place. It soon became evident to all men that the policy of "rooting out" the Irish was not abandoned, and that no Catholic could look forward to a secure possession of his land. To Mr. Froude's great admiration, Wentworth, having as we are told "the eye of a born ruler," undertook to confiscate the greater part of Connaught, and to plant it with English settlers. Ireland was at this time perfectly tranquil, and no provocation whatever had been given. The means employed were a searching inquisition into titles, which in the disturbed condition of Irish society could rarely be satisfactorily established, a revival of old and dormant claims, and a gross and systematic intimidation of juries. "The intention, scarcely concealed," says Mr. Froude, "flung the Irish of the old blood into a frenzy of rage. . . . What to him was King or Parliament, Calvinism or Anglicanism? The one fact to which all else was nothing, was coming home to his heart, that the Englishman, by force or fraud, was filching from him the inheritance of his fathers."* The policy of Wentworth, combined with the irritation excited by the confiscations in Ulster, with the extremely threatening attitude the Parliament had assumed towards Catholicism, and with the opportunity furnished by the civil war, produced the great rising of 1641. What can be thought of an historian who, having re-

* Pp. 64, 95.

* P. 80.

lated these very facts, proceeds to give the following as the explanation and the moral of the rebellion: "The Catholics were indulged to the uttermost, and therefore rebelled"?* This is the second of Mr. Froude's proofs of the ingratitude of the Irish.

The massacre of 1641 furnishes Mr. Froude with one of his most effective pictures. It is elaborated with great pains, with great skill, and with great detail. We do not complain of the stern judgment he passes on the atrocities that were committed, but we do complain of the disproportionate place which he gives them in Irish history. That history had long been a succession of massacres, and an historian who gives a detailed and highly-finished picture of all the barbarities that were committed on one side, while he dismisses in the briefest and most general manner those that were committed on the other, is in our opinion not dealing righteously with history. Those who have studied the evidence which is collected by Mr. Prendergast will probably not agree with that author in denying the reality of the massacre: but they will certainly admit that it was not designed by the leaders of the rebellion; that its magnitude has been extravagantly exaggerated, that it was a popular outburst extending only over a comparatively small portion of Ireland, and that, as a general rule at least, women and children were spared. It was confined to Ulster, and to a part of Ulster, and the confederate leaders repudiated all participation in it. Still, when every allowance had been made, it was very ferocious and very sanguinary. Many thousands were massacred, and many scenes of ghastly cruelty were enacted. Even children whetted their tiny swords for vengeance. Even cattle were barbarously mutilated or destroyed. Horrible stories were told of the murder of helpless women and children; of men whose eyes were put out, who were goaded naked along the roads, burnt alive, ripped open with knives, or cast by hundreds into rivers. The pent-up fury of a people brutalized by long oppression broke out at last. They fought as men will fight who had been despoiled of their property, whose religion was under the ban of the law, who expected no quar-

ter from their adversaries, whose parents had been hunted down like wild beasts. Reduced to its true proportions, the Irish massacre reads like a page of the suppression of the Desmond rebellion; and, savage and disgraceful as it undoubtedly was, an impartial judge will probably conclude that in the matter of cruelty there was much less difference than has been supposed between the two parties. The atrocities that were practised on the Irish in quarters where no massacre had taken place, and among classes who were simply defending their king or their religion, can hardly be surpassed. English sailors, as Clarendon assures us, rarely gave quarter to Irishmen; but, "as well merchants and passengers as mariners, who fell into their hands, were bound back to back and thrown into the sea."* The saying, "nits will be lice," by which the soldiers of Sir Charles Coote justified the murder of Irish infants, became proverbial: and the massacre at Carrickinines Castle, where every man, woman, and child was slaughtered, and a priest "cut into pieces as small as for the pot;" the massacres at Drogheda and Wexford, where the whole garrisons were deliberately put to the sword or thrust back into the flames, while every friar was knocked on the head; the massacre in England and Scotland of all Irish soldiers who were taken in the army of the King, are characteristic incidents of the struggle. Half a million of human beings—a third part of the population of Ireland—perished. Slave-dealers were let loose upon the country, and a great multitude of young women and of boys were torn from their homes and sent as slaves to Barbadoes. Clarendon emphatically declares that, to find a parallel to the scenes of wretchedness that were witnessed, we must turn to the sufferings of the Jews under Titus. Wild beasts multiplied over the desolated land, and fierce packs of wolves ranged among the ruined cabins, and preyed upon the carcasses of the slain.

That the Catholic spirit of the country should have thrown itself heartily into this rebellion was inevitable. It did so not because Catholicism had been indulged, nor yet because Catholicism is intolerant, but simply because the Puritan Parliament had openly declared its intention of exterminating it. Tolerance of Popery was described as the most atrocious of crimes. Priests were hung in England merely for celebrating mass, and the popular preachers were perpetually urging the Jewish

* P. 89. The following is Hallam's plain account of the matter:—"The primary causes of the rebellion are not to be found in the supineness or misconduct of the Lords Justices, but in the two great sins of the English Government: in the penal laws as to religion which pressed on almost the whole people, and in the systematic iniquity which despoiled them of their possessions."—*Const. Hist.* iii. p. 390.

precedents for the slaughter of idolaters. We accordingly find that some priests were mixed up with the massacre, and that the highest ecclesiastical influence was exerted in favour of the rebellion. It is, however, not the less true that the chief causes of the rebellion were in the first instance secular, that it would have taken place if no difference of religion had existed, and that it never assumed altogether the character of a war of religion. One of our most interesting documents illustrating its character is the Life of Bishop Bedell, by his son-in-law Clogy. Bedell, of all Irish bishops, was the most energetic in proselytising, and the most decided type of his Protestantism might have been expected to make him peculiarly obnoxious to the Catholics. Bedell, however, was treated with the utmost consideration and respect. The Bishop of Elphin and many other Protestants were admitted under his roof. Their worship was carried on without the smallest difficulty, and when he died the Catholic bishop and the rebel soldiers paid high honours to his remains. Clogy, who was an eye-witness, and was himself an ardent Protestant, observes that the Irish hatred was rather against the English nation than against their religion; that English and Scotch Papists suffered with the rest, and that the sword made no distinction between Catholic and heretic.*

We have already described the measures of proscription that were taken by Cromwell—the absolute suppression of the Catholic worship, the sentence of high treason pronounced upon the whole Catholic priesthood, the confiscation of all Irish property in three provinces, the exile of the Celtic race to Connaught. The subject has recently been investigated with much skill and learning by Mr. Prendergast,† and few pages of modern history have a deeper or a more pathetic interest. The spectacle, however, of the intolerable suffering which was then inflicted has no tendency to diminish the enthusiasm of Mr. Froude. Of all the characteristics of the works of this great and in many respects admirable writer, the most repulsive is certainly the complete absence of all traces of the most ordinary humanity in the relation of the sufferings of those to whom he happens to object. This characteristic had already appeared in his History of England—as, for example, in his picture of the torture and the

martyrdom of Campion—but in the present work it is far more prominent. Nor is this the coldness which accompanies a rigidly impartial temperament. The calm and austere pages of a Gibbon or a Hallam would be almost disfigured by emotion, but Mr. Froude belongs to a very different type. No historian was ever less judicial. His style quivers with passion. In describing the deeds and characters of men who for centuries have mouldered in the dust, he is as fierce a partisan as the most fiery debater in Westminster. Hatred, however, seems too often the animating principle of his history; and in the present work the objects of that hatred are the Irish Celts and their religion.

It is characteristic of his enthusiasm for brute force, that he has no doubt that the system of Cromwell, if persevered in, would have made Ireland a Protestant country. For our part we cannot share his confidence. We believe the attempt to extirpate the religion of an entire nation to be as fatuous as it is infamous. The success that attended the penal laws of Elizabeth against the English Catholics, the success that on the Continent attended the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and the atrocities of the Spanish Inquisition, is no proof to the contrary. In the first instance the creed that triumphed was that of a large and zealous minority who could appeal to the national sentiment. In the other cases it was the creed of an overwhelming majority. What the effects of the Irish policy of Cromwell actually were may be soon told. The massacres of Drogheda and of Wexford stamped upon the Irish mind an indelible hatred of England and of Protestantism, while 40,000 Irish troops enlisted under the banner of Spain strengthened the forces of Catholicism on the Continent. Of all Irish counties, perhaps the most anti-English is Tipperary, which was chiefly colonized by the soldiers of Cromwell. Of all Irish cities, none is more vehemently Catholic than Drogheda, which was the scene of his greatest triumph. His name is still powerful in dividing the two nations; and as early as the reign of Anne, as Mr. Froude himself assures us, it was equally execrated in Ireland by Catholics and Protestants, by Dissenters and by Churchmen.*

We have dwelt so long on the earlier stages of Mr. Froude's book, that we must hurry rapidly over the rest. We pass over the Act of Settlement, which, in vio-

* Clogy's "Life of Bedell," pp. 174, 175, 183.

† Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland.

* P. 285.

lation of the engagements of Charles I., but in obedience to a great State necessity, confirmed the titles of a large proportion of the Cromwellian settlers, and restored to the Irish rather less than half the land that had been confiscated. We pass also the period of religious toleration under Charles II. and the struggle of the Irish in favour of his successor. The strange inversion of parts by which the descendants of the colonists whom the first English Stuart planted in Ulster were the bitterest adversaries of his successor, while the descendants of the Celts who were expelled were his warmest friends, has been often noticed. The scandalous proceedings of the Irish Parliament under James are well known, and they show but too plainly how ulcerated the minds of the Catholics had become, and how little they were disposed to acquiesce in the condition of property in Ireland. Lord Macaulay has made this subject specially his own, and while fully and justly condemning the Parliament of James, he has dwelt, with that humane and generous wisdom which is rarely absent from his writings, on the causes of its incapacity. The decree establishing liberty of worship in Ireland is the redeeming feature of its legislation; but the repeal of the Act of Settlement, on which Irish property rested since Charles II., and the arbitrary act of attainder condemning between two and three thousand Protestant landlords as guilty of high treason, and confiscating their land, combined in the very highest degree injustice, tyranny, and impolicy. The object was to annul the confiscations of Cromwell and of James I.; but after the period of time which had elapsed, and the purchases, sales, and improvements that had taken place, the object and the means were equally unjust. We have no more desire than Mr. Froude to excuse these acts, but an impartial historian would have remembered that many of the Irish legislators had probably been themselves deprived of their property by Cromwell, and that the deprivation had been confirmed by the Act of Settlement; that the parents of others had been spoliated by James, that the security of property had been shaken to its basis by the violence which had taken place, and that the act of attainder, unjust and barbarous as it was, only copied but too faithfully that of Cromwell against the Catholic priests. Of the impartiality of Mr. Froude, it is sufficient to say that he invariably describes the part which the Irish took in favour of James II. as a revolt, and that in

narrating the struggle he does not even bestow a single sentence on the character of Sarsfield. The Irish Bayard is indeed too well known to need any fresh eulogy; but the omission is eminently characteristic of the spirit of this book. The main object of Mr. Froude is to make the Irish Catholics appear odious and contemptible, and therefore, when he finds a man of signal purity and nobleness in their ranks, he passes him by with the barest allusion.

To William, as might be expected, Mr. Froude is very hostile. No instance of popular injustice is indeed more striking than that which, in Ireland at least, has associated with religious bigotry the name of one who far exceeded in enlightened tolerance any other ruler of his time, and whose calm, calculated, and inflexible humanity remained unchanged amid the fiercest convulsions of sectarian and of civil strife. He was determined not to leave in Ireland the memory of another massacre like that of Drogheda. He consistently employed all his influence to secure for the Catholics religious liberty; and before the battle of Aghrim he proposed a policy which, if it could have been carried out, would have done more than any measure since the time of Strongbow to stanch the wounds of the suffering people. "Touched by the fate of a gallant nation that had made itself the victim of French promises," says Sir Charles Wogan, "the Prince of Orange, before the decisive battle of Aghrim, offered the Irish Catholics the free exercise of their religion, half the churches in the kingdom, and the moiety of their ancient possessions."* By the articles of the capitulation of Limerick he guaranteed to the Catholics the religious liberty they enjoyed under Charles II., and it was not his fault if the treaty was afterwards broken.

We need hardly say that with such a character Mr. Froude can have no sympathy. He cannot forgive William for not having pushed matters to extremities and terminated them as they were terminated by Cromwell. He is full of scorn for a Calvinist who suffered the mass to be celebrated in Ireland, and for a statesman who "believed that the Irish temperament was capable of being conquered by generosity." He is evidently of opinion that the English policy towards Ireland since the Reformation had been marked by such a sustained and extravagant indulgence, that nothing except the incurable ingrati-

tude of that unhappy nation could account for the existence of disloyalty. He hints very intelligibly that the better policy would have been to transport them generally to other lands, or steadily decimate them till the unruly spirit had been broken;† but he adds, that such "excess of severity" was not absolutely necessary. The line of policy which in his opinion was imperatively required, was substantially that of Cromwell; the complete suppression by law of the Catholic religion, the exile of the whole Catholic hierarchy, the stringent prohibition of the importation of all priests from abroad. Catholicism should have been universally made a penal offence, and at the same time the native or Catholic faction should have been reduced to a state of complete subjugation. This being done, and the Protestants being entirely in the ascendant, every measure should have been taken to encourage material prosperity, to provide for Protestant education and the free development of Protestant churches, and to efface the traces of distinct Irish nationality.*

In support of these humane and enlightened views Mr. Froude favours us with a disquisition on the reasons for persecuting Catholics. He is very sarcastic about the modern Liberal, who, in matters of persecution, "finds excuses for the Catholic which he refuses to the Calvinist" — who, in other words, maintains that those whose creed rests avowedly upon the assertion of the right of private judgment are peculiarly criminal if they refuse the exercise of that right to others; and about "the sacred rights of conscience to choose its own religion, and in its own wisdom to believe whatever theories of divine things it happens to prefer." He assures us once more, in direct and flagrant contradiction not only to all other historians but even to his own narrative of facts, that the rebellions under Elizabeth and under Charles I. were due to the partial tolerance of Catholicism. He again represents the conduct of the Irish in taking part with the King in the struggle of the revolution, as a rebellion — as a rebellion which was the consequence of the religious toleration that had followed the Restoration — as a rebellion which constitutes the third great historic proof of their inveterate ingratitude; and he asks, "What was there in the circumstances of Ireland that, when it was once more subdued, the English Government should have hesitated to apply the same rule there which Louis XIV. was

finding necessary in France?"* For our own part, we can readily admit that those in whose eyes the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, the dragonnades, and the expulsion of the French Huguenots were wise and righteous measures, may approve of a similar policy in Ireland, though even they may remember that there was one distinction between the cases: — The Protestants were a small minority of the people of France, the Catholics were the overwhelming majority of the people of Ireland.

We do not desire to dwell further on this matter, but there is another point to which we must briefly refer. Mr. Froude warmly advocates the policy of depriving the Catholics of ownership in land. Owing to many confiscations, and to the slow operation of the penal code, this end has been in a great degree accomplished. As a rule the Irish landlords are Protestants while their tenants are Catholics, and every practical statesman knows that this very fact is one of the greatest difficulties and dangers he has to encounter. Owing to the events of its history, class divisions in Ireland are naturally peculiarly menacing, and it is one of the gravest misfortunes of the country that they coincide with and are intensified by the difference of creed. To this fact, too — which is the direct consequence of the acts he so warmly extols — may be ascribed, in a great degree, those very features of Irish Catholic policy to which Mr. Froude most strongly objects. If a considerable body of Catholic gentry existed, they would be the natural leaders of their co-religionists. They do not exist, and the field is left open to priests and demagogues.

Mr. Froude is not indulgent to modern statesmen. He speaks with much lofty scorn of "constitutional commonplaces," of "the cant of toleration," of "the childish prate about Irish ideas." Echoing the language of the great persecutors of the past, he tells us that "true liberty means the being governed by just laws, laws which are in harmony with the will of the Maker and Master of the world,"† and the whole tenor of his book is a sufficient comment upon his meaning. He utterly rejects the notion that the will of the nation should, on political questions, be consulted, or that there is anything unrighteous or criminal in forcing upon a people a form of government which they hate. "So long as the consent of the governed is recognized as essential to the legitimacy of authority, so long and so far Ireland will pos-

sess a grievance which only complete separation will remove."* We hope these words are much exaggerated, and should be much qualified. If they are true, we cannot but regard them as the most striking condemnation of the past government of Ireland, and as supplying one of the strongest reasons why English writers in speaking on Irish questions should employ a language of moderation and conciliation. A government of pure despotism has, however, nothing revolting in it to Mr. Froude. His views of the relation of the governed to their rulers are much the same as those of Bishop Horsley, whose famous saying, that "he knew not what subjects had to say to the laws except to obey them," was long cited as a supreme example of the servility of a certain class of Anglican divines, and of their hatred of the free constitution under which they live. "The consent of man," says Mr. Froude, "was not asked when he was born into the world; his consent will not be asked when his time comes to die. As little has his consent to do with the laws which, while he lives, he is bound to obey."† We must acknowledge ourselves unable to understand why the fact that a man is not consulted at his birth or at his death should preclude him from having any voice in the laws which dispose of his property and regulate his destiny while he lives; but the general meaning of the passage is at least sufficiently manifest. It is the theory of despotism stated in the barest and most emphatic form; and that such a doctrine should be propounded by an English writer of the eminence of Mr. Froude is certainly a fact well worthy of record.

We have been compelled to dwell at such length upon the points on which we differ from Mr. Froude, that we are glad to mention some on which we agree with him. We agree with him that one of the great evils of English government of Ireland has been its perpetual change of system and tendency—the cold fits of rigour and the hot fits of indulgence that have so rapidly succeeded each other. We agree with him also in deploring the extreme fatuity of the policy which, while endeavouring to crush the Catholics by penal laws, took no single step to invigorate or to unite the Protestants. The Established Church was made a great field for jobbery. Its highest positions became the rewards of political services in England, and the system of pluralities was carried to such an extent that, notwithstanding all the

emoluments and all the privileges of the Church, multitudes of Protestants lapsed into Catholicism for want of the common ordinances of religion. On the other hand, the Presbyterians were subject to a Test Act, which was first sent over from England, and was afterwards maintained in spite of English influence by the ascendancy of the bishops in the Irish House of Lords. They were perpetually molested and harassed in their worship, and they at last fled in numbers to America, where they contributed their full share to the revolution. Above all, we agree with Mr. Froude in the gross impolicy as well as the gross injustice of the commercial disabilities by which almost every form of Irish industry was deliberately and selfishly crushed. The history of those laws is well worthy of the attention of all who would study the social condition of Ireland, and it has been written by Mr. Froude with consummate power. Until the time of Charles I. Ireland was placed commercially on all points on a level with England, but Wentworth, imagining that the Irish woollen manufacturers might undersell those of England, took some measures to discourage them. This proceeding appears to have been purely arbitrary, and is, we think, rather exaggerated by Mr. Froude, perhaps in order that he may heighten the merit of Cromwell, who restored matters to their former state. With Charles II., however, legislative prohibitions began. Ireland was a great pasture country, and her chief source of wealth was the importation of her cattle into England. The English landowners complained of the rivalry, and the importation of Irish cattle to England, as well as of salt beef, bacon, butter, and cheese, was absolutely prohibited. By her omission from the amended Navigation Act of 1663, Ireland was at the same time excluded from all direct trade with the British Colonies. Her two chief sources of wealth were thus utterly and wilfully annihilated. One chance, however, still remained. The Irish, when forbidden to export their cattle, turned their land into sheep-walks, and it soon appeared that, in spite of the poverty of the people and the low condition of civilization, a great and flourishing woollen trade was likely to arise. Ireland possessed the advantages of unlimited water-power, of cheap labour and living, and, above all, of the best wool in Europe. Many English and even foreign manufacturers went over, and in the first years that followed the Revolution there was every probability of her becoming a considerable industrial na-

* P. 605,

† *Ibid.*

tion. Once more the selfish policy of English manufacturers prevailed. The export of unmanufactured wool to foreign countries had been already forbidden. The Legislature now interposed and forbade the export of Irish manufactured wool, not only to England and the English dominions, but to every other country. The rising industry was thus completely annihilated. Thousands of manufacturers and of workmen emigrated to the Continent or to America. Whole districts were thrown into a condition of poverty verging upon starvation, and the last chance of developing a great Protestant population was lost. The only resource that remained was a smuggling trade in wool with France, which accordingly assumed vast dimensions. All classes engaged in it—and, under the circumstances, we cannot blame them—and thus one more influence was set at work to educate the people into hostility to law.

Among the consequences of this prohibition were two political movements of great significance. The Irish Parliament, impotent before the Legislature of England, and despairing of the material prosperity of the country, began to long for a legislative union with England, which would at least secure the advantages of free trade. The impending Union with Scotland turned the thoughts of Irishmen to such a measure, and in 1704 the House of Commons petitioned for it. The opportunity was in some respects peculiarly favourable. The Protestants desired the measure; the Catholics were hopelessly crushed, and it was then a settled maxim that they were to have no voice in disposing of their destiny of the country. The English Government, however, actuated chiefly by commercial jealousy, rejected the opportunity and refused the boon. The other movement was that for legislative independence. Raised by Molyneux, and powerfully supported by Swift, the claim of the Irish became louder and louder, and the extreme malevolence with which in commercial matters the English supremacy was exerted powerfully sustained it. The causes of free trade and of an independent Parliament were indissolubly connected, and they at last triumphed through the efforts of the Volunteers.

While the prosperity of the Protestants was being crushed by the commercial laws, the Catholics were suffering under the penal code. The space that is assigned to us will not permit of our entering at length into the details of this code—a code which Burke described as “well digested

and well disposed in all its parts; a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a people, and the debasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man.” In the eyes of Mr. Froude, we need scarcely say, the great objection to this code was its failure and the feebleness with which it was enforced. “The success which would have been the justification of these laws” was wanting. To sum up briefly their provisions, they excluded the Catholics from the Parliament, from the magistracy, from the corporations, from the university, from the bench and from the bar, from the right of voting at parliamentary elections or at vestries, of acting as constables, as sheriffs, or as jurymen, of serving in the army or navy, of becoming solicitors, or even holding the position of game-keeper or watchman. They prohibited them from becoming schoolmasters, ushers, or private tutors; or from sending their children abroad to receive the Catholic education they were refused at home. They offered an annuity to every priest who would forsake his creed, pronounced a sentence of exile against the whole hierarchy, and restricted the right of celebrating the mass to registered priests, whose number, according to the first intention of the Legislature, was not to be renewed. The Catholics could not buy land, or inherit or receive it as a gift from Protestants, or hold life annuities, or leases for more than thirty-one years, or any lease on such terms that the profits of the land exceeded one-third of the rent. A Catholic, except in the linen trade, could have no more than two apprentices. He could not have a horse of the value of more than 5*l.*, and any Protestant on giving him 5*l.* might take his horse. He was compelled to pay double to the militia. In case of the war with a Catholic Power, he was obliged to reimburse the damage done by the enemy's privateers. To convert a Protestant to Catholicism was a capital offence. No Catholic might marry a Protestant. Into his own family circle the elements of dissension were ingeniously introduced. A Catholic landowner might not bequeath his land as he pleased. It was divided equally among his children, unless the eldest son became a Protestant, in which case the parent became simply a life tenant, and lost all power either of selling or mortgaging it. If a Catholic's wife abandoned her husband's religion, she was immediately free from his control, and

the Chancellor could assign her a certain proportion of her husband's property. If his child, however young, professed itself Protestant, it was taken from its father's care, and the Chancellor could assign it a portion of its father's property. No Catholic could be guardian either of his own children or to those of another.

We imagine that most of our readers will consider Burke's description of this code not overcharged. It is true that penal laws still more severe were directed against Catholics in England and against Protestants in most Catholic countries; but those of Ireland were peculiarly fitted, by the bribes they held out to apostasy, to debase as well as to crush. They were directed not against a small sect, but against the bulk of the nation, and they were a distinct violation of the Treaty of Limerick. The blame of them may be very equally divided between the English and the Irish Parliaments; and the best that can be said of them is, that that portion which related to the Catholic worship soon became a dead letter, while a crowd of legal evasions and a great and creditable laxness of local tribunals in a great measure defeated the provisions about property. They had, however, abundantly the effect of associating in the minds of the Catholics the idea of law with that of hostility to their religion, of driving out of the country the ablest men, and of destroying all ambition and all energy in those who remained.

There is a striking passage in Mr. Galton's very remarkable work on Hereditary Genius, in which he endeavours to account for the marvellous efflorescence of genius that adorned the great period of Athenian history, by showing that the institutions of Athens were peculiarly fitted to attract men who were able, while the social life of Athens was peculiarly fitted to repel those who were not, and that by this double process a race was gradually formed far exceeding the average of human capacities. In Ireland, in the early part of the eighteenth century, a directly opposite process appears to have been going on. The most various influences conspired to drive from the country all men of energy, ability, and character. If an able man arose among the Presbyterians, he at once found himself shut out by the test from the path of honour. If he were a Catholic, he was excluded by the penal laws from every field of ambition and from almost every possibility of acquiring influence or wealth. If he belonged to the favoured Church, he was even then com-

pelled to see all the highest positions, both political and ecclesiastical, monopolized by Englishmen. If he was indifferent to theological differences and careless of political honours, he still found himself in a country where industrial and commercial wealth was impossible, and where that impossibility was deliberately and intentionally brought about by the Legislature. It is not surprising that great wretchedness and great inertness prevailed, and that a stream of emigration already flowed from Ireland. From the earliest period there has been something erratic and nomadic in the Irish genius. In the sixth and seventh centuries, when the Irish monasteries had a world-wide reputation, Irish missionaries occupied a place second to that of no other nation in the great work of evangelizing Europe. From Lindisfarne and from Luxeuil, from the banks of the Steinbach in Switzerland, and from the monastery of Bobbio in Italy, they spread the light of Christianity over many lands which were destined in after-days to march in the forefront of civilization. At a later period we find the Irishman Scotus Erigena founding a rationalistic philosophy in France, and the Irishman St. Virgilius teaching the existence of the antipodes at Salzburg. In the eighteenth century Presbyterian talent and industrial energy took refuge in England or America, while most of the ability and ambition of the Catholics found its way to France, to Austria, or to Spain.

Of the condition of affairs at home Mr. Froude gives a vivid but, we think, a somewhat over-coloured picture. He devotes a long chapter to Irish crime, and, with that gratuitous offensiveness which is so painfully prominent in the present work, he entitles his chapter "Irish Ideas." These "ideas" are chiefly the houghing of cattle and the abduction of heiresses. We believe that in some of the least respectable of the Fenian newspapers it is the custom to collect extracts from the English police reports under such titles as "English Civilization" or "English Ideas." We must simply express our astonishment and our deep regret that a great writer in a grave history should condescend to imitate the example.

That there should have been much violent crime was indeed inevitable. By three great confiscations about nine-tenths of the soil of Ireland had recently been wrested violently from its old proprietors. The religion of four-fifths of the people was persecuted, and almost every leading form of industry had been crushed by

law. "Tories" and "Rapparees" — the ejected proprietors and their adherents — swarmed over the land and waged a chronic war with their successors. Smuggling, too, called into being by the suppression of the wool-trade, and peculiarly favoured by the configuration of the Irish coast, was universal. Mr. Froude has devoted an admirable chapter to describing the spirit of wild, lawless, and adventurous romance which it engendered. Probably in few countries was the empire of law so feeble; but we must remember that in almost all countries law was then weaker than at present. The period concerning which Mr. Froude writes was that when the streets of London were almost impassable at night through the outrages of the Mohocks; when the country roads of England were infested with highwaymen; when the horrors of the Fleet Prison and the scandals of Fleet marriages were at their height; when hereditary jurisdiction was still unshaken in Scotland; and when a journey through the Highlands was as perilous as a journey would now be through Central Africa.

Still there was a real and perceptible improvement in the nation. The loyalty of the Catholics to the crown is a striking fact and an eloquent comment upon Mr. Froude's estimate of their character. In the rebellion of 1715, in the rebellion of 1745, they remained absolutely passive. In the first case this may be ascribed to extreme exhaustion, but in the second the Catholic priests took an active part in giving the Government warning of plots for the Pretender. Still later, when the American Colonies had revolted against England, and at a time when the Presbyterians were profoundly disaffected, the Catholics were ardently loyal. To the long night of trial through which they passed, we may probably ascribe a great part of their noblest characteristics: a deep and fervent attachment to their creed, which no threats and no blandishments could shake; a spirit of reverence and simple piety, of cheerful content, and of mutual charity under extreme poverty, such as few nations in Europe can equal. In this period, too, was gradually formed that high tone of female purity which is their distinguishing and transcendent excellence; and which, in the words even of this bitter enemy, is "unparalleled, probably, in the civilized world."* To writers who judge the moral excellence of a race by its strength and by its success, all these

qualities will rank but low in the scale of virtues. A larger and a wiser philosophy will acknowledge that no others do more to soften and purify the character, to lighten the burden of sorrow, and to throw a consoling lustre upon the darkness of the tomb.

This period was also remarkable for a gradual approximation of classes and creeds. Few things in Irish history are more curious than the manner in which the atrocious penal laws against the Catholics fell gradually into desuetude. At first, the High Church and Jacobite tendencies of the bishops, who usually formed a majority in the House of Lords, and their antipathy to the Presbyterians, led them to favour the Catholics; and dissensions between the English Government and the Irish Parliament had a similar influence. Gradually, however, and to a degree which is very remarkable and not sufficiently noticed, a spirit of toleration crept over the Irish Protestants. The singular power of the native Irish to assimilate to themselves the extraneous elements planted in their midst had been long noticed. The complaint was older than the Reformation, and it was not arrested by it. The poet Spenser, after the Desmond rebellion, advocated the suppression of Irish insurrections by starvation. His grandson, during the Commonwealth, was exiled and deprived of his estate as an Irish Papist. A large proportion of the rebels in 1641 were of English blood. The Cromwellians themselves who settled on the soil succumbed to the same influence. Ireton, indeed, endeavoured to guard against the danger by stringent regulations against the intermarriage of his soldiers with the Irish; but although there were some few who, like the hero of a Cromwellian poem,

"rather than turne
From English principles would sooner burne,
And rather than marrie an Irish wife
Would batchellers remain for terme of life,"

this heroism was not common, and forty years after the settlement had taken place, it was already a complaint that great numbers of the children of Oliver's soldiers were unable to speak a word of English.* If the Irish Protestants during the period of the penal laws did not throw off their religion, they at least came gradually to look with a rare tolerance on their Catholic countrymen. The spirit of an age

* P. 557.

* Prendergast, "Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland," pp. 281-286.

which was peculiarly adverse to religious bigotry; the lowering of the theological temperament which always follows when there are many nominal conversions for the sake of entering a profession or retaining a property; the national feeling which gradually drew Catholics and Protestants together in a common cause; and lastly, the effects of social intercourse and of a social temperament, gradually assuaged the bitterness of sect. During the struggle about Wood's half-pence, Primate Boulter noticed that it "had a very unhappy influence on the state of Ireland by bringing on intimacies between Papists and Jacobites and the Whigs." As early as 1725 a clergyman named Syngé preached a very remarkable sermon before the Irish House of Commons in favour of toleration, and received the thanks of the House. During the whole period of the penal laws a large amount of property was preserved to Catholics by being nominally transferred to Protestant friends; and we believe there is no single instance on record of the trust being betrayed. In the latter half of the eighteenth century it is absolutely certain that the Protestant public opinion of Ireland was far more tolerant towards the Catholics than Protestant opinion in England. This very interesting and very important historical fact is established by the most emphatic contemporary testimonies and by the irrefutable evidence of facts. The first attempt to remove some of the most iniquitous of the English penal laws was sufficient to create a fierce agitation throughout the length and breadth of England and Scotland. Most of the Provincial Synods in Scotland protested against the toleration of Catholics: Glasgow and Edinburgh were convulsed with riots; Corresponding Societies multiplied over the whole of England; the House of Commons was besieged by a mob of 20,000 men. London for several days was in the hands of an infuriated populace: the gaols were broken open; Catholic chapels were destroyed; the houses of the chief advocates of the measure of relief were burned to the ground, and more than 300 persons were shot in the streets. In Ireland, the relaxation of the penal laws had already begun, and in the very year of the Lord George Gordon riots the Protestant Volunteers unanimously passed a resolution expressing their gratification at that relaxation, and soon after they admitted Catholics to their ranks. A few years later, the Irish Protestant Parliament, without any serious difficulty, without creating the smallest disturbance in

the country, carried a series of measures of which it may be truly said that, in the existing condition of English public opinion, they would have been impossible in England without a revolution. It threw open to the Catholics the magistracy, the jury-box, and the degrees in the University. It conferred upon them a substantial amount of real political power by granting them the elective franchise; and it would certainly have completed the work of emancipation but for the opposition of Pitt and the recall of Lord Fitzwilliam. To writers of the school of Mr. Froude these facts may be an evidence of the "progress to anarchy." To those who really value religious and political liberty they will appear in a very different light.

It is certain, too, that in the latter half of the eighteenth century the relation of classes improved. Mr. Froude is very bitter against the Irish landlords, and especially the smaller landlords. We do not dispute the general resemblance of the picture he draws, but we imagine it is greatly over-coloured. Such writers as Sir Jonah Barrington are not trustworthy guides to an historian. The Irish landlords no doubt drank, fought duels, exceeded their means, lived reckless, idle, and sporting lives; but whatever may have been the case with individuals, or even with particular districts, they usually secured the devoted attachment of their tenants. In many ways they were lawless, violent, and arbitrary; but the simple fact that the greater part of the land of Ireland was let on long leases, at rents so low that there were usually several middlemen between the owner and the occupier of the soil, shows that, as a class, they were not grasping or avaricious. Considering how vivid the memory of the confiscations still was, it is surprising to find so deep an attachment as undoubtedly subsisted between the resident landlord and his dependants. Some really high and commanding qualities must have existed among men who organized such a movement as that of the Volunteers, and who supplied that large amount of brilliant talent which, towards the close of the century, adorned the Parliament of Ireland.

That very considerable exertions were made to improve the material condition of the country Mr. Froude freely admits. Arthur Young declared, on his visit to Ireland, that the roads were, on the whole, decidedly superior to those in England. Bogs were drained, public works of many kinds were encouraged, and an admirable system of inland navigation was estab-

lished. Country seats grew up, which, if inferior to the historic mansions of the great English nobles, might at least bear a fair comparison with those of the Continent. An edifice which is even now second to no work of Grecian architecture in the kingdom was erected for the Parliament, and Trinity College assumed something of its present imposing proportions. As long as the trade and industry of Ireland were crushed by disabling laws no great prosperity was possible; but the first steps were energetically taken, and when the arms of the Volunteers emancipated the Irish trade, material well-being rapidly and instantaneously increased.

There were, no doubt, dark shadows to the picture, the darkest being the steady appropriation by the Government of the patronage and resources of the country to the purpose of corrupting its representatives. Enough, however, has been said to show that according to all ordinary standards of comparison the movement was steadily upwards. In Mr. Froude's judgment, however, it was a movement of decline. The volume before us is chiefly devoted to three periods of Irish history. The first is the Cromwellian period, when the religion of the Irish was absolutely suppressed, when their land was confiscated, when the greater part of the nation was driven into exile, and when their priests were treated as felons. This, in Mr. Froude's opinion, is the ideal period, when Ireland was governed according to God's law and to true principles. The second period is that which followed the Revolution. The foolish humanity of William, the vacillation or tolerance of Ministers and Parliament, made it a period incomparably inferior to the other, though even it was not without its distinctive merits. The last period was that when the penal laws were abrogated, when every man was suffered to worship as he pleased, when the division of classes was weakened, and when a national spirit began to show itself in the Irish Protestants. This, in Mr. Froude's judgment, is the period of anarchy, and at the opening stages of this period he draws the present volume to its close.

It is with deep and sincere regret that we have been compelled to write as we have done about this work. It is a work which we believe can hardly fail to injure the reputation of its author. We yield to

no one in admiration of the many great and splendid qualities which Mr. Froude has brought to the study of history. It would be mere impertinence to speak at length of his wide research, of his pure, noble, and graceful eloquence, of that consummate artistic skill with which he has portrayed so many subtle characters, and has invested so many of the most barren periods of history with all the colour of romance. We cannot but regard it as a real national calamity that gifts so rare and so transcendent should be allied with an inveterate passion for paradox, and especially for moral paradox, and should be disfigured by so much partiality, intolerance, and intemperance. In the present condition of public opinion in Ireland, at a time when there is some hope that ancient animosities may slowly subside under the influence of the great legislative measures of the last few years, the most ordinary patriotism should counsel great caution and moderation in treating of the confiscations and of the massacres of the past. No such spirit has been shown by Mr. Froude. With a recklessness of consequences that cannot be too deeply deplored, with a studied offensiveness of language that can only be intended to irritate and insult, he has thrown a new brand of discord into the smouldering embers of Irish discontent. His work will be received with ill-concealed delight by all who desire to maintain disloyalty in Ireland, and by all who envy the position of England in the world. What can be more mischievous than that every rebel newspaper should have the right to circulate among the Irish people whole pages from one of the most popular of English writers in favour of the extirpation of their religion and the destruction of all their liberties? What can be more deplorable than that every foreign critic who declaims upon the selfishness of England should be able to assert, on the authority of one of the foremost names in contemporary literature, that the English government in Ireland can only be rightly maintained and justified by the repudiation of all those principles of civil and religious liberty which it is the glory of England to have first introduced into her constitution, and which for many generations it has been her great mission to sustain and to propagate throughout the world?

W. E. H. LECKY.

HIS LITTLE SERENE HIGHNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "DORCHLAUCHTING" OF
FRITZ REUTER.

FIVE hours earlier than his Highness held his levee on the following morning, the two sisters held their levee, and Stining, at least, with a heavy heart. Ah, with what a joyful heart she usually sat down to her work; how quickly she threaded her needle; how the stitches flew after each other on the white linen, as if they were the light footprints of a merry wanderer; and how gladly she threw a glance out of the window when she stopped to wax her thread, and rejoiced in the morning sun, which shone for the world, even though her little chamber were gloomy! And when the little birds in the old linden tree struck up their morning song to greet the new day, she sang her morning song also, but gently, very gently, lest she should disturb the rest of her old father, who slept near by. So it had been every morning; and if at evening her heart was heavy with care and longing, in the silent darkness of night came the angel who brings a message from our Lord to weary hands and faithful hearts, and he softly pressed her eyelids together, and poured into her heart the hope which shone from her bright eyes in the morning. But this night the angel did not come to close her eyes; they were heavy and sad with waking and weeping; she sought vainly for the eye of her needle, and the merry wanderer crept sadly forward, and often stopped because of the rain that fell upon his white foot-path.

Dürten also had not slept; but she had arrived at a sort of conclusion in her thoughts, and although this conclusion was not so firm but that here and there some unmanageable features would intrude, yet she had a sure conviction that upon the chief element of this conclusion she could safely rely,—that is, if he would allow himself to be pushed,—and that was the Corrector. And he must let himself be pushed; she had pushed him so often that he could not be rusty; and if she were to apply a little oil—

"Good-morning, Stining," said she, as she entered her sister's door about half-past ten o'clock. "I could not come sooner, for I had everything to do first; but now he is at school."

"Ah, Dürten, I am feeling very sad."

"That I can readily believe. I do not feel quite right myself; I did not sleep well last night, but I am getting over it. I feel quite differently this morning."

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"Ah, yes, I dare say; it is a beautiful morning."

"Yes, but that isn't the reason; I would rather it looked like a storm."

"Like a storm! What good can a storm do us?"

"Much, Stining, much! And if you think as I do, you will pray the Lord to send us a fearful storm to-day, and not be sparing of thunder and lightning."

"But, good heavens, Dürten! why do you want a thunder-storm?"

"To set Halsband free."

"Ah, Dürten, how you talk! What has Halsband to do with a thunder-storm?"

"He need not make it, and it need not beat in at his windows. No, it is only that Serene Highness may know how an anxious man feels. What!—does he think he can command everything? We have not got so far as that! The Lord has not entrusted Serene Highness with the control of the storms, and so far as I can see, it looks as if He intended to keep that business in His own hands."

"Yes, Dürten; but Halsband—"

"Hear me out, Stining! I am coming to that. See,—when a storm is coming up, Serene Highness trembles with fear, and he learns to recognize the hand of the Lord. And then he becomes very gracious, and on account of his terror he sends for the Herr Corrector, whom he considers the most intelligent man in the city, at least in weather matters,—in money matters Hofrath Altmann may be more so,—and then they do all sorts of wonderful tricks together, and in that way his Highness seeks for comfort; and then, in his distress, he cannot refuse the Corrector any favor. That was the way we got the two cords of beech-wood, and if he should ask him to set Halsband free—"

"Ah, Dürten, do you think he would?"

"He might, Stining; I have persuaded him to do harder things; but this is my business. Your business is to pray for a good, hard thunder-storm. Unless he is in distress, his Highness will do nothing."

With that she went away, but put her head in at the window to say: "The flies stick dreadfully, and it is sultry enough, and there are little clouds rising in the West. I believe we shall get one; but keep on praying all the same; it can do no harm, at any rate."

How Dürten Holzen intended to procure a petition for Halsband, from the Herr Corrector, was her own affair, and we need not trouble ourselves about it. Time will reveal it. But she was so well informed about his Highness's terror of

thunder-storms, because of late years she had often seen the Herr Conrector going to the palace, often with a little vexation; but he always came back laughing and jesting.

His Serene Highness was Duke by the grace of God; but he did not understand his title to mean that the grace of God had made him Duke. On the contrary, in the winter, when there were no thunder-storms, or in fair weather in summer, he was very nearly of the opinion that his ducal grace was as independent and significant as the grace of God itself. He did not learn that in Gripswold, but in France. He looked upon himself, therefore, in fine weather, as a sort of minor deity, all-powerful in his little realm. But our Lord disturbs the lofty tree, that it may not grow up to heaven, and He so ordered it that his Highness was often reminded of his humanity; for instance, when the treasury was empty and Schultsch would give him no biscuits, or when there was a storm in the air and his limbs began to tremble. If the first was the case, Hofrath Altmann was sent for; if the second, the Herr Conrector, with his pitch-and-rosin box under his arm and the fox-brush in his hand, took his way across the market-place, the lackey who had summoned him following with a couple of bottles, and Dürten bringing up the rear with the rest of the apparatus in a basket. In the very sanctum sanctorum of his Highness, in his private cabinet, preparations were made and all was properly exhibited: little balls of elder-pith were attracted and repelled, little paper poppets danced upon the pitch-and-rosin box; the Herr Conrector put Rand upon a three-legged stool, which was supported by bottles, and filled with a substance which nobody could see, until his hair stood on end like swine's bristles, and his face looked like a hedge-hog. Then he went up to Rand and touched his nose with the knuckle of his finger, and sparks came from it, and his Highness did the same, and then laughed at Rand's comical expression. And at one time his Highness gave orders that the apothecary's machine should be brought over, and the Conrector filled a bottle from it, and asked his Highness if he would like to see a little lightning, — just a very little, — in the room, and his Highness thoughtlessly said, "Yes," and got such a flash that he almost screamed, and gave orders that the thing should never be brought into his presence again. Of all these things, his Highness understood nothing at all, — the Herr Conrector said to himself: because of his natural capacities; — Rand said:

because of his natural fear, — and he ordered the Conrector, by virtue of his office as reigning sovereign, that he should take care that there were no more thunder-storms. When the Conrector said that he could not do that, his Highness demanded that he should be protected from the lightning. The Conrector informed him that the only protection was in lightning-rods; and when he had clearly explained them, his Highness had them put up on all the chimneys and corners of the palace roof, and they stand there to this day, and have done some good; for, since that time, the lightning struck Baker Schultz's pig-pen, and it was burnt to the ground; but the palace stands there still.

At first these precautions gave his Highness a little rest; but, in time, various misgivings arose in his mind lest his sacred person might not be sufficiently protected; for he had the princely feeling that he, of all others, ought to be placed in perfect security.

So he asked advice of the Conrector, but the latter did not know what to recommend. He knew, to be sure, that iron and other metals attract the lightning, and glass and sealing-wax and silk repel it; but how to construct from these a protective armor for the ducal person he could not imagine.

"So," said his Highness, "you think if a man could sit in a glass ball, he would not be struck by lightning?"

"Yes," said the Conrector, "possibly not, but he would certainly be suffocated."

That was not agreeable to the gracious Herr, so he gave up the idea of enclosing himself in glass; but sealing-wax? How would that answer? But that wasn't quite the thing, either. He could have his body covered with red wax, — black would not do, because of the looks, — but it would wear off, and to have himself fresh lacquered and dried every morning would be too great an inconvenience. So, silk! — But he wore that already, down to his shoes, and if that were a protection, then all his terrors were needless. He occupied himself a long time with these deliberations, and during the last winter at Nigen-Strelitz he had arrived at a conclusion and invented something. He had brought his invention with him, and intended to surprise the Conrector with it. And on this very day he succeeded completely in doing so.

Dürten also had her designs upon the Herr Conrector this morning; but she had no thought of a surprise. On the contrary, she intended to make gradual ap-

proaches, until, by slow degrees, she should have prepared him for her request. But she found it a difficult matter; for, as he sat at the dinner table, he looked so cross, and gazed away over the dishes and Dürten herself out of the window, as if there were something special to be seen there. At first Dürten thought of the Soltmann, and she looked round. No, it wasn't that, — she was not to be seen.

"It is very hot to-day," said she.

"Hm!" answered the Conrector.

"Yes; and the old flies stick so."

"Hm!" was the reply. "Saturday, Sunday, —"

"No, to-day is Friday; that is, for people who do not get strokes; but I believe we shall have something to-day — we shall get a thunder-storm."

"Saturday, Sunday," continued the Conrector, quietly; "the sixteenth, that will be a week from Tuesday, — that will be the Tuesday after Whitsuntide."

"No," said Dürten, "it doesn't last till then; the time is out a week from to-day. His Highness has settled it."

"Dürten," said the Conrector, "what are you talking about? What has his Highness to do with the matter? It belongs to the Chancery."

"The Chancery? But the Court must examine a man first, and he can make his defence before they can put him in prison."

"So they will; but in prison? In prison? No; the Prussians are not so stupid as that."

"Herr Conrector, what —"

"Eh, Dürten, there is no help for it. On the second feast day I must travel."

"Travel!" cried Dürten, dropping her fork; for in the five years that she had lived with the Herr Conrector she had never heard that word, and no neighbor had ever told her of the Conrector's taking a journey.

"No, Herr," said she, "if Halsband is locked up till the Day of Judgment, I should not think of asking you to take a journey on his account. No, I only thought if there should be a thunder-storm to-day —"

"Eh, what has a thunder-storm to-day to do with my journey. — for I must go to Strelitz a week from Tuesday, — and why do you mix in Halsband with my bread-and-butter and Madeira?"

"Oh, that is it?" said Dürten; and now she told her story without more ado.

"Ah, that is what you meant!" said the Conrector, and then told her that he had been summoned to the last term on the Tuesday in Whitsun week.

So it is, when two persons are looking for each other, and each goes his own way, they will never find each other until it occurs to one of them to stand still. Dürten did so.

"Herr Conrector," said she, "I am very foolish and very wicked also. I have been employing pretences and roundabout ways to persuade you to a good deed; as if that were necessary with a man who is as full of virtue and kindness as a donkey is of gray hairs, and as full of wisdom as a Danish horse, that comes into the house three days before it rains. Herr, I want you to deliver my poor sister and my old father from misfortune; for you see, if it comes out that Halsband has been in prison, and his Highness does not pronounce him free from all blame, they will not take him into the cooper's trade when he is dismissed from his service as runner. And what will become of my poor Striving then? Ah, and she has no idea herself how bad it would be for her!"

She had her hands folded, and looked so sadly and earnestly in the Conrector's eyes, and her own eyes were brimming with tears. "How pretty Dürten looks to-day!" thought the Conrector. "And what a lovely expression on her face!"

"Eh, Dürten," said he, laying his hand upon her folded hands, and pressing them gently, "perhaps we can manage it. When we have a thunder-storm his Highness is always very gracious. He may release Halsband in his graciousness; but to pronounce him free from all blame, — if he does that, he must take the blame on himself, and that is too much to expect from his Highness."

"Yes, but it *was* his own fault. How could the poor man be to blame, because the Broda Pächter took him for a crazy man?"

"Very true, Dürten, very true!" said the Conrector, and he stood up and laid his hand on her head. "Well, we will see what can be done."

Dürten sat still for a moment with folded hands, then rose softly, and, with a deep sigh, left the room.

"Remarkable!" said the Conrector to himself, as he sat in his arm-chair, "very remarkable! She has been here now for five years, and then she was five years younger; but I never, in all that time, saw her look so lovely. Hm, that comes from her looking at me in such a wistful way, — she never had anything to ask of me before, — this time she was only asking for her sister. I believe she could be awfully fond of a person. Hm, hm! I believe there

is something in Dürten; there is something quite peculiar about her."

As the Herr Conrector started for his school he was in a very cheerful mood, and his scholars would have had a good time if Kunst had not met him on the way, and, with a laughing face and a very singular expression, taken off his hat, looked at him from top to toe, and remarked, as if to himself: "So, Tuesday-week in Nigen-Strelitz."

No one must infer that Kunst was a double-distilled rascal, or a quarrelsome fellow who could not get his fill of mischief, and so coveted the gold-headed cane of the Conrector;—oh no! Kunst was only a jester, of the kind of which one may always find one or two in every little town in our region, who carry their jests to extremes, and ride their hobbies till they have broken their backs. Kunst's chief amusement lay in making people anxious and uneasy, and as, on Christmas Eve, the cane had furnished him an opportunity, he mounted his hobby directly, and rode it till it was lame. The Conrector was well acquainted with this characteristic of his brother-in-law, and so long as he himself was not in the game, but only other people, he found nothing remarkable in it, and could even laugh at it when it was not too bad; but now, when it touched himself, he did not see the joke. His brother-in-law's tricks appeared to him the meanest of strategies, and his greeting, this afternoon, like the Satanic smile of the Fiend when he has a poor soul fast in his clutches. His cheerful mood had vanished. In its place, Vexation sat upon his features and twisted his old friendly face till it looked as if the spitefullest of flies were crawling over it during his afternoon nap; and when he reached the porch of the school-house, the picture which met his eyes was not one calculated to restore his good humor.

Pagel Zarnewitz had brought, from home, sausage and pickled goose, and had not shared them with his friend, Karl Bentwisch. He had derided him as a stingy fellow, and from hard words they fell to harder blows, and now Karl Bentwisch lay undermost, and Pagel Zarnewitz was on top, and pounded at Karl Bentwisch's face as if he were fighting for a wager, and Karl Bentwisch had Pagel Zarnewitz's nose and face in both hands, kneading them as a baker's apprentice kneads dough, and crying: "You think you have the tiger; but the tiger has you!"

"And now he has you both!" cried the Conrector; and he pulled them to their feet with a few deserved blows. As he

entered the school-room he had the pleasant surprise of seeing a Roman cavalry fight in full progress, which his beloved pupils had got up in honor of Titus Livius, and probably as a pleasure to himself, and in which they were making as great an uproar as if they had been real Roman knights and real horses. This was, doubtless, a very bright idea on the part of the boys; but for the quiet which is suited to a school-room, and for the pacification of a master who has been annoyed on the street and provoked in the vestibule, it was not so desirable.

The Herr Conrector sat down on his platform, opened his Homer, and when the noise had subsided in some degree, he began, very angrily:

"Now, listen to me, you rascals! I think you intended to give me a representation of the Trojan war, and the battles before the walls of Ilium; and the idea is not a bad one, if you were not too stupid to carry it out. What! Does this scuffling signify the contest for the ships? Then let me tell you, they had no horses there except those before the war-chariots, and if Karl Bentwisch and Pagel Zarnewitz imagine that they are imitating Hector and Achilles, I will only say that these two did not tear each other's jackets and trousers, or scratch each other's faces,—just see how the donkey bleeds!—no, that affair was very differently conducted. You must learn something first, you rogues, and then you can play at being heroes! We have come to that fine passage where Hector bids adieu to his wife Andromache, and she admonishes him; but you are not worthy to read anything so beautiful! Karl Wendt, you rascal, stop your talking, or you shall come and stand here, on my platform, and I'll talk to you. Langnickel, begin!"

Langnickel cleared his throat, and punched his neighbors right and left with his elbows, as if to say: "Help me, boys,—I am in great distress!"

"Come," said the Conrector, "go ahead! *Διψους*—what does that mean?"

"Ah, thou monster!" said Langnickel, looking doubtfully at the Conrector to see how he would take it.

"I think you are the monster, yourself. The next, go on!" said the Conrector, indicating Karl Siemssen. "Come, Karl! Yes, that is not an easy word; but what do you call a fellow who can do more than an ordinary man? A d—, a d—, d—"

"A donkey," ventured Karl, in his embarrassment.

"Not exactly. One might say that in

joke, but do you think Hector's wife is in a joking mood here? No, she is scolding him: 'Thou devil of a fellow!' she says, 'bridle thy wrath,' says she. 'Have you no pity for your poor little boy,'—she means her little Asryanax whom she has on her arm,—'and for me, poor wretch,' says she, 'whom you will soon leave a widow! For how long will this last?' she says, 'for the Archaians will rush upon thee and slay thee, and what shall I have but anguish, when I sit alone, without thee?' she says. Come. I believe I should translate the whole of Homer to you. Go on, Karl Siemssen!" he cried; but just then the door opened, and one of his Highness's lackeys entered, saying:

"Herr Conrector, his Serene Highness wants to know if we shall have a thunder-shower to-day?"

By this time the Conrector's patience was completely exhausted. He turned round spitefully upon the man, and exclaimed:

"Yes; tell his Serene Highness we shall have seven!"

"What,—seven?" asked the lackey, in astonishment, and as he went out of the room, the Conrector called after him:

"Yes, seven! We shall have seven!"

Here I might quote a brave old rhyme:

"Sturgt in Fallen auf die Uhr,
Und zerbricht zwei Reihen Zähne,
Blinder Eifer schadet nur."*

The Herr Conrector was in such blind anger that he forgot Dürten's entreaties, and wanted only to astound his Highness with his seven thunder-storms, so that he might leave him in peace; but he had reckoned without his host. There were really seven thunder-storms that evening, one after another; and through his prophecy and his wonderful knowledge of the weather, he rose so high in the estimation of his Highness that he was sent for in every storm through the summer, and became as necessary to his Highness as his daily bread, and must always sit with him and drive away his terrors, as a rat-catcher drives away rats. So; blind anger does nothing but harm.

The first recitation was over, and the second began; this was translating the *Bucolics* of Virgil. The Herr Conrector had, meanwhile, taken a glance at the weather, and now knew for certain that there was a storm coming up. His scholars looked in his face, and also knew for

certain that there would be a storm; but they could not tell for certain whom it would strike. All were still as mice in the class; each had a secret fear, and was in this respect like a little Serene Highness, Pagel Zarnewitz doubly so, for he had also a horror of work. It was not his custom to prepare himself, and he always relied, in case of distress, upon his friend, Karl Bentwisch, who sat behind him and whispered in his ear. This answered very well, for Pagel had the good fortune to be naturally a stammerer, so it could not be wondered at if his translations came out by jerks, a few drops at a time. But now he had quarrelled with his good angel, and the good angel was a malicious scamp, and when Pagel was called upon to translate, and leaned backward as far as possible,—and that was a good way, for he had been placed in the Conrector's class *propter barbam et staturam*,—as a signal of distress, it shot through Karl Bentwisch's head that now he could avenge himself finely for his drubbing.

"Come, shall we read a little?" said the Conrector, and Pagel began to stammer:

"Pastores edera crescentam ornate poetam
Arcades, invidia rumpantur et ilia Codro."

"Scan it," said the Conrector; "perhaps it will go smoother, then."

So Pagel scanned it. Well, when a stammerer tries to scan, he makes rather sorry work of it. Pagel got through it, but drops of anguish stood on his forehead.

"So, now translate it."

This was worse yet. But Pagel began, and the beginning was easy. "Pastores,—the shepherds; edera,—edere, to eat, ate," went through his head; "the shepherds ate," said he aloud. The Conrector looked up and said: "No, wait a little! Look further!"

"Crescentem, eh, that comes later," thought Pagel; "ornatus—adorned, poet—the poet,—with the adorned poet," said he aloud; the Conrector arose from his seat.

Pagel's Latin was now at an end. He stretched as far back as he could, and that rogue of a Karl Bentwisch whispered to him: "the round sausage." "The round sausage," said Pagel, aloud. The Conrector bit his lips, and stared at Pagel, as if he were some strange beast, and he had paid his sixpence for the show.

"Also the savory pickled goose," whispered Karl. "Also the savory pickled goose," said Pagel aloud, and as all the boys began to titter, he became suddenly conscious that he had made some great

* "Stumbled and fell against the clock,
And knocked out two rows of teeth,
Blind anger does nothing but harm."

blunder, and yet! Sausage and pickled goose belonged together, and it was a nice dish. The Conrector laughed too, but it was a peculiar sort of laughter; it seemed to rise in him by fits and starts, and it extended to his right arm, which was raised aloft, book in hand:

"Now, just tell me, you rascal, what word here means pickled goose?"

Well, if the Conrector did not know, certainly Pagel did not; he wrinkled up his forehead, and looked half-defiantly, half-anxiously, at the Conrector, as if he would say: "What more do you want? Pickled goose! Isn't that good enough for you?" And in his thoughts he ran over with the greatest rapidity all the smoked meats he could remember, as if his head were a smoke-house, to find something nicer for the Conrector than pickled goose; but the Conrector's arm grew more threatening, and the storm would certainly have burst upon Pagel, if his Serene Highness had not sent another lackey. He entered the door at this moment.

"Herr Conrector, his Serene Highness bids me say you must come to him; there is a fearful storm coming up."

"Tell his Highness," began the Conrector, angrily, — "to send for his grandmother," he was going to say, but he controlled himself, and said:

"I must finish my school first; then I will go."

So he finished his school, and when he went home in ill-humor, and Dürten said to him, "Herr, Serene Highness has sent," he threw his books down angrily on the table, and said:

"I know it; it appears I am expected to comfort all the old women in Nigen-Braumborg in their troubles."

"Herr Conrector!" said Dürten, looking at him surprised and timidly, and then letting her head drop.

"What? No, Dürten, no! How could I mean you? You are no old woman; you are a young, capable girl. No, I mean his Highness."

"Ah, Herr, do go to him! My poor Stining —"

"Indeed I will. I have been so vexed by the boys and by Kunst, and that old law-suit sticks in my head, and how it will come out —"

"Herr Conrector, it will come out right. Help me about Halsband, and I will help you through the law-suit. No devil and no Kunst shall harm you. I have made secret inquiries, — I name no names, — Kunst will give it up. Just do as I tell you."

And she talked him into another humor, not by whining compassion, but earnestly and intelligently; and he let her gather up his apparatus, the pitch-and-rosin box and the fox-brush, and all the rest, saying to her:

"Isn't it ludicrous, how I sleep with all this machinery in my room, as if it were some sort of witchcraft, and yet it is a perfectly simple, natural business?"

Dürten would scarcely believe that until the Conrector explained it to her, and showed her some of his experiments, and then she understood very quickly, and did them after him, and the Conrector's old, honest schoolmaster's soul was so rejoiced over his intelligent pupil, that it was only after the lapse of two hours, and with the first thunder clap, that he set out, laughing and joking, for the palace. This time Dürten carried the box and the fox-brush, for now she understood the whole business.

CHAPTER IX.

His Serene Highness in distress. — His Highness as a canary bird in a cage, the Conrector as the magician who has bewitched him. — How the Conrector became angry and talked seriously to his Highness. — How his Highness will hear nothing of Schultzch, but is willing to release the runner. — Mamsell Soltmann throws Stining and Dürten into great anxiety, and is rudely dismissed by Dürten in consequence. — Frau Schultzch comes with joyful news, but does not succeed in telling it. — The Conrector comforts Stining and kisses her. — Dürten dreams of kissing: Baker Schultzch of his Highness, how he dances up to the knees in cross-baus and rolls, and Krischan plays the organ.

MEANWHILE, things had been going on badly at the palace. His Highness wandered through his apartments with as pale a face as if he were the restless ghost of the late Heinrich von Dreieiken; the lackeys stood in corners or against the walls, silent and anxious as the players when Lady Macbeth walks in her sleep and washes her hands; the Kammerjunker von Knüppelsdörp locked, with his own hands, all the doors and windows, and Rand went about on tiptoe, looking as if some one had hit him a blow on the mouth.

"Rand," said his Highness, in a half-whisper, "the smoke attracts the lightning. Are the fires out everywhere?"

"Yes, Serene Highness, only in the kitchen, — we have not had dinner yet."

"We will have no dinner to-day; the fire must be extinguished."

"Yes, Serene Highness; but —" began Rand, who was not inclined to fast, even in a thunder-storm.

"It shall be!" exclaimed his Highness, so forcibly that he was alarmed at himself. "There must be no ringing of the

bells, either; the sound may attract it," he added in a lower tone.

"The sound, Serene Highness?"

"Donkey! I—I only said it *may* attract it!" whispered his Highness, angrily.

"Hm!" said Rand to himself, looking out of the window with one eye; "we are rough now; the storm hasn't got here yet; by-and-bye we shall be much more civil."

"Good heavens!" said his Highness, anxiously, "where can the Conrector be?"

"Ah, what can the Conrector do? He cannot——"

"He shall, though, he can! Take off my shoe-buckles!—Metal attracts it. Is everything ready in my cabinet?"

"Yes," muttered Rand, with his face downward as he loosened the buckles. "We have set up the whole contrivance there, and Hartwig, the joiner, says it looks like a bird-cage."

"Good heavens! where—do you hear? do you hear?—there it is already!—where can the Conrector be? I will go to my cabinet. Send for the Conrector! But don't run so—don't run so! It will draw the lightning. Ach, Du lieber Gott!" said he, really sick with fear, "and I am talking so loud!"

The lackey met the Conrector in the market-place. By his Highness's directions the door was opened for him, just a crack, that no draught might enter, and the Conrector squeezed in with his fox-brush and the rest of his apparatus. He was conducted to his Highness's cabinet, and there he saw something which, at first, quite upset his gravity. He stood stock still in the door for a moment, looking into the cabinet; but suddenly he burst into a strange, loud laughter. "What the devil is this? Don't be offended, Serene Highness, don't be offended; but what is this?"

And Rand laughed too, and said:

"Yes, you may well ask!"

I am not sure but that I too should have forgotten all respect, if I had seen what the Conrector saw. In the middle of the room was a platform supported by bottle-necks, and upon it a sort of summer-house composed entirely of windows, reaching to the floor and surmounted by a canopy of light-blue silk, like an umbrella for sixteen people, and in this contrivance was seated his distressed Highness, upon an arm-chair, in a yellow silk dressing-gown, with a green silk night-cap on his head, and shoes on his feet that were lacquered with red sealing-wax. He looked, for all the world, like a fine canary bird with a green cap, which one has put into a cage that he may sing; and he might

have begun to sing now, if he had only been in a better humor. As it was, he would have sung the Conrector a fine song to pay for his laughter.—and he had already a rod in pickle for him, on account of his contemplated marriage with the Soltmann or Dürten Holzen, or some other pleasant Nigen-Bramborg lady,—if a sudden flash had not interrupted the ducal song.

"What a stupid——" he began; then came the lightning, and he clapped a silk handkerchief to his eyes. "Ach, Du lieber Gott!" and he peeped out from behind the handkerchief and listened to the thunder, and when it came he stopped his ears, and cried again: "Ach, Du lieber Gott!"

The Conrector had stopped laughing, and was looking at the bird-cage on all sides, and his Highness regarded him very anxiously, and at last inquired:

"Weil, what do you think? Will it answer? Glass, silk,"—and he raised his foot,— "and here is sealing-wax, too; and nothing made of metal inside."

"Yes," said the Conrector, "it ought to answer, Serene Highness; you have done what man can do; but—don't be offended—the golden ducal coronet on the back of the chair in which you are sitting,—you have forgotten that."

"Didn't I say so? Didn't I say so? Rand, you donkey! Ach, Du lieber Gott!"—for there was another flash of lightning. "Blockhead! bring another chair. I want no ducal honors, for in such a storm as this, I am like an ordinary man. Ach, Du lieber Gott!"—and he stopped his ears from the thunder, "Isn't it so, Conrector?"

The Conrector said, he believed it was; but the chair with the coronet might remain; the coronet could be covered up for the time being, with a silken cloth. And as this was done, he had some singular reflections how, in a similar manner, the shining, golden ducal honor concealed itself, and drew humbly aside, before God's words of thunder.

"Rand, go out and look at the weather!" commanded his Highness.

Rand did so, and returned, saying:

"This one is gone by; but there is another coming up, and it looks very dangerous."

"Rand, bring a chair into my weather-temple, for the Conrector."

"Oh, Serene Highness," said the Conrector, "that is not necessary."

"Yet, it is necessary—it is necessary for me; but you cannot come in so, you would attract the lightning. Rand, bring

another silk dressing-gown and night-cap, and the red lacquered shoes!"

The Conrector might excuse himself as he pleased, it did no good, and presently he stood there in a black night-cap and fiery-red dressing-gown and shoes; and he looked like a magician of the old times, who had bewitched an unfortunate prince into a canary bird, and shut him up in a glass cage; and it looked as if he might sit there forever, unless some beautiful fairy should release him with a sweet kiss on his bill. But his Highness had a frightful horror of kissing, and beautiful fairy there was none; for Rand, the only person present besides the magician, could not possibly have been mistaken for a beautiful fairy.

When the old magician was seated by his enchanted victim, his Highness sent Rand away, for fear the perspiration of so many people might attract the lightning, but ordered him to put his head in at the door occasionally, and report the state of the weather. And Rand was very glad to be dismissed, for now he could run over

to Schultz the baker's, and drink strong beer.

"What do you think, Conrector,—is this really safe?" asked his Highness.

"Yes, so far as I understand——"

"But is it *entirely* safe?"

"Yes, Serene Highness, what man can do is done; but what are human contrivances against the will of God?"

"That is just what I say!" cried his Highness. "Those stupid fellows, the joiner and the glazier, should have made it quite round, and they have made it with corners; corners always attract."

"Do not blame the people! If the Lord pleased, he could destroy all Brambörg in a moment. Remember Sodom and Gomorrah!"

"Ach, Du lieber Gott! Yes, I know, I——"

Here Rand stuck his head in at the door.

"It is coming up again, and Baker Schultsch says——"

"Blockhead! I will not hear what the impertinent woman says."

Rand retired.

THE VOLCANO OF MOKUAWEOWE.—This mountain, which we believe is in Hawaii, has lately been in a magnificent condition of explosive activity. A writer in the "Pacific Commercial Advertiser" thus describes his observations, which, for lack of better ones—though they are exceedingly graphic—we give our readers. On ascending the mountain he watched steadily the grand fountain playing before him, and called frequently to his companions to note when some tall jet, rising far above the head of the main stream, would carry with it immense masses of white-hot glowing rock, which, as they fell and struck upon the black surface of the cooling lava, burst like meteors in a summer sky. As soon as he had reached the summit level of the mountain, he heard the muffled roar of the long pent-up gases as they rushed out of the opening which their force had rent in the basin's solid bed. And now that he was in full view of the grand display, his ears were filled with the mighty sound as of a heavy surf booming in upon a level shore, while ever and anon a mingled crash and break of sound would call to mind the heavy rush of ponderous waves against the rocky cliffs that girt Hawaii. At night the jet looked loftier, and gazing intently into the fiery column with a good glass that he had, he could see the limpid sparkling upward jet rising with tremendous force from out an incandescent lake. Following up the glowing stream, he saw

it arch itself and pour over as it were in one broad beautiful cascade. While the ascending stream was almost silvery in its intense brightness, the falling sheet was slightly dulled by cooling, and thus the two were ever rising, falling, shooting up in brilliant jets, and showering down with mingled dashes of bright light and shooting spray, while in the lake out of which rose the fountain, and into which fell the fiery masses, danced and played a thousand mimic waves, and fiery foam swirled round and round. Upon its surface danced myriad jets and bubbles, and from its edge flowed out the rivulets of lava, that in a tangled maze of lines covered all the lake.

Popular Science Review.

At some future time the book containing the names of those inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine who have now formerly proclaimed their wish to remain French subjects will possess a certain historical, or at least genealogical interest. The list, which by the terms of the treaty should already have been presented to the German Government, is said to comprise 380,000 names. The *Patrie* states that 125 compositors have been employed on the work during the last three months, that it is being printed on seven presses, and that it will form a volume of 13,163 pages.

Pall Mall.

From The British Quarterly Review.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER AND THE POLICY OF RUSSIA.*

THE autocrat of nearly eighty million of able-bodied subjects, alike docile and brave, who has also something like one-seventh of the territorial earth at his command, would, under any circumstances, be an object of serious consideration. But when such an autocrat has spent seventeen years in civilizing his peasantry, in constructing railroads, and in bringing his armies to the European standard of perfection, he becomes quite a *Deus ex machinâ* to his neighbours; especially when these neighbours are weakened by colossal war, and have to maintain distracting political and religious struggles. The central figure of the recent Berlin conference seemed to the vast majority of people to be Prince Bismarck, or the Emperor Friedrich Wilhelm; but in reality they occupied but a secondary position, inasmuch as they were utterly unable to undertake any important steps in European politics without the sanction of the nephew of the German Emperor. While Francis Joseph and Count Andrassy have first to think of what the various nationalities of the Austro-Hungarian Empire would be likely to say to any given plan of action; and while Friedrich Wilhelm and Prince Bismarck are, to a certain extent at least, compelled to consider the views prevailing in their docile Parliament, and in the nation, which has just lost some 120,000 of its best men, while some 50,000 more have been made invalids for life, no consideration of this sort can seriously affect the mind of Alexander. What he may wish to-day the whole of his vast Empire can be made to wish to-morrow. And on that account alone he is incomparably stronger than either of his Imperial neighbours; nay, perhaps stronger than both of them taken together. This is known perfectly well at Berlin, as well as at Vienna and St. Petersburg, and consequently, while Prince Bismarck will have always full liberty to propose whatever he

likes, he will get only that which the Czar may think it to his advantage to permit, and not an inch more. Under such circumstances, the person of Alexander becomes much more interesting than it would otherwise have been, since nearly all we shall have to see of European affairs, and perhaps a good deal of what we shall have to bear, will, to a certain extent, depend upon his individual disposition. Let us, therefore, see what sort of man he is, and what are his precedents.

Alexander was born in April, 1818, and is now in his fifty-fifth year, although from his appearance one would scarcely judge him to be more than forty-five. When he was born, no one, probably, expected that he would be called one day to sit upon the throne of Russia, his father being but the third son of the murdered Czar, Paul I. But it soon became evident that this would be the case, inasmuch as Alexander the First (the Blessed, as he is usually called by the religious folk) remained childless, and his childless brother Constantine, then Viceroy of Poland, did not show any disposition to assume the troublesome duties of a sovereign of an unsettled and disturbed Empire, which had scarcely begun to recover from an invasion and a subsequent war abroad. He enjoyed at Warsaw all the advantages of wealth, pleasure, and love, as well as regal honours, and did not see the benefit of exchanging all these for a precarious throne at Petersburg—for very precarious it was then, and only an iron hand like that of Nicholas could have rendered it safe. Consequently, the more Alexander the First's delicate constitution yielded to the influence of the fatal melancholy which took possession of him almost immediately after his victorious return from Paris, where he was the chief agent in the Bourbon restoration, the more it became evident that Nicholas would be the likely and fit person to succeed him. He was known to be a man of strong will, he was married (his wife being the sister of the present Emperor of Germany, and a daughter of Friedrich Wilhelm III.), and he had already a son and a couple of daughters, securing to him an undisturbed succession. Thus, when one frosty winter morning of 1825, a courier arrived from Taganrog with the news of the sudden death of Alexander, who was supposed to have taken poison in a fit of melancholy, Nicholas, who was left as Lieutenant of the Czar of Petersburg, found himself practically the master of the situation; and a formal abdication on the part of Constantine, already lodged among the secret

* (1.) *The War with Turkey, and the breaking off of our Relations with the Western Powers in 1853 and 1854*. By General KOVALEVSKY. Russian Edition. St. Petersburg, 1858.

(2.) *Opinions on the Eastern Question*. By General FADEEFF. Translated by T. MITCHELL, Secretary to her Majesty's Embassy and Consul at St. Petersburg. London: Edward Stanford. 1871.

(3.) *Notes on the Central Asian Question*. By General ROMANOVSKY. Russian Edition. St. Petersburg, 1868.

(4.) *Some Personal Recollections of Alexander Nikolaevitch, the Grand Duke Hereditary*. An unpublished MS.

State papers, made Nicholas legally the successor to his brother. A revolt broke out on the 11th of December, 1825, among several regiments of the guards, who refused to take the oath of allegiance; but Nicholas drowned their opposition in blood, hanged a good many of their leaders, exiled a still greater number to Siberia, and began that reign of thirty years which the defeat in the Crimea of his forces and his plans brought to an abrupt end. Nicholas literally died of vexation at seeing to what results his brutal, despotic, and soldierlike system had brought the Empire.

The young heir apparent, as well as the nation, had to endure the unbearable temper of his father. Popular rumour says that Nicholas often whipped his children with his own hand, and the mild nature of his eldest son seems to have been the chief object of his anger. He treated him as a Liberal or Freethinker, utterly unfit for the part which was reserved to him, and it is said that on his death-bed, a few moments before closing his mouth for ever, the great despot whispered pitifully, something about "poor constitutional Emperor."

Up to the year 1855, that is to say, for nearly thirty-seven years of his life, Alexander had no political importance of any sort, either to himself or to his country. He was an aide-de-camp of the Emperor and nothing else, highly sympathetic to all who had anything to do with him, but devoid of any influence whatever upon his father. At six years of age he was, in his mother's arms, exposed on the balcony of the Palace to the balls of revolted regiments, and he the next morning found himself heir apparent to the throne of the greatest empire in the world. As if with a view to show him what his tastes and inclinations should be, Nicholas at once nominated the child head-ataman of Cozacks, or in other words, chieftain of the most savage tribes of a half-savage country. From the age of ten his training and education were entrusted to a set of the most stern disciplinarians that could be found among the officers of the guards—General Zinovieff, his head tutor, remaining an object of terror for Alexander even after he had become a grown-up and married man. The only honest person among those surrounding the unlucky child was the geographer Arsenieff, his teacher in nearly all "civil subjects," a man of highly cultivated mind, who exercised but for a short time any influence on the Grand Duke, having been soon set aside as a Liberal, and left to die almost in poverty. Yet Alexander was growing just at the

time when the greatest poets and writers of Russia, like Poushkin, Lermontoff, and Gogol, were in their prime, and were all banished in distant provinces, in order to prevent the poisonous influence of their liberalism and culture from reaching not only the Palace, but even the capital itself. At the age of twenty-three, Alexander was married to the Grand Duchess Mury of Hesse-Darmstadt, daughter of the Grand Duke Louis II., then a remarkably pretty girl of 17, but now a thorough invalid, quite estranged from her people, residing the greater part of the year at the Palace of Livadia, on the eastern coast of the Crimea, the climate of that place apparently being the only one in which it is possible for her still to breathe. It was not until he had passed his thirtieth year that Alexander was allowed to take any important part in public life. Until that period he was a young man dressed in a colonel's uniform, and following his father as his first aide-de-camp, wherever he went, at home or abroad, in the day-time, or at night, to see a fire, or to review a regiment. He had not even a house of his own, but lived with his wife, children, and household, under the same roof with his father and master. The death of his uncle, the Grand Duke Michael (fourth son of the Emperor Paul), produced some changes in the heir apparent's position. Some of the posts occupied by that rare specimen of brutality having been vacated by his death, were entrusted to Alexander, and among these was the superintendence of all the military colleges, in which he displayed a most beneficial activity. The changes which his mild nature introduced in the manner of treatment and training of the cadets, when compared with Michael's *régime*, were so great that a good many people became quite alarmed lest discipline should completely break down in the army. This was, however, not the case, and Alexander became at once the object of worship among the younger generation of military men. We may as well advert here to a fact, which though very trifling, shows the kind of relations which the present Czar in his younger years established between himself and all those with whom he was brought into contact.

The Russian cadets have a great weakness for smoking, and smoking was held in such abhorrence by Nicholas, that—as many an English traveller in Russia will still remember—any person, whatever his age and rank, was arrested by the police, if found smoking in the streets. Alexander, who was exceedingly fond of

cigarettes, hid himself from his father all his life long, when he wanted to have a smoke. Disregarding all the penalties, however, the cadets managed to smoke in their schools, and in one of them Alexander arrived one day at a moment when the rooms were full of tobacco smoke. He did not seem to notice, however, what but a couple of years before would have been regarded as a crime very nearly approaching high treason, and went quietly on with his inspection, when an alarm was suddenly raised, that the Emperor had arrived in the school's courtyard. Alexander suddenly turned to the boys who followed him, and said, "It smells of tobacco here very strongly; open quickly the windows; I will go down stairs and detain the Emperor for a while." And so he did; the Emperor noticed nothing, and the Grand Duke Alexander became more than ever the idol of young men who are old officers now, but from whose memory the story seems not to have departed; at all events, the writer has had it repeated to him several times.

The sympathies which Alexander evoked towards himself in those early years, by those little kindnesses, were one of the elements of his subsequent success. When he began his reforms, though all the old nobility rose against him, none of them dared attempt anything against a sovereign so strong with the young generation, both in the army and outside of it. It is well known that only a few representatives of the Romanoff dynasty have died a natural death. Regicide was quite a matter of course up to the beginning of this century. It was always the work of the nobility and courtiers, and keeping in view the blows Alexander inflicted on both by the abolition of serfdom only, not to speak of other reforms, it becomes quite a matter for astonishment that he has hitherto escaped the fate of so many of his predecessors.

It must be said, however, that one of the strongest points of Alexander's character is his capacity of remaining apparently quite unconcerned when he is performing his greater achievements of home or foreign policy. He stays in his capital less than any of his predecessors. Journeys to the Crimea, to the Caucasus, are to him pleasure trips, without which he seems unable to pass a few months. Friendly dinners with some of the companions of his youth, bear hunting, shooting, and theatrical entertainments, are his habitual pastimes when he is at Petersburg, or at any of its summer palaces.

He wins every one by his *bonhomie*. His father, so celebrated for the almost Spartan sobriety and plainness of his living in all respects, except his licentiousness, used to ridicule and persecute his son's weakness for shooting and luxurious living.

The slightest, most imperceptible breach of regulation in military uniform by an officer, often led to cashiering under Nicholas; while almost the first thing Alexander did on ascending the throne was to allow smoking everywhere, and to make the military dress as comfortable and easy as possible. Nicholas used to interfere with the smallest detail of every law or rule to be introduced, and even the working of existing laws was not left alone by him. The humblest civil or military officer wishing to marry was bound to write a petition to his Majesty; the smallest sentence of a provincial tribune had to be submitted to his approval; and the grand master of the police was daily to report, in person, every trifling accident or fire that took place in the city. Alexander put an end to almost all these absurdities as soon as the necessary show of reverence to the memory of his father in any way allowed it. He initiated the greatest reform with more quickness and ease than his father showed in dismissing a second-rate official. When he had made up his mind to introduce a reform of any sort, he wrote, or rather ordered to be written (for in respect of writing father and son were equally unskilful), a kind of manifesto, appointing a special committee for the purpose of studying the question, and seemed to care no more about the matter. The committee, usually composed of an equal number of representatives of the new and the old *régime*, sat for months and months until they arrived at the conclusions which suited him. They were locked up like a jury, until they agreed to recommend or formulate his own suggestion. If they quarrelled too much, he would simply send them an order to be quicker, or would fix a date by which the work was to be completed. He would listen just as patiently to all arguments of the old Nicholas party, as to those of the more liberal school of new statesmen; but he would never give up the main point, notwithstanding all the fearful prospects of revolution which the retrogrades used to point out to him. When he really saw, as in the case of Poland, or of radical conspiracies, that some little danger was to be apprehended, he would for a short time assume an apparently more Nicholas-like attitude; but in

a few months the work was again resumed, and the reform carried out all the same. Having no Parliament, and being deprived of the services of openly-expressed public opinion, he managed to get nearly everything that institutions of that kind usually give to a sovereign, and, perhaps, even more, for nothing was lost or misrepresented by party struggles. He had, of course, nothing to invent, the ideas of all his reforms having been long since thoroughly elaborated in Europe. Consequently, taking a given principle of legislation, he had only to order its adaptation to the conditions of his country. There could be no discussion whether trial by jury was a good thing, or serfdom a bad institution. All that was wanted, since he had made up his mind in favour of a principle established abroad, was to Russify it, so to speak, and he could therefore quietly go on with his dinners, shootings, and travellings, when he had once appointed a commission in which the new and the old interests were pretty equally represented. It is scarcely probable that, as a man, he would ever have proved capable of the doings of a Peter the Great, or a Catherine the Great. He has, probably, neither the genius nor the strength of will of either of those sovereigns. But it is almost just as certain that neither of those two sovereigns would have answered so well as he the requirement of the time. They would, probably, have attempted to do everything themselves, and would never have been able to realize the half of what he has done by merely ordering a thing, and quietly waiting until it is properly worked out by a little special parliament elected for the special occasion; meanwhile enjoying himself as best he could, or indulging in those occasional fits of melancholy in which he seems to resemble his uncle Alexander, and which lead people to apprehend a fatal softening of his brain.

In matters of foreign politics, the course of Russia during the present reign has been almost as much attributed to Prince Gortschakoff as the success of Prussia was attributed to Bismarck, or that of Italy to Cavour. But if we judge by the skill in home diplomacy which Alexander has always displayed, we shall be scarcely justified in attributing to him the somewhat indifferent parts which Friedrich Wilhelm and Victor Emmanuel have undoubtedly played. The celebrated policy of *recueillement* after the Crimean war, followed by the stern disregard of every one at the time of the Polish insurrection, looks much

more like the act of a man of Alexander's type than that of a shrewd and highly polished, but sanguine and nervous diplomatist of Prince Gortschakoff's stamp. The revision of the Black Sea treaty was perhaps more the Chancellor's idea, and it was undoubtedly his work, as also were the celebrated notes on the Polish question. But by the creation of the Black Sea Navigation Company, and the payment to it of fabulous subsidies since the close of the Crimean war, the Emperor, otherwise little interfering with commercial affairs, has shown a firm intention quietly to regain his power in the South. At all events, the tact which he displays in managing individuals around him would fairly imply an equal ability in transactions with those a little more distant. We have no reason to believe that a man who has been so skilful in subduing all his opponents at home, beginning with his own brother Constantine, and ending with factotums of his father, like the old General Ignatieff (whose son is now carrying out Alexander's plans at Constantinople), would be unable to determine for himself the proper way of dealing with Lord Russell, Earl Granville, Prince Bismarck, or any other European statesman. Prince Gortschakoff probably does not influence Alexander's resolution in matters of foreign policy more than the celebrated Roztowzeff did in the matter of the emancipation of the serfs, or than Valoueff did in a series of minor internal reforms. Roztowzeff died long before his work was finished, without in any way causing it to go on less rapidly or persistently on that account. Valoueff was dismissed several years ago, and reforms have not diminished since. The same thing might have happened with the foreign policy of Russia. The finish of its details, and the skill and clever arrogance of its despatches, reveal the hand of the celebrated Chancellor; but there is great reason to believe the apparently lazy and comfort-loving Czar has at all times had much to do with the main ideas involved in it; and the supposition would be a mistaken one that the festivities, compliments, or military reviews at Berlin have been able to divert him from any of the ideas which he is apparently so slow in generating, but which take so firm a possession of his head when they once got inside of it.

Happily for Russia, as well as for Europe, the present Czar has not inherited any of the unpleasant characteristics of his father. He is a despot no doubt, but an exceedingly good-natured one. The

high-handed treatment of Poland will be the only stain upon his reign, and even that stain must be attributed more to the miserable influence of his surroundings than to his personal disposition. He was just beginning to introduce various liberal reforms into Russia when the Polish insurrection broke out. The retrograde party, full of anger against him, but not daring openly to show that anger, attempted to frighten him by saying that the outbreak in Poland was only the beginning of an outbreak in Russia, and that in neither of those countries were the people in such a state as to admit of any change of administration from the manner in which they had been governed under his father. This was the chief reason why Alexander treated unhappy Poland so mercilessly. He wanted to give a warning to his Russian provinces. In addition to this must not be forgotten the influence of the traditional policy of the Romanoffs with regard to the Polish nation, and the intense personal dislike Alexander seems always to have felt towards Poles and Jews. It is true, also, that during his reign, blood has been profusely shed in the Caucasus and in Central Asia; but this was not war to his mind; it was mere suppression of rebellion, and a subjection of wild tribes troubling the peaceful population of the distant frontiers of his empire. The Czar has sent troops to Poland, the Caucasus, or Bokhara, much in the same matter-of-course fashion as our own Government would send additional policemen to a town disturbed by Mr. Murphy's preachings, or might order a couple of regiments to Belfast, pending the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne. Up to the present moment, war, conquest, invasion, in the proper sense of those words, seem never to have crossed the mind of Alexander. Even the weakness for playing at soldiers, which has always been so obvious in the Romanoff dynasty, and which might have been increased by the admixture of Hohenzollern blood in the veins of its contemporary representatives, is by no means pre-eminent in him. It is true that he is constantly holding military reviews, and is never to be seen by his subjects otherwise than in military garb; but there is something intensely civilian about him even when he is galloping on horseback, in a Cozack's or hussar's uniform, along the front of an army several corps strong. Every inch of his father was a stiff, brutal, cuirassier sergeant-major. Every inch of Alexander is a well-bred nobleman, very rich, very good-

natured, affectionate to his children, fond of a good dinner, of shooting and hunting, and of making every one comfortable, as long as he is permitted the pleasure of feeling that he is doing it voluntarily. He has had plenty of opportunities for giving wind to his warlike spirit if he had it and wished to do so. But he was never seen either in Asia, or in Hungary in 1849, or on the Danube and in the Crimea in 1854 and 1855. The only time he took an actual part in a war was some twenty-five years ago, on the Caucasus, where he was sent for a few weeks, by his father, "to smell powder," where he behaved very bravely under the bullets of the Tscherkesses, and where he gained the highest military distinction of a subaltern officer in Russia—the little white cross of St. George. Since that time, as well as prior to it, all the wars he has been personally engaged in were of that harmless and peaceful autumnal character which, under the auspices of Mr. Cardwell, have been so much encouraged in this country for the last two years.

The notions prevailing in England concerning the traditional policy of Russia with reference to Asia and Turkey may cause the reader to think that we are drawing here too peaceful a picture of Czar Alexander. But we would by no means commit ourselves to saying that, should circumstances favour him, Alexander would not be prepared for the occupation of Constantinople, or for the opening of a military high road to India. All we wish to point out is, that *up to the present*, this sovereign, who is already somewhat advanced in age, and has held power for nearly twenty years, has never shown any craving for conquest or military glory. His whole being has seemed always to be that of a philanthropic-despotic statesman, blended with a *bon vivant*, and a good family father; but he has never given evidence of the slightest disposition of a rapacious soldier, or of an ambitious general. The final conquest of the Caucasus by Alexander's most intimate personal friend, Prince Bariatinsky, was merely the natural issue of a struggle which began long before Alexander was born; while his conquests in Central Asia were made—however strange such a statement may seem—almost in spite of him. As we shall show it presently, Alexander has affirmed unceasingly that he wanted only to secure a safe journey for Russian caravans on their way to Bokhara and Khiva, and to "punish" the savage tribes attacking such caravans. But whenever a protecting and chastising expedition

of that sort has been sent out, its general and officers, anxious to distinguish themselves, have gone on making conquests on their own account; and Alexander has dismissed several of them for having made "too many conquests." So little, indeed, has he seemed ever to have cared for new annexations of territory, that murmurs on the part of a good many of his subjects were often to be heard against his indifference in such matters, and every Russian patriot was equally puzzled at seeing how little the Czar thought of the plot of territory he had to lose on the Danube at the close of the Crimean war, and at reading a few years ago the startling and unexpected order to sell the Russian possessions in America.

But while granting all this, we must not overlook the fact, that hitherto circumstances have to a considerable extent contributed towards the pacific character of the policy of Alexander. The disasters brought upon the throne which he inherited in 1855 naturally implied long years of what has been so appropriately called by Prince Gortschakoff a *recueillement*. Everything had to be reformed, from a worthless army, and a corrupt administration of justice, to ruined finances, and an ignorant bureaucracy. The position of Russia then was incomparably worse than the position of France is now, for France is rich, well cultivated, comparatively small in the extent of her territory, and is covered with railways; while Russia had only paper for money, no manufactures, scarcely any agriculture, no railways, and scarcely any practicable roads, over a territory of some eight millions of square miles. The task the new Czar had before him was not only a hard but a gigantic one; and revenge upon Europe, or any idea of regular conquests or wars, was, of course, quite out of the question, except in that incidental way in which they were carried on in Asia and the Caucasus, where an army of a few thousand savages, recruited mainly on the very spot where war was to be carried on, was for many years fighting, disciplining, and civilizing fifty times that amount of still more savage savages. Alexander did only what circumstances forced him to do. He set to at the peaceful work of reforms, and carried them on with a skill, tact, and above all with an ease, which have not yet been sufficiently appreciated, but which will some day excite the wonder of those who are able to grasp the magnitude of the task performed within the short period of seventeen years, and which can find its explanation only in the

wonderful aptitudes and capacities of the Russian race, and in the endless wealth of the Russian soil. In less than twenty years an amount of work has been performed, corresponding to what has taken a century in other countries. Go to any large Russian town you like, and you will find a railroad ready to carry you to and fro, or about to be ready to do so; a jury sitting to try the criminal, who was but a few years ago at the mercy of a corrupted official; a municipal council discussing its local budget; and a copy of the translations of Buckle, Darwin, Herbert Spencer, J. S. Mill, Tyndall, or Huxley, on the table of nearly every man of the very class which, before the Crimean war, was occupied only in hunting, drinking bad champagne, and flogging the serfs to death.

The usual difficulty for highly-gifted races, when about to emerge from a primitive to a civilized state of life, is to find a ruler capable of giving them the first start, *donner le branle*, as French people say. When so much has been done, the monstrous block rolls of itself with a celerity which surprises everybody, and seriously frightens the man who initiated the movement, and which sometimes far exceeds all limits of reasonable speed. So it is with Russia. In 1856 the first reforms began, and in 1861 elements of ultra-radical revolution were already fermenting in nearly all towns in which a university or a first-class public school were to be found. Immediately upon that followed the Polish insurrection, which, together with the Russian disturbances, naturally increased the amount of work the Government had on hand, and rendered it still more imperative for Alexander to give up all concern with foreign affairs. Then followed the death of the heir apparent, just as he came of age, and was about to share the labour of his father, having been as carefully educated as any contemporary prince in Europe. High praise must be given here to the Empress Maria, who, notwithstanding her strong tendency to bigotry (all the more strange in her that the Greek religion is not her own, but one imposed upon her by the law of the country), took always the greatest care that her children should be educated as nearly up to the requirements of the age as was in any way compatible with their position as members of a reigning family. The late heir apparent, instead of having, like his father, stupid generals to train him, had all the best and most liberal professors of the university among his teachers; and the death of the young prince was not only a grief to Al-

exander Romanoff, but a positive practical loss to the Empire of Russia. The second son, quite unprepared for the position into which he was thus brought, had now to be educated and trained for it; the awkward task of marrying him to the bride of his brother was to be gone through; and the health of the Empress, which was never restored after the death of her son, was causing just then very serious apprehensions. It took Alexander about two years to get over all these family sorrows and difficulties, so that he scarcely heard the distant reports of the guns of Sadowa. Otherwise, if we are to believe that he is invariably stretching his hand towards the Slavonian countries, he might have then found an opportunity of advantageously mixing himself up with the affairs of Europe. Then came the two attempts upon his life, of which one at least, that of Petersburg, must have only still more impressed him with the necessity of concentrating his attention upon home affairs. So that practically it has been only during these last five years that he has had a more quiet time; and we must, of course, take this fact into account when estimating the personal character of a despotic and irresponsible sovereign, and trying to make out what sort of indication it offers as to his probable future political activity. As soon as he got a little rest, and saw an opportunity of regaining his power in the Black Sea without a chance of entangling himself in a war, he at once took full advantage of it, and this with all the skill, ease, simplicity, and thoroughness which characterize almost all the doings of his reign.

Briefly stated, there are two points in European politics which are supposed to be subjects of the constant pre-occupation and aim of the Czar, and to represent the alpha and omega of Russian diplomacy. These points are Constantinople and the Slaves of Austria. That a hold upon the capital of the Sultan is a traditional aspiration of the court of St. Petersburg there cannot be the slightest doubt. Destruction of Poland, weakening of Austria, and resurrection of the Byzantine Empire are, rightly or wrongly, considered by nine out of ten educated Russians to be the fundamental interests of Russian policy. But to conclude from this that it is the present Emperor's desire to annex the Austrian Slaves to his Empire is more than rash. We would venture to assert that neither Alexander nor his successor, if he be an intelligent sovereign, would take the Austrian Slaves if they were offered to him

on the part of all the European governments united; and we would venture to do so on the following considerations:—Pan-Slavism has never been, and will never be, favourably looked upon by the Russian Government, for, besides being very troublesome in itself, it has the weak point of easily producing other *isms*, like Germanism, Finlandism, and perhaps even Tartarism. Among the eighty millions of subjects of the Czar there are scarcely twenty-five millions of Russians, and even they, strictly speaking, are not Slaves at all, but a mixture of Finns and Tartars. If the Government were to hoist to-day a Slave flag, it would see to-morrow a German flag on the Baltic, a Polish flag in Warsaw, some separatist piece of calico in Finland, and by-and-by similar ones in the lands of the Tartars, the Georgians, the Armenians, the Kirghizes, and other tribes able to trace the existence of an independent khan or prince in their past history. The conquest of Constantinople would lose all justification, for the Turks have certainly as good a right to claim an independent national existence as any people in the world. Of all this the diplomacy of Petersburg is perfectly aware. But for many other reasons it does not care for the Austrian Slaves. The so-called Slaves are a very heterogeneous people, constantly quarrelling among themselves. They have become accustomed to the representative form of government in Austria, and would expect to have it still more developed—an expectation which the Czar is by no means likely to favour. Each tribe among them claims autonomy for itself, and this would clash with autocracy. They are poor, lazy, and unskilful in industry, and the Czar has quite enough of similar characters among his own folk. In fact, the only advantage their acquisition would present to him is that Austria would be weakened *pro tanto*. But she is just as much, if not more, weakened while the Slaves are kept in a permanent state of fermentation. Never did the Czar himself, or any of the high officials, commit themselves in any direct way towards the Slaves, and they never will. But they allow literary men to write what they like on the subject of “the great future of the Slavonians;” they allow private ethnographic exhibitions to take place at Moscow, and “Slavonian brothers” to be invited by hundreds; they do not mind a monster concert of “Slavonic music” now and then. But they will not go an inch beyond that, and they would put a speedy stop even to these innocuous things if they

saw that such private contributions to politics were in any way detrimental to the preservation of peace or order in Russia. Up to the present moment, however, Pan-slavist sport among Russian subjects has proved only beneficial. It troubled Austria; it gave occupation to many a patriot who would, perhaps, otherwise indulge in home politics; it gave also some occupation to the Grand Duke Constantine, a clever and fidgetty man, strongly inclined to take the lead of the opposition and who has here a nice opportunity of harmlessly using his hours of leisure, and satisfying his tastes for unofficial politics. In all these respects the so-called Pan-slavist agitation was an advantage to the Czar's Government, and it has made some use of it. But it has never taken anything like an active part in it, never in any way committed itself; officially it has always ignored Pan-slavism, and has hardly spent a single rouble on any of those emissaries who are believed to be swarming all over the Slavonian provinces of Austria; these are, all of them, voluntary contributors to Pan-slavism. As to Alexander himself, he never saw any of the Slavonian countries, except from the window of a railway carriage, hardly ever spoke to any of the Slavonian patriots, and certainly never paid them any compliments or showed them any attention.

What we venture to assert here with reference to the Slavonian policy of Russia is matter of fact, more or less easily to be verified. Everything we could say on the Eastern question, on the other hand, would be a matter of conjecture. All that is known on this point is so vague and incoherent as to preclude all reasonable conclusion. A testament of Peter the Great on the policy Russia is bound to pursue in the East is supposed to exist, but no one has seen this document; and even if it really exists, the suggestions of the clever despot must be utterly impracticable now. A more positive fact, though one almost equally remote, is the alliance concluded in 1786 between Catherine II. of Russia and Joseph II. of Austria, for the conquest and partition of Turkey. Austria was to get the whole of Serbia and Bosnia for her promise to assist the restoration of the Byzantine Empire. But twenty years later, when the Servians rose like one man and showed what they were capable of, and when war was raging all over Europe, the alliance broke down. An Austrian arch-duchess, becoming the wife of Napoleon, finally showed to the descendants of Catherine that their interests in the East, far

from being identical with those of Austria, were diametrically opposed. Things have never changed since. In 1827, when Nicholas attacked Turkey; only the friendship of Charles X. of France, and intimate family relations to the Court of Berlin, saved him from a formidable European alliance, headed by Austria. In 1853 the same thing came up again, and General Fадеев, the well-known writer on the military affairs of Russia and on the Eastern question, avows quite plainly what the position of his fatherland is with regard to any possible plan the Government may entertain with reference to Turkey:

"It is impossible for Russia to carry on a war on the Balkan peninsula without the permission of Austria, and that permission she can, under no circumstances, obtain. Look at the map. Russia can reach European Turkey only by one road — through the gate formed by the south-east angle of the Carpathians and the mouth of the Danube: the key of that gate is in the hands of Austria. By crossing the Danube, or even the Pruth, a Russian army would expose its rear to Austria. In this awkward position, the first threatening demonstration on the part of Austria would compel the army to beat a hasty retreat, as in 1854. The lower Danube is accessible only with an Austrian passport. In relation to Russia, the geographical position of European Turkey may be compared to a strong chest, of which Austria forms the lid; without lifting that lid it is impossible to get anything out of the chest. Russia has had sufficient experience of that. . . . It was rumoured in 1854 that Prince Paskevitch strongly represented to the late Emperor that, once resolved on a war with Turkey, it was necessary, above all, to prepare for a war with Austria. He affirmed that the Eastern question could be solved only at Vienna, not in Turkey. Events have proved the correctness of the views of the celebrated warrior."

General Fадеев is no diplomatic authority. He is merely a superior officer of the *état major*, and is expressing his private opinion only. But the view taken here is sufficiently plausible to make us hope that as long as Austria has not been dismembered, and Prince Bismarck has not yet had the audacity to claim Francis Joseph's eight millions of Germans, Russia, even if she were most anxious to invade Turkey, will be utterly unable to do so.

There remains, of course, the possibility of an invasion by sea; but for this very adventurous enterprise a fleet is needed, and Russia has none in the Black Sea, and cannot have one worth speaking of much before the end of the present century. The "sick man" can be expected to die only when the Austro-Hungarian

empire is reduced to a Magyar kingdom; Galicia, Poland, and Posen reconstituted into the old kingdom of Poland; and the twenty odd millions of Austrian and Turkish Slaves transformed into a confederation under the leadership of the Russian Emperor, just as Bavarians, Hanoverians, and Saxons are now confederated under Friedrich Wilhelm. Towards anything of that kind Russia has not yet made a single step; and if we bear in mind the time and efforts it has cost Italy and Germany to arrive at a much more legitimate union, we can remain pretty confident that, whatever may be the testament of Peter and the intentions of Alexander, the various Selavonian tribes, unable to understand each other's dialect, perfectly strange to the Russians, constantly quarrelling among themselves, poor, unskilled, and ignorant, will remain for long years to come an insurmountable obstruction on the high road from Petersburg to Constantinople.

Had Alexander any prospect at all of either crowning himself with the Byzantine crown, or securing it to any of his proximate successors, either he would have courted Austria, as Nicholas did in 1849, or else he would have stimulated those ideas which are usually agitated for years and years before an enterprise of this sort is waged. But until about five years ago, the very word Panslavism was prosecuted in Russia, and till 1868 there was not a single book allowed to be published on the Eastern question. General Kovalevsky was commissioned to the head-quarters of the Russian army in 1854, for the special purpose of writing a history of the war, and his book—notwithstanding it being almost void of politics—was kept back from publication for more than twelve years. General Fadéeff's book followed it, and if we add to these two small works a short political preface of General Todleben to his purely military work on the siege of Sebastopol, we shall have nearly all that has yet appeared in Russia on a subject, with reference to which it would be clearly in her interest to spread a certain set of ideas among the Russians, as well as among the Slaves. It may be said that it was part of the policy of the Petersburg cabinet to keep everybody in the dark. But then there would have been a possibility of what is called stimulating the ideas without unveiling the plans of Government; and on the other hand, if such was the policy, there is no reason why it should not be persevered in still. In a word, it seems to us that the

Emperor Alexander has either so fine and subtle a policy in the East as to defy all analysis, or that he has as yet had none at all, which would, of course, be by no means a guarantee that he will not have one as soon as the immense amount of work he has had to accomplish has somewhat advanced. It would, however, be quite out of the scope of our short sketch to speculate on any topics of this nature; and a few paragraphs more on Russian policy in Asia is all that space permits us. At no time has Central Asia so much pre-occupied the public mind both in England and in India as it does just now, and General Romanofsky's book is a most welcome source of information on many points connected with this subject. The General has been commander-in-chief in that distant region, and wrote his notes immediately after he had been recalled, and solely with the view of giving to the Russian public a private account of what he had done. So that the book has the additional merit of not being a work composed with an eye towards making Europe believe what the Petersburg Government wishes.

The advance of Russians into Central Asia began centuries ago, when the Czars of Moscow freed from the Tartar invasion, wanted first to retaliate upon the expelled invaders, and afterwards to find markets for manufactures, which, being a very inferior quality, could not be sold in Europe. In 1472, during the reign of John III. (or Ivan III.) Perm was conquered, and the Czardom of Moscow, formerly bounded by the river Volga, was thus extended to the Oural mountains. During the same reign Viatka was also captured, and the north-eastern frontier of the Muscovite dominions removed as far as Siberia. During the reign of John IV., the Czardoms of Kazan and Astrakhan were annexed, and a common Cozack, of the name of Yermak, having, with some followers of his, taken possession of the greater part of Siberia, made a present of that vast territory to the Czar. At the same time some other Cozacks living along the Volga took possession of the whole valley of the Oural river. The natural wealth of the newly-conquered countries, and the commercial advantages they presented, soon attracted into these regions a large number of adventurers, who settled in them; and towards the beginning of the seventeenth century, the Muscovites held with a strong hand the whole of Siberia and the vast country of Orenbourg, whence the conquest of Central Asia was to be carried on two centuries

later. The natural limits of the Empire under Peter the Great were the river Oural on the East of Russia, and the river Irtysh on the South of Siberia. Beyond these two great rivers extend for many thousands of miles those monotonous wildernesses, which are called steppes, and the whole population of which consisted at that time of a few thousands of wandering savages, called Kirghizes. These tribes, when not fighting among themselves, united in attacks upon the Russian frontier settlements, and, as a matter of course, compelled the Russians to pursue them into the interior of the steppes. During these continued fights, some of the tribes submitted to the Russian rule, some remained unsubdued up to our own days. During two centuries no one could make out who was the real master of the endless tracts of land which separated the rich and fruitful Khanates of Central Asia from the banks of the Oural and the Irtysh. A good deal of trade was carried on between these Khanates and the towns of Astrakhan and Orenbourg, but it was carried on chiefly by Bokhara merchants coming across the steppes, not by Russian merchants venturing abroad; for while the former managed to get safely with their caravans through the wilderness, and to make a good bargain with the Muscovites, the latter were always sure either to be robbed and killed in the steppes, or to be robbed and sold into bondage in the Khanates themselves. So great indeed was the desire of the Russians to get the silk and cotton of Bokhara and Khiva in exchange for such products as Muscovite industry could offer, that the merchants of the Khanates trading in Russia were for nearly two centuries exempt from all taxes and duties, notwithstanding the bad treatment the Russian merchants underwent in the Khanates, and the heavy duties levied upon their wares. It was under the Emperor Nicholas that the first attempts to compel the Khanates to a fairer way of trading were made. But very little success was obtained, the expedition either being unable to reach the fertile countries beyond the Oxus, and returning without any result at all, or perishing as did the miserable expedition under Count Perofsky in 1839, under the combined influence of want of water and food, and of constant fights with the overwhelming forces of the Khans, and the hostile nomadic tribes. However, towards the end of the reign of Nicholas, the steppes beyond the rivers Oural and Irtysh somehow or other came to be consid-

ered as Russian territory; they were called Domains of the Kirghizes of Orenburgh, and of the Kirghizes of Siberia respectively, and some reliable outpost settlements were established not only in the steppes, but even beyond them on the banks of Syr-Daria. Of these, Fort Perofsky, which was almost a fortress, was both the most distant and the most important, since it enabled the Russians to launch a couple of steamers on the Aral Sea, and thence to navigate a portion of the Syr-Daria. That full security to the traders was still far from being established is clear, from the fact that now and then whole settlements were exterminated by the wandering tribes, and many of the fortified outposts regularly besieged by the united troops of the Khan of Khokand and the Emir of Bokhara. But the Russian Government seemed to have quite made up its mind to secure the Central Asiatic market, and a special Committee appointed to investigate the state of affairs in the Asiatic dominions, in 1854, pronounced it absolutely necessary to "unite the new outpost line on the Syr-Daria with the advanced posts on the southern frontier of Siberia." This resolution practically meant the erection of new fortified places further along the river of Syr-Daria to the foot of the mountains Tian-Shan and to the lake of Issik-Kul, and was already approved by Nicholas when the Crimean war broke out, and caused the Government to postpone all its projects in Asia. The new line which was to be occupied by the Russians not only offered them some safety from invasion, but secured them some fertile territories along the river, where their settlements could find at least some of the necessities of life, the steppes being so barren and inconvenient for traffic, that every cwt. of flour cost in Fort Perofsky about one pound sterling more than it did in Astrakhan or Orenbourg, and every gun shot was calculated to cost about thirty shillings.

It was towards 1860 that the postponed project was resumed again, the first steps being taken from Siberia by the construction of Forts Vernoe and Kastek, at the foot of Tian-Shan. Thence Colonel Zimmermann advanced in a westerly direction towards Syr-Daria with a force of some 2,000 men, and took possession of the Khokand fortresses Pishpek and Tokmak. At the same time General Debou, with another couple of thousand men, advanced along Syr-Daria eastwardly, and took possession of Yany Kourgan. Thus towards

the beginning of 1864 the two little detachments were at but a comparatively short distance from each other, and in June of that year the forces of General Debou, commanded by Colonel Verefkine, took the capital of Turkestan; while, about the same time, those of Colonel Zimmerman, commanded by Colonel Tsherniajeff, took the fort of Aouliet. The ends of the two lines were thus nearly joined, and in October of the same year Colonel Tsherniajeff entered Tshekment as General commanding the united detachments. But if it was easy to occupy all these places with very small forces, it turned out highly difficult to keep them. The Khan of Khokand at once mustered considerable forces and attacked several of the Russian positions without obtaining any particular success; out nevertheless he became so troublesome to General Tsherniajeff as to cause him to ask for reinforcements and for permission to attack Tashkend, so as to preclude the possibility of the Emir of Bokhara taking possession of it, and thus increasing his power at the expense of the now weakened Khan of Khokand, a combination which was then, as he learned, in course of being realized. The Government refused him permission to advance any further than Tshekment, but ordered some forces to be despatched for the purpose of strengthening the already conquered line. But as no reinforcements could be expected before the lapse of some fifteen months, and as the quickest exchange of despatches between the General and the Ministry at St. Petersburg required some eight or ten weeks, the General, long before the answer reached him, was compelled, by the impending attacks upon himself, to take the desperate step of advancing with the small forces he possessed, and in less than a month he had defeated the whole army of Alimkoula, and taken possession of several fortified places, besides the town of Tashkend itself, in the streets of which he had to fight for three days and three nights. Alimkoula having been killed, and the whole of his army dispersed, General Tsherniajeff might have now expected some rest, had not his anticipation concerning the Emir of Bokhara been only too well justified. Taking advantage of the defeat of his rival, the Emir of Bokhara invaded at once the territory of Khokand, took possession of Khodjent, and assumed a warlike attitude towards the Russians. In October, an embassy sent by the General to the Emir, was arrested, and this naturally led to open hostilities, in the course of which the Russian General had

some rather unsuccessful encounters with the numerous troops of the Emir, but he still managed to preserve both Tashkend and the fertile territory around it.

As soon as the news of the conquests which the General had thus made on his own responsibility reached St. Petersburg, and the complications into which he had got with the Emir became known, he was recalled, and General Romanofsky was sent in his place with strict instructions not to make new conquests, but to establish friendly commercial relations with the Khans, and to introduce some sort of regular system of Government in the already acquired territories. It reads almost like a romance when General Romanofsky describes his arrival to take command of an "army" of some 3,000 soldiers strong, with no money, no provisions, and with the men exhausted to such an extent as to return about thirty sick every day. On the other hand, at a distance of some fifty miles, at Oura-Tube, the Emir was mustering an army some 100,000 strong, with more than 100 guns. The General knowing, however, that nothing was more fatal in dealing with Asiatic tribes than to show discouragement, entered at once on a couple of reconnoitring expeditions, during which he defeated the vanguard detachments of the Emir, and took something like 20,000 sheep, which allowed him to increase the rations of the troops, and thus to improve their condition. When so much had been attained, the General, believing that a sufficient impression on the Khan had been produced, once more renewed peaceful negotiations, asking the Emir to set at liberty the detained Embassy, to prohibit any attack upon Russian outposts, and to withdraw the bulk of his troops from the territory occupied by the Russians. The Emir refused to comply with any of these demands. He would not liberate the prisoners, and he replied to General Romanofsky that so far from withdrawing himself, he advised the General to retreat beyond Syr-Daria if he did not wish to be annihilated together with his troops. At the same time attacks on the outposts were renewed by large parties of Bokhara cavalry, and Russian patrols and piquets were almost nightly beheaded, the heads being on these occasions invariably carried away, and the mutilated bodies left on the ground. At the same time the General learned that a great many agents of the Khan were spread all over the country occupied by the Russians, and were preparing a revolt, which was to break out at Tashkend, as well as in the

rear of the Russian troops, simultaneously with the attack contemplated by the Emir. The position of the General became more and more critical, although some of the promised reinforcement began already to arrive. Two steamers reached Tehinaz from the Aral Sea, bringing some troops and other necessities, and some small detachments arrived from Siberia. But they did not much increase the main forces of the General, for, besides the sickness of a great many of his soldiers, he had constantly to detach troops for garrison and observation purposes in the newly occupied localities. In case of a defeat the General was pretty sure to lose every soul of his little army, for the nearest points offering any refuge were Fort Vernoe and Fort Perofsky, both of which were over 500 miles distant. In his immediate rear he had but a treacherous population, conquered, but ready to revolt. The main body of his available army consisted of 14 companies of infantry, 500 Cossacks, 22 guns, and a rocket battery, altogether numbering about 3,000 men and 1,000 horses.

In the beginning of May, 1866, the news reached the General that the Emir was actually advancing upon him, and had already reached Jrdjar. No time was to be lost. He made up his mind to meet him half way; and, on the eighth of the same month, managed somehow to rout the whole of the Khan's army, to drive him in flight to Samarkand, his camp and no end of provisions and ammunition falling into the hands of the little Russian army, the whole loss of which at that battle consisted of twelve wounded men. The most important result of the Jrdjar victory was, however, the subsequent capture of Khodjent, and of nearly the whole of the Syrdaria, as far as Namangan, one of the richest and most important districts the Russians yet possessed. In addition to this, the victory of General Romanofsky seemed to have put a stop to any further hostilities. At all events, the Emir, as well as the Khan of Khokand, sent out embassies with assurances of their friendly dispositions, and all the prisoners detained at Bokhara were released. The capture of Khodjent was also most important from a strategical point of view, since it precluded nearly all possibility of any joint military action on the part of the two Khanates. Highly satisfied with these results, General Romanofsky, while reporting them to St. Petersburg, and asking for instructions as to the conditions upon which peace with Bokhara was to be con-

cluded, began to organize the administration of the newly-acquired territories. This was a most difficult task, not only because of his not possessing the necessary officers, but also because of the necessity of imposing taxes and duties which seem to be as unwillingly submitted to in Asia as anywhere else. Besides, the Russian policy has always been, when dealing with Asiatic tribes, to free newly-conquered provinces for a certain time from all taxes, including even those they paid under their own rulers. This, of course, rendered the new masters very popular at the outset, and made their rule pretty secure. But when the time to impose taxes and duties came, a revolt of the apparently quite pacified and subjugated population immediately broke out. The natural consequence of this peculiar policy repeated itself in this instance also. All the territories acquired between 1864 and 1866 remained exempted from nearly every kind of taxation or contributions; and when General Romanofsky received the intimation that he had no more money to expect from Petersburg, and must begin to make local means serve local wants, it at once became more difficult to retain the new possessions than it had been to conquer them. Disturbances and refusals to pay taxes or to contribute to the maintenance of the troops arose on all sides, and the clauses of peace prescribed from St. Petersburg rendered the position still more difficult. An indemnity was to be imposed upon the Emir, which he point blank refused to pay, accepting the remaining conditions of peace, which consisted mainly in the acknowledgment of the new frontiers, in the reduction of duties on Russian ware, and in the guarantee of full security to Russian traders in the Khanates. Keeping in view the agitation which had already begun in the occupied provinces, and the re-appearance of new agents of the Emir exciting people to revolt, both General Romanofsky and General Krijanofsky (just then arrived at his new post as Lord Lieutenant of the Central Asiatic dominions) thought they had but one course to pursue, and that was to open hostilities again. And so, in October of the same year, Oura-Tube and Djizak were taken, and the Russian outposts brought in the very walls of Samarkand.

Here concludes the account of General Romanofsky's eight months' command. In December of the same year he had to return to the capital, and about two years later published the book we refer to, and

which must be viewed much less in the light of memoirs or of a personal narrative than in the light of an unofficial defence of himself, against accusations of having made unauthorized conquests, and having generally disregarded the instructions sent from a committee in which War and Foreign Office clerks had to decide what was to be his proper line of action. That the Petersburg Government was sincere in declaring itself unwilling to extend its dominions can scarcely be doubted. General Romanofsky quotes verbatim several despatches, refusing to sanction any further advance of troops, which, however, always arrived too late, when not only advances but actual conquests had already been made. It may certainly be said that such despatches were mere mock instructions calculated to pacify European diplomacy; but we have reason to believe in the first place that the Russian Cabinet by no means cares so much about European Cabinets as is generally supposed — at all events, with reference to its Asiatic dealings: and in the second, that the fact of the Turkestan commander-in-chief having been persistently left without money as well as without troops, is the best proof that the instructions meant what they said. The constant change of the head officers is, perhaps, an additional fact in support of this theory. In fact, the Government seems to have been perfectly aware that conquered markets are much less advantageous than independent and friendly markets, and it has been more anxious to inspire these semi-savage Khanates with respectful feelings than actually to subdue them. In this respect the *Times* is perfectly right in saying —

“If the Russians have been obliged to use force, and if the use of force has ended in the occupation of more or less of the hostile territory, this ought not to surprise Englishmen, in whose dealings with Asiatics precisely the same phenomenon has appeared. We began with a fort at Madras, and a factory on the Hooghly. Now we rule two hundred millions of human beings, yet there never was a time when conquest was made for its own sake. There never was a time when India directors and their servants, when Ministers and Parliament, did not think we had too much. We conquered in spite of ourselves; we went spell-bound to greatness; the country fell to us as of necessity. This is not new, for the Roman Empire itself was built up in this way. The Russian *Gazette* alleges that the dominion over the wild regions of Central Asia is falling to Russia after this manner, without any deliberate seeking on her part. The conclusion, of course, is that a tendency so deep and strong, and so independent of human will,

must be full of benefits for the world. ‘Manifest destiny’ appears here, as in the conflict between the Anglo-American and the Mexican or the Indian, and it is certainly as grand an achievement to restore an Old World as to conquer a New.” — *Times*, Nov. 19, 1872.

But where our contemporary erred was in never giving any matter of fact information concerning the Russian progress in Asia, nor any adequate estimate of its real importance for the outside world. All that has appeared in the *Times* on this subject for these last ten years, has been either Berlin translations of some stale articles from St. Petersburg papers, or now and then a London translation of just as stale a letter of Herr Arminius Vambéry, writing from his residence at Pesth to the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, on Samarkand and Oura-Tube complications. And while doing so little for the really important side of the question, our leading organ does that little in such a clumsy way as to give quite unnecessary offence to the Russian Government, which is sure to return the compliment at the first opportunity in the shape of some insulting note to the Foreign Office, for stupidities written in Printing-house Square. Here is what the Petersburg *Exchange Gazette* says already, with reference to the recent remarks of the *Times*: —

“We have much rejoiced that England has openly admitted that she is powerless to assist or defend Khiva. But should we not rather look upon this admission as an insult? What would the English have said if, during their war with the mountain tribes of India, we had talked of Russian help and protection? They represent as a good turn done to Russia the refusal of Lord Northbrook to give the assistance asked for by the Khivan envoy; but the very circumstance that he received the envoy and gave him an audience is an insult to Russia. If we wished to conquer a wealthy and populous country in Asia, it would be easier for us to do this in China, which would afford us much greater advantages than India. . . . If we wished to act with more energy in Asia, we would do very different things. A single Russian division can pass quite unhindered to the Indus, then march through Turkestan, Mongolia, and Mandjouria, and conquer half of China.”

Now, instead of generalities about the question as to whether it is Providence or something else that sends Russians to Asia, and whether England can or cannot and ought or ought not to oppose their progress, it would certainly have been more useful and business-like to inquire whether it is true that, as Herr Vambéry stated already in 1869, the Russians have,

in accordance with their treaties with the Khanates, to pay only 3 per cent. duties, where England pays 40 per cent., and whether it is true, as a "traveller in Turk-estan" stated in the *Manchester Guardian* of November 27th, 1872; that the Atalik Ghazee (the ruler of the now independent Chinese Turkestan) said, in concluding his recent treaty with Russia, that "formerly he had been inclined to make friends with the English; but now he gave the preference to the Czar of Russia." That new and clever potentate has twice sent an embassy to Calcutta, without scarcely any result.

"Surely," says the correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, "it is our own tardiness in accepting the hand which he held out to us. Our conduct reminds one of *Punch's* pictures of Lord John Russell as the small boy who chalked up 'No Popery' and then ran away. We have for the last five years been engaged in removing all kinds of obstacles on the way to Central Asia. We have brought pressure to bear on the Maharajah of Cashmere to repress the malpractices of his officials. We have gone to the expense of maintaining a British agent in Ladak to protect the trade. We have negotiated a treaty with Cashmere sacrificing all our own Customs dues on goods passing through India into Cashmere, and all our transit duties on shawls, for the sake of procuring a free-trade route into Turkestan. We have spent thousands of pounds on roads and bridges in our own hill provinces to facilitate the traffic. And of all this the sole aim and object has been to procure an entrance into the Turkestan market, and so into the rich provinces of Western China.

"On the other hand, the ruler of this valuable market stands at the door inviting us to enter. Nay more, he sends his envoys to fetch us. Yet we stand outside like a bashful guest who has driven up with a great dash and knocked loudly at the door, but who hesitates in the entrance fiddling with his hat and gloves."

All such questions ought to preoccupy our daily papers much more than they do as yet. The immense Empire, suddenly awakened by Alexander's hand from the torpid slumber in which it was wrapped, seems to us to be nowadays the most important subject of study for every European politician, and we are utterly unable to account for the ignorance that prevails about it. An indifferent book by Mr. H. Dixon, and a couple of very light books by Mr. Barry, are all that has appeared on Russia for these last two or three years. A paper like the *Times* has even no correspondent at Petersburg, and the natural result of such a state of affairs is that the public is kept in perfect ignorance of all that concerns the colossal power which is

to play the leading part in European events of the future. So great indeed is this ignorance, that a short time ago the *Times* published the following bit of information:

"The *Statesman's Year Book* for 1872 gives the estimated population of Russia in Europe, including Finland and Poland, at the date of the latest returns, at sixty-eight millions and a quarter. It may be interesting to learn (upon the authority of the *Bourse Gazette* of St. Petersburg) the rate of progress of the population of that Empire. In 1722 it stood at fourteen millions, in 1803 at thirty-six millions, in 1829 at about fifty millions, and in 1863 at sixty-five millions. With respect to area we read, on the same authority, that in the time of John III., that is to say in the second half of the fifteenth century, it occupied a surface of only eighteen million square miles. In the reign of Alexis, in 1650, its extent had already reached two hundred and thirty-seven millions; under Peter the Great two hundred and eighty millions; under Catherine II. three hundred and thirty-five millions of square miles. Under the present reign, according to the *Statesman's Year Book*, the area of the Russian Empire, including Finland, Poland, Russia, and Siberia, is very nearly three hundred and seventy millions square miles. Siberia and the Caucasus add nearly nine millions to the population of the entire Empire, which thus stands, as nearly as possible, at seventy-seven millions. The density of the population to the geographical square mile ranges from a maximum of 2,204 in Poland to a minimum of 17 in Siberia." — *Times*, September 18.

The worst of all Russian papers is quoted here in conjunction with a book of reference which every educated Englishman has in his library, and the leading journal, satisfied with such common sources of information, bungles, into the bargain, the data given. The surface of the whole world does not extend to anything like 370 millions of square miles, and Russia, including all her Asiatic possessions, has a territory of 7,769,781 square miles, which makes one-seventh of the territorial part of the globe, and about one twenty-sixth part of its entire surface. The *Statesman's Year Book* is quite correct in its data; but the *Times* transforms 369,817 geographical square miles into 370 millions of English square miles, and 77,008,448 inhabitants into 68,250,000, the data concerning the population of Russia being already underestimated by the *Statesman's Year Book* by something like 7,000,000. Let us hope that we shall some day know what the real extent, population, and resources of that mighty empire are, and that by-and-by we shall turn also to the study of the marvellous progress which its intelligent popula-

tion is making under the rule of a despot, who had always the reputation of a merely "good-natured fellow," but of whom history will speak some day as of one of the ablest and shrewdest sovereigns of the nineteenth century.

"And how about Khiva?" the reader may ask, seeing that this desultory article is concluded without anything having been said on this particular question so much before the public just now. But there is nothing to be said about it. Khiva is a mere repetition of Bokhara and Khokand. Nothing has been done yet with reference to that Khanate, except that the country around its capital has been reconnoitred. If the Khan will enter into amicable commercial arrangements with the Russian Government, and will allow them to turn the Oxus into its old bed, which ran into the Caspian Sea, and which Khiva men would rather have running into the Aral Sea for purposes of irrigation, everything will get on smoothly. But if the Khan proves unable to secure to Russian caravans either safety or convenient communication from the Caspian, he will have to fight, will be defeated, his capital taken, and all the rest of it, just as it went with the Emir and the Khan of Khokand.

From The St. James Magazine.
THE TWO BROTHERS.

A TALE BY MM. ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN, AUTHORS
OF "THE CONSCRIPT," ETC.

It was very dark in the back room, in spite of the two small lamps that shone on the table to the right and left of a brass crucifix. A plate held a spray of box-wood steeped in holy water, and there was another plate on which lay a bit of wool for the consecrated oil. In the course of a few seconds the pale lights showed Father Abba, as white as death, stretched on his pallet; his cheeks were hollow and furrowed, his eyes sunken in, and a few tufts of grey hair stood up on his forehead. He did not move, not having strength to rise; but at the sound of the tinkling bell he made an effort to turn.

"Lie still, Abba," said the curé; "our Lord is being carried to you."

Meanwhile prayers for the dead had commenced out of doors.

"Can you hear me, and can you speak?" asked the curé.

"I can," answered Abba.

Monsieur le Curé then leaned over the bed to hear the sufferer's confession. It

lasted full ten minutes. We others were standing apart, looking down and reflecting that the Lord was among us; that He could see us and knew our thoughts in this deep silence, according to His words to the Apostles, — "When two or three of you are gathered together in My name, I shall be among you." This overawed us. Abba received absolution and communion after his confession. Meantime we prayed in a low voice; the two or three women outside doing likewise. Zâlie sobbed.

The poor old woodcutter seemed calmer; he was gazing at the light of the two lamps flickering over the ceiling. The sight of this world was fast vanishing from him; his cup was full; the hour of redemption and of eternal salvation had drawn near.

We now returned down-hill to the village, descending very leisurely, for we were weary. I and Monsieur le Curé went on in front, Monsieur Jean and Louise followed, and last of all came George with his bell. We were much impressed and deep in thought. It was very near three in the afternoon, and we were turning towards the pine-wood above Chaumes, when suddenly a woodcutter stood before us with a pale face and wide-flapping beaver pulled over his eyes.

"He isn't dead, is he?" asked he, in a rough voice.

"No, not yet, Simon," said the curé; "but be quick."

"Ah, what a blow! What a misfortune!" cried the man; and he climbed on without stopping, taking short cuts through the brambles. The curé smiled sadly as he looked at him, tearing away like a boar among thorns.

"That is Abba's brother-in-law," he said. "They have had a quarrel about a hemp-field which has lasted fifteen years; each maintaining it should by right have belonged to him. They have sworn to kill each other at least a hundred times, and have done much injury. Now, there goes one of the two ready to pull all the hair out of his head on hearing of the other's death; while Abba, who is about to appear before God, forgives, as he hopes to be forgiven. Lord! must it ever be thus? Will nothing less than death and fear of Thy justice open our hearts to each other? Are we only reconciled when laid deep in the ground? What is, after all, the wealth of this world compared to eternity?"

M. Jannequin seemed to be only speaking to me, but Jean, George, and Louise

could hear, and take what he said home to themselves.

We reached the village at about four, and thus had time to ponder over the events of the day. We were dying with thirst, and all were pleased to get to Monsieur Jean's house, where we parted. Jacques was looking out of his front window, and, after George had run in to tell him he would return as soon as he had taken his surplice off, he followed me to the church, where we both undressed, after doing which each went his own way.

My wife had put my dinner aside. I sat down to it, holding my little Paul on my knees, and ate with good relish, feeling it a great blessing to enjoy quiet with those we love best, when a long day's toil is over.

CHAPTER IV.

It is evident from what precedes that the curé took advantage of every opportunity to remind Monsieur Jean and Monsieur Jacques Rantzauf of their Christian duties; but what is the use of fine speeches and good advice when hatred has taken root in hard hearts, or in the bosoms of men who seek nothing but their own interest, especially if these men live one facing the other, and seek some source of fresh annoyance every day?

We soon saw which way things were turning.

It was now time to appoint a mayor as successor to Monsieur Fortin. Every one at Chaumes thought of the Rantzauf brothers; but on former occasions they had declined this post, alleging that their own private affairs left them no leisure for the concerns of the public and the commune.

Monsieur Rigault, of the "Ox-foot" inn, was next talked of; then Monsieur Simon, the brewer; but the nomination was put off from day to day, without anything being settled, until the end of June, when Monsieur Jacques stated he was willing to fill the office if appointed, and everybody fancied the Prefect's choice would settle on him instantly. Village mayors were nominated by the Prefects under the reign of Louis XVIII. and Charles X., those of large cities by the King.

If Jean had not put his name down on the list of candidates, Jacques would certainly never have come forward as mayor; and now came the time when every one was to see the result of family feuds. The Chaumes people who were growers, day-labourers, or cart-drivers, would hear of no one but Monsieur Jean. One or two carried his hay, others his dung, some were

employed on his fields, mowed his meadows, or thrashed his corn; whereas the people of the valley, who were all engaged in timber—floaters, cutters, fagot-makers, and carriers—stood up for Monsieur Jacques, who gave them from ten to fifteen francs per week for their pay.

It was the greatest disturbance I ever heard; men, women, and even the school-children mixing up in it. "Silence!" did I have to call out all day long; or I had to threaten George and Louise with punishment, for they would talk the whole affair over with their nearest companions.

This was the fault of their parents; as children repeat out of doors what they hear at home.

My situation can be pictured in the midst of all the discussions which took place even in the lowest huts, yet I entirely depended on the man who was to be mayor, and therefore I could neither take the part of one or the other.

I used to think that the day was not far when such explosive feelings would prompt the brothers to take each other by the collar in the middle of the sittings of the Municipal Council; and that, in obedience to a formal order from M. Rigaud, the substitute, I should be compelled to draw up a report against them; but affairs were conducted with proper order, the Rantzaufs having a great idea of their dignity, and being disinclined to let the public into the secret of their scandalous dissensions.

After all, Monsieur Jean was appointed; upon which Monsieur Jacques handed in his resignation as member of the Council. He was seen that whole week going composedly backwards and forwards with his metre under his arm, supervising the wood-felling, the carriers, and seeing his timber put afloat as calmly as if nothing had happened.

Only, the following morning at about seven, as I stood at the school door waiting for the children, I saw him drive by in his *char-à-bancs*, with his big curly head low between his two shoulders, and his eyes half shut like a man in a dream.

His two dapple-grey horses were going along at full gallop, and their master was calling out,—

"Gee-up, Grisette; gee-e-e, Charlot!"

I bowed, but he did not see me. His horses were turned towards the Sarrebourg road, and soon disappeared in the direction of La Tuilerie. I remember every one of these circumstances quite distinctly.

It was eight in the evening when the

char-a-bancs returned, and I said to my wife,—

“That is Monsieur Jacques, who has, I dare say, been to Sarrebourg about the action brought out against his servant by Lefevre, the forest-keeper.”

But very early next day, at the opening of our school, all the village knew that Monsieur Jean Rantzau had been summoned to appear before the justice of peace in order to come to an amicable understanding with Jacques Rantzau, concerning the tracing of a road which was to cross the five acres of meadow-land he had paid so high a price for, at the sale of M. Fortin, a few months ago.

Not more than twenty minutes later Monsieur Jean drove by at the full speed of his large mare Zozote. He wore a wide-awake hat, and long spurs to his boots; his eyes were quite fixed, and his cheeks blanched with anger. He was going to consult lawyer Colle, at Sarrebourg, and put his case in his hands; for it was clear that if Monsieur Jacques should unfortunately get the road he had solicited, it would by one half lessen the worth of the meadow for which Jean had already paid double its value, in order to prevent his brother from increasing his possessions.

This was the beginning of that famous lawsuit between the two Rantzaus, during which, numbers of people were fed at their expense, and saw their fortunes bettered—lawyers, bailiffs, recorders, umpires, judges, and others. An inquiry, and then a counter-inquiry were instituted; the spot had to be examined; Colle and Gidé, the learned counsellors of the brothers, made magnificent speeches—one of these lawyers being indignant, and the other in a fury. Both derided their respective ignorance of the old and new laws, so long as they were in court, then shook hands and bowed to each other when once out in the street. This was the beginning of that suit, during which men of law and experts of all sorts came to a stop at either Jean's or at Jacques', siding for both in turn. Gidé won at Sarrebourg, when Colle appealed at Nancy, and then it was Jacques' time to lose. Fortunately there was a flaw in the proceedings, and he appealed in a higher court; the Nancy sentence was there revoked, and the whole affair had to be brought up again before a Dijon court. Finally, Jacques got his road through Jean's meadow; the latter having all law expenses to pay, with the exception of Monsieur Jacques' defenders, be it understood; and it is pretty certain they did not wear out their tongues for nothing.

So Jacques had his road! He called it *Malgré-Jean*, which means “in-spite-of-Jean;” and when this path is spoken of the villagers still say, “We are going to the river by the *Malgré-Jean* Road.” Jacques, moreover, had a bridge built across the Saar, at the lower end of this path, which convenience attracted numbers of people across his brother's meadow; but Jean could not prevent them. This is an instance of the brotherly love which existed between the two.

Nevertheless, they went regularly to mass every Sunday, and sat in the old family pew bequeathed unto them in common by father and mother Rantzau. They went through all the service, bowing low at the elevation of the sacred Host, holding their broad-brimmed hats in their devoutly joined hands, and attentively listening to our curé's sermons on the union of families, the forgiveness of injuries, and the forgetting of our fellow-creatures' deficiencies. None of the parishioners showed more attention than they; and then, after both had dipped their fingers in holy water, they turned and looked daggers at each other. To speak more veraciously, they exchanged no looks at all on ordinary occasions, but always went their way, thinking in what manner they could be vexatious—how they could make trouble, and bring about the ruin which each desired might attend the other.

Their children naturally hated each other more and more every day, and I used to think, while teaching them their catechism and getting them ready for confirmation, that it was all lost time and labour; that no living being—neither curé, nor myself, nor any one—could tread down the thistles, brambles, thorns, nettles, and other wild vegetation that had taken firm root in the hearts of these unfortunate creatures.

I was very much grieved about it; but what could be done? God Almighty expects no man to do more than his duty. He measures every one's task out according to his means and capacities.

There was but one hope left. It was in the good influence of confirmation and holy communion, which are such solemn acts in the life of the young!

“Who knows whether the old people,” thought I to myself, “on finding their children so happy, and seeing them kneel side by side at the altar in presence of the whole village, will not yield and become reconciled?”

The slightest thing might have brought this about. A remembrance of the good

old times when they loved each other — thoughts of those who were no more, and looked down from above — nothing but a generous impulse — might have opened their hearts and unlocked their arms.

This was my secret hope. But, alas! the happy day came; there were the children, in their white frocks and new coats, bearing tapers in their hands; there were the mothers and fathers on their benches; and there was the curé in the pulpit, moving every one with his sermon on forgiveness and pardon. All pitied George's mother, who sobbed in her handkerchief — it was easy to guess what she was feeling. There stood Jean, on whose bald head shone the light of the painted windows; his hands were joined together and his whole appearance was that of a man listening to a devout exhortation. Jacques stood by his side in the same attitude, mumbling short lip prayers, and his beaked nose was inclined forward as if in emulation of his devout mien. Ah, the old scoundrels! I am compelled to call them so, for it is plain truth. In spite of their saintly airs, these two men were no more impressed than the hard rocks of the Bâri ridge, on which neither rain, nor the dew of heaven, nor any other blessing from above has ever nurtured a single flower for six thousand years.

I was eye-witness to the above scene, as was every one else at Chaumes. The first communion had not the slightest effect on the Rantzaus; the whole race, young and old, remained what they had been before.

When the ceremony was over, each thanked the curé separately for his beautiful sermon; Monsieur Jacques first, and Monsieur Jean afterwards. This proves their awful hypocrisy, which is worse than inveterate hatred. They further expressed how gratified they were by sending their children with very fit presents.

Louise and George called on me also to say how grateful they were for the trouble I had taken with their education. They each presented my wife with a louis in gold, which was too handsome a gift, considering they had already paid for their schooling like the others, and always brought me presents for my *fête* and New Year's Day; nevertheless, such presents could not be otherwise than agreeable. Thus, Monsieur Jean and Monsieur Jacques outwardly performed their duties as good Christians: it was a different case inwardly.

Their hatred persisted; and, if I may say the whole truth, I verily believe every circumstance that brought them together did but increase the ill-feeling between them

on account of the great effort they made to keep up the dignity of the Rantzaus by never giving vent to their evil dispositions in public.

Pride alone restrained them: they behaved decently because it was not proper for people in their station to act like the common herd, and mastered themselves out of vaingloriousness!

CHAPTER V.

ALL my eldest pupils left school when their first communion was over; it was the custom of the country. The girls went into service in private families, or they were employed in factories about Chaumes, or gained a livelihood by fetching dry leaves, and binding up *fagots* in the forest; some of them went out to work by the day. Those who were a little better off helped their mothers at home until they married. As to the boys, they became wood-cutters, tailors, shoe, and wooden-shoe makers, or tub-makers, according to the profession of their parents. All soon forgot the little they knew.

This is the fate of the poor here below. How many out of the number would have been happy to continue their studies! They were quite as gifted as the Rantzaus, perhaps more so; but money, money was wanting; money is always wanting, and a poor schoolmaster has none to give away. So they all left.

Towards the month of October Monsieur Jacques took his son to the Phalsbourg College, where he was to study Greek, Latin, Mathematics, and the other branches required before he could obtain a degree; after which the lad hoped to make some figure in the forest department — a line he was fond of, having been brought up among woods and mountains. He was desirous to come out in a handsome green uniform with an embroidered collar, like that of our head forest-keeper, Botte, and to have a long hunter's knife hanging down his side. This did not much please Monsieur Jacques, who would have liked George to follow his own business, but he did not say so, fancying the youth would with age and experience find out that it is pleasanter to give orders than to execute those of other people.

George came to tell me all this over supper the night before his departure. He was flushed with excitement, and looked at me with his bright eyes, as much as to say, "Yes, that is what I mean to be, Monsieur Florent Renaud; I shall be an honour to you; I will never be ashamed of you."

While he spoke he pictured to himself the extent of his future grandeur. My wife, who had inherited her father's prudence, seeing I here meant to deliver a short speech on the folly of pride, made me a wink to desist, so I held my tongue, and the boy, on leaving us, embraced me most tenderly. I felt he was attached to me, and besides, he was overjoyed at the idea of leaving Chaumes.

Two or three days later Louise came to wish me good-bye. She was to go to the Molsheim Convent-school, the most recommendable institution in the country; all the daughters of well-to-do people went to Molsheim. The day Louise came to tell us this, she wore a fashionable little blue frock, and wide-flapping straw hat, with a rose on one side. The child really was pretty, lightsome, and graceful. Her blue eyes were very intelligent, and the satisfaction she experienced at being sent to so first-rate an establishment heightened her complexion when she spoke of it; in fact, she changed colour every minute, keeping her eyes cast down on her little shoes with a very modest look, then lifting them up to say, —

"Yes, Monsieur Renaud; that is the school I am going to. I shall never forget your excellent teaching; I owe you everything I know, Monsieur Renaud."

She was quite cheerful, and embraced us affectionately, not allowing me to go down the old stairs when I rose to take her to the gate.

"Remain seated, Monsieur Renaud; pray do not let me disturb you," she said.

How different are the manners of the rich to those of the poor! People may not like to acknowledge it, but the contrast is very great for all that.

I thought of nothing but these two children the whole evening, longing for the time when they would add forgiveness to all their other good qualities. The Lord considered this was one of the principal virtues, having recommended it to us in the prayer He taught, and having told His Apostles they were always to be ready to pardon.

As I was opening the schoolhouse in the fresh early morn, next day, I heard a youthful, sweet voice call out, —

"Good morning, Monsieur Renaud! Good-bye; keep well!"

It was Louise in her father's *char-à-bancs*; she was waving her two hands, and turning round on her seat. Monsieur Jean lifted his hat, for it was he driving his daughter to Molsheim.

"Heaven bless you, my dear!" I cried; "remain good, and be dutiful."

I felt really quite moved.

The old schoolroom, with half its forms empty, seemed very wretched now. I walked up and down, thinking of all my old pupils. For the want of a few sous to keep up their learning they were reduced to premature misery. I saw them go by every day with an axe over their shoulders, or bent under heavy burdens. They would look at me by stealth as they passed, and would say in a gasping voice, "Bon jour, Monsieur Florent." Ah! many a time has my heart bled for them, especially when I knew they had been very good boys, and I had noticed they could have turned into something above the condition I saw them in.

Although I was personally in a very humble station, still I lived according to my inclinations; I could read a good book when such an opportunity occurred; I could form some notion of everything by thought and reflection, whereas, so many there were who could not get on at all without arduous labour over a workboard, or bowed down to the ground from morning to night. I compared, and considered myself lucky. Even now my head has gradually become white, I must confess several might then have envied me.

I say nothing of the gratification I felt in the enjoyment of universal esteem, nor of the honourable functions I was called on to fulfil as organist at church and as secretary at the Mairie, nor as confidant of the numerous families whose members entrusted me with their correspondence and the drawing-up of their petitions. Neither do I say anything about the blessings of a good wife, and the joy I felt on seeing Paul and Juliette grow up in wisdom. Then I had my herbal, my Sunday and Thursday walks, and all the satisfactions a reasonable man can desire.

Since the death of my father-in-law I had collected three large folio registers of dried plants. I had too, a quantity of variegated insects pinned on pasteboard; all the black, yellow, and brown cockchafers, and all the heath-flies and butterflies that shine like sparks and stars.

One thing put me out sometimes. I had but a single odd volume of Linnaeus, and was compelled to give my specimens Latin names. This humbled me extremely, as I could not well understand what they meant.

One morning that year, during early snow-fall, just as I had finished lessons, at about eleven o'clock (the children were

still running home, and I was putting sundry papers away in my drawer before I went up-stairs), a stranger called out "*Bon jour!*" to me from the door.

It was Martin, the Savoyard pedlar, or "trundler," as he was called in our locality. He had a leather strap on his shoulder, from which hung, behind, an immense basket of books. Every five or six months he used to come to Chaumes, and I bought all I required of him in the way of pens, pencils, sealing-wax, &c. There he was again, touching his cap and inquiring, —

"Quite well, as usual, Monsieur? Anything wanted to-day?"

"I think not," I replied; "but come in — close the door; we will see."

He then shut the door and crossed the room slowly. His thick, heavy shoes were covered with snow, and he was almost bent double under the weight of his basket. With a twist of his shoulder he brought it in front, and rested it on the corner of the table nearest the tribune. Then he lifted the oil-cloth, and, as usual, I looked at his wares, asking him the price of different things.

Teachers and schoolmasters were his best customers after the curés, the latter recommending his books when approved of by Monsieur Frayssinous, the Minister of Public Instruction: — "The History of the Saints," "The History of Martyred Missionaries out in China," "The Manners and Customs of the Hebrews," by M. l'Abbé Fleury, "The Missal," and other edifying works. I looked on, saying nothing, when, underneath all the rest, I spied an enormous second-hand volume. It was square and substantially bound. I pulled it up out of curiosity, asking the pedlar what it was.

"Ah!" said he, "that I got, with many others, at a sale up in the mountains; they came very dear, but I shall get rid of them in time by carrying one or two with me whenever I go out on a tour. They are old books, though licensed for sale as well as the others."

As he spoke I looked over the work. It was a "Dictionary of Natural Science," by Monsieur Antoine de Jussieu, Professor of Botany at the Museum. There was a long notice at the end on the classification of products in the vegetable kingdom.

The effect produced on me by the sight of such a book can be imagined. It was worth at least fifty francs. I felt greatly agitated. I cannot say whether or no the pedlar read on my features that I wanted to purchase it; but, being well aware that if he thought I did, he would put a good

price on it, I placed it back in the basket, saying, —

"It is not badly bound, and the paper is fine linen fibre; but it is old, and those painted edges round the leaves, as scarlet as the blood of an ox, are quite out of style."

"Indeed they are not," he replied; "I sell the like every day."

After having turned more books over, I again took up the dictionary.

"How much do you want for this?" I asked.

"Three francs, Monsieur; it is worth more for nothing but the binding and quality of the paper."

"Oh, oh! three francs!" I cried. "Do you think I can afford to throw money out of the window in that way? I should like it well enough, for it would look well in my book-case, and is bound in parchment. I will give you thirty sous for it."

"No; you shall have it for two francs, and not one centime less," said Martin.

My heart was throbbing. I had not courage to beat the pedlar down lower, so I took the book up again, knowingly thrusting out my lips, as if reconsidering, —

"You will add two parcels of quills with it, won't you?" I asked.

"Well, considering we have done business together for many years, I will not refuse," said Martin; "but it is really cheap — too cheap. You will make up for it another time, I hope."

The pedlar saw that my eyes brightened up, and, fearing lest this might induce him to change his mind, I placed the dictionary on my rostrum, the pens in the drawer, and counted out his two francs immediately.

"Will you buy nothing else?" he asked in an ill-humoured tone, now that my satisfaction was visible. "Look here," he went on, turning the contents of the basket right over, and coming to a copy-book covered with grey paper, "this is also a part of the same sale."

He opened it at haphazard. I saw it was a collection of plates that supplemented the dictionary, and illustrated all the insects, which were classed, drawn, and engraved in proper order — caterpillars, cocoons, butterflies, worms, &c., of all kinds — in one word, it was perfect. I could not conceal my enthusiastic admiration.

The pedlar marked my joy.

"Oh, this is much dearer!" he said; "it is drawn; it is splendidly got up; it is a different article altogether."

I did not know what to object, for Mar-

tin had said the truth. Fortunately my wife came down; she had been waiting for dinner a full quarter of an hour, and finding me in the act of buying books—the great wish of her heart for the last six months having been to save for a cow—her usual good temper forsook her.

"Dear me, Florent," she cried; "we surely have books enough in the house already; the top room is full of books. What is the good of so many when we are in want of a cow?"

This speech made the Savoyard indignant, for I put the plates down, saying,—

"You are quite correct, Marie-Barbe; I had forgotten the cow."

The pedlar roused himself at this point, and, handing the copy-book out to me, exclaimed,—

"*Allons*; I want to get rid of my wares and turn homewards. Having so heavy a pack, I will let this off cheap. What will you give me for it, Mr. Schoolmaster? Say three francs, and we will close the bargain."

When my wife heard of three francs she almost fainted away.

"Three francs!" she shrieked. "It is not worth four sous."

"Madame," put in the pedlar, "without the slightest desire to take you down, you must allow that your husband knows more about books than you do."

"Now, listen to me," I cried. "As to the dictionary, we will say no more about it. It is bound in parchment, and that increases its value; but when it comes to a copy-book covered with grey paper, without any binding at all, the case alters immediately."

"Well, what then will you give for it?" asked Martin.

"Twenty sous," I replied.

My wife was most provoked, and the Savoyard, noticing her annoyance, said,—

"Then take it; I must get rid of my things."

I saw Marie-Barbe was anxious to break the bargain. When I put my hands in my pocket and counted out the money she looked as cross as could be, but said not a word, being brought up to respect and obey her husband. However, she could not help feeling vexed with me.

The Savoyard, rightly guessing that so long as my wife stood by me there was an end to all further transactions, now picked up his wares, covered them up with his oil-cloth, tied them down, and, slinging the strap over his shoulder, said,—

"*Allons*, I wish you good-day, Monsieur and Madame; I will look in again when

winter is over. Let us hope this will not be my last call, and that we shall conclude further business together."

Thereupon he took his leave, I and Marie-Barbe following him. As he went down the street we both went up-stairs.

I had never felt happier, nor had my wife ever been more miserable. She did not speak all dinner-time, but the children had no sooner left table and gone out than she began. I stopped her at once.

"Now," said I, "I know all that is coming about a cow. Well, you may have one; but, in the name of heaven, do not make life bitter to me! Am I extravagant with money? Do I spend it on my own pleasure? Do I neglect any of my duties? Is there a more saving man in the whole village? If I now, for once, gratify a whim, are you going to distress and lecture me for weeks and months? It is the first time I have had a wish for nine years. I like these books, and could not resist buying them. You want a cow. I hear the Jew, Elias, talking to you every day of a different one, and you would like to have them all. Now, the smallest cow in the place costs a hundred and twenty francs at the lowest. Where is the money to come from? And then the provender?"

"As to the money," replied my wife, "I have put it aside, and the provender is in the store-house of our little orchard behind the school."

I was quite astonished to hear we had so much money in the house; but Marie-Barbe was a saving wife—an excellent wife, unto whom I have always done justice, for she made me very happy—and when I found she had the money, I had no objection to her buying a cow. In families such as ours, milk, butter, cheese, and everything is always wanted, which articles are dear, and therefore I approved of the outlay.

"If that is the case," said I, "by all means settle matters. I am not averse to a cow, but I like books as well. Do as you like, only take care you are not imposed on by Elias. Jews are cunning and more knowing in cattle than we are. Look at our neighbour Bouveret; he has had to ask Elias to change his cow three times in six weeks, giving them ten and fifteen francs over at each change; his last is even worse than the first. Let this guide you; and, above all things, do not say any more to me about these books, which I could not do without, and would not give back for five times as much as they have cost."

At this Marie-Barbe seemed to quiet down. She was delighted I did not find

fault with her idea of a cow; and what I told her, besides, was perfectly true. With the exception of these two books, I had never made an extraordinary purchase.

Women are perspicacious, and my wife saw it would not do to worry me about them.

When I was alone in my top room that evening, while the children were still playing in the dining-room and my wife was busy with the supper things, I sat near the small lamp, with my elbows on the table, reading over the first pages of my dictionary. I went on with it in this manner for several years, being careful to verify all I read on the plates and on my herbal.

I now for the first time had a notion of what science is, by studying the classification of plants according to their organs, and not according to their names, as Monsieur Linnæus had done. I now for the first time comprehended that men should be classed according to their faculties, not their titles of princes, nobles, and *bourgeois*, which distinctions are not in nature, but simply the result of pride and human folly.

The plant that absorbs most air is superior to all others; the insect which inhales most life and power of locomotion is superior to others of its kind; and the man who feels most, who thinks and produces most and better than other men, who draws from his head and heart most strength, talent, courage, and will, should be classed according to the interests of mankind, and not by virtue of the rules of pride, selfishness, and greed.

I take it on myself to say that God, the Eternal Being, is of this mind; for thus He acts with regard to all living beings, from the blade of grass to the oak, and from the lowly worm to man himself. By the example He has given us He shows this to be His will, and everything desired or accomplished contrary to the same comes to nothing, but ends in anarchy, injustice, and in the misery of all for the benefit of a few.

I am aware that the majority will not believe a poor village master who is devoid of genius and authority; nevertheless, that does not prevent truth from being true, nor will it prevent anarchy and disorder from coming to an end, for everlasting order conquers all things in good time.

Justice proceeds from God, who never changes: we are to follow His example, and not acknowledge any other order than that which is based on justice.

No sooner was school over than winter than I used to go up-stairs, and in my own room read the splendid articles of Mon-

sieur de Jussieu or Monsieur George Cuvier on the subordination of organs, on respiration through the trachea or bronchia, and on circulation through the vessels of the heart or spine.

I learned likewise that all animals are organized on four great principles or plans, neither more nor less, and that these four plans are called types, or the four branches of the nervous system; thence proceed four different forms of life and thought here below.

Animals are divided into species, classes, and families, just as human beings are divided into nations. It takes a long period of time to create an organ, and centuries before these organs become perfect and extended among creatures of the same order.

But I perceive I am allowing myself to be led away by my ideas, and that this is not what I had to relate; besides, I have neither sufficient learning nor talent to discuss such sublime subjects, therefore I will go back to my own story, which is more in my own way.

What I can and ought, however, here to communicate, is, that study at the particular time alluded to did me much good. I felt my soul strengthened as I daily acquired a stronger conviction that the lesson to be learnt by all nature is justice, and that there is an imperishable existence which will finally ordain perfect order.

An incident that occurred this winter illustrated to me more fully how superior is the man who thinks, to beings who give themselves up to love of lucre, avarice, and their savage dispositions, like the Rantzau brothers, for instance.

Every week, when my wife came in with her provisions from grocer Claudel's, I used to find her soap and candles wrapped up in such beautifully printed paper that I thought one day of reading it. What was my astonishment to find whole quarters and halves of chapters on history, commerce, machinery, government, and everything; articles that were much better written and more instructive than the books approved of by Monsieur Frayssinous. I was completely taken by surprise. and after this had gone on for six or seven weeks, so utterly puzzled, that I put on my hat and called on Monsieur Claudel, who just happened to be in his shop dealing out treacle.

"Monsieur Claudel," said I, showing him the paper I held, "be so kind as to tell me where this comes from? My wife has for the last few weeks brought me sheets of this description from your shop. What

a pity it is, Monsieur Claudel! I am quite distressed about it."

"Oh," said he, putting down his tin pitcher; "that is a part of the library that belonged to the justice of peace, M. Lefranc, father-in-law, you know, to Monsieur Jean and Monsieur Jacques Rantzan. He died last year, you know. He had a quantity of second-hand things, so I went up to see if there were any articles I wanted, and bought at his sale a whole lot of books at two sous per pound."

As Monsieur Claudel spoke thus, he smiled above his big spreading beard, and looked the picture of self-conceit, under the tuft of hair which he wore combed straight upright on his forehead, according to the fashion of the day.

"So you cut these books up?" I asked, letting my arms drop with surprise and indignation.

"Well, yes; I bought them for paper bags, and I make paper bags of them. Had it not been for the Savoyard who goes his rounds every year with a basket of books on his back, I should have had nearly all there was to sell at half-price; but he happened at that time to be at St. Quirin, and wanted his share, the rascal, he did! We had to divide, finally, between three: grocer Clairanval from Abrecheville, the pedlar, and myself. That Savoyard cost me at least fifty francs, for I may say I lost that much as I did not gain it; but I will serve him out some day! Now, just tell me, Monsieur Florent Renaud, are you not of opinion that large grocers, like myself, who pay wholesale patents, ought to be entitled to prevent such trundlers as that fellow from going about in the villages?"

"I really do not know," I replied, in perfect consternation. "Do you mean to tell me that the Rantzaus sold all those books by the pound? Did they keep nothing out of their father-in-law's library? M. Lefranc was a man of learning, one of the good old school; have they kept nothing at all?"

"The four thousand volumes all went—I believe, though . . . yes; Monsieur Jean kept the old man's Civil Code; Monsieur Jacques took the History of the Comtes de Dâbo—the lords of this place, and I put aside a volume of old songs. You understand what sort I mean," he went on, with a wink, "snatches for shepherds and shepherdesses; they are comic, but they don't come up to Béranger; eh? Ha! ha! ha!"

When Monsieur Claudel laughed his mouth spread from ear to ear.

"But pray walk in, Monsieur Florent; it is cold in the shop, and as there are no

customers we shall be more comfortable by the stove."

"I don't feel cold, thank you," was my reply. "Could I not see the remainder of the books you still have left over, Monsieur Claudel?"

"Certainly. Why not? John Baptist, John Baptist!" he cried.

His boy came forward, with his mouth, as usual, wide open, but his mind was about as small as his master's; he was a perfect simpleton.

"John Baptist, take Monsieur Florent up to the loft: he wants to see our waste paper. You will open the shutter over the hole in the wall to let the light in. Do you hear me, John Baptist?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy; and he walked up-stairs in front of me, breathing hard through his nostrils as he went. I followed in a melancholy state of mind, thinking,—

"So they sold everything? Go and work your life out for such sons-in-law as that! If old justice of peace Lefranc could rise from the dead, he would curse them down to the sixth generation. And yet missionaries are sent out to China while we have savage barbarians at home by hundreds and thousands, men who would see all the great works of the human mind sold for two sous a pound: Buffon, Cuvier, Jussieu, the Encyclopedia, and all the libraries of Europe. God above! what have we come to? Still the reverend Jesuit fathers say there are too many people who know how to read now-a-days!"

As I thus sadly reflected we reached the loft. John Baptist took a kind of lid off the skylight, and I saw all the volumes in one corner, with their covers lying in a heap, and the cut paper in a high pile close by.

It made me feel sick; but I looked on in silence, and as John Baptist stood shivering in the cold, I told him I had seen enough, and we would go down again.

"Express my thanks to your master, John Baptist," I added.

When once down I left the house by the private door, preferring not to cross the shop, and then went straight home.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
BRANTOME.

THE remarkable and especially the durable popularity of the writings of a noticeable number of those authors who

were not professional penmen is a curious circumstance not unworthy of the consideration of those who are such. Of course it is not in the pages of the writers alluded to that correctness of style or the graces of orderly composition are to be looked for. And it is easy to point out how large a share the charm of these merits has in recommending a work to general acceptance. Nevertheless, some special charm of their own such works must have; for the fact of the special popularity of many belonging to this category during many generations of writers is undeniable.

Take, for instance, one of the most singular of the class — Brantôme. What is the merit that has caused and will cause his volumes to be printed again and again, and his name still to be a familiar one in men's mouths? His style is — especially in the eyes of an academy-ridden Frenchman — no style at all. His matter is very frequently most objectionable. His accuracy in the statement of matters of fact is exceedingly problematical. His gossip, hung together with hardly as much of consistence or order as that of beads on a thread, is scarcely more indebted to the art of composition than an auctioneer's catalogue. Nevertheless, there is the fact that for more than two centuries the works of the godless Abbé have lived and are likely to live. There is no reading man, to whom his name at least is not familiar; and there is no student of the period to which he belonged who has not been largely indebted to that speciality of his nature, which showed itself in what really hardly deserves a more respectful name than a *cacoëthes scribendi*. Anquetil, in his *Esprit de la Ligue*, says, in speaking of the first edition of Brantôme's works, that it was in twelve duodecimo volumes, that the publisher would never have printed them in pocket volumes, if it had not been felt that it was a book for the toilette and the promenade as much as for the library. And he adds, "the prevision was a just one, for Brantôme is everywhere. Everybody chooses to have read him." But this was written in the middle of the eighteenth century.

In the present day, when no life, let the hours of it be husbanded as skilfully and used as industriously as they may, can suffice to enable a man to deal with all that is worth reading of the current literature of the day, there must be thousands of reading men, very justly so called, who have never read, and will never read, Brantôme. And there must be many more thousands of ordinarily cultivated people,

who are likely to hear the old writer spoken of, without having the smallest idea whether he was a writer of songs or sermons, an archbishop or a field-marshal.

Perhaps, therefore, it may not be unacceptable to persons belonging to either of the above classes to hear who and what the Abbé de Brantôme was, what manner of man he was, and what manner of books he wrote.

Pierre de Bourdeille, Abbé et Siegneur de Brantôme, was born, in all probability, in 1540. The biographical dictionaries, and writers of similar notices, copying each other, state that he was born in 1527, thus making him eighty-seven at the time of his death on July 5th, 1614. But the comparison of several circumstances, which he mentions of himself in various parts of his works, with other facts, the dates of which are known with certainty, show this to be impossible, and indicate the year 1540 as that of his birth with a near approach to certainty. He was thus seventy-four when he died. Francis I. was King of France when he was born. He lived through the reigns of Henry II. (1547-1558), Francis II. (1559), Charles IX. (1560-1573), Henry III. (1574-1588), Henry IV. (1589-1639), and died in the fifth year of Louis XIII.

There is no more interesting period of modern history. Other epochs in the lives of the nations of modern Europe may have been more pregnant with events and changes exercising a wider influence over their future course and destinies. But none is equal to it in picturesque variety, and in that abounding movement and adventurousness (if the word may be allowed) which resulted from the stirring up of society from its profoundest depths by the advent and spread of new ideas and modes of thought. It was, says M. de Ba ante, "an age when chivalry, and the independent manners derived from it, had come to an end, while the obedience and regulated manners of modern times were not yet established; an age of disorder, in which character developed itself with freedom, in which vice cared neither to disguise nor to restrain itself; in which virtue was lovely because it existed by its own choice and maintained itself by its own strength; in which loyalty had vanished without any diminution of valour; in which religion was the pretext for a thousand cruelties without any hypocrisy on the part of the persecutors; an age which offers more of interest to history than any of those which have succeeded it."

And the charm and the value of Brantôme's books is that they paint this age for the reader,—"the very form and the pressure of the time," as no other writer has done it.

Brantôme may be said to have belonged to both the great professions, which mainly gave to that time its "form and pressure"—the Church and the Sword. The family of Bourdeille is one of the most ancient and most illustrious of Périgord. Writing, some time since, in these pages, of another notability of the same province—Michel de Montaigne—the author pointed to the remarkable manifestation in the old essayist of the special recognized characteristics of the Gascon race. Montaigne was said to be a Gascon of the Gascons. And now we have another Gascon, who no less notably illustrates the popular theory of the Gascon character and confirms the truth of the accepted dicta on the subject. Yet two more different men than Montaigne and Brantôme never lived; and it would be a monstrous injustice to the former to suggest for a moment that they belonged to the same category of human beings in any other respect than their common Gasconism. But Brantôme was also undoubtedly a Gascon of the Gascons. And the reader will mark, in the sequel, not without curiosity, the working of the same specialty of temperament in a very different character.

Charlemagne, journeying in the year 769, from *Equolesimum* (Angoulême) to *Petrogoricum* (Périgueux), founded, on his way, a "Basilica" on the banks of the river Drome. And the record tells us that "locus, quo Basilica fundata est, Brantosmis dicitur." Now the seat of the De Bourdeille family was in that immediate neighbourhood, insomuch that part of the lands of Brantôme belonged to them. Thus when Henry II. gave the Abbey of Brantôme to our author, then in his sixteenth year, the preferment was a very convenient one. The previous holder of it had been a bishop, and it gave the title of "Reverend father in God" to the possessor. Nobody seems, however, to have had any idea that there was any reason why the preferment should not be held by the young scion of the noble race of Bourdeille. And the sixteen-year-old Abbé thenceforward signed himself "in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation," "Le révérend père en Dieu, Messire Pierre de Bourdeille, Abbé de Brantôme."

It will be understood from this that Brantôme was a name applicable to our author alone, and not to any other mem-

bers of his family. He had two brothers older than himself, François Viscomte de Bourdeille and Jean de Bourdeille. But they had nothing to do with the name which their younger brother has rendered so celebrated.

The young Pierre de Bourdeille, at a very early age, before he had yet become Abbé de Brantôme, lived as page to Marguerite de Valois, Queen of Navarre. And, it may be, that what he saw and heard in her court, gave that tinge of a love of literature to his mind, which showed itself, after many years, in leading him to turn author in his old age. It is probable enough also that he may then have been imbued with the first lessons of that morality which is so conspicuous a feature in his character as he himself has painted it for us. For although Margaret patronized learning and learned men, and especially received with marked favour the professors of the newly-reformed faith—so much so as to have herself laboured under grave suspicion of heresy—yet her life and the manner of it was about as far as it well could be from any savour of the austerity which characterized at least the professions of the reformers.

After the death of his patroness the ex-page went to pursue his studies at Paris. He did not, however, finish the university course there, but was removed for the completion of it to Poitiers, about the year 1555; as appears from one of his reminiscences of that *bon vieux temps*, which is too characteristic of it to be omitted.

At that time, as the reader of course knows, the religious differences between the Catholics and the Huguenots were running high, and the whole body of French society was entirely divided between the two parties, between whom the division was as strongly political as religious. Now at Poitiers, "those of the Religion," as the phrase was, mustered strong. And, of course, the division was as violent among the scholars of the university as in any other part of the social world. The ladies were there, as elsewhere among the most violent partisans—as was to be expected—in a matter of religion. And among the most zealous of the fair devotees of the new faith in all Poitiers at that time was the wife of an advocate of the city, known then to all Poitiers, and since, to readers of the memoirs of the time, as La belle Gotterelle, by reason of her excelling beauty. What Lawyer Gotterelle's religious predilections were cannot be told; for he does not at all appear in the story. It may be conjectured, how-

ever, that La belle Gotterelle's zeal in behalf of her favourite creed moved her to act in a manner that was not well calculated to make her husband look favourably on the side she espoused. In a word, La belle Gotterelle was an universal toast among the scholars, and it was well known among them that the fair Huguenote was neither a Lucretia, nor unkind . . . to those of the true faith. All the sweetest things might be whispered in her pretty ear, and find her cold as snow—a veritable Diana to the whisperer, if he came not furnished with the true Open Sesame, in the shape of the “*mot du presche*,”—the text of the last sermon at the reformed church. To the youths of the true faith, who could give that proof of their orthodoxy and their devotion, La belle Gotterelle had nothing to refuse! Nor, it would seem, was her zeal without its success, for Brantôme declares that he knew several among the scholars of the university who frequented the Huguenot preachings for the sake of the reward.

Brantôme, some little time before his death, composed an epitaph, which he directed should be engraved on his tombstone; and which contains a summary of his entire biography. It would be worth transcribing, for the sake of the naïve and unblushing vaingloriousness of it, were it not that it is exceedingly long, and that the facts it records are entirely devoid of interest. He complains in it that other courtiers received more reward in honours and profit than he did, “though they were not equal to him (himself that is), nor ever surpassed him in valour or in merit.” He concludes by bidding the passer-by go on his way, and “leave to repose, him, who in his lifetime never had any, nor ease, nor pleasure, nor contentment. God be praised, nevertheless, for all, and for his Holy Grace.”

Brantôme's life, in a word, was alternately that of a courtier in the courts of some of the most worthless sovereigns who ever disgraced a throne, and that of a military adventurer in various lands, till, having taken offence at being disappointed in obtaining a favour from Henry III., he threw up his position of gentleman of the chamber; and was on the point of joining the rebel League, when he was saved from so rash a step by a bad fall from his horse, the consequences of which kept him confined to his bed for the next four years. From that time forward to his death, he lived in retirement on his estate, occupying himself in managing the affairs of his sister-in-law, the widow of his eldest brother

(one main part of such management consisting in keeping pretenders to the widow's hand at a distance, and preventing her from marrying again), and in writing the books which have made his name celebrated. These, which were all left by him in MS., consisted of the following works:—

The Lives of the Illustrious Men and Great Captains of Foreign Countries; dedicated in a letter dated March 31, 1604, to Margaret, the first wife of Henry IV.

The Lives of the Illustrious Men and Great Captains of France.

The Lives of Illustrious Ladies, both French and Foreign.

The Lives of Women of Gallantry. This last work was dedicated to Francis, Duke of Alençon, who died the 10th of June, 1584. And it would seem, therefore, to have been written before the others.

Memoires of Messiere Pierre de Bourdeille, Seigneur of Brantôme, containing anecdotes connected with duels at the Court of France under the kings Henry II., Francis II., Henry III., and Henry IV.

It is odd that Charles IX. is omitted from this list. M. Monmerqué, the excellent and most competent editor of the best edition of our author's works, thinks that the above title was the work of the first publisher, and that the omission was a mistake which Brantôme himself would never have made.

Spanish Rodomontades and Pleasant Incidents. Dedicated, this also, to Marguerite, the wife of Henry IV.

Certain translations from *Lucan*, to which, says M. Monmerqué, Brantôme attached, notwithstanding their mediocrity, sufficient importance to dedicate them pompously to the Queen.

Fragments of a Life of François de Bourdeille, his father.

A Funeral Oration on Madame de Bourdeille, his sister-in-law; together with a dialogue in verse, entitled, *The Tomb of Madame de Bourdeille*, and another piece in prose on the same subject.

It is by virtue of these writings that Brantôme's name has lived and will continue to live. His doings in the world were of small importance in his own age; and of neither importance nor interest in this. What he *was*, it is still interesting to know and understand, for he was a specially good specimen of his age and country; and this his writings very vividly depict for us.

It might be supposed that a man who had lived such a life as that of Brantôme

— the life of a courtier, of a soldier, and of a man of pleasure, in such an age as his — would not have attached any importance to writings which had been merely the *pis-aller* consolation of years that he would fain have spent otherwise had he been able to do so. But any one who formed such an opinion would have reckoned without taking into consideration the peacock-like Gascon vanity of the author. Here is his own estimate of these writings and of the importance of them, amusingly indicated by a passage from his exceedingly long last will and testament. It was what was called in those days a “testament mystique,” a form of proceeding said to have been especially prevalent in the south of France. The *mystery* of a “testament mystique” consisted in the fact that nobody save the testator knew anything of the contents of it, till it was opened after his death. Instead of calling a lawyer in the usual way to draw up the instrument, the testator wrote his wishes and intentions himself, and then folded and sealed the paper. And its legal force and validity depended on his delivery of the document so sealed to a notary public with the witnessed declaration that the paper so handed to the keeping of the notary contained his last will and testament.

Here is that portion of Brantôme’s will which concerns his writings: —

“I will also and expressly charge my heirs, that they cause to be printed the books which I have composed by my talent and invention, which will be found covered with velvet, either black, green, or blue, and one larger volume, which is that of *The Ladies*, covered with green velvet, and another, which is that of the *Rodomontades*, covered with velvet gilt outside, and curiously bound, which are all carefully corrected. There will be found in these books excellent things, such as stories, histories, discourses, and witty sayings, which I flatter myself the world will not disdain to read when once it has had a sight of them.” (True enough!) “I direct that a sum of money be taken from my estate sufficient to pay for the printing thereof, which certainly cannot be much; for I have known many printers who would have given money rather than charged any for the right of printing them. They print many things without charge which are not at all equal to mine. I will also that the said impression shall be in large and handsome type, in order to make the better appearance, and that they should appear with the Royal Privilege, which the King

will readily grant. Also, care must be taken that the printer do not put on the title page any supposititious name instead of mine. Otherwise I should be defrauded of the glory which is my due.”

This curious peep into the inmost recesses of our author’s mind is specially suggestive when considered with reference to the nature of the works whose diffusion he was so anxious to secure. More than one moralist, in speaking of the responsibilities of the pen, has warned authors that it would be well for them so to write, that they should wish no page of theirs to be cancelled, when Conscience should be summing the works of a lifetime at its close. And they have fondly imagined that such a consideration would suffice to check licentious pens. Yet here we have a writer, a large portion of whose works are almost unparalleled in their cynical licentiousness, who, shortly before he quits the world, takes special care for the preservation and publication of these shameless writings! Not a free-thinker, a materialist who believed in no future, or a Gallio who cared for none of these things! Had Brantôme been such the case would have been far less strange and curious. But our author had not the smallest doubt that he was a good Catholic and a good Christian! He would have told you that he believed implicitly all that the Church bade him to believe. And nothing is more clear than that his conscience was as void of offence in writing what has offended so many, as it might have been had he left nothing but sermons behind him! And herein lies the special interest attaching to him as a representative man of the time in which he lived.

M. de Barante well says of him that “he expresses the entire character of his country and of his profession. Careless of the difference between good and evil; a courtier who has no idea that anything can be blameworthy in the great, but who sees and narrates their vices and their crimes all the more frankly in that he is not very sure whether what he tells be good or bad; as indifferent to the honour of women as he is to the morality of men; relating scandalous things with no consciousness that they are such, and almost leading his reader into accepting them as the simplest things in the world, so little importance does he attach to them; terming that Louis XI., who poisoned his brother, the *good* King Louis; calling women, whose adventures could hardly have been written by any pen save his own, ‘*honnêtes dames*’; careless as to any

great exactitude in his relations,* but painting them vigorously with the true general colouring of the times. . . . what he relates, and still more the manner in which he relates it, makes us live in the very midst of that age."

With regard to the phrase, remarked on by Barante above, which in truth Brantôme uses so constantly, that when a "*belle et honnête dame*" is spoken of, you are sure that some abomination is coming, it is worthy of notice that he never styles such ladies "*vertueuses*." And he seems to use the word "*honnête*" much in the sort of sense in which a three-bottle man was styled "an honest fellow" in the days of our grandfathers.

The following remarks of Anquetil † are worth citing in illustration and completion of those of M. de Barante:—

"In reading Brantôme," he says, "a problem presents itself which is difficult of solution. It is very common to find this author joining together the most contradictory ideas in point of morals. Sometimes he will represent a woman as abandoned to the most shameless libertinage, and then will end by saying that she was discrete and a good Christian. Similarly of a priest, a monk, or of any other ecclesiastic, he will relate anecdotes more than licentious, and then will wind up his mention of them by saying, very seriously, that the person in question lived a good and regular life, and was a respectable churchman. Almost all his works are full of such contradictions, which leads me to propound this question. Was Brantôme a libertine, who was only mocking at religion when he affects to speak thus; or was he one of those whom the world considers amiably thoughtless, and who, without principles, and without intention, confound vice and virtue together?"

Brantôme writes and writes constantly in the manner which so puzzles the grave, but somewhat dull, historian. But Anquetil, in the naïve statement of his difficulty, shows less knowledge of the time when Brantôme lived, than is becoming in an historian. The courtier of Charles IX. and Henry III.—the reverend father in God, who lived the vagabond life of an adventure-seeking swashbuckler, had sim-

ply no conception that religion had ought to do with restraining such conduct as he describes. If a man or a woman was not a Huguenot, went to mass, had the proper sacraments at proper time and place, they were, to all intents and purposes, good Christians. And in taking this view of the matter, Brantôme was neither a hypocritical nor even a careless speaker. He fully supposed and believed such to be the case. And as for any sort of sentiment as to the real moral and spiritual nature of the debaucheries he describes, you might as well have expected it from an ape or a pig. The social atmosphere in which he lived made it impossible that his mind should conceive any such ideas.

Le Laboureur, writing about a hundred years before Anquetil, in the middle of the seventeenth century that is, says of Brantôme that the fault of having written such a book as his *Dames Galantes* must be explained by the corruption of the court of his day, "of which one might tell far more terrible histories than those which he has narrated." And Le Laboureur was a man who knew what he was talking about in that matter.

As a specimen of the sort of magic-lantern-like peeps into the past one gets from Brantôme, and of the way he has of painting a scene with a slight and easy but happy word or two, here is a peep at the celebrated Chancellor de l'Hôpital,—a man who was as much out of his place in that age as Brantôme was in and of it:—

"Another Cato he was," says Brantôme, "who knew right well how to censure and correct the corrupt world. He had all the look of it too, with his great white beard, his pale face, and his grave manners, which made him look like a veritable portrait of St. Jerom; so much so, indeed, that many at Court called him so! Everybody was afraid of him; and, above all, the magistrates, of whom he was the chief. I remember at Moulins once, I had asked M. d'Estrozze,* who was a favourite of his, to speak to him about some business of mine, which he despatched for me at once, and kept Strozzi and me to dine with him. We dined very well, we three alone at table in his chamber with him. He gave us nothing but *bouilli*, though; for that was his ordinary fare at dinner. But all dinner-time there was nothing but fine

* The best critics, however, seem to concur in thinking that Brantôme may be relied upon as truthful with regard to those things which he represents himself as having seen or known of his own personal knowledge; his untrustworthiness as an authority being confined to the many cases in which his statements are prefaced by "I have heard," or "It is said."

† *Esprit de la Ligue*, tom. i. p. 33. Edit. 1767.

* This is the fashion in which he Frenchifies the name of Pietro Strozzi, the son of the celebrated Filippo Strozzi, who after his father's death in prison sought and found a career and fortune in France.

discourses, *beaux mots*, and beautiful sentences, which came out of the mouth of this great personage, with now and then a pleasant word of jest. After dinner he was told that two magistrates, who had received nominations of President and Councillor, were waiting to be admitted by him into their appointments. He ordered them to be at once shown in, but did not rise or move an inch from his chair to receive them. They were shaking in their shoes like leaves in the wind. He had a great book brought in and placed upon the table; opened it himself, and pointing to certain passages, called on them to explain them, and reply to his questions upon them. They answered so stupidly and so wide of the mark that they kept contradicting themselves, and did not know what to say; in such sort, that he was obliged to give them a lecture, and telling them that they were but asses, bid them go back to the schools again. Strozzi and I were sitting in the chimney-corner the while, and saw all the wry faces they made, and the fright of the poor devils, who looked for all the world like men going to be hanged. We laughed our fill under the chimney. When they had gone out the Chancellor turned to us and said, 'They are a pretty pair of asses; it ought to lie heavy on the King's conscience to give magistracies to such people.' Strozzi and I said to him, 'Possibly, monsieur, you gave them nuts to crack too hard for their teeth?' Whereupon he laughed and said, 'By your leave, gentlemen, they were very small matters I asked them, and things which they ought to have known.' That will show," concludes Brantôme, "how ignorance fared before this great Chancellor — why the men stood like malefactors before him!"

Here is a little trait of the great Constable de Montmorency, which gives a completing touch to the many characters historians have drawn of him, but which assuredly might be sought in vain in any other pages than those of our gossiping author. Brantôme is remarking that he was such an excellent Christian, and "never failed to maintain Christianity in himself as long as he lasted, never derogating from it." He tells many stories of his unbridled violence, tyranny, and injustice with unqualified admiration; but "he never failed to say and keep up (*entretenir*) his paternosters every morning, whether he remained in the house, or went out to the field, to the army. So that it was a common saying among the soldiers,

that one must beware of the paternosters of the Constable. For as disorders were very frequent, he would say, while mumbling and muttering his paternosters all the time, 'Go and fetch that fellow, and hang me him up to this tree!' 'Out with a file of harquebusiers here before me this instant for the execution of this man!' 'Burn me this village instantly!' 'Cut me to pieces at once all these villain peasants, who have dared to hold this church against the King!' And all this without ever ceasing from his paternosters till he had finished them, — thinking that he would have done very wrong to put them off to another time; so conscientious was he!"

There is a little anecdote of Bayard, the "Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche," which, despite the abundance of record we have of Bayard, the reader will thank Brantôme for having preserved. It was at the retreat of Rebec, so disastrous for France, that Bayard was killed, shot by an harquebuse in the back while protecting the retreat. He had been helped to dismount, and was lying under a tent, which the courtesy of Pescara, the general on the Spanish side, had ordered to be placed over him while he died. And as he thus lay, the renegade Constable Bourbon, who was fighting in the ranks of the enemy, passed by and said, "Ah, M. de Bayard, in truth I am sorry for you!" To which the dying hero replied, "For the love of Heaven, monsieur, do not be sorry for me. I am dying for my king and for my faith. Be sorry for yourself; you are fighting against your faith and against your king!" Bourbon hung his head and passed on without another word.

These are the sort of little incidents with which Brantôme's pages are filled; and it will be readily believed that, as M. de Barante says, they do more to give the reader a living and vividly-coloured picture of his times than any other writer who can be named. Brantôme's French, though not difficult, would perhaps be found somewhat puzzling by those who have been accustomed to no French save that of the great period of French literature. It does not follow that you would understand Brantôme because you can read Voltaire without difficulty. But the difficulty of some passages here and there in the pages of the gossiping old soldier in retirement, arises as much from his extreme carelessness as from the archaisms of his style. The progress which the language made in the half century before Brantôme wrote was immense; and a very little practice will

enable a tolerable French scholar to read him readily.

Most of the writers, who have belonged to the category to which Brantôme belongs, in so far as they have been gossips, chatting to the reader of anything and everything that was in their minds, without any literary pretence, telling their anecdotes for the mere pleasure of telling them, have become, and have held their place as personal favourites with the world of readers. They have been, or at all events have given the world the impression that they were not only pleasant but amiable men — men whom one would have liked to know, and have loved as friends. But it must be owned that Brantôme is not of this number. His writings do not leave the impression that he was a loveable man. Nor is the picture of the old man in his retirement, painting to the life an age and a society in which it was pollution to have lived, a pleasing one. His absurdly exaggerated vanity took the form of extreme selfishness, and of a sore discontent, which continually complained that the treatment the world had given him fell very short of what his merit deserved. The vain-gloriousness which was the master passion of his nature, he considered to be, and is constantly calling his “*grandeur d’âme*.” And this “*grandeur d’âme*” continually led him to imagine that *his* rights, *his* dignity, *his* interests were not sufficiently deferred to by those around him. He was continually engaged in lawsuits with those around him, and these, together with his cares for the keeping away of suitors from his sister-in-law, seem to have divided his time with his books. He was constantly at law with the monks of his Abbey of Brantôme. He instituted a suit against his neighbour, the Seigneur de Contanho. He went to law with three different people, because they refused to swear *foi et hommage* to him as their seigneur; and with respect to one of these he orders by his will that his heirs shall pursue the offender to the utmost, and disinherit any one of them who shall fail to do so; “it not being reasonable,” says the will, “to leave this little wretch at rest, who descends from a low family, and whose grandfather was nothing but a notary.”

This will is altogether a singular specimen of pride and self-love. Fearing to be neglected in his old age, he disinherits beforehand any of his nephews who shall have ill-treated or neglected him, or not made much of him, and aided him with

good offices and kindnesses. He adds this clause, which, Monmerqué says, would alone suffice to characterize the man: “If perchance I should come to have or receive any injury, offence, or insult, as, for example, an attempt against my life, either by any member of my own family or by a stranger, on which, by reason of the weakness and feebleness of age, I might be unable to revenge myself, I will and intend that my nephews and nieces, or their husbands, shall pursue and take vengeance in every respect the same as I should have done in my green and vigorous youth, during which I may boast, and I thank God for it, that I never received an injury without being revenged or the author of it. And those of my heirs male, or the husbands of my female heirs, who shall neglect the said vengeance, and shall not perform it either by arms or by legal means, shall by this my will be cut off from receiving any portion of my said property; and all shall go to those who shall take vengeance for me. And if all of them, which I cannot believe, shall fail in this duty, then I will that all my property should go to the poor, and to the Hôtel Dieu at Paris.”

A codicil to the same instrument, executed on October 5th, 1613, appoints his niece the Countess of Duretal his executor, charging her with the duty of publishing his manuscripts. But the Countess and her advisers found this rather a difficult task for a lady to perform, considering the nature of a portion of the writings; and Madame de Duretal contented herself with preserving her uncle’s manuscripts in the library of the family château. Moreover, when at a later day they were printed, it was impossible to obtain that *Privilege du Roi*, which their author fancied would have been given so readily. They were printed for the first time in nine pocket volumes, in the Elzevir type, by the brothers Steucker at the Hague, but with the name of Samix and the date Leyden on the title page. A new edition was published at the Hague in 1740, in fifteen pocket volumes of the Elzevir size. Sundry re-impressions have been published from these two editions. And in 1787 Bastien printed an edition in eight volumes, 8vo., at Paris, but it was merely a reprint from that of 1740. By far the best edition of Brantôme’s works now is that of Foucault, Paris, 1822, in seven volumes 8vo., which was printed to form a continuation to the Petitot collection of *Mémoires pour servir à l’Histoire de France*.

From The Economist.
THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

THE death of the Emperor Napoleon throws a flood of light upon his later life. It was in 1868 that he first began perceptibly to lose confidence in himself, to shrink from the responsibility of his own power, and to desire if means might be found to transmute his Cæsarism into Constitutional Monarchy. Observers imagined that he was alarmed by the progress of Prussia, and the foreseen necessity of embarking on a new and a great campaign; and no doubt the success of Prince Bismarck's policy did weigh upon his mind and disturb his judgment, but, as is now perceived, there was another cause. He had been attacked by a malady, which, besides threatening the constitution, exerts a singular power over the mind, frequently depriving it of nervous strength, of energy, and of the capacity of resolution. It was as a victim to incipient stone that the Emperor formed the Ollivier ministry and his new plan of Government, and many of his delays, hesitations, and vacillations, together with the febrile irritability with which he pressed forward his idea of a new plebiscite, may be attributed to the growing, though secret, influence of his malady. Under its influence he ceased to be able to examine into details, lost his confidence in old friends, and began to indulge in the despondency which sent him in 1870 to the field a man beaten in advance. He lost the inclination to take the trouble to select new men who had become indispensable, and to bear with men who had independent opinions, or opinions hostile to his own. When during the campaign his exertions increased his complaint, he had no longer the energy to direct; and when at Sedan a tremendous effort might have saved him, he had not the physical power to make it, or even to entertain strongly the idea of making it. His later failures were in fact the results of his physical condition, or at all events so far the results of it, that it is impossible to form a just conception of the degree to which his original powers had been impaired.

In spite of his failure, and of the stream of contemporary thought, which is greatly influenced by the misfortunes that failure brought on France, we believe those powers to have been very considerable. Napoleon the Third, though not a great administrator—a function for which he was too indolent—was perhaps the most reflective and *insighted*, not far-sighted, of the modern statesmen of France. He perceived years before other men the spell

which the name of his uncle threw over the Frenchmen who had forgotten the disasters of 1815. He comprehended years before other men that the peasantry were the governing body, and would, if secured in their properties, adhere firmly to any strong Executive. He understood the latent power existing in the idea of nationalities years before old diplomatists could see in it anything but a dream. He was aware of the resources which might be developed by a Free-trade policy before a single politician in France had realized the first principles of economic finance. Alone among French politicians he contrived to conciliate the Papacy, or rather to master it, without breaking with the Republicans, and alone among Frenchmen he ventured to declare that England was the best ally France could have. Whenever his brain could work freely without necessity for previous labour he was a clear-sighted statesman, and it was only when a subject had to be learned up, like the condition of the Northern States of the Union or the organization of Prussia, that his mental power became useless or even deceptive. We are by no means convinced that had he not gone to war his new Constitution would have failed, for it would have given France her freedom, and yet allowed, through the plebiscite, of the occasional revolutions which France from time to time will always demand. A new generation of men would have come forward, and would have exercised the power which the Emperor, pressed by pain, by despondency, and by indolence, no longer desired to wield. He had perceived long before his great adherents that Frenchmen were tired of compression, and the violence of the expansion was due in great measure to his decaying energy and resolution. Up to the day of his death he could still be resolved, but it was only in the passive way—the way possible to a man not required to do anything but sit quietly in an arm-chair and weigh advice. The effect of his bodily health is an argument to the discredit not the credit of personal government, but it must be considered in any just estimate of the Emperor's mental power. We do not expect from M. Thiers the pliability of a young man, nor is it fair to expect from a middle-aged Emperor, tortured with the stone, the serene reflectiveness of a political philosopher.

It is too early yet to discuss frankly the character of the Emperor, but as we have indicated the greatest of his mental powers—cool and broad political insight—we

may also indicate the greatest of his mental defects as a politician. He had, we think, an incapability, almost beyond precedent, of securing competent agents. He never discovered a great soldier. He never found out a great statesman. He never secured a great financier. Only two of his agents — M. de Morny and M. Pietri — can be pronounced first-rate men of any kind, and the mass of them could hardly be classed as fourth-rate or fifth-rate men. This was the more remarkable because he himself was not unpleasant to his people, not capricious, not exacting, not disposed to change; and as France is full of able men only too anxious to serve, it must have been due to some want in his own mind — a want which is by no means easy to understand. Mere want of insight into individual character does not explain the failure, for that would leave promotion open to everybody, and consequently leave to the able all their chances unimpaired. Mere indolence does not explain it, for amidst the 500,000 officials employed in France it does not take very much trouble to pick out a few strong men; and mere carelessness does not explain it, for the Emperor was well aware how badly he was sometimes served. It is difficult, considering the wealth of intellect in France, to doubt that the Emperor had the foible of men whose position is slightly uncertain, that he was jealous of very able persons, particularly if they were statesmen; regarded all such as his uncle regarded Moreau — as possible rivals and successors. Such men are usually independent, and he wanted his agents to obey. Such men in France argue well, and the Emperor was not good at debate either in public or private. Such men above all, if Frenchmen, are anxious to make their personality felt, and the Emperor could not bear that any personality should be felt except his own, lest it should attract the regard of a population accustomed to raise its favourites to the top. It was this feeling which induced him twice to accompany his armies, though he knew he was no soldier, and so secure that no general should obtain the suffrages of the army. It was this feeling which made him close up so many political careers, till it became nearly impossible for an able man in France to manifest his ability, and this feeling which induced him to prefer mere red tapists in the War Department, where he never but once had a first-rate man, Marshal Niel, who was practically nominated by the army. Above all it was this feeling, greatly exasperated by disease, which induced

him to underrate his own position, and doubt whether without victory he could retain his hold on France. There is not a doubt that, if he had remained quiet, the peasantry and the army would have remained true to him; but he could not with his morbid sense of insecurity, irritated to madness by disease, believe the truth, and therefore he fell. We shall, as time goes on and memoirs appear, know much more of Napoleon III. than we do now, but we believe, when all is known, the world will decide that his grand merit as a politician was a certain clearness of insight, and that his grand defect was self-distrust, leading to jealous impatience of capacities unlike or superior to his own. To declare him a great man may be impossible in the face of his failures, but to declare him a small one is ridiculous. Small men dying in exile do not leave wide gaps in the European political horizon.

From The Saturday Review.
OVERWORK.

EVERY one who has had much to do with schoolboys or undergraduates is aware of a pleasant fiction which is current amongst them, but which receives still more credit from their mothers and sisters. A young gentleman whose face is rather pale, whose hand shakes more than is fitting at his time of life, and who has a generally dilapidated appearance at the end of term, is apt to ascribe those symptoms to the superhuman efforts which he has made in passing the Littlego. He throws out dark hints about the necessity of fastening a wet towel round his head, and supporting his nervous system by copious draughts of green tea. His female relatives naturally sympathize, and regard examiners as stony-hearted inflictors of tortures upon the young. The more experienced and impartial observer is apt to be sceptical. It is indeed true that some young men have injured their constitutions, and probably more are likely to suffer the same injury, under the influence of competitive examinations. But it is also true that in a majority of cases the fiction is tolerably transparent to the young gentleman's college acquaintance. Overwork is sometimes a simple appeal for compassion; its supposed victim is merely acting the part of pallid student to impress the audience at home. More frequently it is a delicate periphrasis for other evils of a less pre-

sentable nature. Its sufferer may be imputing to intellectual exertion what is really due to a misguided passion for supper-parties and to nights spent in devotion to loo. In short, overwork is a highly convenient veil to throw over the innumerable methods in which a youth may injure his constitution. If the physical mischiefs produced by excessive study could be fairly compared with the mischiefs produced by other causes, we have a shrewd suspicion that their sum total would be infinitely less than is generally supposed. We may say pretty confidently, from a tolerably wide experience, that the number of victims to overwork is utterly insignificant compared with the number of victims from other causes, and with the number of cases in which the excuse is imposed upon softened relations.

What is true of undergraduates is at least equally true in later life. Most men, as they grow older, grow lazier, and at the same time become more accomplished hypocrites. For both reasons they acquire greater skill in imposing upon themselves and others. A young man brought up in happy ignorance of physiological laws, and placed under the stimulus of a competition whose importance he grossly exaggerates, does occasionally take liberties with his constitution. When he becomes conscious of his digestive apparatus, he grows more cautious, and is less accessible to excitement. He cannot be ridiculed by his companions, and he becomes an adept in the art of self-flattery. Everybody likes to think that he is making superhuman exertions, and his wife and family accept his theories much more readily than his tutors and competitors. And thus, when some eminent man breaks down under the strain of his labours, there is immediately a chorus of hard-working people who are ready to exclaim Yes, we are all breaking down. The cry is taken up by the newspapers, and we are treated to eloquent sermons upon the terrible excitement and the incessant wear and tear of modern life. We are living too fast, burning the candle at both ends, and exhausting our nervous systems under the incessant pressure of our struggle for existence. How much of all this is genuine? and how much is merely the repetition in later life, and with greater affectation of solemnity, of the old undergraduate pretence that we are being overworked, when in reality we are only wanting to excite a little domestic pity?

That a great deal of this lamentation is mere pretence will probably be acknowledged by any one who fairly examines the

cases of his acquaintance. A gentleman has a comfortable breakfast; he goes to his chambers or his office, and returns to a late dinner. He does no work afterwards, and has plenty of time for a good sleep. His whole time for active work is comprised, say, between 10 A.M. and 6 P.M. From that must be deducted the time spent in luncheon, in gossiping, in the intervals between different pieces of business, and in all other interruptions. If he has been actually employed upon any serious intellectual labour for six or seven hours in the day, he has probably done as much as most men; and of this again a very large part is in most cases of a purely routine character. If a man who keeps himself up to this standard does not get from six weeks' to two months' holiday in the year, he considers himself to be cruelly injured, and immediately complains that he is being worked to death. One hears such complaints from many men who, if surprised in the hours of what they call business, are as often as not reading the newspaper, or perhaps making believe to read it. An energetic man will frequently contrive to cram into the hours which are allowed to run to waste by his friends, work enough to win literary or scientific reputation as a voluntary addition to his other labours. As very few men have the necessary taste for such supererogatory performances, we may fairly assume that their burden is not heavier than human nature may fairly be expected to bear. It is of course true that there are many exceptions to this rule. There are barristers in large practice who have to begin the study of their briefs at five in the morning; physicians who cannot call any hour of the day or night their own; and Ministers whose labours, sufficiently severe in themselves, are only suspended whilst they breathe the unhealthy air of the House of Commons. But such cases, though positively numerous, are relatively a very small minority. Few members of Parliament are unable to spare time for society, for sport, for travelling, or for a thousand other modes of time-killing. The vast majority of professional men are far more apt to complain of the absence of work than of its excessive supply. For one barrister whose table is groaning under an accumulation of briefs, there are a hundred whose absence from chambers, though a subject of regret to their friends, would be accepted with surpassing equanimity by attorneys and by the public at large. The overwork of which we complain, so far as it really exists, is the result of a social

system which accumulates duties upon a few, to leave the mass at complete leisure. Of the few, again, it must be added that a majority have no heavier burdens than they can fairly carry. The longevity of successful lawyers is notorious. We need not give instances of the many successful men who have been hard at work from early manhood to old age; of whom the chief complaint is that their appetite for work survives their capacity for doing it satisfactorily. With such men it must be supposed that hard work has been rather healthy than otherwise; and thus the actual sufferers are reduced to the minority of a minority. They are the few men whose intellectual force is disproportioned to their physical strength, and who have not self-restraint enough to decline duties for which they are fitted in every respect but constitutional power. Some such men doubtless break down every now and then, and the sympathy which their cases excite provokes others to exhibit themselves in the same amiable character. We all like to be martyrs, especially when the fire exists only in imagination.

The complaint of overwork, when it has some genuine foundation, is generally founded upon a misconception. There is undoubtedly a very real and not uncommon evil which is described under this name. Two men of equal strength may be doing the same amount of actual work, and yet the one may be killing himself, whilst the other finds his duties mere child's play. The reason is, of course, that one man's work is productive of anxiety, whilst the other's may be merely soothing. A speculator may spend a very few hours in anything that can be called business, but the difficulty is that he cannot leave his business behind him. Anxiety about money is the most deadly of all troubles. When a man commits suicide, it is far less reasonable, according to the old proverb, to ask, Who is she? than to ask, How much is it? Business which keeps a man in a constant oscillation between ruin and a fortune, which follows him home and prevents him from sleeping, is incomparably more trying than almost any quantity of downright steady work. The Stock Exchange at New York must fill lunatic asylums more quickly than all the most laborious Universities in Germany, England, and America. A professor may labour at the collation of manuscripts, or even at the search for the Absolute, for fifteen hours a day, and be all the better for it; a third of the time spent in studying the ups and downs of Erie

Railroad shares, and staking money on the result, would qualify him for a strait-waistcoat or a halter in a year. As, however, speculation has a comparatively discreditable sound, the evils which it produces are very frequently placed to the account of its more respectable rival, straightforward industry. We choose, in one form or another, to spend a great part of our time at the gaming-tables which exist in an infinite variety of forms in every capital in the world, and then complacently complain that we have injured ourselves by over application to our duties.

As a rule, therefore, we should say that the complaints of overwork are amongst the most flimsy of all the excuses set up by men for the evils which they bring upon themselves. Very few people really work hard; and when they do, it generally agrees with them. Directly or indirectly, idleness does fifty times as much mischief, for the best cure for the love of excitement is steady application. A vast amount of good pity is thrown away in the world; and, instead of solemnly warning our friends not to do too much, we should find it simpler to refuse the indirect compliment for which they are manoeuvring, and advise them to relax their minds by a little strenuous activity. When the danger really exists it may generally be remedied rather by redistributing the burden than by diminishing it. A very slight physical exertion may injure a man for life, if only he undertakes it in the wrong way. Try to lift a thousand pounds weight by a sudden jerk, and you may probably break a bloodvessel. Divide the weight into ten portions, and lift each calmly by itself, and the exercise may do you good. Run a mile after a hearty meal, and you may be injured for life; walk ten miles a day, and you may materially improve your health. The same principle is applicable to intellectual labour. To lay down any general rules is impossible, because constitutions vary infinitely. One man requires twice as much sleep as another; one man can do work before breakfast when another finds it answer better to sit up at night, and so on. A few practical rules will be learnt by practice. The *Lancet*, for example, in a sensible paper on the subject, remarks upon the importance for men who work at night of having a white, powerful, and steady light concentrated upon their papers; flickering and diffused light being one of the most serious causes of brain irritation. Good food, with a moderate supply of stimulants, and a final pipe before turning into bed, is a comfortable

recommendation of the same authority; whilst, of course, excess in tobacco and alcohol is a constant cause of the incapacity for sleep which is often complacently attributed to overwork. The rule is, in short, that a man should take care that he gets good sleep and keeps his digestion in order. A little unprejudiced observation of his own symptoms will teach a man of ordinary sense how to keep himself in health; and, by a judicious arrangement of his time and habits, he will find that he can do as much work with perfect impunity as will serve him, if he so pleases, with an admirable excuse for committing suicide and becoming a text for leading articles. It is not overwork that should be denounced, but the bad habits for which work is made to serve as an excuse. Eat too much, drink too much, smoke too much, and do everything in a hurry and at the wrong time, and five hours a day may send you to an early grave. Show a little common sense, and without injuring your health you may be as voluminous an author as Voltaire, or do as much legal or official work as the most industrious Minister or barrister of the day, and see your children's children, and laugh at the degeneracy of the rising generation in the twentieth century.

From The Spectator.

DR. CARPENTER ON MENTAL ACQUISITION AND INHERITANCE.

DR. CARPENTER, whose physiological and psychological essays are always instructive, and who would be more nearly the popular physiologist he deserves to be than he is, if he did not vindicate so pertinaciously his own claim, — though not forgetting, we admit, the claim of others, — to have announced long ago doctrines now generally received, has a very interesting essay in the new number of the *Contemporary** on the acquisition and hereditary transmission of mental qualities; and as we observe that he is going to reserve for another paper the application of the principles illustrated in the present paper to the case of Man, we may seize this as a very suitable occasion for suggesting some of the points to which scientific men might usefully devote themselves for the benefit of the public, and on which perhaps he may be able to give us precise information in his future essay. The first of the more

important of Dr. Carpenter's points made in this essay is that modifications, — at all events, of the physical constitution of animals, — are much more likely to be enduring if formed during the period of physical growth, when the structural life has much more pliancy for adapting itself to new conditions than it has afterwards, — a principle which he illustrates by Sir Charles Lyell's statement that English greyhounds removed to a very high plateau in Mexico, 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, could not run for any time in the attenuated atmosphere of that mountain region, and when chasing the hares soon fell down gasping for breath, while their offspring which grew up in the attenuated air got their lungs so well adapted to the new conditions, that they were quite as able to chase the hares of that region as the English greyhounds had been to chase the hares of England. Now this of course is not an illustration of the main subject of Dr. Carpenter's essay, — the transmissibility of physical qualities to descendants, — but rather of the manner in which new qualities are first acquired. And it suggests to us to ask to what extent physiologists believe in the power of an organism, submitted during the time of youth and growth to new conditions, to adapt or acclimatize itself, as the phrase is, to those conditions, and how the self-adaptative process really works? Mr. Darwin's theory suggests that adaptation takes place by the appearance of variations in all directions, and then the disappearance of varieties which are unfavourable to the actual conditions of existence, but here clearly is a self-varying power which is not accidental, but which is exerted solely in one direction, — that of accommodation to the outward conditions of life. Had this accommodation of the greyhound's organization to the thin atmosphere of the high lands of Mexico taken place according to Mr. Darwin's rule, there would have been required a great many generations during which only the better-winded and more useful greyhounds would have been selected for preservation. In this case, however, the accommodation occurred *per saltum*, and was not the result of selection, but of the elastic constitution of the lungs of the whelps, which apparently suited themselves perfectly to the thin air in the very first generation. Now how far does this power of the youthful physical life to attain a certain harmony with the surrounding circumstances go? — for on the answer to this question a great deal of the full significance of Mr. Darwin's theory depends.

* Living Age, No. 1493.

Does that theory merely render an account of a powerful *supplementary* agency which cuts off, as it were, all stragglers from the law of progressive development, while a general tendency is at work setting steadily in the direction of favourable variations? Or is the tendency to vary really *equal* in all directions, — those which retard as well as those which promote the well-being of the species, — and is it, in the vast majority of cases, only the strain of competition which cuts off the former class of variations? This is a matter of great moment, and the physiologists ought really to tell us more of the character of those tentative variations of which Mr. Darwin's theory makes so much use. Is the tentative of nature really impartial? Is there as much tentative effort put forth in directions hostile as in directions favourable to the well-being of the species? or is the former vastly outweighed by the latter, so that the law of selection by competition would appear only as a *residual* law, which pursues and slays, as it were, the rear-guard of *comparative* failures, while a much greater proportion of failures has been altogether excluded from the field by the general tendency of every physical organization to adapt itself to surrounding circumstances? If there be a large proportion of instances in which the physical nature of vegetables and animals accommodates itself, without the sifting of a selective process, — in a single generation for instance, as in this greyhound case, — to altered circumstances which do not suit the organization of the creatures first submitted to it, — then it would appear to be true that Mr. Darwin's law does not exhibit the central explanation of constant improvement, but only the explanation of an important additional guarantee for such improvement, and one which considerably accelerates the rate. The physiologists should clearly consider for us how far the variable tendency in all hereditary organizations is really neutral as regards the advantage of the species, or how far it exhibits, as in this instance of the greyhounds in Mexico, a bias towards improvement independently of the causes which cut off the unsuccessful specimens. Dr. Carpenter seems to say, if we understand him rightly, that even the transmission of modifications for evil, like the deteriorated nervous system of the offspring of drunkards, may be traced back to the efforts of nature to adapt itself with as little shortcoming as possible to the unfavourable conditions of habitual excess, taken together with the tendency of vital energy

to persevere in any channel which it has once been compelled to assume, until new pressure from without force it back into the old channel. But if that be so, then even this tendency to deteriorate in such organizations is primarily due to an effort of nature to save itself *against* mischief, combined with the law of inertia which keeps it going in any track once taken until a new diversion is effected. And as both the self-protecting tendency of the vital organization, and the law of inertia, may be vindicated as essential to the providential view of nature, it would seem that here even in the very explanation of deterioration we have come on a principle which implies a steady resistance to deterioration, — indeed, a law of progress. Clearly there are traces enough of physiological principles of self-preservation and improvement, quite independently of the sifting-out caused by the conflict of existence; but of the proportional value and comparative weight of these salutary agencies, relatively to those of Mr. Darwin's great principle, the physiologists have not yet given us an adequate estimate.

In the next place, Dr. Carpenter points out, as many other physiologists, Mr. Darwin chief of all, have pointed out, how curiously specific, as well as independent of all individual experience, the inherited instincts of the lower animals, and very often the physical habits of men, are. Dr. Carpenter, for instance, quotes from Mr. Thomas Andrew Knight, in the "Philosophical Transactions," the following very pointed illustration of these characteristics: — "A young terrier, whose parents had been much employed in destroying polecats, and a young springing spaniel, whose ancestry through many generations had been employed in finding woodcocks, were reared together as companions; the terrier not having been permitted to see a polecat, or any other animal of a similar character, and the spaniel having been prevented from seeing a woodcock, or other kind of game. The terrier evinced, as soon as it perceived the *scent* of the polecat, very violent anger; and as soon as it *saw* the polecat, attacked it with the same degree of fury as its parents would have done. The young spaniel, on the contrary, looked on with indifference; but it pursued the first woodcock which it ever saw with joy and exultation, of which its companion the terrier did not in any degree partake." And Mr. Darwin quotes from Mr. F. Galton a very curious instance of a physical habit only affecting the *sleeping* body, and therefore, of course, derived solely through unconscious physical

inheritance, transmitted from father to child during three consecutive generations, — the habit, namely, of raising the right arm, while sleeping on the back, in front of the face, and then dropping it with jerk so that the wrist fell heavily on the bridge of the nose. Now here we have two very perfect and typical instances of the inheritance of a tendency to perform curiously specific actions without the possibility in the former case of any of the influence of example, and with extremely little chance of it in the later, — unless it be supposed that the memory of the father's habit could influence the children in their dreams. Now it is of the first importance to ask why it is that these very specific inheritances seem to have no application at all to properly intellectual operations. We have heard of inherited *capacities* for physical investigation, for mathematics, for law, for scholarship, for political judgment, and for other branches of learning and inquiry, but we never hear of a lad who inherits (without individual learning) the knowledge of a particular passage of Virgil, or even the terminology of Algebra, as dogs inherit the knowledge of their special prey and how to treat them, and even, we believe, the knowledge of the meaning of particular terms like "come to heel," or as the children in Mr. Galton's story inherited the physical trick of letting their hands fall in sleep upon the bridge of their nose. How is it that the tendency to pronounce the most common phrases of life, phrases used habitually by our ancestors for generations back, — like "Good morning" on the first greeting in the day, — is not as inheritable as the tendency to cry when pain is felt, or to wink at a strong light? We doubt if there is even such a thing in man as a distinctly inherited association of *ideas proper*, in the same sense in which the smell of the polecat was so bound up somehow in the inherited nature of the terrier with anger and the preparations for attack, that on the very first occasion on which the smell presented itself the preparations for attack began. Yet it is difficult to assign a reason at first sight why inheritable associations should not be carried into the purely intellectual regions, why such a very strong association, for instance, as there evidently was in Sir Walter Scott's mind between the scenery of the Scottish Border and the wild stories of the past, should not be so transmitted to a child that, even *before* he had ever had any Border stories of the olden time narrated to him, the landscapes of the Border would have summoned up vague concep-

tions of romantic passions and wild adventure; or, take a more familiar instance, why such a very strong association as there is in a washerwoman's mind between soap and cleanliness should not be so transmitted, that a washerwoman's child when shown for the first time a bit of soap should immediately have a vision of the wash-tub. Even that would not go beyond the apparently transmitted connection in the terrier's mind between the scent of the polecat and the preparation for war. We doubt if a single case could be found of a transmitted *intellectual* association, however close in which the presentation to a child's mind of the first of two links of association should draw after it a second link always closely associated with it in the parent, but never as yet so associated in the actual experience of the child. The point is important, and well worth Dr. Carpenter's attention, because if we have read his psychological works aright, he has a tendency to believe in "unconscious cerebration," — *i.e.*, unconscious thought of a kind for which we cannot find any real evidence. That a great many genuinely intellectual trains of association pass through our minds in sleep, and in other peculiar states — especially somnambulist states, — which we wholly *forget* when we are awake, and which we can by no means recall until the mind passes again into the same peculiar state, is beyond all doubt. But that the intellectual process which we thus forget is really unconscious, *at the time at which we go through it*, — and this is how we have sometimes seemed to understand Dr. Carpenter, — seems to us in the highest degree importable; and we think it would only be rendered probable by the production of proof that not simply thinking *capacity*, but a real chain of association, is transmissible from father to child. If that were so, then though itself might be regarded as due to purely physiological machinery, in which case, there would be no wonder in the mind's passing *without consciousness* through a complicated chain, not of course of *thoughts*, but of the nervous changes which correspond to thoughts, and returning to consciousness again at any accidental link in the chain. But as far as we can see, the physiological inquiries of recent days do not in the least degree tend to show that you can pass along a line of closely associated thoughts without conscious thinking, as you can undeniably pass along a line of closely-associated habitual actions without thinking. And yet much of the modern language about unconscious cerebration tends in that direction. We doubt very

much whether, even if two links of merely experiential intellectual association could be worked closer and closer for fifty generations of father and son, there would be the least tendency for the first two links to suggest the other, in the descendant of

such a race, antecedently to their real connection in his own individual experience. Yet if it be so, the doctrine of transmitted associations fails in the region of thought and conception proper.

THE missing comet, — Biela's, — which was divided into two by some disturbing influence in 1846, — and which in its periodic return in 1866, and again this year, had managed to escape observation, has been found by a very curious astronomical conjecture. Mr. Hind had indicated to the Astronomical Society that the great meteoric shower of November 27 last was, in all probability, part of the train of Biela's comet; — indeed, a well-known astronomical writer in the *Daily News* had suggested this explanation as probable before Mr. Hind showed how closely the two phenomena corresponded. A Continental astronomer, Klinkerfues, took the hint, and telegraphed to Mr. Pogson at Madras, — “Biela touched earth on 27th; search near Theta Centauri.” The neighbourhood of Theta Centauri cannot be well observed in Europe, and even at Madras the time for observing it well is not long. On the third evening of his research Mr. Pogson found what he sought for, — the truant comet. It was described by him on his second sight of it as “circular, bright, with a faint but distinct tail,” but the companion comet at the last advises Mr. Pogson had not seen. Thus astronomers have not only got hold of one at least of the missing twins, but have a further confirmation of the connection between meteoric flights and comets. The calculated path of a comet passing near the path of our earth suggests a flight of meteors, and the flight of meteors comes. Again, a flight of meteors suggests the passage of a comet, and the comet is found just where it is looked for.

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and they were terminated by two cross sections perpendicular to this axis. They were two to three c.m. in length, and 0.5 to 1.5 c.m. diameter of section. The apparatus for measuring the currents was similar to that used by Du Bois Reymond in his experiments. If a piece of the kind described was taken, and one electrode applied to the cross section, the other to any point of the uncut epidermis, the false current appeared, the cross section being negative to the other surface. If now the outer surface of the piece was removed by cutting parallel to the axis, and the electrodes were applied, one to the cross section, the other to the surface laid bare as described, there was in every case a current observed, the direction of which was from the surface of cross section to the other (through the wire); hence the reverse of the false current, and of the currents in muscles and nerves. This is the true plant current, the expression of the real electricity of plants. Dr. Ranke styles it the strong current, using in this and in other cases a terminology corresponding to that of Du Bois Reymond. By a further cutting of the piece, either perpendicular or parallel to the axis, the current at first sometimes increases, but it gradually becomes weaker as the process is continued. — See also *Chemical News*, Nov. 29, 1872.

Popular Science Review.

POISON IN THE VANILLA BEAN. — It is well known that from time to time various cases of poisoning from the use of vanilla ice have been noticed and published in Paris, Munich, Vienna, and other places. The most careful investigations have failed to discover the cause. In a few cases traces of lead, iron, and tin, from the vessels used, have been found in the ice, but as no poisoning has ever resulted from fruit ices prepared in the same vessels, it cannot be due to that. M. Schroff is of the opinion that the vanilla beans are poisoned by the natives of South America and Mexico, who rub them with Acajou oil to make them smooth and soft. This oil is not seldom contaminated with a sharp substance which acts like cantharides. He thinks it less probable that the injurious effects are due to small crystals found in the outer skin of the vanilla bean — benzoic acid. Public Opinion.

CURRENTS OF ELECTRICITY IN PLANTS. — Some curious experiments have been recently made on this subject by Herr Dr. Ranke, who has published his results at considerable length, in the “Sitzungsbericht” of the Bavarian Academy. Among other remarkable facts noticed by the author, was the fact that, as in the electricity of animals, the electromotive action was observed where the fibres did not lie parallel to the longitudinal axis. The pieces experimented with, then, were cylindrical pieces from the petioles of the *Rheum undulatum*, their longitudinal axis corresponding with the axis of the petiole,

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VIOLET.

SPRING.

SWIFT-FALLING feet beneath the budding beech
Crush out the odours from a hundred urns,
Grass-hidden founts of fragrance. Needs there
speech

To interpret all the rosy fire that burns
In that young cheek? "Nay, fly not, little
fawn!

What have I done to fright or fret thee? Say!"
"Ah, Sir! but you have crushed my violets."

Dawn

So fair gives promise of a wondrous day.
"Thy pardon, pretty one! henceforth I prize
The wee blue flower, for thinking of thine
eyes."

SUMMER.

"Violet! Violet! may that star be blést
That drew me hither that bright April morn.
Sweet wood-flower, nestle nearer. Is there rest
Like strong love's arms, my darling?"
Lightly borne

Upon the breath of June, the fragrance sweet
Of lush crush-clustered roses thrills the sense.
But ah! those violet eyes that shyly meet
His own! Her flower brings rapture more in-
tense.

"Sweetheart! I would the year were alway
spring
And all our life a woodland wandering."

AUTUMN.

The dew that gems the fragrant lidded flower,
That peereth, purple-orbed, through shadowy
green,

Brings brightness; but the drops of sorrow's
shower

Have dimmed those violet eyes. The chilly
sheen

Of autumn glanceth through the yellowing
leaves;

His foot is far, the flower he crushed may fade.
Oh wasted sweetness! Silently she grieves.

Oh squandered love! Yet will she not up-
braid;

But doth regard with meek eyes, weary-wet,
The ashes of a withered violet.

WINTER.

A broken man, bowed low upon the breast
His manhood should have shielded! Now she
tends

His weakness, in her arms the only rest
His stricken soul may seek. A snow-touch
blends

With her brown tresses, but the violet eyes
Are spring-sweet yet. Without is winter grey,
But in her heart the wealth of summer skies

And summer flowers is garnered up for aye:
Spring's blossomings are fair, but, ah, how dear
The rare sweet violet of the later year!

All the Year Round.

THE OLD PIANO.

In the twilight, in the twilight,
Sounding softly, sounding low,
Float some cadences enchanted,
Eerie songs of long ago.

In the gloaming, in the gloaming,
Sits our child with lips apart,
Near her mother, who is singing,
Near the woman of my heart.

O how thinly, and how feebly,
Rings the ancient instrument!
When it opened; slowly yielding,
What a weird unwonted scent!

Plaining wildered all forlornly,
As it were surprised from death;
On a plate of faded ivory
Some lost name faint wavereth.

Wildered sorely, wildered sorely,
In oblivion mouldering,
To be challenged now for music
That the dead were wont to sing!
Hon. Roden Noel.

IN THE TWILIGHT.

WELL hath one asked if it can even be
Useful, or helpful, to believe a lie:
Ah, let us ponder ere we make reply,
Nor rashly judge in our obscurity:
Lo, Faith and Hope transplanted we may see
On the chill heights of Truth decay and die;
And he that hath the keener, piercing eye
Perchance would fain know less of misery.
Ah! what, if in our breasts abide a fear,
Lest when our knowledge and our powers in-
crease, —
Lest in the harvest of our truth-sown year,
The pious fervour of our glad hearts cease;
Lest in the day when all things grow more clear
We feel no passion, and we find no peace.

Nay, fear not thus, while loving life is ours,
And love, sweet love, burns ever in each
breast;

While hate of hatred stands of love confest,
And love of loving two-fold blessing showers:
Not till all grace hath faded from earth's flow-
ers,

And all its glory from the sun-lit West,
Shall peace and passion, life with loving blest,
Pass to the outer darkness of past powers.
And Faith and Hope shall they not still inspire
New aspirations in man's eager soul?

From point to point, still mounting ever higher,
Shall he not with his thought his grief con-
sole,
Knowing that tho' he must ere long expire
He lives a part of one eternal whole.

Dark Blue.

From The Contemporary Review.
ON THE HEREDITARY TRANSMISSION OF
ACQUIRED PSYCHICAL HABITS.

BY DR. W. B. CARPENTER.

THERE cannot, I think, be a question that in the minds of all the more progressive thinkers of the present day, the doctrine of Evolution, whether accepted thoroughly or only tentatively, is giving a direction to their inquiries, and a form to their speculations. Believing, as I do, that the future advance of Psychology will depend in great measure upon the sagacity and fearlessness with which this principle is pushed forward, I am desirous of showing that the doctrine of the embodiment in the Constitution of one generation, of congenital tendencies to certain forms of Psychical action, which are the resultants of the experience of previous generations, has a sound Physiological basis. It will appear, in the course of my exposition, that this doctrine is really much older than the able writers to whom it is generally attributed; and that while Sir John Sebright and Mr. Thomas Andrew Knight had most explicitly advanced the principle of the hereditary transmission of acquired Habits, so that they become "secondary instincts" before it was taken up by Mr. Herbert Spencer and made part of the basis of his Philosophy, the probability that such *acquired* Habits tend to produce structural modifications in the Organic mechanism, analogous to those of which the *original* Instinctive propensities are the expressions, had been distinctly shown before Professor Bain formularized it in language which appears to me more positive and explicit than we have at present a right to use. I have no other motive than the *sum cuique* in making this reclamation. The future historian of what I am convinced will be hereafter regarded as a most remarkable Epoch in the History of Philosophy, will be able to assign to these two most able thinkers and writers the great merit to which they are unquestionably entitled; without overlooking the preparation which had been made for them by previous thinkers, who, in their respective spheres, were patiently collecting and generalizing facts, or developing principles, which have

been subsequently shown to have an application far more extensive than they had themselves anticipated.

The Physiology of *mental* Habit cannot be rightly understood without a preliminary study of *bodily* Habit; and it will be shown that we may pass from one of these categories to the other by a series of steps so gradational, that it is impossible to draw a distinct line of separation between them. The readers of my previous Papers in this Review will not need to be reminded that I hold it absolutely essential to a sound Psychology, to look at Man's nature *as a whole*; and, so far from attempting to mark out distinct spheres for Mind and Body, Spirit and Matter, to endeavour to trace the subtle threads by which, in our present state of existence, their operations are inextricably connected. "What God hath joined together, let not Man put asunder." I do not pretend to "explain" any Mental phenomenon by Physiology: I merely affirm that the Physiological method affords, in many instances, a valuable clue to the study of Mental phenomena; and that wherever any form of Mental activity is distinctly related to Bodily, the investigation of the *material conditions* of that activity is an essential part of Psychological Science.

There is no part of our composite nature as to which this is more obvious than it is in the formation of Habits; which, as I pointed out twenty years ago, is entirely conformable to the *general laws of Nutrition*. The demand for Nutrition in the living organism, — that is, for the continual replacement, by new tissue, of that which has become effete, — arises from the limitation of the term of life of each part, which is for the most part brief in proportion to its activity. Thus in a Tree, the leaf-cells, which do the greater part of the work of assimilating the nutrient materials, last only for a season; whilst the solid trunk, to the growth of which the functional activity of the leaves is subservient, may endure for centuries. So in the Animal body, while there is a continual "shedding" and reproduction of the assimilating and secreting cells by which the plastic material of the blood is prepared, there is a far greater perma-

nence in the framework of the Skeleton, the bones, cartilages, ligaments, and tendons, whose functions are purely mechanical. In the case of the Nervo-muscular apparatus, to whose action all the rest of the Organism ministers, the duration of the life of each competent integer seems essentially to depend upon the use that is made of it; varying inversely as its functional activity. Thus, the greater the amount of Nervo-muscular energy put forth, the greater will be the "waste" of tissue, and the greater the demand for its replacement by the Nutritive process.

But the Age of the Animal body has a very important relation to the activity of the Nutritive operations; for whilst the Plant grows, by mere *addition* and *extension*, the Animal grows (at least in all but the lowest Plant-like forms) by the production of additional tissue in the *intimate substance* of every part and organ; and thus, during the whole passage of the Human or any similar Organism from its earliest embryonic stage to its full maturity, there is a continual pulling-down and rebuilding of every part of the fabric, which produces a demand for Nutrition that is far out of proportion to the actual *increase*. Everyone knows the appetite of a rapidly growing boy; and yet of the excess of food which he takes in a given time beyond what would be required by the adult, probably not one hundredth part goes to supply the material for the mere *addition* of weight which he acquires during that time, all the rest being used up in that process of *reconstruction*, which is a necessary condition of the enlargement of the Organism as a whole.

The Formative power, then, ordinarily exerts itself (1) in keeping up the Nutrition of every integral part of the body, so as to *maintain* it in the condition proper to it at each period of life; (2) in that continual rebuilding which is actively going on during the period of *growth*; and (3) in that original production which is required for the *development* of new parts and organs at some particular stage of life; as that of the apparatus for the Reproduction of the *race*, when the organism of the *individual* is approaching its maturity.

But, further, as Sir James Paget long

since pointed out, the Formative power is often exercised, not only in maintaining the *original* type, but also in keeping up some *acquired* peculiarity; as, for example, in the perpetuation of a scar left after the healing of a wound. For the tissue of a cicatrix grows and assimilates nutrient material, exactly as do the normal tissues which surround it; and thus a scar on a Child's face which is as long as his own finger, will still be as long as his finger when he becomes a Man.

Now it is unquestionably during the period of *growth*, that the influence of external agencies is most strongly exerted in *modifying* the Constitution of the individual; for when this has been once fixed, it either succumbs to a change of conditions, or dominates over them, having little power of adaptation to them. To such *early modifiability* of Constitution I should refer the following case, cited by Sir Charles Lyell (Principles of Geology, 11th Edit. vol. ii. p. 297) as one of "inherited instincts":—"Some of our countrymen engaged about the year 1825 in conducting one of the principal mining associations in Mexico, that of Real del Monte, carried out with them some English greyhounds of the best breed, to hunt the hares which abound in that country. The great platform which is here the scene of sport is at an elevation of about 9,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the mercury in the barometer stands habitually at the height of about 19 inches. It was found that the greyhounds could not support the fatigues of a long chase in this attenuated atmosphere, and before they could come up with their prey, they lay down gasping for breath; but these same animals have produced whelps which have grown up, and are not in the least degree incommoded by the want of density in the air, but run down the hares with as much ease as the fleetest of their race in this country."

Again, it cannot be doubted that in the exercise of the Reproductive function, a *formative capacity* is transmitted to the germ, in virtue of which (the requisite external conditions being supplied) it develops itself into an Organism possessing the characters of its *species*, and sometimes the *individual* characters of one or other of its

parents, or of both in combination. Of the limiting conditions of that Hereditary Transmission which is certainly a general tendency, Physiology can at present give very little account; and I shall only suggest that while a great deal of discussion has taken place as to whether the male or the female parent exerts the greater influence over the character of the offspring, we are as yet entirely ignorant of how far the union of two different natures may produce—as in the combination of an acid and a base—a resultant essentially dissimilar to either of them. This much, however, may be confidently affirmed, that where *general constitutional taints*, that is to say, *abnormal habitudes* of Nutrition, have been acquired, these tend to propagate themselves hereditarily; and that they do so with the most certainty, when *both* parents partake of them. It may also be affirmed that every repetition of such transmission tends to increase the mischief; so that by “breeding in and in,” the injurious external conditions remaining the same, a very slight original departure from healthy nutrition may become intensified in successive generations into a most serious abnormality. Of this we have an example in the production of Cretinism, which may be characterized as idiocy connected with bodily deformity. This is not essentially connected, as some have supposed, with goitre; for it presents itself in some localities where goitre does not prevail, whilst elsewhere goitre prevails without developing itself into cretinism. But in the Vallais of the Alps the conditions of the two appear concurrent; and the result of their conjoint action through a succession of generations becomes most distressingly apparent.

There is one class of cases, moreover, in which a particular abnormal form of Nutrition that is distinctly *acquired* by the *individual*, exerts a most injurious influence upon the offspring—that, namely, which is the result of habitual Alcoholic excess. There can be no reasonable question that the continual action of what have been termed “nervine stimulants” *modifies the nutrition* of the Nervous system; for in no other way can we account for the fact—unfortunately but too familiar—that it

not only comes to *tolerate* what would have been in the first instance absolutely poisonous, but that it comes to be *dependent* upon a repetition of the dose for the power of sustaining its ordinary activity, and that the want of such repetition produces an almost unbearable *craving*, which is as purely Physical as that of hunger or thirst. Now all these “nervine stimulants” further agree in this, that while they excite or misdirect the Automatic activity of the Mind, they weaken the controlling power of the Will; and this is exactly the condition which, intensified and fixed into permanence, constitutes Insanity. We have a larger experience of the results of habitual Alcoholic excess, than we have in regard to any other “nervine stimulant;” and all such experience is decidedly in favour of the *hereditary transmission* of that acquired perversion of the normal nutrition of the nervous system which it has induced. That this manifests itself sometimes in congenital Idiocy, sometimes in a predisposition to Insanity, which requires but a very slight exciting cause to develop it, and sometimes in a strong craving for alcoholic drinks, which the unhappy subject of it strives in vain to resist, is the concurrent testimony of all who have directed their attention to the enquiry. Thus Dr. Howe, in his Report on the Statistics of Idiocy in Massachusetts, states that the habits of the parents of 300 idiots having been learned, 145, or nearly one half, were found to be habitual drunkards. In one instance, in which both parents were drunkards, seven idiotic children were born to them. Dr. Down, whose experience of Idiocy is greater than that of any other man in this country, has assured me that he does not consider Dr. Howe’s statement as at all exaggerated. Sir W. A. F. Browne, the first Medical Lunacy Commissioner for Scotland, thus wrote when himself in charge of a large asylum:—“The drunkard not only injures and enfeebles his own nervous system, but entails mental disease upon his family. His daughters are nervous and hysterical; his sons are weak, wayward, eccentric, and sink under the pressure of excitement, of some unforeseen exigency, or the ordinary calls of duty. Dr. Howe

remarks that the children of drunkards are deficient in bodily and vital energy, and are predisposed by their very organization to have cravings for alcoholic stimulants. If they pursue the course of their fathers, which they have more temptation to follow, and less power to avoid, than the children of the temperate, they add to their hereditary weakness, and increase the tendency to idiocy or insanity in their constitution; and this they leave to their children after them. The experiences of those who, like Hartley Coleridge, have inherited the craving for alcoholic excitement, together with the weakness of Will which makes them powerless to resist it, whilst all their better nature prompts the struggle, must satisfy any one who carefully weighs them, how closely connected their Psychical state is with the Physical constitution which they inherit, and how small is their own moral responsibility for errors which are mainly attributable to the vices of their progenitors. As I heard Robert Collyer (of Chicago) well say in an admirable sermon on "The thorn in the flesh:"—"In the far-reaching influences that go to every life, and away backward as certainly as forward, children are sometimes born with appetites fatally strong in their nature. As they grow up, the appetite grows with them, and speedily becomes a master, the master a tyrant, and by the time he arrives at his manhood the man is a slave. I heard a man say that for eight-and-twenty years the soul within him had had to stand, like an un-sleeping sentinel, guarding his appetite for strong drink. To be a man at last under such a disadvantage, not to mention a saint, is as fine a piece of grace as can well be seen. There is no doctrine that demands a larger vision than this of the depravity of human nature. Old Dr. Mason used to say that as much grace as would make John a saint would barely keep Peter from knocking a man down."

With such evidence of the hereditary transmission of general diatheses, or modes of Nutrition, of which we can distinctly trace the acquirement in the history of the progenitor, we seem fully justified in applying the same doctrine to such particular habits as may be regarded, from the Physiologist's point of view, in the light of expressions of special modifications of Nervous organization. As I do not consider that any advance has been made in our positive knowledge on this subject, beyond the stage to which I had brought it twenty years ago (although the language used by some later writers might

lead unwary readers to believe that much has been definitely ascertained, which is merely assumed), I shall here reproduce, from the fifth edition of my "Human Physiology," my former account of the rationale of Habit, with some additional illustrations.

The Spinal Cord, with its *afferent* and *efferent* nerves, constitutes the apparatus for the performance of those "Reflex" movements which do *not* involve Sensation; depending merely on a sort of reflection by the Nerve-centres, along the motor or efferent nerves, of the impressions brought to these centres by the excitator or afferent. Now these "reflex" movements, some (as the acts of Breathing and Swallowing, with Sucking which is compounded of both) are obviously dependent on the *congenital* arrangement of the Nervous apparatus which is the instrument of their performance; whilst others, for which the capacity is acquired subsequently, belong to Hartley's category of *secondarily automatic*. In the acquirement of such—as, for example, the habit of erect progression, common to every normally constituted Human being—not only consciousness but volitional effort may be involved; and yet, when once acquired, they may be performed through the instrumentality of the Spinal Cord alone, as when soldiers continue to march during sleep, or fowls move on several steps after their heads have been cut off. This is now generally admitted by Physiologists to be the true explanation of the results of Pflüger's experiments on the decapitated Frog; though the *purposive* nature of the movements it executes was at first supposed by many to indicate that the Spinal Cord is the seat of Consciousness and Will. Thus if a certain spot of the thigh of a decapitated frog be touched with acetic acid, the dorsal surface of the foot of the same side moves to the spot, so as to rub off the offending liquid; if the foot be cut off, and the acid be again applied, the leg is again moved in the same manner, but without being able to remove the irritation; and after some fruitless efforts, the other foot is moved towards the spot, and the acid wiped away. Now it is within the experience of most of us, that we ourselves often execute the very same kind of protective movements during profound sleep, when we are *functionally* in precisely the same condition as the decapitated frog; and however *purposive* they were when we first learned to perform them, they have come by habit to be purely *automatic*.

"Now," I remarked (op. cit. p. 494), "in

all these cases it seems reasonable to infer that the same kind of connection between the excitator and motor nerves comes to be formed by a process of gradual development, as originally exists in the nervous systems of those animals whose movements are entirely automatic; this portion of the nervous system of Man being so constituted, as to *grow-to* the mode in which it is habitually called into play. Such an idea is supported by all we know of the formation and persistence of *habits* of nervo-muscular action. For it is a matter of universal experience, that such habits are far more readily acquired during the periods of infancy, childhood, and youth, than they are after the attainment of adult age; and that, the earlier they are acquired, the more tenaciously they are retained. Now it is whilst the organism is growing most rapidly, and the greatest amount of new tissue is consequently being formed, that we should expect such new connections to be most readily established; and it is then, too, that the assimilative processes most readily take-on that new mode of action, which often (as in the maintenance of a *cicatrix*) becomes so completely a "second nature," as to keep up a certain acquired mode of Nutrition through the whole subsequent life."

A very curious proof of the Hereditary Transmissibility of tendencies to special movements, the secondary *acquirement* of which tendencies is altogether beyond doubt, is afforded by the following curious fact established by the researches of M. Brown-Sequard. In the course of his masterly experimental investigations on the functions of the Nervous System, he discovered that after a particular lesion of the Spinal Cord of Guinea-pigs, a slight pinching of the skin of the face would throw the animals into a kind of epileptic convulsion. That this artificial epilepsy should be constantly producible in Guinea-pigs, and not in any other animals experimented on, was in itself sufficiently singular; and it was not less surprising that the tendency to it persisted, after the lesion of the spinal cord seemed to have been entirely recovered from. But it was far more wonderful that when these epileptic Guinea-pigs bred together, their offspring showed the same predisposition, without having been themselves subjected to any lesion whatever; whilst no such tendency showed itself in any of the large number of young that were bred by the same accurate observer from parents that had not thus been operated on.

With regard, in the next place, to that

higher class of *Secondarily Automatic* actions which can only be performed under the guidance of Sensation, and which therefore involve some Psychical change, in each case, as one of the links in the sequence, it is impossible not to recognize the influence of *Habit*,—that is to say of the Volitional repetition of similar acts under similar circumstances,—in establishing a condition of the Nervous apparatus which leads to the performance of such acts "mechanically" (as we say), not only without any intention, but even, it may be, contrary to a pre-formed intention. Thus it will probably be within the experience of many of my readers, that they have often found themselves winding up their watches when they have gone to their dressing-rooms to prepare for an evening entertainment, just as they would do when retiring for the night. In fact I have heard of one rather "absent" gentleman, who actually went to bed when he ought to have been dressing for a dinner-party. And it is a common experience of every one who is accustomed to walk day after day in a particular direction, that having set out with the purpose of taking some other, he has found himself "mechanically" carried on along his usual line, his attention having been occupied in some train of thought, which has for a time withdrawn his movements from the guidance of the Will.

To this category belong the movements of Expression, which have lately been investigated so philosophically by Mr. Darwin. I cannot doubt that he is right in the belief that certain movements of this class were originally "serviceable;" as, for example, the winking of the eyes, and the backward withdrawal of the head and body, when a blow is directed towards the face. And I have experienced, like himself, the strong tendency to this action, when my Reason told me that there was no danger whatever. There must, therefore, be some definite arrangement of the Nervous apparatus which is the instrument of these actions; and in the case of those which were obviously "serviceable" in their origin, I agree with him in thinking it probable that the tendency to them comes to be genetically transmitted.

The case is different, however, in regard to those movements of Expression which cannot be shown to have any "purposive" character, but are the direct products of a certain Emotional excitement. And with these "gestures," which are often peculiar to individuals, we may connect the "tricks" which are involuntary with many persons,

and which are often repeated in successive generations under circumstances that forbid the idea of their having been learned by imitation. Where, however, the "trick" has been rather the product of *growth* than of intentional *acquisition*, I should be disposed to regard it as the exponent of some Constitutional peculiarity, or family character, such as we often see to be distinctly Hereditary.* For example, there are some "nervous" men, who always seem to require to do *something* with their hands when they are speaking earnestly; and what particular "trick" each individual may learn, depends very much upon accident. Thus, in the old times of dependent watch-chains and massive bunches of seals, these were the readiest play-things; and now that watches are commonly worn in the waistcoat pocket, the hands of such persons may often be seen unconsciously stealing upwards to "twiddle" with their watch-keys. There is a well-known story of a barrister who acquired the "trick" of winding and unwinding a piece of string on his fingers when addressing the court; and who was thrown into confusion when the opposing counsel stole "the thread of his discourse." Not long since, when listening to a very interesting extempore sermon, I observed that the preacher was continually opening and shutting his Bible, and shifting it from side to side of the pulpit; and I have no doubt that this was a mere "trick" of which he was quite unconscious, the Bible merely supplying the place of the bunch of seals, the watch-key, or the bit of string, in giving his "idle hands" something "to do."

"On what a curious combination of corporeal structure, mental character, and training," says Mr. Darwin, "must *hand-writing* depend! Yet every one must have noted the occasional close similarity of the handwriting in father and son, although the father had not taught his son. A great collector of franks assured me that in his collection there were several franks of father and son hardly distinguishable except by their dates. Hofacker, in Germany, remarks on the inheritance of handwriting; and it has been even asserted that English boys, when taught to write in France, naturally cling to their English manner of writing."—I am disposed to think that peculiarities of Handwriting are generally, like the "tricks" just alluded to, rather the exponents of particular types

of Nervous organization, than resultants of purposive training. In a *primary* school in which handwriting is carefully taught, it will often be observed that a very close similarity prevails among the individual pupils; whilst in a school of which the pupils, belonging to a higher social class, exhibit a more marked differentiation of mental type, there is a far greater diversity of handwriting. The following curious case, which occurred in my own family, and which can (I am assured) be exactly paralleled elsewhere, seems to afford a strong confirmation of this view:—A gentleman who emigrated to the United States, and settled in the backwoods, before the end of last century, was accustomed from time to time to write long letters to his sister in England, giving an account of his family affairs. Having lost his right arm by an accident, the correspondence was temporarily kept up by one or other of his children; but in the course of a few months he learned to write with his left hand; and, before long, the handwriting of the letters thus written came to be indistinguishable from that of his former letters.

The case seems to me to be even stronger in regard to *drawing*, and to *playing* on Musical instruments; for it is, I think, quite certain that the power of attaining Artistic proficiency in either, and the readiness with which it is acquired, depends in great degree upon general Temperament. No doubt every child may be taught to draw, or to play a musical instrument, after a certain fashion: but there are some whom no teaching or self-effort will ever carry beyond a certain mechanical exactness; whilst there are others who "take to" Drawing or to Musical performance as their natural language, and who, with very little guidance, learn to express themselves with singular force and beauty. I know one family in which this artistic temperament is widely diffused, the several members of it almost always "taking" either to Drawing or to Music, and sometimes to both. On the other hand, I know other cases in which, with a considerable acquired interest (rather intellectual, however, than artistic) both in Pictorial and Musical art, and with considerable manual dexterity (as shown in other ways), there is a greatly-regretted inability to acquire anything more than a stiff formal execution, either in Drawing or in Music. To the *first* "free-hand" Drawing, to the *second* "mechanical" Drawing, comes most naturally.

It seems clear that there is a different

* To this category I should refer the remarkable case given by Mr. Darwin ("Expression," p. 33, note) on the authority of Mr. Francis Galton.

Hereditary capacity for the performance of certain classes of movements; just as, in different Nations, there is a different hereditary tendency to the production of certain vocal sounds. As in the case of handwriting, it is impossible to say how much of this is due to what we are accustomed to call "spontaneous" variation, and how much to intentional "culture;" but it may be fairly affirmed as probable that *both* are concerned in it; and that the manual dexterity with which a Mozart or a Caracci could express his conceptions, was as much an inherited gift as the genius from which those conceptions emanated.

Proceeding now to forms of activity more purely *Psychical*, the following passage (Op. cit. 569) expresses what, from the Physiological point of view, may be regarded as the mode in which the *habitual repetition* of any set of sequential changes tends to establish a mechanism that serves for their ready reproduction:—"The formation of *acquired* Perceptions, and their gradual assumption of the immediate characters of those which belong to our original constitution (thus deserving the designation of *secondarily intuitive**), bear a striking analogy to the process by which habitual Movements come to be linked on to the Sensations that prompt them. And it can scarcely be regarded as improbable, that, in the one case as in the other, the Nervous mechanism *grows to* particular modes of activity; so that successions of action are uniformly excited by particular stimuli, which were not provided for in its original construction. Such a view harmonizes well with the fact, that such associations both between sensations and respondent *movements*, and between sensations and respondent *ideas*, are formed much more readily during the period of childhood and adolescence, than they are after the full measure of development has been attained; and that they are much more durable in the former case than in the latter. For that which has been already pointed out with regard to the nutrition of other tissues, may not unreasonably be applied to the Nervous system;—that, when once a certain mode of Nutrition has been fully established, it tends to perpetuate itself, provided that it be not altogether unconformable to the original type." And the same doctrine is obviously applicable, not merely to the primary excitement of Ideas by external Perception, but

to the excitement of Ideas by association with other Ideas. "The readiness with which particular *habitudes of thought* are formed, varies greatly in different individuals, and at different periods of life. As a general rule, it is far greater during the period of growth and development, than after the system has come to its full maturity; and remembering that those new functional relations between other parts of the Nervous system, which gives rise to the "secondary automatic" movements or acquired instincts, are formed during the same period, it seems fair to surmise that the substance of the Cerebrum *grows to* the conditions under which it is habitually exercised. Hence, as its subsequent Nutrition takes place on the same plan, we can understand the well-known force of early associations, and the obstinate persistence of early habits of thought" (Op. cit. pp. 591-2). The Psychical principle of Contiguous Association, and the Physiological principle of Nutritive Assimilation, seem indeed, as regards the functional activity of the Cerebrum, to be only different expressions of the same fact;—namely, that whatever mode of activity has been habitually called forth, this tends to perpetuate itself, and to become Automatic. In so far as the Will yields to this tendency, instead of controlling it, the individual becomes the slave of routine, a mere "bundle of habits;" and this condition is very strongly presented in some forms of Idiocy, and especially in many among the lower Animals, in which the influence of Habits that are not so much constitutional as the acquired results of "training"—whether by Man or by "circumstances"—is often very distinctly marked.

It is the Hereditary Transmission of such "acquired instincts," or tendencies to particular forms of Psychical and resulting Bodily action, that gives us our surest evidence of the influence of the culture of one generation upon the *thinking power* of the next; and though of the instances of such transmission which I am about to cite, the greater number have been more than once brought into note, they seem to be too valuable to be here omitted. The earliest writer who treated the subject in a really philosophical spirit, was Sir John Sebright, an enthusiastic breeder, who first developed to its full extent the principle of "artificial selection" in the modification of races; and who was led by a long course of careful observation to the well-considered opinion, that the different instinctive propensities by which the several

* This relation I developed in my Paper on "Common Sense," in CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, February, 1872, p. 406.

breeds of Dogs are respectively characterized, are the results of the "training" or acquired experience of the Race, which, having once become embodied in the constitution of individuals, have been transmitted hereditarily to their descendants, and become to them a "second nature." That among the varieties which "spontaneously" arose from time to time, some should be more fitted by their bodily organization for one kind of action than for another, must doubtless be taken into account. The fleetness of the Greyhound, the brute strength of the Mastiff and Bulldog, and the fine scent of the Foxhound and Pointer, have doubtless been brought to their present specialization, by taking advantage of the fact that among Dogs (as among Men) there are some naturally swift runners, others constitutionally vigorous athletes, and some distinguished by the acuteness of their senses. But of all the breeds of Dogs, there is none in which the influence of "training" has produced more remarkable results than in the race which has been probably the longest subject to it—namely, the Shepherd's dog. As Mr. Bell says,—“The shepherd who tends his hundreds or thousands of sheep on the moors and the mountain sides of Scotland and Wales, or on the extensive and trackless Downs of Wiltshire, commits his almost countless charge to the care of his dogs, with the certainty that their safety and welfare will be surely provided for by the activity, watchfulness, and courage of their intelligent and faithful guardians. Some of the recorded instances of the almost human sagacity evinced by this valuable race would exceed belief, were they not authenticated by the most credible witnesses. In Scotland particularly, where the flocks are so liable to be lost in snow-wreaths, these qualities are beyond all price; and are often exhibited in a manner equally affecting and wonderful.” Some of the most remarkable of such experiences are those recorded by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, the associate of Walter Scott and Christopher North. “The performances of the Shepherd's Dog,” says John Sebright, “which would seem to be the result of little less than human intelligence, are much too artificial, and too much in opposition to the nature of the animal to be attributed to instinct; and yet the young dogs of this breed appear to have a propensity to the performance of these services,—or, as the shepherds say, *a thoroughbred one will take to them naturally*. I do not believe that

the same things could be taught to dogs of other breeds.”

Of the degree in which these tendencies to action are really *congenital*, and not the mere results of training in the individuals that manifest them, a good deal of valuable evidence was collected by the late eminent horticulturist, Mr. Thomas Andrew Knight, whose observing powers were directed to this subject through a long life. In a Memoir on the Economy of Bees, which he contributed to the “Philosophical Transactions,” in 1807, he mentioned the following fact:—“A young terrier, whose parents had been employed in destroying polecats, and a young springer spaniel whose ancestry through many generations had been employed in finding woodcocks, were reared together as companions; the terrier not having been permitted to see a polecat, or any other animal of a similar character, and the spaniel having been prevented from seeing a woodcock, or other kind of game. The terrier evinced, as soon as it perceived the *scent* of the polecat, very violent anger; and as soon as it *saw* the polecat, attacked it with the same degree of fury as its parents would have done. The young spaniel, on the contrary, looked on with indifference; but it pursued the first woodcock which it ever saw with joy and exultation, of which its companion the terrier did not in any degree partake.” Having given his attention for sixty years to the improvement of the breed of springer spaniels, generally used in the search for woodcocks, Mr. Knight writes in 1837,—“In several instances young and wholly inexperienced dogs appeared very nearly as expert in finding woodcocks as their experienced parents; and I had the satisfaction, in more than one instance, to see some of these find as many woodcocks, and give tongue as correctly, as the best of my older dogs.” The following seems the result of a higher reasoning process:—“Woodcocks are driven in frosty weather, as is well known, to seek their food in springs and rills of unfrozen water; and I found that my old dogs knew about as well as I did the degree of frost which would drive the woodcocks to such places; and this knowledge proved very troublesome to me, for I could not sufficiently restrain them. I therefore left the old experienced dogs at home, and took only the wholly inexperienced young dogs; but, to my astonishment, some of these, in several instances confined themselves as closely to the unfrozen grounds as their parents would have done. When I first ob-

served this, I suspected that woodcocks might have been upon the unfrozen ground during the night; but I could not discover (as I think I should have done had this been the case) any traces of their having been there; and as I could not do so, I was led to conclude that the young dogs were guided by feelings and propensities similar to those of their parents. The subjects of my observation in these cases were all the offspring of well-instructed parents of five or six years old or more; and I thought it not improbable that instinctive hereditary propensities might be stronger in these than in the offspring of very young and inexperienced parents. Experience proved the opinion to be well-founded, and led me to believe that these propensities might be made to cease to exist, and others be given." As Mr. Knight justly remarks, "it may be reasonably doubted whether any dog having the habits and propensities of the springing spaniel would ever have been known, if the art of shooting birds on the wing had not been acquired." And he mentions it as within his sixty years' observation, that the habits of the woodcock itself have undergone a change; this bird, which was formerly very tame when it first arrived in the autumn, and took only a short flight when disturbed, being now comparatively wild, and taking a much longer flight, as if from increased hereditary fear of man. To this last point I shall return hereafter.

It is well known that young Pointers, especially those of slow and indolent breeds, will often "point" game the first time they are taken into the field; and Mr. Knight confirms this from his own experience. "But," he says, "the most extraordinary instance of the power of instinctive hereditary propensity which I have ever witnessed, came under my observation in the case of a young dog of a variety usually called Retrievers. The proper office of these dogs is that of finding and recovering wounded game; but they are often employed for more extensive purposes, and are found to possess very great sagacity. I obtained a very young puppy of this family, which was said to be exceedingly well bred, and had been brought to me when only a month old from a distant country. I had walked up the side of the river, which passes by my house, in search of wild ducks, when the dog above mentioned followed me unobserved, and contrary to my wishes, for it was too young for service, not being quite ten months old. It had not received any other instruction than that of being

taught to bring any floating body off a pond, and I do not think that it had ever done this more than three or four times. It walked very quietly behind my gamekeeper upon the opposite side of the river, and looked on with apparent indifference whilst I killed a couple of mallards and widgeon; but it leaped into the river instantly upon the gamekeeper pointing out the birds to it, and it brought them on shore, and to the feet of the gamekeeper, just as well as the best instructed old dog could have done. I subsequently shot a snipe, which fell into the middle of a large nearly stagnant pool of water which was partially frozen over. I called the dog from the other side of the river, and caused it to see the snipe, which could not be done without difficulty; but as soon as it saw it, it swam to it, brought it to me, laid it down at my feet, and again swam through the river to my gamekeeper. I never saw a dog of any age acquit itself so well, yet it was most certainly wholly untaught."

Both Sir John Sebright and Mr. Knight appear to have arrived at the conclusion, that as these "acquired instincts," or congenital tendencies to particular actions, are the result of experience and training, what we are accustomed to call the primary or original Instincts, which are common to all the individuals of a species, may have had the like origin. The former, indeed, gives it as his decided conviction "That by far the greater part of the propensities which are generally supposed to be instinctive, are not implanted in animals by Nature, but that they are the result of long experience, acquired and accumulated through many generations, so as, in the course of time, to assume the character of instinct." And the latter, in his observations on the Economy of Bees, expresses the opinion that Hereditary Instincts in general are propensities with which each generation is born, "to do that which its predecessors of the same family have been taught or constrained to do through many successive generations." The following results of an experiment he made in cross-breeding between the Norwegian Pony and the London Dray-horse, are very interesting as additional illustrations of this doctrine:—"The hereditary propensities of the offspring of the Norwegian Ponies, whether full or half-bred, are very singular. Their ancestry have been in the habit of obeying the *voice of their riders* and not the bridle; and the horse-breakers complain, and certainly with very good reason, that it is impossible to give

them what is called 'a mouth'; they are, nevertheless, exceedingly docile, and more than ordinarily obedient where they understand the commands of their master. They appear also to be as incapable of understanding the use of hedges, as they are of bridles; for they will walk deliberately, and much at their ease, through a strong hedge; and I therefore conclude that the Norwegian horses are in the habit of being restrained by hedges similar to those of England."

The Memoir by M. Roulin,* on the Changes observable in the Domestic Animals of Europe which have been transported to the American continent, though chiefly treating of Physical modifications, contains some facts of great interest in regard to the acquired Psychical peculiarities of certain races of Dogs. The breed of Hounds originally introduced into South America by the Spaniards, is kept up, without any apparent alteration, on the platform of Santa Fé, where it is employed in hunting Deer, for which the Dogs have come to acquire a special aptitude. The mode of attack which they employ consists in seizing the deer by the belly at the moment when its body rests only on its fore legs, and overturning it by a sudden effort. The weight of the animal thus thrown over is often six times that of its antagonist. The dog of pure breed inherits a disposition to this kind of chase, and never attacks a deer, while running, from the front; and should the deer, not perceiving him, come directly upon him, the dog steps aside, and makes his assault upon the flank. Other hunting dogs brought from Europe, though of superior strength and general sagacity, being destitute of this hereditary instinct, attack the deer in a manner which often leads to their being killed on the spot, the vertebrae of their necks being dislocated by the violence of the shock. Among the poor inhabitants of the banks of the Magdalena, an ill-fed mongrel race of dogs has grown up, which has acquired a like special aptitude for the chase of the White-lipped Pecari. The address of these dogs consists in restraining their ardour, and attaching themselves to no animal in particular, but keeping the whole herd in check. Some among these dogs, the very first time they are taken to the woods, conduct themselves in exactly the same manner as old dogs; whereas a dog of another breed, starting forward at once, is surrounded by the Pecari, and,

whatever may be his strength, is destroyed in a moment.

It would appear from the facts collected by M. Roulin and others, that the *barking* of Dogs is an acquired hereditary instinct. Certain it is that it is so natural to the domesticated races, that young whelps learn to bark even when separated at birth from their parents, and kept apart from all other dogs. It has been conjectured that barking originated in an attempt to imitate the Human voice. However that may be, the wild descendants of domesticated Dogs agree with those still wilder races which seem never to have been brought into close relation with man, in not barking. This is the case with the numerous wild dogs of South America, as also of the West India Islands, and of Juan Fernandez and other islands on the Coast of Chili, which are the descendants of the dogs introduced by the Spaniards. But these soon learn to bark, if brought into association with domesticated dogs; and it has been several times observed that the offspring of the half-reclaimed races of North America, Australia, or India, born in Europe and brought up among other dogs, learn to bark, though the parents continue to utter their original howl. It is also remarked by Roulin of the South American Cat, that the chief modification which the race displays, is that "de ne pas faire entendre, lorsqu'il est en amour, ces miaulemens incommodes, par lesquels, dans nos pays, il annonce ses desirs ou sa jalousie." Can these *miaulemens*, like the barking of Dogs, be supposed to be imitations of the Human voice?

Another hereditary habit mentioned by M. Roulin is one belonging rather to the lower than to the higher part of the Nervous mechanism, but is not less interesting as an illustration of the general principle. The horses bred in the grazing farms on the table-land of the Cordillera are carefully taught a peculiar *pace*, which is a sort of running amble, the fore and hind legs of either side being moved forward together. I have myself in the West Indies ridden horses imported from South America, that had been trained to this "pace"; which is extremely suitable to a warm climate, requiring on the part of the rider much less exertion than a trot at the same speed would involve. The training, I was told, consists in tying the fore and hind legs of either side together, so that when the fore leg is advanced, the hind leg must move with it; and great pains are taken to prevent these "pacers" from falling into any other kind of gait, so that this acquired

* "Mémoires des Savans étrangers, présentés à l'Académie des Sciences," tom. iv. (1835), p. 321.

habit becomes "a second nature." Now we are told by M. Roulin that when such horses become lame and no longer fit for use, it is customary to turn them, if they are well-grown stallions, into the pasture-grounds; and it is continually observed that the colts of which they are the sires "take to" the ambling pace without any training. The fact is so well known, that such colts are designated by the particular name of *aguillillas*.

Another class of facts bearing on the same general principle, is the *absence of any fear of Man* exhibited by animals of newly-discovered regions, especially islands, which has been noticed by many explorers. Thus, when the Falkland islands were first visited, by Byron, the large wolf-like dog (*Canis antarcticus*) fearlessly came to meet his sailors; who, mistaking this ignorant curiosity for ferocity, ran into the water to avoid them. And we learn from Mr. Darwin that even recently, although the islands have been for some time colonized, they would readily suffer themselves to be drawn into fatal proximity to their new enemy. So on an island in the Sea of Aral, when it was first discovered by Butakoff, the Saigak antelopes, which are elsewhere very timid and wary, did not fly, but looked at their visitors with a sort of curiosity. On the shores of Mauritius, the Manatee showed at first no fear of man whatever. And the same has been noticed also in various other quarters of the world, with regard to the Seal and the Morse.

The fact is still more remarkable in the case of Birds; and was much dwelt on by Mr. Darwin in the "Journal" which, a third of a century ago, first exhibited to the scientific world that new light which has since shone forth with such conspicuous brilliance. In the Galapagos Islands, he tells us, "this disposition is common to all the terrestrial species — the mocking-birds, finches, sylvicolæ, tyrant fly-catchers, doves, and hawks. There is not one which will not approach sufficiently near to be killed with a switch, and sometimes with a cap or bat. A gun is here almost superfluous; for with a muzzle of one I pushed a hawk off the branch of a tree. One day a mocking-bird alighted on the edge of a pitcher (made of the shell of a tortoise), which I held in my hand whilst lying down. It began very quietly to sip the water, and allowed me to lift the vessel from the ground. I often tried, and very nearly succeeded, in catching these birds by their legs." Formerly, as appears from the statements of Cowley and Dam-

pier (1684), the birds were even tamer than at present. It is only surprising that, as the islands have been frequently visited during the last 150 years by buccaniers and whalers, and one of them had been regularly colonized for six years before Mr. Darwin's visit, the birds have not yet learned how dangerous an enemy Man is. — The same fact has shown itself in regard to the Birds of the Falkland Islands, which, a century ago, were as tame as they were in the Galapagos at the time of Mr. Darwin's visit, and which still exhibit very little apprehension of man. Their tameness is strongly contrasted with the habits of the same species in Tierra del Fuego, by the inhabitants of which they have been persecuted for ages past: for in the Falklands the sportsman may sometimes kill more of the upland geese in one day than he is able to carry home, whereas in Tierra del Fuego it is nearly as difficult to kill one, as it is to kill one of the common wild species in England. It is noteworthy, moreover, that the geese of the Falklands do show that they regard the Fox as an enemy to be avoided, by taking the precaution to build chiefly on the smaller islets from which it is absent.

Hence it was justly concluded by Mr. Darwin, — "first, that the wildness of Birds with regard to Man is a peculiar instinct directed against *him*, and not dependent on any general degree of caution arising from other sources of danger; and secondly, that it is not acquired by them in a short time, even when much persecuted, but that in the course of successive generations it becomes hereditary. With domesticated animals, we are accustomed to see instincts becoming hereditary; but with those in a state of nature, it is more rare to discover instances of such acquired knowledge. In regard to the wildness of birds towards men, there is no other way of accounting for it. Few young birds in England have been injured by man; yet all are afraid of him: many individuals, on the other hand, both at the Galapagos and the Falklands, have been injured, but have not learned that salutary dread. We may infer from these facts, what havoc the introduction of any new beast of prey may cause in a country, before the instincts of the aborigines become adapted to the stranger's craft or power." * Keeping this in mind, it is very easy to account for the complete extermination of the Dodo, the Solitaire, and the other great wingless

* "Journal of Researches" (Voyage of the Beagle); 1839, p. 478.

Pigeons of Mauritius and Bourbon; for as they could not fly, and probably could not run very fast, they could only escape being knocked down by the hungry sailors (who were only too glad to obtain such a supply of palatable flesh after their long voyage from Europe) by keeping out of their way, which is just what they had learned to do. Of the Dodo, old Bontius says — "It is a slow-paced and stupid bird, and easily becomes a prey to the fowlers; the flesh, especially of the breast, is fat, esculent, and so copious, that three or four Dodos will sometimes suffice to fill an hundred seamen's bellies."

The opinion I expressed twenty years ago,* that the Hereditary Transmissibility of *acquired peculiarities* a good deal depends in each case upon the nearness of their relation to the *natural constitution* of the Race, seems in harmony with our present more extended views. Thus in the case of Dogs, we should expect that the tendency to any habit, whether learned spontaneously or under Man's training, which has reference to the pursuit of game, would be more likely to be transmitted to the offspring, than the tendency to any "trick" which is altogether non-natural. And while in breeds of Pigs trained to search for truffles, the habit seems to have become hereditary, being only a special direction of that which is natural to the animal in its wild state, there is no evidence that the Pigs should have been trained to "point" game with great activity and steadiness, or the other "learned" individuals of the same species which have been taught to spell, have become the progenitors of

* "Principles of General Comparative Physiology," 3rd edit. (1851), p. 988.

Pigs manifesting any tendency to similar actions.

Reserving for some other occasion the application of the principles illustrated in the present paper to the case of Man, I shall now simply observe that whilst the "training" of a young Child in a certain set of Psychical habits has to be conducted upon exactly the same method as that of a Dog, the acquirement (with more advanced age) of that power of *self-direction* which constitutes the special attribute of Man, introduces an altogether new element. In the process of "training," the teacher brings to bear upon the Psychical nature of his pupil such *motives* as he deems most likely to be effective in giving to its activity the direction we desire. And thus it comes to pass that our early habitudes of Thought and Feeling are determined *for* us, rather than *by* us; partly in virtue of our inherited Constitution, and partly through the discipline (whether of "circumstances," or of a Will external to our own) to which it has been subjected. That such habitudes should exert an enormous influence over our whole subsequent Mental life, is what would be expected on the Physiological principles developed in the earlier part of this Paper; since it is during the period of *growth* that they will be most *easily*, and at the same time most *durably* impressed on the Nervous mechanism. And it seems to be where the "training" has been wisely directed to make the best of the special endowments inherited by each individual, that they not only bear the best fruit in after-life, but are most likely to reappear in an improved form in the next generation.

THE FORMATION OF OZONE BY FLOWERS. — It is stated by the *Academy* that Mantegazza has found ("Rendiconti del Reale Istituto Lombardo," vol. iii. fasc. vi., abstracted in "Der Naturforscher," April 27) that many essential oils, like that of peppermint, turpentine, oil of cloves, lavender, bergamot, aniseed, nutmeg, thyme, and others, when in contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere in presence of sunlight, develop very large quantities of ozone. The action is strongest in direct sunlight, far less so in suffused daylight, and very weak or at an end in the dark. The development of ozone

which has been begun in the light continues for a long time in darkness. In the same manner act eau-de-cologne, hydromel, and other aromatic tinctures on exposure to the solar rays. Experiments which Mantegazza has made on flowers with powerful perfume, such as the narcissus, hyacinth, heliotrope, mignonette, and others, in closed vessels, proved that they also form ozone. Those with fainter perfume produced less ozone, those without scent none at all. Mantegazza believes that this important source of ozone is of hygienic value for the purification of the air of marshy districts.

HIS LITTLE SERENE HIGHNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "DORCHLAUCHTING" OF
FRITZ REUTER.

"THAT woman says a great many things. She says — Ach, Du lieber Gott! — she says you mean to marry again, Con-rector."

"So? Indeed! Well, and whom?"

"Eh, she says either the Princess Christel's Kammerjungfer, or — Ach, Du lieber Gott! — a housekeeper. But I forbid you to do it. You should never come into my presence again. I will have you forbidden the Court, like Hofrath Altmann, who is going to marry his fourth wife. Ach, Du lieber Gott!"

"Serene Highness," said the Conrector, quietly, rising from his seat, "I respect you as my Sovereign, but whether I marry or not must be all the same to you. I can allow no interference from any one in such a matter. And if you choose to forbid me the Court, in consequence, you can do so, for you have the power; but I have also the power to go away, for I am appointed by the Magistracy of Nigen-Bramborg. Your Grace will excuse me."

"Ach, Du lieber Gott! Stay here! — you are a comfort to me. Ach, Du lieber Gott!"

Here Rand put in his head again:

"Serene Highness, this is going to be very bad; the storm cannot get across the lake, and Schultsch says —"

"You blockhead! I don't want to know what Schultsch says. Shut the door; and lock it on the outside, so that he cannot get out."

"Yes, Serene Highness," said the Conrector, pulling off his magician's robe, and putting on his honest coat again, "you can detain me by force. — That was a hard clap!"

"Ach, Du lieber Gott! — that it was. Come in here again."

"No, Serene Highness; I am as safe in God's hand here as there, and our human contrivances are all folly in His sight."

"Are you not in the least afraid, then?"

"No, Serene Highness, not of the lightning," said the resolute old man, looking his reigning sovereign calmly in the face. "Before God, as my Judge, I am afraid, for I know that I am a sinner in his sight; but before God, as my Father, I am not afraid, for He knows what is best for me; and if He shall call me to himself by a thunder-clap, without sickness, then I know He will do it in mercy, and I thank him for it."

"Yes; but death? — death?"

"Yes, Serene Highness, but that makes no difference. We must all die, and I have

often thought it must come very hard to many a man when he has to go, and his wife and children stand weeping around his bed; but for a couple of old hermits like us, it should be easier."

"No!" cried his Highness, — "Ach, Du lieber Gott! You may think so for yourself; but how can you reckon for me? I am a reigning sovereign, — ach, Du lieber Gott!"

"Yes, and you have your subjects, and I have mine also, my scholars, and you see we are situated alike in that respect; for, in the sight of God, a handful more or less does not matter. And if we care for them, according to our ability —"

"Ach, Du lieber Gott!" interrupted his Highness.

"And help them in their distress, and are careful to do them no injustice —"

There was a fearful clap, thunder and lightning together, and his Highness shrieked loudly:

"And so I will — I will do so. Conrector, ask me a favor!"

The thought might have passed through the Conrector's head, that now was the time to ask for himself that he might be relieved from the law-suit, — and we could not have resisted such a wicked thought under similar circumstances, — but it was only for a moment, as when the swallow stoops in her flight to dip her bill in water, but does not set foot on the earth, and he flushed with shame, as if he had turned his back in a fight with the arch-fiend, and the thunder and lightning was like the trumpet of battle, and he stood forth again in strength.

"I need only the favor of God," said he.

"I need no favors from men, even from princes. A prince's favor is a crutch upon which lame Justice halts, and when princes are gracious, they wish either to atone for some old injustice, and so reap thanks, or to commit some new injustice, at least toward those to whom they are not gracious. If one would dispense favors rightly, he should be all-powerful and all-wise; and then he must be like God himself, and no prince is that."

"You are very presuming! I will let you know what princely disfavor is!" cried his Highness, in great wrath, for it was some time since it had thundered. "I will —"

Then Rand's head appeared again at the door:

"Serene Highness, it has struck, Schultsch says, in a poplar tree, on the wall; but it is coming on again, Schultsch says."

"I will not know, you donkey! And you, Conrector —! No, stay here! Think of something that may help us. It has actually struck!"

"Yes, Serene Highness, what shall I think of? In such a case, when our Lord comes nearer to us than usual, the best thing a man can do is to examine himself earnestly, to see if he have not done some injustice to his fellowmen. And if he finds that he has, and firmly resolves to make the wrong right again, then he will find comfort and courage."

"I have done nobody injustice!" cried his Highness, hastily; but the storm announced itself anew, and he threw his handkerchief again over his face: "Ach, Du lieber Gott!"

"But, Serene Highness, are you different from all the world, then? or is it not injustice to imprison your runner, because other people have made stupid mistakes?"

"My runner? But he is my servant, — ach, Du lieber Gott! — how can a prince do an injustice to his servant? Did not the fellow set me at defiance? Did he not use impertinent language?"

"Well, is it not enough to drive a young, active fellow nearly wild, when he —" here it lightened and thundered again, sharply, and his Highness started to his feet, — "when he is treated like a robber? And when the disgrace comes over him, is it strange if he lets fall a few hasty words?"

It lightened again, and his Highness disappeared behind his handkerchief.

"Ach, Du lieber Gott! Let him loose! Let the fellow loose!"

"Yes, Serene Highness, that is very well — to relieve him from his punishment; but you must also relieve him from the disgrace."

"Ach, Du lieber Gott!" cried his Highness, stopping his ears from the thunder. "You will tell me to ask his forgiveness, next. No, no! The fellow —"

Rand looked in again.

"This is going to be very heavy, and —"

"I will hear nothing of Schultsch. Run and let Halsband out of the dungeon!" cried his Highness.

"And, Herr Kammerdiener," said the Conrector, "bring me pen and ink and paper."

"There are pens and paper here, but our ink has dried up. We don't write very much, only when Hofrath Altmann comes, — then we write."

"That is true," said his Highness. "Ach, Du lieber Gott! Buy some ink immediately!" for he had the hope that

the Conrector was going to write something to drive away the storm, as people wrote charms in old times to cure fevers. The ink came, and the Conrector wrote. "Good heavens!" thought his Highness, "how can the fellow write in such a storm!"

When the Conrector had finished his writing, he read it. It stated that Halsband was wholly innocent, and had been imprisoned through a mistake, and too hastily, (by whose fault was not stated,) and that, upon his innocence being established by closer investigation, he had been immediately released from arrest; and the severest punishment was threatened upon every one who, at any time, should reckon this against him as a disgrace.

"So," said the Conrector, "now, Serene Highness, please subscribe yourself."

His Highness would not, at first; he always subscribed himself very unwillingly, and only in the most pressing need could Hofrath Altmann obtain his necessary signature. And then, in such a storm! But the Lord assisted the Conrector's representations by a few emphatic words, and he did it.

"Do you not feel better already, Serene Highness, for this good action?"

"No, not a bit," said his Highness; "the storm must be over first."

And he was not lying, he told the truth; for there are really people so steeped in selfishness that the consciousness of having helped their fellow men does not afford them the slightest happiness.

The storm was over. Rand stuck his head in at the door again.

"It has gone by, now. Schultsch says there have been seven showers."

The Conrector departed, and took his writing with him. His Highness drew a long breath, and said:

"Seven showers! And he knew it, beforehand! He is an audacious old fellow, with his confounded speeches. Where is the reverence which is due to me from my subjects? But I cannot spare him; he knows too much about the weather. And yet he will marry! But wait!"

And the Conrector went home across the market, saying to himself:

"How? Shall I never learn to be prudent? I am an old donkey, as I always was. Why should I poke my nose into other people's cabbage? Reading his Highness a regular lecture! God preserve us — what stupidity! If he were really a bad man, who did wrong and had no fear of the devil, there would be some satisfaction in preaching him a sermon, if he were

ten times a prince, — but an old bandbox, who is afraid of a thunder-storm — thrashing empty straw, and trying to influence a fellow who is too weak to do either good or evil! Cantor Aepinus! Conector Aepinus! if people knew, if Hofrath Altman knew of this, how he would laugh! Well, let them! I might have acted more prudently, but yet I have got what I wanted, if I did use more powder than was needful. I can make three hearts happy, to-day. *Diem non peridi.*"

With that, he entered his house, and it was fortunate that he possessed the means of making hearts happy; for in the back room of that house there were hearts in sore distress.

When a thunder-storm comes up, the inhabitants of a house flock together into one room, like a herd into the fold when a lion roars outside; they seek comfort from each other, and yet know very well that they can give each other no help. People who live alone go into their neighbors', and if the storm comes in the evening, the women-folks make coffee to comfort them in their distress; which it generally succeeds in doing — by the time the storm is over. To-day, Fraulein Soltmann had found herself very lonely in her state of single blessedness, and as the people of the house had gone on a journey, she sought Dürten Holzen's protection.

A sense of common danger brings people together who usually cannot endure each other, and softens the hardest hearts; and so Dürten, in her own feeling of need, was quite kindly disposed towards poor Mamsell Soltmann, and established her in the safest corner, farthest from the window, on her soft, unlucky cushion. But she had warmed a snake in her bosom, and she received the meanest return for her kindness.

After the usual exchange of courtesies and remarks on the weather, the Soltmann fell back on the town talk — the story of Halsband's imprisonment; and when she had told all that she knew about it, she sighed and said it was shameful.

"Yes, indeed," said Dürten, "it is shameful, and the poor fellow couldn't help himself."

"Not in the least," said the Soltmann, "*c'est son père et sa mère et, si vous voulez, Monsieur le Duc.*"

"What you last said I did not understand," said Dürten, telling the truth, for she did not understand a word of French; "but it is certainly shameful, for the poor man fell into this disgrace only through the stupidity of other people."

"It is a disgrace and an injury to his health," said the Mamsell.

"Eh," said Dürten, "he is not made of letter-paper. If his health suffers any great injury in consequence, it will surprise me."

"You may be surprised, for all I care. Other people are surprised that, *en ce cas*, your sister, Mademoiselle Stining, should have consented to the *liaison*."

"Stining? What has my sister Stining to do with the disgrace which has come upon Halsband?"

"Nothing with the disgrace; but with the injury, — or do you not think it an injury for a man whom one is to marry to be a cripple in his internal organs, a monster?"

"What! Halsband a cripple in his internal organs!" cried Dürten, looking at the Kammerjungfer in amazement.

"Yes," said she, very quietly, "didn't you know that? Every runner has the spleen cut out when a child, and so it was with him; his father and mother gave their consent, and his Serene Highness ordered it."

"Halsband had his spleen cut out!" cried Dürten. "What! Hasn't he his rightful organs?"

"And didn't you know it? Why, everybody knows it."

"That is why he is such a runner, such a dancer, such a hares' foot, such a Jack at all trades! He is not what he ought to be, and he wants to marry my Stining!" cried Dürten, raging about the room amidst the thunder and lightning. "Only let him come here! Let him come here!"

Halsband indeed did not answer the summons, but Stining appeared at the door as her sister was thus threatening her lover.

"Good gracious, Dürten, what ails you?" she asked, standing still in the doorway.

Dürten tried to control herself before speaking, — the Soltmann improved the moment, and began:

"Oh, I was just telling her that Halsband —"

"Hold your tongue!" interrupted Dürten.

But the Mamsell had got started.

"— had his spleen cut out."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Stining, "what is this?"

"I will tell you," said Dürten, who had not time to control her anger, but had time to turn it upon another opponent, "I will tell you. It is an idle woman, who has nothing to do but to make other peo-

ple uneasy, and tell bad things about people!"

"If you mean me——?" asked the Soltmann, and rose from the soft cushion.

"Yes, I mean you—just you!" cried Dürten, and she snatched the cushion away, as if it had been desecrated, and she must take care that no more basilisk's eggs were hatched on it.

"Then you will please to excuse me," said the Kammerjungfer, proudly, and she went out of the door.

"Yes, we will please to excuse you!" cried Dürten after her, but quickly sank down on a chair, covered her face with her hands, and cried, angrily:

"Didn't I say so? Didn't I always say: Stining, the fellow will bring bad luck into the house; let the fellow alone! And now it has happened just as I thought. He isn't like other people—he has no spleen."

"Eh, what, Dürten——" said Stining, who was utterly confounded.

"Yes; I did not mean you should know it, but the old tattler couldn't hold in—she must do mischief everywhere—and now you know it. There is still time; let the runner go. What do you want of a cripple—a man without any spleen?"

"Dürten, Dürten," said Stining in deep distress, and the tears stood in her blue eyes, "but you know how much I care for him, and even if it were true, how could he help it?"

"No, he couldn't help it; he was an innocent child; but his father and his mother—how in the world could they have suffered it! And this old, bandy-legged Serene Highness, the old donkey, who had it done! He is the cause of all our misery!" cried Dürten, just ready to cry.

"Dürten, it isn't true!" said Stining, and yet the tears ran down her cheeks. "He is so healthy; and if it were true, he would have told me, long ago."

"Stining," said Dürten, impressively, and she rose and placed herself before her sister, "you do not know. It is annoying to any man if any of his external limbs are wanting, but how must one feel who is deprived of some of his internal organs! See, there was Schlundt, the tailor's oldest son, he had only half a lung. Everybody knew it, and the doctor said so, too; but do you think he believed it himself, or that he talked about it? No; the poor fellow dragged himself about, until at last it was all over with him."

"No, Dürten, it isn't so with Wilhelm," said Stining, in blessed confidence, and she wiped her eyes and looked up sweetly into her sister's face. "And if they had cut

out his lungs and his liver too, and had left him his heart, I wouldn't give him up. The spleen does not make a man, it is the heart; and his is so good, so sound and true! No, if they will only let him out of prison, I shall not worry about anything else—it will be all right. But, dear heart, there he lies all alone in this dreadful storm, in that gloomy dungeon!"

"You need not trouble yourself about that," said Dürten, calmly, for confidence is as contagious as anxiety, and Stining's confidence had entered Dürten's heart. "My master has been sent for to Serene Highness, and he will give the old spleen-cutter—God forgive me!—a good dressing. That such an old fool can cause so much misery! For I believe it, about the spleen, that woman said it so decidedly; and she has been at Court, and ought to know."

So the two sisters talked, and though they were often interrupted by thunder and lightning, their hearts were too full of trouble for them to give it much heed. It had long been dark, and they still sat together, waiting in distress and anxiety for the Conrector's return. In this direction Dürten had more courage than her sister, for she had so much confidence in the Herr Conrector that she thought he could turn all Mechlenburg-Strelitz topsyturvy if he pleased. "And if he had the government," she added, "things would go quite differently in the world; there would be no more runners imprisoned, and no more spleens cut out."

There was a rap on the window from outside. Dürten went to see who was there. Baker Schultsch stood there, with her skirt thrown over her head,—for in those days, even with the richest burgher's wives, that was the substitute for parasols and parapluies,— "Dürten," said she, "come, let me in. I came round, for it is raining cats and dogs. Dürten," she continued when she was inside, "and to be sure, here is Stining, too! Well, it must be a great pleasure for you. So the Conrector has been with the old man again, to-day, and they are probably playing all sorts of profane tricks together; for I saw you, Dürten, carrying the old fox-brush across the market."

"Profane tricks!" said Dürten, sharply. "And the Herr Conrector singing in the church as Cantor every Sunday!"

"Oh, never you mind! Church and Palace are two different things. 'Krischan,' said I, 'the Lord knows what those two are doing there together.' 'You talk too much for your honor and reputation,' said he.

'You needn't talk,' said I; 'you trouble yourself a great deal about my honor and reputation,' said I. 'For all you care, Serene Highness may call me an impertinent woman, in the open street!' And that is what he did, but he didn't make much by it. 'Biscuits!' came the lackey this morning. 'Yes,' said I, 'Cakes! Bake for yourselves! An impertinent woman has no biscuits for you.' Well, this evening Rand came in, for they had turned him out of the room where they were carrying on their devil's trade. And how polite he was! Yes, thought I, that is for the strong beer; and he said: 'Frau Schultz' — he generally says Schultsch, — "why do you treat us so shabbily about the biscuits? Serene Highness is very angry with me, and says he will send me away, and make the runner, Halsband, Kammerdiener," says he. Aren't you glad to hear it, Stining?"

"No," said Dürten, "she is neither glad nor sorry; it is nothing to her."

"So I said, too; 'Rand,' said I, 'it would be a good thing to have a different government at the Court from yours. Then perhaps respectable burghers' wives who give a man an honest account wouldn't be hunted across the market!' said I; and I went out of the room. And, to be sure! when I came in again, he had got on the soft side of that poor old fool of a Krischan, and sat there drinking strong beer. 'Fine doings!' said I, and went out again in a huff, and he kept running over to the palace to give reports of the weather, and would ask me what I thought of it, so as to make up with me. But he will get no biscuits to-morrow morning."

"But," interrupted Dürten, "you were going to tell us something that you said must be a great pleasure for Stining."

"Yes, now look here! Haven't I told you yet? Yes, he came in again; he must go and call the town-clerk, he said, for his Highness had ordered, he said, —"

Here she was interrupted by the opening of the street door, and the Conrector came into the room.

"Dürten, Stining, your Halsband is released, and —"

"Thunder and lightning!" cried Schultsch. "How you take the words out of a body's mouth! I was just going to tell them."

"Eh," said Dürten, "you have had time enough. But no matter; I knew how it would be, if the Herr was good enough to undertake the business."

And Stining stood before the Conrector, and laid her light hand on his arm. and

looked up in his face with such happiness in her blue eyes, and said, in her soft voice:

"Ah, Herr, how shall we ever repay you?"

"You shall have it for nothing, my little Stining," said the Conrector; and he put his hand under her chin and turned up her face, and kissed her boldly on the fresh, red mouth. And the red mouth let itself be kissed, but the cheeks became red also, probably out of envy to the mouth, that it had received such a tribute to its beautiful color.

"Huching!" cried Schultsch, "the old gentlemen don't give up that trick. My old Krischan —" is just so, she was going to say; but she did not finish her sentence, for Dürten pressed forward.

"Stining, thank him!"

"I have thanked him, already," said Stining, slightly embarrassed.

"Yes, for Halsband," said Dürten, "but not yet for the kiss. She is too young, Herr Conrector, you will not lay it up against her."

"Oh, not at all!" said the Conrector, looking as if he were an old widow, who was arranging matters for a young friend, who was also too young. "But," he said, pulling out his written document, "this is the best of it. Here is Serene Highness' own signature, to testify that the young man has been imprisoned without just cause, and that no one shall count it any disgrace to him. So, now, good-night."

With that he was going into his room, but Stining plucked up courage and detained him.

"Herr Conrector, Dürten says you know everything;" and she looked at him anxiously, and stammered in her embarrassment, "has Halsband, — has he a spleen?"

"What?" asked the Conrector. "What should he have?"

"Herr," said Dürten, "that old yellow woman opposite has been here and told us that the runners had the spleen cut out, when they were children."

"And that is so, Dürten," said Schultsch, "and my Krischan says Halsband's old father, — I knew the old man myself; they always said, 'God bless you!' to him, he was so thin and pale —"

"Stuff and nonsense!" interposed the Conrector. "Your Halsband has as good a spleen, Stining, as either you or I; and if he is lacking in anything, I believe it is in gall; and that you should be thankful for, for he is always cheerful and good-humored, and he will make you a kind husband." And as he saw Stining's cheeks

grow red again, he laughed, and went off in good humor to his room.

"God preserve us!" exclaimed Dürten, "what a spiteful temper I must have! I am really a wicked woman! Here I have been berating our good, old Serene Highness, the innocent old creature, and thinking all manner of evil of him, and he has meantime been doing my sister a kindness, and letting the runner go! It is too shameful, that I should always follow my wicked nature!"

"Yes, Dürten," said Schultsch, getting ready to go, "that is my way, too, — God forgive me! — My temper always runs away with me, and Krischan says, 'You may live to be a hundred years old, and you will never be any different,' says he. 'Why shouldn't I be different?' says I. 'Because you cannot bridle your tongue,' says he. That is a stupid joke of his. 'Man, consider the end! Why should I not be different?' I will show Krischan, to-morrow morning! Serene Highness shall get his biscuits again to-morrow, for he has done a good action to you to-day, and it is more blessed to give than to receive. Stining, are you coming with me?"

Stining went, saying, "Good-night, Dürten."

And Dürten went to bed, and held a thorough court of inquiry in her heart, and routed out all the old vestiges of scorn and hate, and gave herself such a hearty putting to rights, that she even got to the point of forgiving her neighbor opposite, and resolving not to call her yellow any more. And she prayed the Lord to grant the Herr Conrector a special blessing for this day's good work, and to make her sister Stining happy at last. And when she had ended her petitions, she turned from the Herr Conrector and Stining to the Herr Conrector and Stining of this evening, and how the Herr Conrector had kissed Stining, and how he had kissed herself previously, and the one kissing had led to the other, this kissing from that kissing — kissing — kissing; and her thoughts grew confused, and with kissing — kissing, she fell asleep.

Stining leaned against her window, looking out into the night. The storm had passed away, and the bright stars were shining, and it seemed to her as if a voice whispered down words of comfort, and she looked up; and then it seemed as if a voice beneath whispered words of love, and she looked down.

"Good evening, Stining," it whispered. "I wanted to say good-night to you. I am free."

"I know it, Wilhelm, I know it. Ah, how much you have had to bear!"

"No, Stining, I thought of you and of our future; and the thought of you softened my heart, and the thought of the future made it strong, and many things occurred to me. Shall I come up and tell you?"

"No, Wilhelm; to-morrow — to-morrow. Good-night, Wilhelm."

"Good-night, Stining."

And when her Wilhelm had gone, Stining went to bed, thanking the Lord out of her full heart that he had set her darling free, and praying for the Herr Conrector, for he had been the means of procuring his freedom; and she thought no more of the kiss, which he had given her out of pure mischief, and held the Herr Conrector for the wisest and best of men; for had he not said her Wilhelm had a spleen? And she thought, among other things, how it would have been if her Wilhelm had really been an internal cripple; and she laughed like a child over her anxieties, and her mind played with such varied and inconsistent thoughts, till she sank into child-like sleep.

Baker Schultsch also went home, and counted the bottles on the table in her tap-room, and shook her head, saying: "So I say, the moment my back is turned the game begins. Krischan will never be different." And when she went into her sleeping-room, there lay Krischan, sawing blocks and all kinds of knotty wood; and she disturbed him, entirely out of friendliness, and said: "Krischan, I have been over there to see her."

"Hm!" said Krischan. One who did not know Krischan would not find much in that expression; but Frau Schultsch understood that he meant to say, it was all the same to him.

"No, Krischan," said she, "you shall not be so indifferent as that, for it is a good thing in our old Serene Highness that he has let the runner go free."

"Hm!" said Krischan.

"I know what you would say, Krischan," said she. "You think I need not poke my nose into the business; but I will, for all that. And you think I shall never be different; but I will be as different as possible, and why shouldn't a married burgher's wife have as good a right to change her mind as Dürten Holzen? No, a body should forgive and forget."

Upon that she got into bed. Krischan turned over a little more towards the wall.

"What do you say to it, Krischan?"

"Hm!" echoed from the wall.

"Come, Krischan, this evening I beg you will not give me a word of opposition, for I know I am in the right way; and to-morrow his Serene Highness shall get his regular biscuits again. What! Do you say nothing? You don't agree with me, perhaps? Sleep quietly, Krischan; when I undertake anything, I carry it through. Sleep peacefully, for if I do not hear you snore, I shall not get to sleep myself, I am so accustomed to it."

And Krischan snored away; and she grew good humored, like a miller when his mill is in full progress, and with the words,

"To-morrow he shall get his biscuits, to-morrow he shall get his regular biscuits," she shook a little more grain into the hopper, and then before her eyes danced cross-buns and biscuits, and his Serene Highness was dancing up to the knees in biscuits, and the city musicians were blowing on the Rathhaus tower, and the Herr Conector playing the organ, and as they stopped for a moment, she noticed that it was really her Krischan, who had come to a knot, so she turned over, and played a little on her own organ, and brought Krischan's again into working order.

THE KOMBE ARROW POISON.—This poison is obtained from the *Strophanthus hispidus*, and is used by the natives of Africa. Dr. Livingstone gives some account of it in his *Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambesi and its Tributaries*. In hunting, he says, the natives follow the game with great perseverance and cunning. The arrow making no noise, the herd is followed until the poison takes effect and the wounded animal falls out; it is then patiently watched till it drops, a portion of meat round the wound is cut away, and all the rest is eaten. The physiological characters of the poison have recently been investigated by Dr. Fraser, of Edinburgh. The plant has been examined by Prof. Oliver, of Kew, who has named it *Strophanthus hispidus*, and finds that it belongs to the poisonous order *Apocynaceae*. Dr. Fraser concludes that the poison acts primarily upon the heart, and produces as the final result of this action paralysis of that organ, with permanence of the ventricular systole. Pulmonary respiration continues in cold-blooded animals for several minutes after the heart is paralyzed. The striped muscles of the body are acted on, twitches occur in them, their tonicity is exaggerated, and finally their functional activity is destroyed; the muscles being hard, and soon after acid in reaction. These changes are accomplished subsequently to the final effect upon the heart, and are the result of a direct contact of the substance with the muscles themselves. The reflex function of the spinal cord is suspended soon after the heart is paralyzed, but the motor conductivity of the spinal cord and of the nerve trunks continues after the striped muscles of the body are paralyzed. The lymph hearts of the frog continue to contract for many minutes after the blood heart has been paralyzed.

Academy.

FERTILIZATION OF ABUTILON.—Fritz Müller has described the fertilization of different species and varieties of *Abutilon*, which are of special interest from the facility with which hybridization occurs in that genus. The author's observations were in opposition to those of Gärtner that "artificial fertilization of pure species generally produces a smaller number of seeds than natural fertilization." Müller found, on the other hand, with several species which he was able to investigate, that in the natural condition, although the stigmas were freely pollenized by the agency of insects, yet a comparatively small number of seeds came to perfection, while artificial pollenization almost universally produced a much larger number of seeds. In another point also Müller's observations are at issue with those of Kölreuter, Herbert, and Gärtner. These three observers all maintained that, when a pistil was pollenized simultaneously by the pollen of two different foreign species, both were not efficacious, but only the one which had the closest relationship to the female plant. Müller, on the other hand, records, without hesitation, the simultaneous production of hybrids between one species and two others, the pollen of which was applied to it at the same time.

A NEW FOSSIL BIRD.—"The Scientific American," October 26, is responsible for the statement that the skeleton of a fossil bird, found during the past summer in the upper cretaceous shale of Kansas, indicates an aquatic bird as large as a pigeon and differing widely from all known birds in having *biconcave* vertebrae. The species is termed *Ichthiornis dispar*.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
BOOKSHELVES.

BOOKSHELVES are to a library what the bony skeleton is to the bodily frame; they give it shape, organization, and, in a certain sense, life. Nothing is more hideous than a heap of books to a lover of books. It is one of the most compact exhibitions of chaos one can see — a perfect nightmare of disorder. And books even if arranged with some regard to classification on the floor present a painful and vexatious spectacle. If at all numerous they block up the room, and their position, horizontal instead of vertical, afflicts the mind as something incongruous and against nature. One's relative position to great authors seems reversed. Accustomed to look up to them in more senses than one, we now have to stoop to read only their titles (that is if they have not tumbled down on their sides, as books will insist on doing when on the floor), and this unusual effort involves much physical discomfort to all but the very young and slim, who as a rule do not set great store by books. To the stout and middle-aged such protracted stooping is not only disagreeable but dangerous, producing blood to the head, dizziness, and, if long continued, a sense of suffocation. But further stooping down to get at a great poet or philosopher implies a condescension which sensitive minds dislike. The great spirits whose choicest thoughts we preserve in books are entitled to a material as well as moral elevation — a high place in our houses as well as in our esteem. We take down our favourite author, and although we speak of taking him up also, that is only because he has been recently before taken down from his appointed post of honour on the bookshelf. In a word, books on the floor have all the appearance of exiles, and the nobler ones remind one even of banished monarchs, so forlorn is their condition. Mr. Carlyle, alluding to Dr. Johnson's humble circumstances at one period of his life, describes a room in which there was but one chair, and that had but three legs, and Mr. Carlyle suggests that Johnson's guests sat upon folios. We feel nearly sure that Mr. Carlyle would like to recall that remark if he could. To have allowed such an indecorum implies a callousness of nature in Johnson which he never showed in the deeper concerns of life, and which if it could really be proved against him would go far towards outweighing his kind treatment of his fellow-creatures when they really wanted help. The idea of letting a casual visitor sit upon Plato or Shakspeare, or even upon Bayle's

Historical and Critical Dictionary (although the four noble folios of the third Dutch edition would make a comfortable seat enough) is so coarse that a really good man like Dr. Johnson never could have entertained it. And if his straitened circumstances forced him to keep his folios on the floor for a season, we trust that he kept them from dishonour.

Lord Bacon speaks of a man who marries and has given hostages to Fortune. The image is much more applicable to the man who frequents bookshops and collects in time a large and costly library. The largest family and the most incompetent wife are manageable, portable, and quite inconsiderable matters compared to a large and precious collection of books. Children and wives can mostly walk about more or less, in and out of a house, and into a carriage or train. And if they get wet and damp they can dry themselves, and they will not let the most jolting conveyance damage their backs — in all which particulars they differ from books. It is strange that Lord Bacon should not have given weight to these considerations. Perhaps the fact that his books were a comfort to him and his wife was very much the reverse accounts for his overlooking them. And men were more stationary in those days, and did not so often have to contemplate the removal of a houseful of books. In these locomotive times the feat has to be accomplished not unfrequently; and a trial it is to a man's nerve, endurance, and stock of resignation.

It is on these occasions of removal, bad enough under any circumstances, that the whole value of bookshelves is revealed to us. Their silent, unobtrusive service, which we take for the most part without thought, is apt to make us ungratefully forget that without them we might have books but we could not have a library. The breaking up of a library is the taking to pieces of an organized thing. It is dissection, almost vivisection. The library as library for the time being ceases to exist, and in place of it we have nothing but heaps, bundles, or boxes full of books. The ordered and disciplined array of a well-bound literary army has been exchanged for confusion, disorder, and almost mutiny. The picked corps in Russia and Morocco, the inferior forces in calf, have all been broken up; their compact and serried ranks, regular and imposing as the spears of a Macedonian phalanx, are dissolved into a demoralized and crestfallen mob of scattered volumes, a rout, a *saute qui peut*, of the biblical host. The owner

of the host sits amid ruins, more pensive than Marius amid the ruins of Carthage, for he has two reflections which the great consul had not: he is most likely the cause of the ruin himself, having brought it about by change of residence; secondly, he knows that he will have to re-edify the building which has been destroyed, to evolve a new cosmos out of the chaos before him, and he must be very buoyant or very inexperienced if he is not depressed. But before we come to the reconstruction of a library, its packing and transport deserve a few words. We never get a fair idea of the physical bulk of books till we take them from their shelves and begin to pack them up; we then also realize their enormous weight. How are they to be transferred when their number and the distance they have to go are both considerable? Carpenters can no doubt make packing-cases; but this is not only somewhat costly, but the article supplied is generally needlessly bulky and heavy, and the cases after the removal are at once useless and an intolerable lumber. The trade, which very likely knows the best thing to be done, uses discharged tea-chests, and perhaps there is nothing better attainable. The tea-chest has much to recommend it as a means for carrying books. It is made of very thin but very tough wood, such as no native carpenter could turn out. On the other hand, it is apt to present vicious nails which lacerate backs and bindings, and inflict ghastly wounds on margins and leaves, and it generally lacks a cover, which has to be supplied of brittle and flimsy deal. Still the demand for old tea-chests proves that up to the present time they have no rival in the transport of books, and sometimes it is difficult to procure them. Generally they can be had for a shilling each.

But painful as may be the dismantling of a library, it is nothing to its reconstruction. When books in large numbers have arrived at their new home, we realize the task before us of putting them up. We may have brought book-cases from the old house, but ten to one they will not fit the new rooms. And if by a miracle they do, in what "admired disorder" are our treasures presented to us! Folios and pocket editions side by side, quartos and octavos in adulterous and forbidden conjunction. However, they must be got out and up somehow, or the house is not habitable, and then you are made aware of the tyranny of possession which books can display. That Plautus, which you put on shelf B merely because he was an octavo and you

happened to have come upon a run of octavos and you must find a lodging for him somewhere, has no right to be there where he is. He is cheek by jowl with Kant and Hegel, and you vow he must find another place among the Latin classics or the dramatists, if you classify by subjects. Yet unless you are one of those overpoweringly energetic people who never put off anything, the chances are he will maintain his position against you for a long while. You can easily pull him out, doubtless, but where is he to go to? Your classical shelf is chokeful; and as for the dramatic shelf, Dyce's Shakspeare and recent curiosity about the Spanish drama have made it hopeless to seek a refuge there. Another trial awaits the bibliophile who has yielded to the too tempting attractions of small Pickerings, Didots, or even of the Bibliothèque Elzévirienne. These gems of typography are the vermin of libraries. The tiny, imponderable tomes easily escape the discipline which their heavier colleagues submit to. On any ordinary shelf they are lost. And then where is one to put them? The natural impulse is to send them up to the upper shelves, to the attics of the book mansion. We cannot have them on the convenient level where books in daily use are lodged. And yet up aloft there, they are out of sight, and their minute beauties are wasted and disfigured by dust and cobwebs. Perhaps the best plan is to have them, like any other curiosities, in a cabinet or on the table, if the latter can be kept free from new publications.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A SLIP IN THE FENS.

As Lillingstone drew near the cottage, the girl came out to the gate; but she went back as soon as she was sure Lillingstone recognized her. When he came up, she was standing at the open door.

"Please to come in," she said, diffidently.

He looked at the clean brick floor and at himself.

She smiled, "That doesn't matter;" then, after a slight hesitation, "I've put out Jonathan's clothes, sir, if you wouldn't mind wearing them."

"I shall be *very glad* to borrow them."

"Then you'll find them in grandfather's room," and she pointed to a door close at hand. "I'm going to the wash-house to see to my fire."

The door was so low that he had to stoop to go in. Two steps inside led down into

the little room that was set apart for the old man—the quiet corner of a house often noisy with loud feet and louder voices. The small casement opened close under the thatch; but the strong afternoon sun pierced through the elm-trees, and, gliding the ivy which framed it, shot a bright ray across the floor. It broke against the wall opposite, and pointed to a little framed picture, hung on a nail; a black, half-length portrait, taken in profile, which showed a thick-set woman with snub nose, and a head exuberant in ribbons. It is likely she wore the old-fashioned kerchief round her neck; the flatly filled outline did not explain this. Poor as it was, the old carpenter had found it the thing most worthy to be glorified by the solitary ray, which came but for a short time daily, and that only in high summer. For the rest, the little chamber had the almost barbaric simplicity that marks the sleeping-rooms of the poor. There was the small looking-glass, with a dismal row of dismal mandarins, following each other in broken procession, round its dusky vermilion frame; the gradual loss of quicksilver had blurred its gloomy reflections. The comb, nearly toothless from age, had no special place allotted to it; it was evidently the comb of the house. With a care quite disproportionate to this, the razor was laid aside on a high shelf, a thing set apart to be used only in rare and solemn observances. But, noticeable above all, was the patchwork quilt, where many painful stitches united happy and sad memories, with as slight regard to their relations as to the blending of the motley colours.

Fierce-eyed foreign birds with gleaming tails flew furiously at stiff geometrical patterns drawn uneasily awry on a cold brown ground. Important pieces of chintz that had been calendered to a stiffness in keeping with the dignity of the wearer, asserted themselves over delicate bits of pink and white, which had nestled around little limbs, softer, and rosier, and fairer than themselves. All these had faded now into a sad, useful tint, which heightened the whiteness of the sheet folded over it; this was the only streak of cold colour that disturbed the yellow tones of the chamber.

Lillingstone was not in a mood to dwell on these details, but the general look of the place was grateful to him; and, as the prospect of appearing in Jonathan's garments offered his vanity no inducement to stray towards the village, he contented himself there a while. Jonathan's fustian suit was as little flexible as himself; its stiff amplitude stood out from Lillingstone's

slighter figure, as if in mockery of its useless length, and his throat moved with tortoise-like freedom in the cavity left by the large collar. But the grand effect of the costume centred in the scarlet waistcoat, so gorgeously studded with blue flowers, that fixed attention with their staring yellow eyes. It wanted a decided air and bearing to wear this garment, and Jonathan felt that he was the man to do it; but Lillingstone was not so confident of his own powers; he shrank a little from appearing in it, even before this country girl.

Though this was no convincing proof of weakness, in many respects he was weak, and his present plight was a result of it; for it was contrary to his own judgment that he had yielded to Bordale's advice, to make off as soon as Bransell hailed them; he was a stranger there, and, so far as he was concerned, the trespass had been unintentional. He was not wanting in courage to maintain the more sentimental points of honor, but these were determined for him by conventional notions, and they fluctuated with the prejudice of his companions for the time. To-day he was influenced by the expected criticism of his college friends; so it followed quite naturally, that to give away to a bully was a cowardice to which no extremity would have forced him; though this was a weakness, too, it kept him firm to the end, and for a short time gave him self-possession.

But it was not this slight sensitiveness about her opinion of him that kept him waiting there so long; he was going to the door, when he heard busy sounds in the kitchen, and thought he might be in the way, so he turned back, and, folding his arms on the window-sill, looked out. Then the outer door shut, and soon after quick steps at the farther end of the garden, stopping every now and then, told him that his clothes were being hung out to dry. The only sound that moved in the stillness around him came from the fussiness of the young martens, as they flew in and out of their nests, making the casement vibrate with the whirr of their wings. As he looked up at them, he noticed a tiny recess in the side of the window, scarcely larger than the book it held. This was bound in red morocco, worn with age and dingy with dust. He took it down and turned over its leaves, which had been read so often that the gilt was worn off their edges, but the care, with which it had been handled proved it to be a relic.

On the title-page he saw "Pamela;" underneath was written in a scratchy, pointed hand—

TO

GRACE ALICE LEE,

ON THE OCCASION OF HER MARRIAGE WITH

MARK DEANS,

JANUARY 21st, 1793.

FROM HER WELL-WISHING FRIEND,

SELINA PALMBY.

"Read, Mark, Learn, and Ponder well,
And in these Gifts you will excell."

On the fly-leaf opposite, was the following verse, written with the same precision :—

"Keep free, dear girl, from raging strife
Of Man to Man, and Life to Life;
Let Trumpet's call, and blood and fire,
Lead you to dwell on duties higher.
Shun those paths where the wicked still
Do kill and gorge 'gainst His will;
Where every man against his brother
Forgets his Father and his Mother."

SELINA PALMBY.

January 21st, 1793.

While he was still looking at this, and "pondering" over it in his turn, he heard movement in the kitchen again.

His hostess was preparing a meal for him, but with some anxiety of mind, for, as she stood before their meagre cupboard, she wondered how he was to be fed. "The gentry did not eat pork," and here was pork, and nothing but pork. But gentry did eat honey. She was sure of that, because they seldom ate any themselves; it was kept for the great folks around there. They had a hive just taken in; so she hastened to carry out the happy suggestion. It was true her own men-folks did not care for it much; but then—what they liked was no guide.

Shut down in that narrow corner, her only knowledge of the privileged class was formed at church, or at those annual village gatherings where the rich urbanely smile on the pleasures of the poor, and the poor disport themselves before them with gratified self-respect. And as the observations she made at such times were in some degree confirmed by vague accounts of an artificial life removed far above her own, and of contempt founded on such removal, her disturbance was but natural, when she wondered how she should treat this particular specimen of refinement which she had fished out of the lode.

This gave her a most pitiful expression when, having made her simple arrangements, she returned to the cupboard, and setting the door wide open, stood before

it, and stared at the bare shelves as if they could help her in her difficulty.

This was how Lillingstone found her when, at last, he came out of "grandfather's room."

"I hope there is not anything the matter," he said, in a very pleasant voice. He was surprised at the anxious look on her face.

"Oh! it's nothing," she answered, shutting the cupboard doors quickly; "it's only I'm afraid there's nothing that you can eat."

"Oh! if that is all," he began, but he stopped, seeing that she was trying hard to suppress her laughter. This was the effect of his appearance in Jonathan's "Sunday best." He entered into her amusement, and perhaps it was the heartiest merriment he had ever joined in at his own expense.

Laughter is a great leveller of fictitious barriers! by the time she had recovered her gravity she had lost her embarrassment. She pointed to a chair near the table, seemed doubtful for a moment whether she would stay or go away, then suddenly took up some knitting, and sat down on a low stool in the corner of the large fire-place. A faded blue curtain hung from the shelf above it, hiding some of the black emptiness which a heap of grey ashes made more visible. The ceiling was low, with a heavy beam across it. A honeysuckle stretched over the open window, shutting out all glare; but every corner was filled with mellow light, and faint with the luscious perfume of flowers. The lazy bees found this a short road to their hives, as they swung home buzzing beneath their burden, for the back door was open.

Lillingstone sat down opposite to it. He was by nature luxurious, therefore expensive in his habits; but custom had not so grown on him that he was wholly conventional in his tastes. Therefore, although the homely fare before him was not likely to tempt his appetite, his eye rested on it with a keen appreciation of the care it expressed; for the girl had done her best. The honeycomb was put upon a bunch of walnut leaves; and tiny streams trickled from the freshly broken cells, making tracks on the bloom of the fragrant leaves, and collecting in golden pools below.

He helped himself lazily to the bread and honey, and leaned back in his chair, subdued by the sense of summer quietude and rest. Letting his eyes wander slowly round the room, he noticed that it was free from the attempt at ornament common in

cottages. A small deal table stood against the wall between the door and the window, and a white cloth covered Grandfather's Bible, the only thing upon it except his brass-rimmed spectacle-case, which was placed exactly on the centre of the book, with a precision that warned away any curious little fingers trespassing near it. Next was the wide window-sill, strewn with the earliest blossoms of the myrtle, that had dropped one by one, leaving a high pyramid of pearly buds above. It grew in a red glazed pot, with a white embossed pattern, that showed some lean goats striving after fabulously large grapes, that hung from a trellis indicated on the rim. Grandfather's chair stood in the chimney-corner nearest the window. It was of carved oak with a high back; a dark, worn fringe made its thin arms look more spare. These were the most important articles of furniture in the room, for the farther side was crowded with bags of wheat collected in last week's gleanings; and they stretched in an irregular heap from the open doorway to the panel-door which closed in the foot of the stairs. Then his eyes rested again on the girl, as she was busily occupied with her knitting. Subdued as he was by the fear and fatigue he had undergone, the sight of her kept his past danger vividly in his mind, heightening the contrast with his present ease: his weak temperament rendered him peculiarly sensitive to these influences. So he watched her and her mechanical work, conscious of every stitch, of every turn of her head, of the beauty of her face, of the shadowy waves of her hair; but he could not have described her, for he was asleep to everything but the pleasant sensation of the moment.

It is doubtful how long he would have sat like this if the girl had not looked up, first at the table; then at him, and said, in an accent of distress, "I'm so sorry I've nothing nice for you to eat."

"Then if, you are so sorry," he said, rising suddenly, "you must come to the table and set me a good example," and he placed a chair for her opposite his own.

She shrank back — half pleased, but doubtful.

"Oh no, I couldn't," she said, after thinking a moment; and she looked so uncomfortably shy, that he felt an awkwardness would be established if he did not set it right at once.

"Indeed," he said, "you must not leave me to eat alone: I shall think I have quite worn out your kindness."

His earnest manner closed her hesita-

tion, and she went of her own accord to the table; for she was too natural to be oppressed by rank, unless she was obliged suddenly to decide on things of which she had no experience: such situations were frequently arising in her new position to-day.

Lillingstone resumed his former seat.

"If you knew how pleasant and refreshing your country fare looks to me, you would not regret that you were not able to provide me with anything else. This bread you make," he said, as he cut off a crust and put it on her plate, "it is not at all like that we get in Cambridge; but it is not that alone — the air, everything here is quite different."

"But you don't really like this place, do you?" she asked eagerly; "I've always heard it called dull."

"Dull! do they call it? I think it a little Paradise in its way. All the prettier for the ugliness of the country round."

The girl looked delighted. "If our garden looks fresh, Grandfather says it's because of the trees that shade it, and the spring that runs down close by into the lode."

"That accounts for it, then. Do you live alone with your Grandfather?"

She laughed to herself. "Alone! oh no — we're twelve in the house!" and she enjoyed Lillingstone's astonishment. "There's Grandfather, and Mother, and the three boys (my brothers), and Jonathan's four children, and Rettie, and me" — here she hesitated, and Lillingstone, thinking she was going to add to the list, was seized with a nervous dread that they would presently come swarming in at both doors.

"Then how is it you are so quiet here to-day?"

"Because they are all at work except Grandfather — he's gone to Stannard's to spend the day — he goes once a fortnight."

"And the children? — your brother's children," he explained.

"Oh! they used to go to school, but now they go with Mother and Rettie to the coprolite pits. As for Pattie and Dot, when Mother goes out working, and I'm not at home all day, she takes them to a woman close by, and fetches them again when she comes home, so that I've only got to mind them morning and evening mostly; but I hope you won't forget yourself," she said, looking at Lillingstone's empty plate.

"No, thanks to you, I have done remarkably well. About those children and your sister, it must be very hard work for them?"

"No, they only pick the stones out of the coprolite; the men carry it to them in the sheds, I think — I'm not quite sure. If you won't take it as disrespectful," and she placed her hand on the work by her side, "I'll go on with my knitting; I'm afraid I shan't get it done to-night."

"I have taken too much of your time already," he said, amused at her queer mixture of shyness and firmness of manner.

"No. If you hadn't been here, I should not have touched it sooner. I didn't know it was like this; I've just found it in the garden — the kitten's been playing with it;" and she showed a half-finished stocking with a large ball of crinkled worsted. "If I can't finish it by the time Mother comes from the pits, she'll be disappointed."

"How far are they from here?"

"About three miles. Some folks do say it's a sight worth seeing, but I've not been to see them. I'm mostly too tired after my day's work to care about such sights;" and she heaved a sigh of unenterprising content.

"But do you go out working too?"

"Not very often. I mind the house. But when there's not much to do in-doors I go out, if any of the farmers have a job to give me. To-day I've been gleaning on the other side of the fen. Sometimes I take Rettie with me — it's a treat to her."

"Rettie! That is a pretty name. What is yours?"

"Elsie. Our name is Reade," she added quietly — and there was a short pause.

Lillingstone admired in Elsie the repose of manner which placed her in strong contrast to the self-conscious beauties of his own circle, whose eagerness to gain any attention often prevented them from putting their well-studied lessons into practice.

"So your mother is out every day," he said, liking to hear her speak, and thinking he could not please her better than by taking an interest in her home affairs.

"Mostly, not always; it is piecework, so she can leave it if she's got anything she must do at home. That's comfortable: better than going to day's work, isn't it?"

Lillingstone did not give this the ready sympathy he had accorded to the other things she had told him.

Elsie stopped her knitting, and repeating "More comfortable, isn't it?" tried to extort the interest which his manner hitherto had taught her to expect. But she did not succeed. It had begun to dawn on him that this might not be his last walk into the fens. She was sitting in front of

the door, which made a frame for her figure; and as he saw her, with her finger arrested in the unfinished stitch, and her questioning eyes fixed on his, he thought the silvery green of the fen had never formed the background of a fairer picture. This idea retarded his answer, and accounted for its incoherency, when, at last, he said in a sententious tone, "No, indeed!"

"But I said it *was* comfortable," she persisted, opening her eyes wide with astonishment.

He tried to recollect himself. "*What was comfortable?*"

"Why, you asked about Mother; but I was stupid to think you'd care about that!" She blushed crimson, and went on knitting as fast as possible.

"Yes, I do care," he said, bending forward suddenly, and speaking forcibly to make her believe him; "and if I was silent, it was because I was thinking of *you*."

He had thrown all the expression he could into his voice and manner, to repair the mischief his abstraction had done. Elsie was not accustomed to be looked at in this way. In a desperation of embarrassment, she looked furtively round the room for an excuse to escape.

"What a mess the myrtle has made on the window-sill!" she exclaimed, starting up, and making a show of brushing the fallen blossoms into her hand.

Lillingstone did not care to dispel her confusion, so he sat silently, watching her feigned industry.

Unable any longer to endure the silence, she said, "Do you like flowers?"

There was no answer. Presently she was conscious that he was at her side, and bending over her.

"This is one of your pet flowers, I suppose?" he said, after a few moments' pause.

Elsie was angry with herself that she should be so silly; she struggled as resolutely as she could with her growing confusion, and looked up firmly. But as soon as she met his unrestrained look of admiration, her assumed courage forsook her, her eyes fell, and she stood helplessly crushing the white petals in her trembling hands.

Excited by her heightened beauty, he said impetuously, "Yes, Elsie, I *do* like them; but," and he spoke still more hurriedly, "you musn't ask me to look at them, or even think of them, when *you* are near."

She turned round quickly, and began to put away the things from the table. He

followed, fearing she might think he had been wanting in respect to her.

"I hope I have not offended you. Perhaps I said more than I ought. Are you angry with me?"

"Oh no; but please don't speak like that." And she looked down, trying to be busy.

A glance satisfied Lillingstone that his fears were unfounded, and he went back to the window.

The pause that followed was disturbed only by the subdued movement of Elsie, as she passed to and fro, and by the low ring of the sounding dishes as she restored them to their place. When this had ceased, he turned round and said, "Will you show me your garden?" Elsie answered with averted head; and he followed her down the grassy path, overhung by a wilderness of luxuriant bushes, fragrant with lavender and thyme and homely flowers, that grew straggling in their shade. The Provence roses fell indolently in their way, losing their sweet heavy heads in the high grass, and trailing over the feet of the young people, as they thoughtlessly wandered on.

Lillingstone did not look at Elsie. There was a slight nervousness remaining in her manner, as she showed him the pinks she had planted so carefully, but the currants had grown so fast that they choked them, and the balsams which she didn't care for grew so well — it seemed very strange.

At the end of the path were the beehives. Elsie went up to them. "Come and see, I'm sure they are going to swarm soon, and we haven't got a hive ready for them."

Lillingstone was not of a constitution to like such proximity. "I have heard that they take dislikes to some people," he objected from a safe distance.

"Yes, but I'm sure they wouldn't mind you. Bees always like me," she added, with child-like self-complacency.

Lillingstone's recent experience had shown him that common-place compliments would not be well received here, so he prudently held his peace, and professed as much interest as was compatible with watchfulness for his own safety, and a search for something that would divert her attention from the bees.

"And you have a fernery too, I see," he said, walking a step or two in advance, and looking over the low hedge that divided the garden from the lode: small tufts seemed to be growing in a little island in the canal.

"What do you call it?" she asked, look-

ing in the same direction and following him.

"A fernery," he repeated; "come and show it to me."

"Oh! those are the ferns we've got, but haven't sold yet; they're not in the ground, we put them in withy baskets, and sink them in the water to keep them alive."

"So you collect for sale?"

"Yes, I always do it, because I keep house, and can do it at odd times."

Lillingstone noted this.

The only remaining curiosity to be seen was the pig-sty, sunk low in the corner of the fence which bordered the fen: half hidden under moss and ivy, it was not repulsive. The pig knew Elsie, and poked its nose through the holes in the boards with an expectant grunt, which she answered by throwing it a handful of green walnuts. After she had amused herself for some time watching the creature as it ate them in pleasant security, she said, "Jonathan'll kill him 'at Martinmas, and he'll pay the best part of the rent."

As Lillingstone made no reply, she looked up, and saw him smiling to himself.

Elsie was greatly discomfited. "What have I said?" she thought — and then, of course, she knew it was very silly of her to talk to him so much of her affairs — and the pig too — what could he care about the pig? The shyness which had tormented her before returned with redoubled force now that it was sanctioned, as she thought, by his manner.

The truth was, that as he leaned over the railings, and felt his rustic costume strain in contrary directions, disclosing his legs to the curious sniffing of the pig, he thought what a good story Bordale would make of him if he could see him as he was.

Elsie's sudden silence recalled him to himself; turning towards her he made a step backwards, and was startled by an unearthly sound, half shriek, half howl, from behind. He looked round, and found that he had trodden on the foot of an idiot, who had come unperceived behind him. It had a large goitre; the face was distorted by pain and rage; but through all its hideousness it bore some likeness to Elsie. This made it the more sickening to him, and his loathing was evident on his own face as he shrank from it.

Elsie emptied her apron of the remaining walnuts, and motioned him aside; then, moving past him, she laid her hand gently on the misshapen head. "You are not so very much hurt, I'm sure." The creature could not understand her words, but it was

quieted by the soothing voice and touch. After she picked up the toy it had dropped, she stood for some minutes watching, till at last it resumed its usual expression of vacant content. Then she turned towards Lillingstone, and saw very plainly that the presence of the idiot was a disgust and an annoyance to him.

This was the relative she had forborne to mention when she described their household. Its existence had been a source of misery to her. She felt it a disgrace to the family; and the likeness, slight though it was, seemed to confirm it to herself. Following, as it did, after his unexplained smile, this disclosure was a humiliation to her, one which she felt the more deeply when she saw its effect on Lillingstone. She was quite pale, and her voice was husky, when she looked up again and said coldly, "I think, sir, your clothes are about dry now, and there's no need for me to keep you here any longer."

Lillingstone would have spoken, but he was constrained by the coldness of her manner, and followed her silently into the house.

When he reappeared in his own dress, Elsie was doing some household work with a sad, determined look; so he said kindly, "Will you not go with me a little way? When we were in the garden, you said you could show me another road back."

"If you think you can't find your way from what I have said, I'll go with you," she answered drily.

Even if he had been quite indifferent, he could not have left her in that mood, after the great benefit she had done him; so while she was preparing to go out, he studied how he might recall her lost favour.

When she came towards him with the door-key in her hand, he remained still on the threshold.

"I am afraid I wounded you when I was so startled by the sight of" — he could hardly say "your sister," he did not like to say "the idiot" — an ambiguous reference she might not understand. She *did* understand his hesitation, however, and acknowledged it by a slight movement of her head, but she made no attempt to help him with his explanation.

He continued haltingly, "I hope you will try to forget it. I shouldn't have noticed it so much if I had not been taken by surprise; indeed, I was just thinking of the odd appearance I made, when I unfortunately stepped back — and — put an end, it seems, to the pleasant time we have had together."

This apology had all the effect that was intended, and more than it deserved. The anger had passed away from her face, as she said, "I was in the wrong. I'm always too quick to get vexed."

If he had suspected how far the accidental explanation of his laugh had influenced her concession, his vanity might have been less flattered by the readiness of it.

While she was locking the door, he looked once more at the lilies.

"Would you like to have some?" she asked, seizing one of the finest heads of the group.

"No, don't break it," Lillingstone said quickly, putting his hand on hers just in time to save the flowers. "They would die before I got home; besides, I shall like to think of them as they are *here*. And you with them," he added, lowering his voice. "Just now, when I stood looking at them through the window, I thought that I should never see any again without being reminded of you."

Elsie said nothing; but as she turned away, the smile on her face told him that he had made a step back into favour.

When they passed out through the little wicket, they heard cheery voices, and the creaking of a waggon; and, gleaming through the elm hedge, were the white shirts of the labourers who were piling up the wheat stacks. They turned to the right, away from the Listers' cottage; and as they crossed the road, they saw many barges coming down the lode. Some had already reached home, and the people were unloading the peat. Girls who had been gleaning in distant fields, had availed themselves of these to get an easy and, perhaps, a merry journey home. They had wreathed garlands of poppies round their hats and shoulders; a custom of the fen-women, which contrasts oddly with their uncouth costume of short skirts, men's leggings, and nailed boots. These did not go home directly they landed, but stayed on the bank, chatting to the men as they stacked their peat. Their voices were joyous, and their movements had the alacrity which betokens that work is drawing to a close.

Elsie and Lillingstone had walked some distance, and were out of hearing of these sounds before either of them spoke. They had crossed two fields, and had come to a lane, dark in the perfumed stillness of tall linden-trees. Presently the lane widened, and the slant rays of the setting sun glanced through the broken line of oaks that surmounted the wide, irregular banks

on either side, kindling fires in the gorse and brake that revelled in this strip of unploughed land. Nor did the sun gladden *them* alone — for Elsie, again light-hearted, was alive to these slight touches of beauty, and exclaimed, "What a bright red your collar is now!"

"That is our college colour."

"That's the one I like best of all. Mother's going to give me a handkerchief of it, next time the packman comes round. It washes well too; nobody'd think *your* clothes had been in the wash-tub to-day."

"No, indeed. You were quite a witch to bring this back to a good crimson, after it had been in such a mess. But I am sorry my accident gave you so much trouble — you were tired enough without that."

"Oh! don't think of it," and she smiled pleasantly. "I'm used to hard work — and besides," she added, in a lower voice, and speaking hurriedly, "I was glad, for it doesn't often fall in my way to do any good — so you mustn't thank me for anything."

"No. I am going to ask you a favour now, and shall leave the remainder of my thanks till I see you again." He noticed the bright gleam that answered to his words. "I fear I shall have to tax your desire to do good to the utmost — for the advantage will be all on my side. I have a fancy that my little adventure of to-day should not be known to anyone. Will you keep it secret for me?"

Elsie stood surprised, and silent for a moment — then she gave her answer slowly. "Yes, sir, — since you wish it."

"Thank you," and Lillingstone held out his hand; "your promise is a great relief to me, for I know I can rely on you. You must *trust* me; for I can't give my reason just now. Do you think you can?" and he still held her hand while she whispered "Yes," for they had stopped at the end of the lane where it opened on the fen.

The tall reeds rustled in the evening breeze, and moved the water into lazy ripples, making the lilies quiver on the rosy stream: and the forget-me-nots, faint with the long hours of heat, let fall a shower of blue petals, as the current swayed their slender stems. There was a sighing in great trees, and whispering among the little flowers, as they woke from the sleep of the heavy day and stirred with the life around them.

Lillingstone's strange request kept Elsie silent, and he did not care to speak.

Suddenly she said, "I must go home now, and finish setting the house to rights

before they come back." Then pointing — "You see that house behind the willows? Keep to the left after you've passed it, you can't make a mistake after that," and before he had time to answer she said, "Good-bye," and set off towards home.

When she went back to the cottage it was filled with twilight. Presently it would be disturbed by the tumult of fresh steps and voices. As she moved about the house setting it in order, she was sorry that she must so soon efface all traces of his coming; he might forget, and she might never see him again. But she had no time to dream about this; and before any of them had returned from their work, the needful preparations had been made, and there was no outward change to be seen.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next morning Elsie woke earlier than usual; and, contrary to her habit, lay still, watching the daybreak, and thinking over the past day. Then, rising, she crept cautiously down stairs. When she had pushed the creaking door that opened into the room, she stopped on the lower step to enjoy the stillness; it was hushed as if it watched the sleepers overhead.

The thrush fretted impatiently under the piece of carpet that was thrown across its cage, and hopped from perch to perch till Elsie took it off, and, pushing back the lattice, lifted it to its own place. It fluttered with delight, jerking its thanks at her with many bobbings of the head, and then pecked idly at the trumpet flowers that pressed inside the bars. As she leaned outside the window, looking up at it, a shower of wet fell over her, and stood upon her hair; for the dew had fallen, and made circlets of clear beads round the edges of the honeysuckle leaves. Now she stopped to take a long look at her lilies, fresh after the night; and, delicate as their fragrance, came a new sense of sympathy, with its vague promise and untried delight.

She went to the back door, and, as she opened it, the pale morning light searched slowly round every corner, showing her all her old friends now made new — new with the colour they would never lose in her eyes again — waked by the in-coming light.

It was too soon to begin any noisy cleaning; even the kitten was asleep, with its fluffy face close to the embers; so Elsie strolled down the garden to while away the time, and loitered till the rose-tints of the morning stole over the gray fen. The cattle rose slowly, one by one, and stared about them in surly discontent.

The little birds crept out of the banks, and, flying low, greeted each other with cheerful twitterings. The straggling bushes sparkled in the light, and rustled with waking sounds. Presently she heard the clumsy tread of her brothers' boots, clattering over the brick floor; then she turned to pick a handful of onions, and went in.

The kitten had waked up, and was looking about with a surprised air till she appeared at the doorway, when it ran towards her, and rubbed itself against her dress, while she filled their baskets with bread and pork. The three men stood on the other side of the table, mutely watching her movements.

Jonathan, the eldest, was not much taller than herself. If there had been originally any likeness between them, it was effaced by the hard life and exposure that had tanned his swollen features. Elisha was a repetition of the same type, but his identity was marked by a slight squint. Jacob's face had more pretension to a meaning, which was mainly attributable to a pinched nose and close eyebrows, but it was supported in no slight degree by his own conviction that he was "gifted." He stood rather aloof, while the others received their portions with a scarcely audible grunt, and went mechanically out of doors. The onions were his special treat, so he waited till they were added to his dinner.

"Isn't it a fine morning?" said Elsie, as she handed him his basket.

"Well enough," he muttered, swinging it over his shoulder, and he hurried off to join his brothers.

Not long after, Mrs. Reade came down; and then began the pattering of little feet above, and cries for Elsie. But, as soon as she showed her head through the bannisters that railed off the top of the stairs, there was a great deal of scampering across the open landing; and by the time she had walked across this to her mother's room, there was nothing to be seen of the children but a twitching of the covers on the farther side of Mrs. Reade's bed, and a little pair of dimpled feet struggling to get shelter too.

Elsie feigned not to see this, nor to hear the stifled laughter, while she searched in every corner.

"Dear me! I can't think where they are all gone," she said, as she stopped before the window that looked out on the back garden. Then came a shout; and two sturdy boys of five and seven rushed towards her, exclaiming, "You couldn't find us."

"Essie couldn't find *me*!" echoed their younger sister, who was now sitting on the heap of tumbled covers, and using her fists most vigorously to clear her face of the brown locks, which the boys' rough play had left in a tangle.

It required a great deal of patience and persuasion to make them submit to be properly washed and dressed; but this was done at last, and Elsie left them, and went to her own room on the right hand, just at the top of the stairs. She opened the door gently, for the baby child was asleep. The low slanting roof made a shadow over the little bed as it nestled in the corner, and a white curtain was drawn from the window, past the pillow, to screen it from the morning air. It was such a tiny closet, that there was only just room enough to pass between the bed and the oak chest that held most of Elsie's worldly goods. A string of brown carved beads, thrown across the looking-glass that hung slantways from the wall above it, was Rettie's; so was the little pink volume of Mrs. Hemans' poems that lay side by side with Hervey's "Meditations" on the shelf below the glass. The blue shawl, too, that was so neatly folded in a corner, belonged to her; for she shared her mother's room, where nothing was safe from the meddling of the boys; and all her chief treasures found sanctuary in Elsie's keeping. There were a few roses in a cup on the deal wash-stand next the door; she had given them fresh water, and moved them on to the window-sill, before she noticed that the blue eyes were following her movements. Then she stopped; and the child stretched out her arms, and clasped them around her neck, as she lifted her out of the warm nest; and the curly head fell heavily against Elsie's shoulder, as she carried her into Grandmother's room to be dressed.

Meanwhile, the other children had improved the time to their own amusement and the increased disorder of the room. But, at last, they went tumbling downstairs, properly pinafores, and rushed out into the garden to escape from Rettie, who left off the work she was doing to look after them; for she had to keep them in order till they went away. Rettie had outgrown this morning liveliness, and followed very slowly, looking as if she could have slept a little longer.

"Now, Rettie! look alive, and fill the kettle," exclaimed her mother in a brisk tone, as she broke sticks into the fire, forgetting Rettie's duty in her hurry to say something rousing; for Mrs. Reade had no

sympathy with sleepiness in the daytime, it always provoked her to greater activity. She listened for a minute to the girl's reluctant steps, as she went round the house to the well; and then stifled the uncongenial sound in a more vigorous crackling, which told Elsie that the real business of the day had begun.

Mrs. Reade was not like her daughter, yet she had been a pretty woman. She was handsome even now, and the neighbours who remembered her when she was young, said that Elsie would never be what her mother had been. Her style was more suited to their taste. Her small aquiline features had more piquancy, her hair was darker and brighter, and her black eyes had a sprightliness quite foreign to Elsie's. But the only exception in Rettie's resemblance to her mother was her morning drowsiness.

"We must get her out of that soon," Mrs. Reade said, when Elsie came down stairs, "she puts me out of all patience."

"The days are long for her now and it's likely she gets tired; it must be very hot in the sheds."

"Oh! I know it's no use speaking to you, you're always for spoiling her," said Mrs. Reade, as she went out of the door, not wholly displeased by her justification of Rettie. As she bustled to and fro before the back-door, while Elsie was inside preparing the breakfast, she dwelt with delight on Elsie's extreme goodness; but she wondered what the children would grow up to be under her lenient control.

"Where are they now?" she asked, as she came in and looked at the empty chairs round the table. "We shall be late again to-day; yesterday it was just upon eight when we got there."

Elsie ran out to fetch the truants, and warn Rettie of a coming scolding; but, happily, they were not far off, and a show of unusual quickness, stimulated by Elsie, kept the peace.

They were all quite silent during the meal, which was eaten as fast as possible. Then Mrs. Reade rose quickly to cut the great slices of bread they were to take to the pits. Rettie tried to look as if she was helping, and the two boys stood in the way, without making any attempt even to seem in a hurry.

After Elsie had tied on their lilac sun-bonnets, the little ones stood at her knee while she folded a white cloth round their bread and butter, and the elder looked slyly at Dot and laughed, as Elsie dropped two or three ripe plums in the corner of their little basket.

"There now! I think we've got everything," said Mrs. Reade as they stood in a group near the door. "You'll see to Grandfather. I suppose you'd better go gleaning again to-day, as soon as you've made him comfortable. Rettie, you go on with the little ones, while I just look in to see how Mrs. Lister is; and you, boys, mind you don't upset that basket between you and don't go gaping into the hedges, but walk straight on with Rettie."

The little party moved off slowly, looking back with the unsatisfying expression with which most young children receive instructions.

When Elsie had seen her mother disappear round the hedge, she walked back across the kitchen, and listened at Grandfather's door. Hearing no sound, she did not disturb him, but went upstairs, and had begun to dress the idiot, when she was startled by her mother's voice at the foot of the stairs.

"Elsie! don't go gleaning to-day. Lister's sister says there was a gentleman here yesterday after your ferns; as he didn't find anybody, he might come again to-day; and remember too, to look in upon that poor woman next door. I declare, if that lazy hulking thing didn't leave her for hours yesterday afternoon to go gossiping with the Slacks at Copley's corner. She thinks, if she is going to die, I suppose, it's of no use minding her; you'll think of her, won't you?" and she went out again without waiting for Elsie's answer.

Elsie's heart jumped when her mother spoke of "the gentleman;" but, seeing that she did not know the truth of the story, she was relieved for the moment. Afterwards, when she returned to her dreary employment, she felt that this was only a momentary respite, and realized for the first time how painful it was to have a secret from her mother, and to be connected with anything that held her in dread of disclosure. Hitherto she had been superior to whatever people might say; but now, though she has done nothing wrong, some unforeseen chance might show her in a doubtful light. As she led the idiot down-stairs, and left her contentedly eating her food on a bench outside, she determined to profit by her visit to Mrs. Lister, to find out how much the sister really knew of the gentleman.

As she went back into the house she stopped again before the low door, and tapped lightly.

"It's past seven, Grandfather; I'm going to get your breakfast;" but while she

was yet speaking the old man opened the door. She started; then laughing at herself for being so nervous, she kissed him. "You made me jump, Grandfather—I didn't know you were up."

"Yes, child, I don't like to lie abed these fine mornings;" and, placing his hand on her shoulder, he went to his chair, which she settled comfortably for him; this was only his habit, for he did not need her support. Although he was past seventy, and had worked hard through his life, he was not quite infirm. He was tall, and much bent, yet there was still something commanding in his appearance. His bald head rose calmly over a knot of wrinkles gathered on each temple; his blue eyes too were calm, and had a look of Elsie; a fringe of silver hair fell over the collar of his coat. He wore a faded suit of olive brown, which ended in knee breeches, gray stockings, and buckled shoes.

Elsie placed a little table near him for his cup and plate; then, when he had all he wanted, she went out and washed some potatoes for their twelve o'clock dinner, and, returning with a piled-up dish in her hand, she sat down on a low stool near her Grandfather, and began to scrape them into a great brown pan full of water. Seeing that the old man eyed it curiously, she said, "I am going to boil more than we want, as I shall give the boys a treat of cold potatoes to-night."

"Are you going to be at home to-day, then?"

When Elsie said "Yes," a look of satisfaction stole over his face, and they were silent for some time.

Then she saw that he had pushed away his plate, and was watching her; and although she could not have explained why, it made her feel ill at ease.

She got up quickly, and, clearing the little table, gave him the great Bible and his spectacles.

As he wiped them slowly, he looked from her towards the window, and then fixed his eyes on her again. "Your myrtle is blooming nicely, Elsie." Elsie coloured quickly, and looked at the myrtle, then at him with a little surprise. "And the lilies too," he added in the same contemplative tone, not noticing her inquiring look: "there are no flowers like cottage flowers, I think; though, for the matter o' that, we're not likely to see any finer ones to judge by."

The children had been brought up in great reverence for Grandfather's wisdom, and a certain dryness in his manner often

kept them in doubt as to his real meaning. Elsie felt a touch of this childish doubt now; so she said nothing. Presently he opened his Bible, and continued, slowly nodding his head, "Yes, the lilies of the field—they toil not, neither do they spin;—yet Solomon in *all* his glory. . . .," and he looked again out of the window.

The rest of the morning he stayed there quietly by the fire, looking up from time to time, muttering to himself, or asking some question, about her simple duties, which kept her moving in and out—busy in the constant routine of preparing, and clearing away, that filled her life. This had never been varied except by harder work done out of doors, in worse times, when they feared the pay it brought would not be equal to their wants.

After dinner, she was making haste to go next door, when the old man said, "Give me my hat, Elsie; I shall get out into the sun."

She gave it him and they went out together.

"You're not going far, are you, Grandfather?" she asked, as she closed the door behind them. "Mother told me to sit a while with Lister's wife, and she said there was a gentleman might come about some ferns."

"Very well, child, I'll keep about here, and call you if anyone comes;" then, turning with an old man's interest to the broken gate, "Look here! who would think those boys could pass this twice a day, and never think to mend it!"

"It's not been like that long," Elsie suggested.

"Time enough for them to see it; but young people have not eyes for these things."

He was still swaying the gate on its one hinge, when Elsie turned into Lister's cottage.

This was just as Dobree had found it; as open, as desolate, as much wearied by the ticking of the clock. The only attempt at improvement was a fan that lay half shut on the foot of the bed; one of those slight unvarnished things sold with the programmes in foreign theatres. It showed a picture of the Champs Elysées in rigid perspective; this was relieved by a livelier view of Père la Chaise; and the two were divided by the column of the Luxor. Miss Porteous, who carried her parish cares with her on her travels, had invested largely in these, and had sent one to Mrs. Lister the evening before.

Elsie took it up, and was about to use it, when she noticed the glare of light on the

poor woman's face. "I wonder where that Martha Lister is," she said to herself, and went to a back door that opened into a dark little washhouse, but there was no sign of her; so she hurried back to her own house, dragged out some dark woolen stuff from the piece-bag, and, with a pair of scissors in her hand, was searching over and under everything for the twine, when Grandfather peeped in at the window.

"What are you looking for?"

"The twine. The boys might have left that in its place."

"You don't seem so pleased with them now," he said, with an idle twinkle in his eye; "what do you want it for?"

"For Mrs. Lister," and she stood up, and looked round discontentedly.

"Well, well," said the old man more seriously, "maybe you'll find it upstairs; I saw Jacob take it up last night. How is she?"

"Oh! no better. She doesn't know me."

Elsie went back to her work, and had half fixed up the curtain, balancing herself across the bed with one foot on the window-sill, as she tied the stuff to a nail in the farthest corner, when she heard a slow, "Well, sure," from Martha Lister, who had come out to see who was moving in the sick room. As before, she was fidgeting feebly with her apron. The sight of her threw a little additional vigour into Elsie's movements; her work completed, she stepped down lightly. "That's a little better, isn't it?" and she looked for approbation; this was not whole-hearted.

"If you like to, do it; but it's no good, you're a-wastin' o' yer time, she smell like a corpse a'ready."

Elsie did not trust her temper to answer.

"She can't eat anything, I suppose?"

"No, I s'pose not;" and then, in a sudden illumination, Martha pushed a chair roughly towards the bed, "Are you minded to sit by her?"

"Don't make such a noise," Elsie whispered, as she took the chair out of her hand, and then felt along the shelf behind the head of the bed for a little bottle of scent that she had brought in one morning.

"That's all gone," said Martha, watching her movement, "I let it down and broke it; and as there was but a drop left, I throwed it away."

It was the remains of some the Reades had had last year from the parsonage, when their own children had the fever, and there was no more left; so Elsie went on fanning the burning face, and Martha stood staring at her.

After a little while Elsie said, "My

mother told me that a gentleman came here yesterday about our ferns?"

"He said somethin' I couldn't understand; your mother made it out to be that."

Elsie looked at her attentively; she was afraid that no one else had been there, but that Martha had seen Lillingstone, that her mother had made too hasty a conclusion, and that she might be on the point of finding him out after all. She relied on Martha's stupidity not to notice her anxiety, and went on with her questioning.

"What was he like?"

"Oh! he was a fine-lookin' gentleman," trying to recollect, "and young too."

"How was he dressed?"

"Sure I can't mind what he'd got on; but, now I think on it, he was all down alike."

Elsie's heart misgave her; that must be the unmistakable boating-suit. Then she asked suddenly, "Had he a flannel coat on?"

"Well, sure!" and Martha's dull features stretched into a grin. "Would a gentleman go about in a flannel coat?"

"Did you ask him in?"

"No, he stood there at the door askin' questions 'bout the place. I didn't take much notice o' him, but I s'pose it's because I told you that he's young and fine lookin' that you want to know so much about him," she added, with a coarse leer from her small green eyes. But it had no effect on Elsie, who was thinking that, as Lillingstone did not leave the cottage without her, he could not have come here. Then, too, it struck her that she had met some one else, just before she saw him; till now, she had quite forgotten this person in the excitement which followed.

"Well, it's no matter," she said, "I dare say, if he wants anything, he'll come again."

Martha, glad to be released from further questioning, retired into the gloomy back premises, and Elsie gave her undivided care to her sick friend.

It was quite settled in her mind that, so far, Lillingstone was safe; but the suspense she had endured gave her enough to think about; and she felt quite bewildered that she should be so uncomfortable, when she had not done anything wrong. One thing, however, she knew definitely; if she got out of this difficulty without more trouble, she would never expose herself to the same sort of thing again.

After her mother came home, the house was once more astir; they had to give the children their tea, and get them out of the way, that Grandfather might have his

little supper, and go to bed before the men came home. Then came their meal, which was not so slight an affair. It was not till this was finished, and they had gone upstairs, that Elsie and her mother had a few minutes alone; they chatted about Mrs. Lister, and the expected visitor, but Mrs. Reade was too tired to enter into any fanciful speculations on his coming again; and soon after sundown they were all asleep.

Mrs. Reade was moving as early as her daughter the next morning, so Elsie put out her thrush in the usual methodical manner, and was obliged to deny herself the luxury of lingering among the flowers, as this was the day that Mrs. Reade remained at home to do the weekly cleaning. The press of different duties hurrying after each other swept all sentiment into the background.

The kitten seemed at a loss to understand why such an unusual posse of people should be indoors; but a quick movement on the part of Mrs. Reade decided it, at least, so far as its own prospects were concerned, that they boded a day of affliction to itself. "Now, little ones," she exclaimed, as she caught up a wooden stool and a little toy-chair, and placed them briskly near the chimney-corner; "now *you* sit down there, and play with pussy. Pretty pussy!" and she stroked the kitten.

Dot showed her acquiescence by an indiscriminate clutch at pussy's tail; but Patty, whose wants were larger in proportion to her years, made a show of escape, stretching out her arms towards the garden-door.

Mrs. Reade pressed them down gently. "No, Patty can't go out while the grass is wet; she must be a good child, and play with Dot."

"I want my tradle," she whimpered, and her face was puckering up very quickly.

"Stay there; Rettie'll get it;" but when Rettie gave her a little broken basket, with an old piece of flannel at the bottom, she took it with her head averted, as if that was poor compensation for her liberty. However, a happy thought came to her, which augured peace to Mrs. Reade who stood watching to see how they would settle: this was opposed at first by a convulsive resistance from Dot, and some unheeded squeaks from the kitten, as it disappeared backwards into the "tradle;" but, when Mrs. Reade turned away a minute after, she was smiling with satisfaction at the rosy faces of the children as they bent over it, dimpled with delight.

Having disposed of one hindrance, she went off with a lighter step to fetch a pile of dishes, which she had been washing on the bench outside. They were heavy; and as she came through the door, holding them rather high, she did not see Jimmy's top spinning towards the step. Rettie and the two boys were playing in a corner of the kitchen, on sufferance, till the grass should be dry. Jimmy bounded after it, bringing his head in sharp collision with her elbow, and making all the dishes rattle. Mrs. Reade stopped, and looked cautiously over them; then, seeing a clear way to the table, she set them down safely upon it, and let her hands fall in relief; and now she turned with flushed face on the offender, who was slowly edging away from her.

"You tiresome children! to think that I have only this moment got those babies out of the way, and that you must come sprawling under my feet, doing more mischief than them—for it's not play—it's mischievous you are," she added, with an increase of excitement that made Elsie look up from her steady rubbing of the brass candlestick.

"Don't you think, Mother," she suggested mildly, "that they might go out gleaming?—it's a fine day."

The three looked askance at each other, delighted; but they had the tact to conceal this, lest the too welcome pleasure might be forbidden.

They were right; for Mrs. Reade, hiding her own gratification in this easy plan of getting rid of them, feigned to reject it at once.

"No, it's not for naughty children like them to go gleaming—besides," she added, turning away as if the subject was dismissed, "it's too late now; everybody round here must have gone long ago; and I couldn't trust *them* to go alone."

Their faces fell again; but Elsie persisted, "There's Mrs. Joe Bailey never goes much before eight o'clock; if they made haste, they might go along with her; and they'll do no good at home."

"No, sure," said Mrs. Reade; "and I don't know," she added slowly, considering them from head to foot, "if that wouldn't be the best thing to do with them. Now, children, *you* mind *you* go straight to Mrs. Bailey's; and if she'll let *you* go with her—which I'm not at all sure of"—and she gave a warning frown—"you must do as you're bid, and work instead of playing about. Now, be quick, or I'll never let *you* go again."

The two boys went scuffling to the row

of pegs, where their hats hung, and Rettie ran upstairs to fetch her gleaming apron. After they were ready, the three stood near the door, looking shy.

Mrs. Reade enjoyed their embarrassment, and said nothing; but Elsie was more merciful. "You'll be wanting some dinner, I suppose," she said, reaching down a covered basket from the beam, and going to the cupboard.

A hushed "Yes, please," and a grin, rewarded her charity.

"They're out of the way. That's a blessing, I'm sure," said Mrs. Reade, as soon as they were gone. "When they're in the house, I always feel like to break my neck over the rubbish they bring in. Hadn't you better see after Grandfather now, while I go outside to wash a few things for the children? You needn't trouble about Maria (the idiot). Give her something to eat, and I'll keep her out of your way with me."

And she went out, leaving Elsie to "make much of" the old man, as Mrs. Reade described her care and watchfulness for him. The thought that he had well earned this little rest at the end of his life was always present with her; and she did all in her power to make it as complete as possible.

When Mrs. Reade had been out a while, the little ones held their heads in mimic consultation; then Patty crept to the backdoor to reconnoitre; and seeing her Grandmother settled at her washing, she trotted back, and taking Dot's hand said, "Tum along; Dranny's in back, we p'ay in darden."

"Yes, you may go," said Elsie, who had seen this little manoeuvre, as she placed the breakfast-table near the fire. They chose a corner of the garden that could not be seen from the wash-tub; here they managed to amuse themselves for some time without attracting Granny's observation; and then, growing bolder in their security, they ventured into the lane.

Elsie had given them a look from time to time; but now she had just finished her work in the kitchen, and gone upstairs, when Patty came running through the cottage to the back door.

"Dranny, here's Dorn a-tummin'."

Mrs. Reade looked incredulous.

"Et, Dorn," repeated the child, excited at not being believed.

Mrs. Reade wrung the soapy water from her hands, walked quietly through the house, and peeped over the wicket.

"Yes, sure enough," she said to herself; then going to the foot of the stairs, "Elsie,

here's Mrs. Gaithorne. Can you come down?"

"Not yet. I've only just begun to scrub; but I'll see her before she goes."

"Now, *you* go into the garden with Grandfather, like good children," said Mrs. Reade, as she hurried about to make the place tidy before her visitor arrived.

Widow Gaithorne, as she was commonly called, had for many years been hostess of the "Five Miles from Anywhere." Just before her husband's death they had given up the inn, and their savings had enabled them to rent the farm adjoining it.

She and Mrs. Reade had been friends since their girlhood; and although fortune had not been equally kind to them, they had kept up their intimacy, which had root in mutual respect. This derived an agreeable flavour from the strong element of self-satisfaction by which it was pervaded. Each considered the other to be the most thrifty woman — next to herself — in the neighbourhood; and as housewifely virtues ranked first in their estimation, they held together in tacit acknowledgment of this superiority. Neither of them took a decided step without consulting the other; and often a slight occasion made excuse for a friendly chat.

She appeared at the doorstep as Mrs. Reade was putting the last chair in its place.

Mrs. Gaithorne was a healthful, genial-looking woman; keen-sighted, but kind. Her bright-coloured shawl betokened her easy circumstances, but the shortness of her black stuff gown proved she had no wish to forsake the busy habits by which she had attained them. Two rows of sound white teeth attested the long-preserved youth, while her frequent laugh proclaimed her enjoyment of it. If a fixed look on her short hard features betrayed her business capacities, and a qualification for the "looking up" of servants, which she held to be necessary, the asperity that often accompanies such energy was denied by the unusually mild expression of her eyes.

"Well!" she exclaimed, as Mrs. Reade came forward to meet her. "I dare say you're surprised to see me here at this time o' day; but I thought I should be sure to find you at home of a Saturday."

"Yes; it's as much as the both of us can do to set the house to rights, and get the children's things ready for school on Sunday morning — there's a deal to be done;" then, noticing some anxiety on her friend's face, "I hope there's nothing amiss that's brought you here?"

"Well, I can't exactly say how much is amiss. I came over to see if you can help me to the rights of it."

"There, sit down and untie your bonnet," said Mrs. Reade, pushing the old man's chair towards her: "it's a hot walk 'cross fen."

"How's Grandfather?" asked Mrs. Gaithorne, as she seated herself in his vacant place.

"Pretty nigh as usual; he's gone into the garden for a little bit. But tell me what's the matter."

"Why, it's this plague that's got such a head. I'm so upset, I don't know which way to turn or what to do."

"Bless me! It hasn't got among *your* cows, I hope?" said Mrs. Reade, with bright eyes and a blanching face.

"Not yet, that I know of; but I don't feel that they're safe any longer, for I'm told it's broke out in Wicken."

"*That* isn't likely, or I'd have heard of it yesterday; it's not much goes on here but it's talked of in the sheds."

"It was only the day before yesterday it was found out. Mr. Nesbit came over to the farm last night on purpose to tell me about it; and, though it gave me such a turn, I couldn't help laughing at the way he came upon it. It made him all of a fluster, it did."

"*He's* a poor honey!" and Mrs. Reade shrugged compassionately.

"Yes; but he's good-natured. If you could know the good that man's done the few weeks he's been among us you'd think so too, for all his pottering ways."

"That may be true. He's well enough in his way, I daresay, *though* he looks so soft," said Mrs. Reade, smiling. "There's no doubt he's done good to Mr. Porteous, for he's too poor to pay anybody to help him; and what would he have done?"

"That's what *I* say. Well, this was how it came out. On Thursday Miss Porteous heard *somehow* that old Peachy was bad again, and mentioned it to her brother; so Mr. Nesbit went down in the afternoon to see after him. They kept him standing outside some time after he'd knocked; and that boy of theirs ran round from the back to see who it was. Then old Peachy himself opened the door, looking queer, and not so willing as usual for him to come in. 'Well, Peachy,' says Mr. Nesbit, not noticing this at first, 'I'm sorry to hear your rheumatism's worse again.' 'No better, nor worse; allays bad, I s'pose,' says Peachy, not opening the door any wider. 'Then I'm afraid it's your wife who's ill,' says parson, catching sight of a curtain

hung across the room. 'Yes,' says Peachy, 'but we'll let her bide, if you won't take it ill, sir; it won't do her no good to see anybody to-day.' 'No, certainly,' says he, stepping forward, and sitting down back to the curtain, 'I should be sorry to disturb her; but tell me what is the matter with her.' 'Well, sir,' says Peachy, quite taken aback, and stammering; but parson stopped him by looking round. 'Dear me! — You know his fidgety way? (Mrs. Reade nodded) — 'Dear me!' says he, 'Don't you perceive it? — what a horrible smell!' And just then there came *such* a groan from behind the curtain, not at all like a human being; and then another; but it wasn't *he* that waited for the second, you may take his word for *that*. He was up and out o' the door like a shot; then he turned round, and, looking solemn at the old man, 'My good friend,' says he, 'I'm afraid there's something here more than I understand.' Peachy was all of a tremble. Then there was another groan — awful — and a noise of something heavy moving a little. So Peachy, he sees his game's up, and, says he, 'Sir, if you'll consider the bad times, and my old 'ooman, and how she's our only cow — and not tell upon us.' And so he drew the curtain, making Mr. Nesbit feel quite all-overish to see the poor thing lying there."

"What! the cow in the cottage?" exclaimed Mrs. Reade.

"*In-side* the cottage. She was half-flayed with tar that they had smeared all over her, and bled and cut dreadful; and her poor eyes streaming so, that I can't bear to think of it. But I've made up my mind to this, if *my* cows are taken, they must go, if it's only that'll save 'em; for I've reared 'em all myself, and I could no more persecute them like that than I could —" Here she pushed aside her bonnet-strings, quite at a loss for a simile.

"And what did Mr. Nesbit do?"

"Why, of course he told the old man that it was his bounden duty to inform. But he made him as easy as he could —"

"Yes," interrupted Mrs. Reade; "but he ought to keep to his preaching, and not mix himself up with anything where sense is wanted. Could he bring the old man to see it?"

"Well, not exactly; because Peachy had heard how Casburn, the vet'nary from Newmarket, is to get a pound for every cow he kills, and Mr. Nesbit had hard work to explain to him that Casburn, *he* gets his money whether or no; and that it's *his* duty to *save* the beasts whenever he can."

"It seems hard on a poor man, doesn't it?" and Mrs. Reade sighed.

"Yes; but I think it's only right for the sake of the rest," said Mrs. Gaithorne, whose public spirit was roused by the remembrance of her own dairy open to the contagion.

"May be. Has he been?—I mean Casburn."

"Yes. Parson went straight home, and told Miss Porteous; and *she* took the matter off his hands at once"—here both the women laughed—"and wrote a letter quick, before Clarke, the postman, passed by. So he took it to Newmarket, and Casburn was here by nine o'clock yesterday morning, and the cow was shot before ten. "When all was over, Peachy told Mr. Porteous that he'd kept it for some days in his shed down to fen; and he shouldn't have taken it into the cottage, only that that morning a stranger passed by, and from his way of prying about, he thought he had something to do with the plague. He took on very much about it; so I think I shall go on and see the poor old folks; it'll cheer them up a bit. And I shall hear, too, how the cows look when they're first taken. There's no harm in being ready; God only knows what may come upon us."

"Sure," said Mrs. Reade, "as Mr. Slack says, we must use means, though we mustn't trust in 'em."

"As for me, I mean to use 'em and trust 'em too; and I told him so last night when he came in for eggs. Says he, 'It's a visitation, and we must bow down before it. Faith is the only thing that avails.' So I says to him, 'What sort of faith? for I believe that my cow-yard'll be empty if I can't find something to keep it wholesomer than other people's.'"

"What had he to say to *that*?" asked Mrs. Reade, who enjoyed a controversy which she saw would end in the defeat of the dissenting minister, whom she disliked from motives she could never keep long in the background.

"Oh, he said it must be faith that doesn't want evidence of the senses."

"He doesn't want sense, doesn't he? No wonder he wouldn't let my Jacob expound at his meetings, though *he's* got the gift, and the other hasn't."

"Sure enough. 'You remember Elijah?' says he to me in his slow way, holding the eggs up to the candle after I'd put them in his basket. Of course I remembered Elijah. 'And how he prayed for rain?' I cut him short, for I could see what he was

driving at. 'That was many years ago,' I said, 'but if Elijah had been alive now, I don't think his cows would have been safe any more than mine. Times is changed. There doesn't seem to be much *faith* going about now,' and I gave him a hard look to let him know that I wouldn't put up with that; for it's what I've never been subject to from high or low, with my name for fresh eggs all over the country."

"You did right," said Mrs. Reade with emphasis. "Now our Mr. Porteous is different; folks say he's got queer notions of doctrine, but he doesn't do much harm either way, and he does pay proper respect to people. I'm sorry we can't help you," she added, as Mrs. Gaithorne rose to go, "but if there's ever anything we can do for you, we shall be very glad."

"Yes, I don't want to be told that," and Mrs. Gaithorne gave a confident tug at her bonnet-strings. "Don't call Elsie," seeing that Mrs. Reade moved towards the stairs; "the child has enough to do, and I ought to be getting on. Where's Rettie and the little ones? I've been too much taken up to ask after them."

"They're all right. I've packed off the boys a-gleaning with Rettie. It's not likely they'll bring back much, but it's worth something to get rid of them."

"I daresay;" but Mrs. Gaithorne did not agree with her usual warmth, far there were no children at the farm, and the blank in her otherwise cheerful house blinded her to the worries of a large family. "I shall come over soon and tell you how we're getting on; you're too busy to come over to the farm, I suppose?"

"Yes, sure. When I do get a day at home, I'm glad enough to rest."

After she was gone, Mrs. Reade could not resist the temptation of going up-stairs and retailing to Elsie all the news she had heard. Elsie had finished the circuit of her mother's room, and was going, bucket in hand, to her own, when she said, "Bless me, child! have you got only that to do? how I've been wasting my morning!" and she went down in a great hurry. But the waste did not end here; for when they assembled again at dinner Grandfather had to be told all about it, and they chatted some time together; so it was nearly four o'clock before the place had its bright Saturday look. Then Mrs. Reade pushed the table aside, and said, "Now, father, I shall have to turn you out again." The old man moved away, and Elsie took her basket out into the front garden, where she sat for some time busy with her mending.

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THE MIGRATIONS OF USEFUL PLANTS.

LITTLE is known of the travels of the first plants of cultivation until at length we trace the fruits and cereals in Egypt, Carthage, Greece, and Italy, spots surrounded with a halo which time has not dimmed, visible landmarks in the history of man and of useful plants.

Noah "planted a vineyard;" and no doubt the vine, with the olive and other fruits, had crossed the fertile "wilderness" from Armenia and the shores of the Caspian, for it was only in the far East that the vine, the peach and the fig, the apricot and the pistachio-nut, sprang unbidden from the fruitful earth. Other countries obtained them second-hand. Osiris presented the vine to the Egyptians, and Bacchus distributed the grape in those warm countries which a nude deity found it agreeable to visit; while other kind gods fetched the orange from the Garden of the Hesperides, and planted it on the shores of the Levant. It seems that the Greeks obtained most of their fruits from the gods. The olive, for instance, was produced by Minerva on some unknown spot, where Hercules found it and carried it to Greece, on returning from one of his expeditions. This may have been about the time that the golden implements of husbandry fell down from heaven on the banks of the Borysthènes.

The practical Romans acquired their vegetables with the sword and spear, as Lucullus did the cherry, which he conquered with Mithridates in Pontus; and whatever the Greeks had gained, supernaturally or otherwise, came to Rome, like the cherry, by gravitation of conquest.

Italy was poor in indigenous fruits, and probably had, at first, only the wild mulberry, the apple, pear, and plum; but she afterwards covered her slopes and plains with olives, oranges, figs, and vines, by energy and enterprise, such as the following lines display:—

"My wealth is here, the sword, the spear, the
breast-defending shield;
With this I plough, with this I sow, with this I
reap the field;
With this I tread the luscious grape, and drink
the blood-red wine;
And slaves around in order wait, and all are
counted mine,
But he that will not rear the lance upon the
battle-field,
Nor sway the sword, nor stand behind the
breast-defending shield,

On lowly knee must worship me with servile
kiss adored,
And peel the cry of honour high, and hail me
mighty lord."*

We learn little of plants until long after the Greek Rhizotomæ or collectors of medicinal roots, Aristotle the Pharmacopolist, and his pupil Theophrastus. Mago, the Carthaginian general, was an early authority, who wrote the first great work on agriculture, and Mago and Carthage were conquered, and his twenty-eight books carried to Rome, B.C. 146. At the same period stern Cato wrote only of useful plants, while Columella, at a later date, included a little fancy farming in his long discourse, and Dioscorides and Pliny treated of all known plants.

The colonists and civilizers of the earth have been the distributors of its fruits. Even the commercial Phœnicians were among the early carriers, and advanced the mulberry and silkworm from the furthest shores of the Mediterranean along the coasts they visited, by the same route over which so many plants have been conveyed from nature's gardens in the East. The indigenous fruits of Europe were crabs, nuts, berries, masts, and sorbs; the rest she obtained from their Asiatic birth-place, and in most instances *viâ* Rome, their great rendezvous in historic times. Of the cherry we have spoken; the apricot arrived there from Epirus; apples, pears, and plums from Armenia; the damson (damascene) from Damascus; the peach and walnut from Persia; the chestnut from Castanea, in Asia Minor, and the pomegranate from Africa. The fig-tree, which sheltered the founders of Rome when they were suckled by the wolf, had crossed with some early travellers from Syria, or from its halting-place in Greece. Honoured in the future city, it was carried next the vine in the processions of Bacchus; and modern abstainers from the worship of that god are no doubt aware that the corpulent deity derived his vigour from the sugared and succulent fig, not from the vine. The jealousy of the Athenians, which vainly forbade the exportation of the fig, produced the economists, or informers, called *sukophantai*, or discoverers of figs, and gave us the word sycophant.

A tree still more revered by Pagan, Jew, and Christian, was the pomegranate, whose fruit was embroidered on the ephod, and carved on the porch of the Temple. Bacchus is said to have first twisted the dry, hard calyx adhering to the fruit into

"the likeness of a kingly crown," thereby ambiguously keeping faith with a girl whose confidence he had won by promising her the crown which a diviner had said she was destined to wear. When at last she died from grief and hope delayed, the betrayer metamorphosed her into a pomegranate tree, and affixed the crown to its fruit for ever. The device of Queen Anne of Austria was a pomegranate, with the motto "My worth is not in my crown," and the French had a witticism, "*Quelle est la reine qui porte son royaume dans son sein?*" The pomegranate migrated to Europe with the first flight of plants, and crossed to the West Indies and South America with the earliest explorers. It reached its furthest limits in high latitudes when monks conveyed it to a distant island in the northern seas, where it still ripens fruit of small size around London and under the shelter of the South Downs. But in our climate the juice of this famous fruit of the desert has no attractions, except to curious school-boys, and its thousand pips make it, in our estimation, a fit repast for blackbirds. It is in Egypt and Syria that its delicious acid can be fully enjoyed.

Man, especially the Roman, has been the distributor of plants, but climate governs their distribution, arranges their divisions, and sets limits to their migrations. The Romans could not borrow from the flora of the south so freely as we have borrowed from them, since the arborescent and evergreen character of vegetation towards the tropics renders it liable to be destroyed by a slight degree of frost at any period of the year, whereas the herbaceous plants and deciduous trees and shrubs of temperate zones escape the winter's cold by retiring from active contention with it. On the other hand, our sun seldom scorches our vegetable visitors, unless they come from a land of mist, like the Sikkim rhododendrons; but Italian summers are too hot for some of the plants from the north.

The Romans collected everything that a splendid sky, without a tropical sun, permitted, and their gardens contained nearly all the vegetables now in use. They had even the cauliflower, a highly artificial modification of the cabbage, which is said to have been originated in Cyprus, where luxury kept a good gardener. In the days of primitive virtue, Cato restricted his account of the horticultural art to the cultivation of culinary plants, and of those used in chaplets; and the same spirit, dictating the laws of the Decemvirs, made *hortus* synonymous with *heredium*, or inheritance (as it was practically to Naboth);

and it made the families of the Lactucarii, Valeriani, and Fabii, proud of their names. Taste became less severe under the Empire, and flower-pots were introduced in windows, and even the houses of the poor in Rome had little gardens in front for ornamental plants — equivalent to our window gardens — while the villas had highly-decorated gardens attached to them, and there were parks and pleasure-grounds in the heart of the city.

The favourite garden trees were the pine, for its refreshing odour, the bay for its beauty and fame, and the box for its shade. Trees were regarded as the temples of the gods. The simple peasants, savouring of antiquity, do still, says Pliny, consecrate to one god or another the fairest trees, and we ourselves worship the same gods in the silent groves with not less devotion than we adore their images of gold and ivory in our stately temples.

We proceed to notice a few of the plants in their passage westwards in different ages, without attempting to fix the exact date of their arrival at different stages, or to settle disputed dates. Cæsar found in Britain the apple, hazel, elder, bullace, sloe, raspberry, and blackberry; and his successors left us the vine, cherry, peach, pear, mulberry, fig, damson, medlar, walnut, &c. In all probability, some of the trees cultivated in the gardens of Roman generals, or governors, in Britain, were afterwards lost, as would necessarily be the case with neglected plants, especially in the case of those whose seeds do not ripen in our climate; and they were reintroduced in the monastic age. The sweet chestnut, for example, had long passed from Sardis to Tarentum and Naples, where it was cultivated with much care and success, and the Romans would bring such a rapid-growing and favourite tree to ornament their English villas, as surely as they brought the rose herself; and the disputants who denied us the chestnut until late in the Middle Ages, are refuted by common sense as well as by Giraldus Cambrensis, who, writing in the twelfth century of the trees of Britain which Ireland wanted, mentioned the chestnut and the beech.

As to the sorbus, or true service tree, there is no dispute; and it is singular that one of the few habitats where it is still found wild in England is in Wyre forest in Worcestershire, near the remains of a Roman villa, and of the orchard attached, in which, perhaps, it was first planted. The same orchard may have ripened the first of many of our fruits, sheltered perhaps by the first nursery of the narrow-leaved

or "English Elm;" and in the garden near may have been planted the first rosemary and thyme that had lately blossomed on Mount Hymettus. The plane passed from Asia to Sicily, thence into Italy, and, as Pliny informs us, had reached the northern shores of Gaul before the year A.D. 79. The peach was common in Gaul in the time of Agricola, so that these, with the box and poplar, followed the cherry, which came here within five years of the settlement of the Romans. The apple, though not perhaps native, preceded them by some German route, and had given a name to the British Avalonia, afterwards called Glastonbury; but it profited by the rural industry of the Romans, and soon spread over the whole island to Ultima Thule. Early among the fruits came the walnut, called *Juglans*, *Jovis glans*, in remembrance of that golden age when the gods ate walnuts and men lived on acorns.

We paused with the wandering fruits and flowers on the shores of the Mediterranean, to note down the names of a few that the Romans acquired, or the Britanni gained from their Imperial visitors. It is time to notice the sudden cessation of migrations when the Empire and its gardens in Rome and Britain were trampled under foot by the Northmen.

The Moors were more civilized conquerors than the wandering nations of the North, and they brought to Western Europe the Persian forage plant, lucern, *Medicago sativa*, still called in Spain by the Moorish name *Al-fafa*, and the sugar-cane, which had then only the Atlantic between it and the West Indies and the future sugar States of America. Some of the flowers which Spain gained from Arabia may have been passed into Holland by Charlemagne, who lived on the banks of the Rhine in a country house with a large garden; but it is not easy to get a glimpse at the horticulture of that dark age, and Holland was trodden down afterwards by such ravagers as the "Wild Boar of Ardenne," who must have rooted up many of Charlemagne's flower bulbs; and it was not until after the fall of the Eastern Roman Empire, A.D. 1453, that the ranunculus, anemone, tulip, hyacinth, and narcissus, — which were all Oriental before they became "Dutch bulbs," — found a permanent home in Holland, having first arrived in the bales of Dutch traffickers from Persia, by way of Constantinople.

England next began to furnish her gardens from abroad. They had been sadly trampled under foot, and their ruin was never more complete than during the com-

paratively recent Wars of the Roses. In earlier days every abbey and religious house had a carefully cultivated garden, and those south of the Trent had their vineyards; and even crusading barons, with some contempt for rural labour, had not visited the coast of the Mediterranean without gaining some hints for their English gardens. Quit-rents were frequently paid in fruits and flowers. In 1205, Robert de Evermere held his lordship of Redham in Norfolk, in petty serjeantry, by yearly payment into the Exchequer of two hundred pearmaines and four hogsheds of wine made of pearmaines (perry). The rose must have been extensively cultivated when vassals were bound to deliver them to their lords by the bushel. But the Wars of the Roses trampled down the rosebeds, and in the course of time a single rose came to represent the bushel of roses, just as the single peppercorn did the pound of pepper, when a "peppercorn rent" superseded the original bargain.

A new era of gardening began after the reign of Henry VII., when the Middle Ages came to a close, and the great barons and proprietors were replaced by the English country gentlemen. Hops were introduced in 1523; orchards for the sale of fruit were planted in the Garden of England by Henry the Eighth's fruiterer; great houses were built and surrounded with planted grounds, and their owners began to look abroad for shrubs and trees of ornament. Henry VIII. built Nonsuch, and encompassed it with parks full of deer, and laid out gardens and groves and walks embowered by trees, doubtless including the famous pippin of that name, so that —

"This which no equal has in art or fame,
Britons, deservedly, do None-such name."

Hampton Court eclipsed even "None-such;" Hatfield, Holland House, Theobalds, and Greenwich followed, with others too numerous to mention. Eighty-four foreign trees and shrubs were used at this time in the decoration of English gardens, and in the next reign a host of planters were seeking for new material. The tamarisk was among the introductions at Fulham — still famous for its historic trees — where Bishop Grindal so surrounded his palace with foreign and native foliage that his guest, Queen Elizabeth, declared she could not see from her chamber window for trees. Cecil's house at Wimbledon was also famous for trees and shrubs, and Raleigh's at Sherborne for woods. Burleigh had the best collection of plants in the kingdom at his mansion in the Strand;

and Gerrard, author of the "Herbal," who lived at the Physic Garden in Holborn, superintended the Lord Treasurer's grounds. Bacon, too, now formed his plantations at Gorbamby, and wrote his essay on "Gardens." Amongst the new plants the "noble laurel," or sweet bay (*Laurus nobilis*), sacred to Apollo and emblem of victory, paid its second visit to England; as did the Portugal laurel, which was introduced into the Oxford Botanic Garden in 1648; and the common laurel, which reached the West from the shores of the Black Sea by an unusual route. It came first to Constantinople, and was then sent by the German Ambassador, in 1576, to Clusius, keeper of the Botanic Garden at Vienna. The "plum of Trebisonde," as the laurel was called, arrived with a horse-chestnut and other rare trees and shrubs, having narrowly escaped the dangers of winter weather and rough treatment. It was placed by Clusius in a stove, when nearly dead, and was saved and propagated and distributed amongst the friends of the botanist. We, however, obtained "this rare tree," as Evelyn called it, from Italy, and our oldest laurel was brought from Civita Vecchia in 1614 by the Countess of Arundel, who planted it at Wardour Castle. "The fig of Spain," as ancient Pistol and others have erroneously called it, was re-introduced by Cardinal Pole, who planted it against the wall of Lambeth Palace when he returned from Rome Archbishop of Canterbury, after the death of Henry VIII. Later still—a century ago—Pocock, the Eastern traveller, and predecessor of Dr. Pusey in the Regius Professorship of Divinity, is said to have brought back a fig plant from Syria, and to have planted one, at least, of the venerable fig-trees which are among the glories of Christ Church, Oxford.

Amongst the most useful plants, which had been long driven from our gardens and were now about to return, were the kitchen vegetables. Henry the Eighth's table was supplied pretty liberally from the royal gardens at Richmond and Greenwich, where melons and cucumbers were now forced as they had been at Rome 1,500 years previously; and grapes, peaches, and apricots were trained to the fourteen-foot wall at Nonsuch. The revival of gardening had commenced; but although Tusser, in his "Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry," mentions 150 fruits and plants cultivated in gardens, including all the common vegetables, "kitchen garden wares" continued to be imported from Holland, and fruits from

France, until market gardens were established about the year 1600; "before which," says Fuller, "we fetched most of our cherries from Holland, apples from France, and hardly had a mess of rathripe peas but from Holland, which were dainties for ladies, they came so far and cost so dear. Since, gardening hath crept out of Holland to Sandwich in Kent, and thence to Surrey, where, though they have given 6*l.* an acre and upwards, they have made the rent, lived comfortable, and set many people to work."

A new continent gave us at this time the potato, and sent two great travellers, the tobacco plant and maize to grow in future side by side in many countries of the Old World; while the eastern hemisphere conferred on the west its apples, pears, and peaches, with its bread fruit and bread corns, wheat, rice, and millet. The mango came later still to the far West; and the delicious "No. 11" and the "No. 132," so justly prized in Jamaica, retain as their names the numbers with which the specimens were labelled in the collection captured in a French Indianman by Rodney, and taken by him into Kingston harbour. America had few indigenous fruits adapted to our gardens. But let us be grateful for the pine. Evelyn, who "first taught gardening to speak proper English," was present at the Banqueting House at Whitehall when his Majesty's gardener, on bended knee, presented Charles II. with the famous queen pine from Barbadoes; and as pines and forced fruits soon began to be grown for sale by the London gardeners, we may conclude that English gardens henceforth supplied English tables without foreign help.

Evelyn describes his brother's house at Wotton as among the most magnificent examples of ornament of wood and water, "till the late universal luxury of the whole nation since abounding in such expenses." Among the recent introductions which were planted at Wotton, when Evelyn himself inherited it, were cedars, larches, silver or Spanish firs, and walnuts. "Sylva" was published in 1664; and, as hospitable hearths and timbered houses had made inroads on the forests, planting for utility soon became popular. "Sylva" recommended indigenous trees for profit; nevertheless, new trees and shrubs continued to arrive. Tradescant, a Dutchman and one of Charles the Second's gardeners, travelled over Europe to collect plants, and visited Barbary, Greece, Egypt, &c., and his son went to Virginia on a similar errand. Among the new trees that the

good bishop; Dr. Compton, was able to plant in his garden at Fulham, were the tulip-tree, magnolia, deciduous cypress ("swamp cedar"), Western plane, and some other North Americans, and the Cedar of Lebanon in 1683.

Among the public and private Botanic Gardens which became rich in plants by the end of the seventeenth century, were the Chelsea Botanic Garden, presented afterwards by Sir Hans Sloane to the Company of Apothecaries, and claiming two Cedars of Lebanon planted in the first year of their introduction; Ray's garden in Essex; Dr. Sherard's at Eltham; Dr. Uvedale's at Enfield, and that of the Duchess of Beaufort at Badminton. Before mentioning the exotic oaks which, with a single exception, arrived at one or other of these gardens after *Silva Evelyn's* time, we must refer to the two British species, *Quercus pedunculata*, or the common oak, and *Q. sessiliflora*, the sessile-fruited oak, the grandest of a noble family in form and bulk, the longest lived and the strongest timbered. The American cousins of our oaks are more distinguished for their foliage and its rich autumnal tints, than for the durability of their timber; and their proper place is in the pleasure garden rather than in the wood. Three characteristic oaks from the Mediterranean — the cradle of our exotic trees — are the *Quercus cærris*, the Turkey or mossy-cupped oak, with its deeply-lobed leaves and fine tufted foliage; *Q. ilex*, the evergreen, or Holm oak, which has ornamented English shrubberies since Queen Elizabeth came to the throne, and has left its mark in King James's Authorized Version of the Bible, A.D. 1611 (*Susanna*, 58); and *Q. suber*, the cork tree, another evergreen species which grows in Kensington Gardens and many other places, and needs no label, being sufficiently marked by its wrapper, or rind, of cork. Besides our long list of foreign acquisitions, numerous hybrids have appeared, subsequently, on the scene of English gardening and arboriculture; the sub-evergreens known as the Fulham oak and the Lucombe or Exeter oak, having been among the first offspring of our naturalized trees. The first is a round-headed, the second a pyramidal, rough-barked tree, rapid of growth like the Turkey oak, and bearing a general resemblance to it and to its other parent, the cork tree.

In the eighteenth century the number of patrons and planters of trees greatly increased. The Duke of Argyle stocked his garden at Whitton, near Hounslow,

with exotics, and received from Horace Walpole what we regard as the honourable *sobriquet* of "treemonger." At the same period, the first great planter of another ducal house began to clothe the hill and mountain tops at Blair Athol and Dunkeld with a timber tree which Pliny had admired for its durable and incombustible nature, and which was used for the Forum of Augustus, and for many of the buildings and bridges of Rome. The larch had been introduced into England a hundred years before it arrived at Dunkeld with some orange-trees in 1727; but it had not been planted as a timber tree till it found its way from the hot-house to far colder situations on the Duke of Athol's estate, covering at length more than ten thousand acres, and yielding an immense revenue. A native British tree which must have travelled far in the pre-historic period, since it is found on the Apennines and throughout Russia and North Europe, and near the line of perpetual snow in Lapland, is the birch, which we mention because we think it, as Coleridge entitled it, the

"Most beautiful
Of forest trees, the Lady of the Woods."

We must pass rapidly through the crowd of migrating plants to a conclusion. The travellers of the last century brought to England innumerable shrubs from India, North America, and the Mediterranean coast; and recent horticultural collectors have added to our shrubberies and flower borders from the uplands of China and Japan, from California and the Cape, and have filled our hot-houses and sub-tropical gardens with beautiful foliage in such immense variety that we are compelled to pass by these modern migrations for want of space to describe them.

H. EVERSHED.

From Tinsley's Magazine.
THE FELIS FÆMINA.

PERHAPS not pretty but sure to be graceful, perhaps not cultured but sure to be clever, the *felis fæmina* is the most influential woman in her degree and the most redoubtable of her sphere. She has a power which no one can analyze, but which no one knows how to resist. It is not in her directness of will, nor in the electric passion of her convictions; nor in that apparent strength of character which comes to the service on slight occasions,

and is for ever asserting itself; nor is it in that kind of womanly dignity which is more delightful to some than the sweetest feminine beauty. Indeed it is not susceptible of demonstration in any way; but it is nevertheless a power which subjugates every one with who she comes in contact as effectually as opium dulls the brain and alcohol fevers it.

The *felis fæmina* has nothing of what we have heard called "the confused sex" about her. Caressing, soft, graceful, with a pretty way of appealing to men's better judgment, and a charming air of self-surrender at the smallest difficulty, she is woman all over, and uses none of the weapons in the epicene armory. She could not fight for her own way, she says with a pretty little shudder—though her keen eyes are watching you steadily while she makes her profession of feminine weakness. She holds in horror, she says, women who fight, and women who argue, and are brave and strong and learned and capable, like men. Women, according to her, ought to be ever so gentle and yielding; and as for their rights, she maintains they have none by nature or the gift of God—only those which are accorded by convention, and the grace of men. It is men alone who determine the place of, and grant their privileges to, women, she says; and in her arguments—which are not quite according to her practice—she upholds Griselda as the type of the most perfect woman the world has ever seen. She is dead against a liberal education for her own sex; seeing that folly and ignorance are the materials of which men best like women to be made; and she has been heard to say, when sitting on her sofa like a queen, laying down the law in that dulcet voice of hers, and playing with her fan as if it were a sceptre, that slavery is the only system under which they, the weaker sex, ought to live. She is her husband's slave, she says, with a caressing glance towards the corner of the room where her lawful proprietor stands talking in a subdued voice, and with the look of a tenant-at-will not sure of his place. Her opinions give her a subtle air of personal flattery that steals into men's hearts. She seems to crouch at their feet with that supple grace of her tribe which is so beautiful to watch; and her homage, rendered with such sweet self-abandonment, is one that gratifies the proud and touches the generous. Few are so cold and critical as to be able to see that, when she is most yielding, she is only putting out her strength covertly; when she is making her softest *pattes de*

velours, she is merely sharpening her claws aside, disarming suspicion while preparing to strike. She, of all women, has the least idea of tendering substantial obedience; and more than any attains the darling object of so many souls, supremacy. Where the impulsive woman says openly what she feels, and the aggressive woman flings down the glove in every look, and follows it up by a blow in every word, the *felis fæmina* advances towards her end slowly, stealthily, without noise or demonstration, and therefore without raising opposition. When she is sure, she strikes; and when she strikes, there she keeps hold.

The *felis fæmina* is remarkable for her sympathy. Responsive and receptive, she impresses on those who know her the idea of possessing a deep and tender sympathy with all forms of suffering and all phases of life. Posed as quite stupidly moral in her own principles, an out-and-out Philistine in the matter of virtue, having no temptation, you know, because she loves her husband so devotedly—that downcast, subdued-looking man, with his tenant-at-will air—she yet has intellectual breadth enough to understand differences, and womanly tenderness to offer, should even the tale of your trials run into the thorny paths of sin. So warm-hearted, so sympathetic, so blameless for her own part, who is possessed of such acute wariness as to keep the portals closed tight, if she desires to penetrate into the adytum of a life? Wherefore, she holds the secrets of half her society; and she makes those who have confided in her feel that she has them in her power. This is part of the art and mystery of her craft. Of what use to be brain-loaded with a lot of queer stories, she thinks, unless she can turn them to some account? She understands the full value of the old axiom about knowledge being power; and she acts on it. To do her justice though, she never commits the mistake of an inartistic betrayal for mere *bavardage*. Only bunglers throw away their advantages; and she is fully alive to the advantage she has, and may possibly utilize if things should so turn out, while she maintains an attitude of suspense that keeps men docile, because afraid. Many a griffin who has given the threads of his life into the hands of the *felis fæmina* has had cause to repent to the end of his days the soft voice and insinuating manner of the clever woman who got his boyish trust. Provided she can turn him, like an honest penny, to the good of her own account, she has no scruples in doing so; and delicate *pattes sharp-*

ly armed, that first caressed and then wounded, have lacerated many a fine fellow who has confided his secrets to the woman in whom he believed, and the time came when he had to buy her silence with profit to herself, if he got off with only loss.

The *felis fæmina* is of those blessed ones whom the ravens seem to feed. Always cared for, she knows no discomfort, let who will go bare. While others are shivering in the north-east wind, she is warm and purring, wrapped up in many rugs, not one of which is her own. She has the best berth in the cabin, the best seat on the grand stand, the warmest corner of the room in winter, and the coolest in summer. In the Indian mutiny, and during the horrors of the siege of Paris, when other women, younger, prettier, more tender and better loved, were dying of privation, her mysterious supplies of champagne and preserved meats never ran short. It was as if everyone conspired to help her; the men who hated and feared equally with those who liked and believed in her. But none could say why, or how it came about that the *felis fæmina*, crafty and supple as she was, got the best of everything while the loved were left to perish in their want. The means by which she places herself above circumstances is her secret; and she keeps it.

She likes her ease, and to stand knee-deep in good things, and she has what she likes, how poor soever she may be. She is the wife of a bankrupt, but her dress is that of a millionaire, and her habits those of a woman who has thousands to play with. She is at all the first nights, and private views, where people of fortune and assured position are not always seen; she has the *entrée* to the finest *salons* of the season; and her own little dinners or more ambitious *soirées* are the talk of the town for their graceful completeness; opera-boxes are at her disposal on the most crowded nights of the most successful *prima donna*; bouquets rain at her feet, and her rooms are adorned with a profusion of flowers representing a daily expenditure of many pounds; broughams wait on her orders; and her lace and jewelry give cause of envy to the most favoured of her fair friends. Her bonnets are of almost fabulous number and beauty; her tresses must have cost at least a good twenty pounds; she has but to express a wish, and it is mysteriously gratified by one or other of the rich ravens who have made her their care, and taken

it on themselves to feed her with food that is more than convenient. And she gets even more than her passing personal wishes, if her circumstances are such that she needs more. Left a widow on straitened means, friends adopt, educate, provide for her children; and lads of but moderate abilities are hoisted into good positions on first starting because they are hers, and she is one of the tribe of *felinæ fæminæ* who know how to raven delicately. As a wife, she gets her husband a good berth, for which the chances are he is not fit, carrying it over the heads of those who were expressly educated and exactly suited for the work. Or, with the income whereof no man, not even the tax-gatherer, knows the source, but which comes neither from houses nor land, neither from shares nor stocks, neither from work nor inheritance, she lives in a *bijou* house at the West-end, and pays her visits in her own carriage. For the *felis fæmina* stand always saucers full of cream, set by the gods; and in the division of the table the gold-fish are her especial portion.

The *felis fæmina* often changes her friends. You seldom meet the same set at her house for more than a season or two. Does she suck them dry, and when they are drained, drop them as refuse? Who knows? It is one of the marks of her calling to have a full supply of rich friends ever on hand — men and women who are seen with her perpetually for a certain time, and who then fall through the meshes to make room for a fresh batch. Her favourites are rich old men, over whom she purrs daintily, and gets round as if by enchantment; and they swear by her — and reward her. These are the men, hoary-headed and limp, towards whom in the ripeness of her own forty summers, or maybe fewer, she becomes coy and girlish and virginal, acting her part with such consummate skill that they are ready to swear by her sweet ingenuousness, and would cut publicly, as a person unfit to be known, anyone who dared to speak of her with less than adoration. This is the favourite sort; but sometimes she fastens her claws into some youngster with more money than brains, and a good foolish heart, as an additional make-weight; and him she ruins, or perhaps sends mad. She never gives, she only takes. If of a certain position in society, where a reputation for morality is a *sine quâ non*, the very men whose funds feed her scanty fortunes have nothing to boast of, save the privilege of maintaining her in luxuries which the ladies of their own households cannot

command. Life is all a matter of simple arithmetic with her; and she casts up, as a sum, how much can be got for no return, and what value unrealized hope bears in the human market. When she is in a position where morals are movable and uncertain—a *fille de marbre* whose sole Pygmalion is Plutus—then heaven help the doomed wretches who fall under her power! The worst of a bad kind, she is the destruction of many, and the sorrow of all who come in contact with her. And when the besom of the Lord sweeps the earth clear of its most noxious creatures, the *felis femina* of the kind which feeds on men's lives without ruth, and lies in wait for the unwary like a beast of prey in the jungle, will be one of those first swept out to perdition. Worse than her bad trade, she adds the horror of her own villainess to the iniquity of circumstance. She is greedy, not for need, but for selfishness; she ravens not for food but for cruelty.

If the *felis femina* is of circumstances that need no material help, she still has her pride and vanity to feed; and then she is at her worst, both for cruelty and selfishness. She has to gratify her ambition of "conquest;" and whether she breaks a heart or ruins a career in her progress, it is all one to her. Step by step she lures men on to their madness; and parades her train of adorers, as if her shame was her glory. Her female friends know all their weakness, all their passionate despair; and her cold prudence, which she calls by a higher name. The feverish desire for triumph pursues her, as the Furies pursued Orestes; and like the tiger which has once tasted blood, this desire becomes daily more intense. No other amusement satisfies her than that which plays with men's truest affections and drains their very heart's blood for pastime. She wants them all to love her, to go mad for her; while she stands in their midst smiling at the tempests she evokes. Her soft touch, for which men would die, cases the hardest steel, and no pity stays her when she puts forth her hand. Men's lives broken, their faith in humanity and all their future hope destroyed for her vanity—that she may tell this and that in her softest moments of confidence how sorry she was for them, and how foolish they were—these are the victories she has won, the triumphs she displays.

In her dainty boudoir, mistress of an irreproachable house, she sits like the spider in the centre of her jewelled web, or lurks like the tiger among rose-leaves

and soft vernal grass. Who would suspect danger from a woman who has a name and fair fame to lose? A woman with a family and a husband to guard her? Men come and go without fear or suspicion; but they go to their destruction. There are men now about the world who had better have died than have ventured inside that house, where apparently nothing was to be found but a well-dressed lady of fascinating manners, and a shoal of charming people paying the homage usual to a pretty hostess. Little enough any outsider sees of the direful reality lying beneath that innocent-seeming appearance; and only those who have been touched know the sharpness of the claws concealed within the soft caressing velvet. But they know it fatally, though they and the *felis femina* agree to carry the secret between them in silence to the grave. To this day no one knows what influence it was that sent a bullet through his brain, and shadowed her face for a time with a strange fear. The world talked, and reasons were given as plentiful as the summer swallows in the sky, but they all went wide of the mark; and none knew better than the *felis femina*, who had parted with him overnight, how wide they went, or what the rue mark was. The Nemesis, however, which has to overtake us all, will reach her at last. She will not always escape the pit she has dugged for others; and before the end comes, the *felis femina* will have to confess, at least to herself, that sorrow follows in the wake of sin, and retribution has to pay the score of guilt, surely if slowly.

From Saint Pauls.

THE MISFORTUNES OF A GEOLOGIST.

I HAD the misfortune, several years ago, to acquire a little distinction in science at one of our universities. The thing was not much in itself, but my friends in the country, exaggerating its importance, blazoned my name abroad with an enthusiasm which would have been more gratifying if I had deserved it.

When I came, then, just after my degree, to stay in my native village of Audley, I found myself, thanks to this trumpeting of my friends and the general ignorance of the public, a sort of lion in a very small way. Everybody congratulated me: they did not quite know, as some of them frankly confessed, what it was that I had done, but they understood it was something

clever, and in the scientific line; and when I protested against the notion, they thought me a very modest young man indeed. Even after the first sensation had subsided, I was recognized as the scientific man of the neighbourhood — its geologist, botanist, and chemist; and I had sometimes the satisfaction of overhearing the remark, as I passed through the village, "That's him 'at hes sich a deal o' larning."

But I soon discovered that my chaplet of roses was not without the usual thorns. If it was pleasant enough to show my cabinet to a friend, and expatiate on the rarity of this or that specimen, it was rather annoying every third day or so to be interrupted by the servant with, "Mr. John Smith of Jericho's compliments, and he hears you have a good collection of fossils, and would take it as a favour if you would allow him to see them," and to be bored with Mr. Smith's remarks and admiration for three mortal hours in consequence. Then, if I was listened to by old ladies at tea-parties as an authority, I found myself an object of suspicion to the farmers. After I got back to Audley, not a single stone fence thereabouts ever fell by natural causes — by storm, frost, or decay. It was always "Mr. William; he's been getting his cockle-shells again, and pood t' wall down: he is a maister! But just let me catch him at it, that's aw," when the calumniated Mr. William in question ("that's me") could have proved an alibi to the satisfaction of any jury in Britain. And the perils I encountered in my search for fossils! Othello's adventures were nothing to mine. I have fallen down rocks at night, stuck fast in caves, been chased by bulls, and nearly drowned in rivers, while more than once, when a farmer's labourer talked of taking the law into his own hands, and proceeded to execute his threat, I have been forced to show him by a little wholesome chastisement that law, so taken, would only burn his fingers.

However I did not complain of such toils and perils as these — they are inseparable from science; and as one must be martyred to some extent if one keeps a hobby, I resigned myself to my fate with equanimity. But I think I had a right to grumble at the troubles I proceed to describe. Judge for yourself, gentle reader.

The usual entertainments in our simple country village were of the kind popularly known as "tea and turn out," and I had been invited to one of these at the house of Miss D., a maiden lady of strict deportment. The guests were mainly the wives

and daughters of the small squires in the neighbourhood; but there was a sprinkling of the squires themselves, who had at least this resemblance to Shakespeare that they "knew little Latin and less Greek." For some time all went on pleasantly; we sipped our bohea, talked over the parish news, exhausted our stock of riddles, tested our ingenuity at "Proverbs," and I had just got into a snug corner by Lizzie Sotheron, whose eyes — but that is nothing to the reader.

In the midst of this agreeable employment, our hostess suddenly rose, and, in a tone that seemed more impressive than such a commonplace thing required, said, "Now, Mary; bring in the tray," and then made for the table with the evident intention of removing the books lying on it.

While I hastened to assist her, I was somewhat surprised, for it was very early. Yet what could "the tray" contain but the usual cake and wine, which were always considered by the lady-guests a polite hint that it was nearly "time to be putting on their bonnets"?

A great tray, however, now made its appearance, heaped up with minerals and fossils from every part of Britain, and jumbled together in glorious confusion. And my surprise was changed into horror when our hostess, with a short preparatory cough, began what was evidently a premeditated oration.

"Mr. William," said she to me, "we thought — that is, I and my sister — that it would contribute very much to the amusement of our party, if you would give us a little account of the main facts of that most interesting science, geology, which you know *so well*. In fact, I told one or two of our friends this idea of mine, and they agreed with me that it would be one of the pleasantest possible ways of spending an evening — so instructive, too. So pray begin." And all round there was an echo of "Pray do!" including a rather quizzical one from the young lady I have mentioned above.

Now of all mortal men I verily believe I was then the shyest, and as I had always skirled even an after-dinner speech, I had scarcely ever been "on my legs" before. Yet here was I suddenly called upon without a moment's preparation to give an extemporary lecture in a rather large company!

"Contribute to their amusement, indeed! Little fear of my failing to do that, at any rate," I said to myself. And of course I began to make excuses. But when I saw my hostess' brow contract, and all persisted

(people always do know so much more about one than one knows oneself) that what they wanted would be "quite easy — a mere trifle — to me," I felt myself bound, in common politeness, at least to try.

Blushing and stammering, then — with a dozen apologies for my want of fluency — beginning exactly where I ought to have ended — I blundered on through primary, secondary, and tertiary, palæotherian and megatherian, and, after reducing the strata to a worse chaos than they were ever in before, got through a part of my lecture amid that decorous silence which attends a failure.

As I paused for a moment, however, a whispered but very satirical "Well done!" from the fair Lizzie at my elbow, did me infinite good. It piqued me, and I made up my mind to say just what came uppermost. Soon I was surprised how well I got on, and, by-and-by, I even ventured on a little revenge.

Accordingly I gave my orthodox and unsophisticated auditors an outline of the Development theory, with extensions of my own, telling them that we were supposed to be nothing more than promoted shell-fish, which in the course of ages had passed through the stages of fish, reptile, and mammalian, and become man. Nor was there any proof that this process of development was at an end. On the contrary, it was not improbable that some of our race might ultimately attain, say, to three legs or three arms, and, being thus more powerful, might gradually exterminate the rest of mankind.

When the sensation caused by this announcement had somewhat subsided, I told them that no one however need be alarmed at these threatened metamorphoses, for in all probability no Englishman would live to see them, such a change being predicted by some geologists in the direction of the Gulf Stream as would make England colder than Spitzbergen, and subsequently uninhabitable.

"Bless me! you don't say so — well, I'm sure it's cold enough now," ejaculated one dear old rural matron who sat listening with open mouth as she knitted away at a stocking.

"And as to this talk of resisting invasion from the Continent," I continued; "it is all very well building iron-clads, and inventing guns, and so on; but it won't do. They have only to wait a few years, for it is well known that the German Ocean and the Channel are filling up with drift — the Channel is only twenty miles broad, and such changes are nothing in geology. So

in a very few years our enemies may be able to come over dry-shod. And even if we do escape that fate, some geologists believe there's a *cataclysmal convulsion* coming" (this with immense emphasis, which made the old dame cry, "Bless me!" again), — "yes, one of those periodical crackings of the earth's surface, when it splits up as easily as an egg-shell, and two or three ranges of mountains like the Alps are thrown up in a moment. Now, as England has been so long exempt from anything of the kind, it seems most likely the next convulsion will happen to ourselves, tearing our island in two like a rotten rag, and pitching one half on the top of the other; and where shall we be then, I should like to know?" And I ended, with a certain vague uneasiness depicted on the faces of my simple audience.

"Well, geologists seem to have — yes, some rather strange notions," remarked our hostess stiffly. "But now, Mr. William, will you be kind enough to tell us what all these are? Mary, bring my spectacles and the pen and ink, and I'll take down the names as you mention them. I want them exact, please."

Just think! There were ammonites, a score of kinds, from Whitby, trilobites from Ludlow, brachiopodes from the limestone, pectens from the tertiaries, and a hundred others which I had never seen at all; besides minerals, about which I knew absolutely nothing. And she expected me to give her the names of all!

I was aware that it was vain to plead ignorance: besides, the notion of carrying the joke a little further was now so pleasant to me that I assumed my new office with alacrity.

"This, Miss D.," I said, taking up a fossil at random, "this is the *Scopulo-multi-heaptum can't-make-it-out-um* — a remarkable fossil from the Greensand — very singular from being always found with its mouth closed, except the females, which, as you might expect, have their mouths always open." The expected smile followed.

"The Sco —, what?" said Miss D.

"The *Scopulo-multi-heaptum can't-make-it-out-um*: it's rather a hard name, but nothing to some we have. Scientific men despise a Latin name that does not reach entirely across the page."

"It is really very stupid of me," said Miss D.; "but I cannot quite catch the name. Would you be so kind as to write it for me?"

"Certainly, — there. This," I resumed, taking up a stray vertebra, "is the *Ichthyosauri funnibonium*."

"Dear me," said the fat old lady, "what very queer names they have! Did they go by those names, now, when they were alive, I wonder?"

"Ah, that is a very difficult question," said I,—"very difficult. Let me write the name for you, Miss D. Now, here is a specimen that I must indeed congratulate you on possessing. Look at the beautiful arch it forms, like a cat's tail—indeed, it has its first name from that, whilst its second is taken from the discoverer's—who, singularly enough, was also called Kitcat. Did you know him, Miss D.—Dr. Kitcat of Birmingham? No! Oh, he is well known in the scientific world. The whole name of the shell is *Catstailium Kitcattii*. There!" And as I finished writing, the refreshments came in, and I found myself happily relieved from my labours for the present—not without an announcement on the part of Miss D. that I should be called upon before long to name the rest of her specimens.

From that day to this, the summons has never reached me. On my return from a visit in the south some weeks afterwards, the first person I met was Miss D., and a glance at her face showed that the secret was out. She had been so proud of her unique and beautiful specimen of the *Catstailium Kitcattii* that she could not refrain from sending for a naturalist who was staying in the neighbourhood, and showing it to him; and the heartless fellow at once exposed the joke. Of course, she was very angry; but when I expressed contrition, and explained that it was my utter ignorance of the names and her determination to admit no excuse which made me think of this piece of fun, she forgave me,—saying, however, that she had lost all confidence in my scientific attainments, and I should name no more fossils for her.

I did not escape so well from my next geological misadventure. An old aunt of mine lives at Audley, a prim old-fashioned lady, very straight-laced and narrow-minded, but pious in her way, and extremely charitable. Her house is the prettiest in the village. It is quite covered with roses climbing through the trellis-work, and has a verandah equally shrouded by jessamine and honeysuckle; for she is a staunch partisan of the old English flowers, and admits no "new-fangled foreigners" (as she calls them) into her premises. Behind the house a huge garden and orchard—stocked, as we used to think when we were children, with every kind of fruit in England—stretched down the dell-side

through thickets of fern, wild flowers, and overhanging branches to a stream of the clearest water. Artists who travel that way often stop to take a sketch of the cottage; and sometimes, as I have been passing with an acquaintance, he has nudged me and said, with an admiring look at the place, "Ah, you lucky dog!" For it was well known that I was the old lady's favourite nephew, and Sharpey, the lawyer, had hinted that her partiality was shown, better than it could possibly be otherwise, in a certain document carefully sealed up and deposited with him.

Well, one day I called to see the old dame, and with a "Good morning, aunt," sat down on one of the four old oak chairs with stiff backs and crimson cushions, which alone are placed for the use of visitors, the rest of the set being marshalled in line against the wall till the time of her annual state-party. "Good morning, aunt."

"Good morning to you," she answered in a most stately and freezing tone.

"I think we are going to have a thunderstorm, aunt; just look at the sky yonder."

"It may be very well for some people if there is no thunderstorm," was the response, with a magnificent emphasis on the *some*.

"Ay, indeed," I replied innocently. "I met old George Green just now, and he tells me all his hay will be spoiled if rain falls."

"Just so; but I was not thinking of George Green," she replied, and relapsed into silence.

I thought she was ill—she was always ailing and cross in damp weather. "Is your rheumatism gone, aunt?" I asked.

"Yes."

"And your cough?"

"No."

Very monosyllabic indeed. I must try religion, I thought. "I went to hear Mr. H. on Sunday," I said; "what an excellent sermon he gave us! Rather long, though, was it not?"

"I hope you may be the better for it," said she.

"Oh, thank you, I hope I may."

"One would have thought," she continued, without noticing my remark, "that certain persons would hardly be barefaced enough, holding such views as they do, to go to church."

"What do you mean, aunt?" I asked, a suspicion flashing across me that her last observation was directed against myself.

"Ah, you know what I mean, sir! A man who does not believe his Bible is now—

a-days supposed to know everything. It was very different when I was young."

"But who told you, aunt, that I don't believe the Bible?"

"No matter who told me; I had it on very excellent authority," she replied. "You say, sir, I hear, that the world has existed longer than Adam, when the Bible tells us different."

"Why, I certainly do think the world older than Adam; but —"

"Ay, I thought so, sir. There, I don't want to hear any more of that stuff. So *this* is what comes of your college education, and your honours, and your prizes! Well, I never thought there would be an INFIDEL in our family. — Will you do me the favour, sir, to leave the house before the thunderstorm begins? I should not like the flames of Sodom and Gomorrah on my cottage."

"But, aunt, consider —" I began.

"It is for you to consider, sir, the error of your ways. There, sir!" she half screamed, as the first flash of lightning — and a vivid one it was — darted down near us. "Do you see that? Will you go *now*? — Sarah, Sarah, show this gentleman the door, and then run and close all the windows."

"Aunt," I cried from the bottom of the stairs — for I would not add to her fright by staying longer — "but aunt, you'll lend me an umbrella, won't you? On my honour, I'll send you a new one in return — one I have never touched."

"Oh, you are a bad man for all your scorn," she exclaimed. "Sarah, shut the door instantly." And I found myself in the street, nor have I ever entered the house since.

But Sharpey, the lawyer, entered it within two or three days of my exit; and they say the sealed document he now has in his iron safe differs very widely and unpleasantly from the other. So that the readers of *St. Pauls* will not wonder if sometimes, when I hear of the benefits conferred by Geology on the world, I inquire with a groan what it has done for me.

B. YORKE.

From Dark Blue.

WINTER FARE.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S., ETC.

EVERY now and then some lover of statistics communicates to the public the amount of food which is consumed in London in the space of a year. He reck-

ons up the droves of oxen and flocks of sheep that have been converted into beef and mutton within the last twelve months, pictures them as being driven in one vast herd to the metropolis, and calculates the length of road which they would occupy. The square miles of corn which are needed to supply the animal consumption are also enumerated, and so is the tonnage of the vehicles that convey vegetables to the London markets. The picture which is thus laid before us is a very startling one, and it scarcely appears possible that such prodigious supplies should be kept up throughout a succession of years. Still, if man consumes he also produces; and though a vast population is crowded into a small space which cannot directly produce food, and therefore requires perpetual supplies from without its limits, these supplies are readily obtained by means of the very energies which create their need.

Passing from the city to the country, and from man to the lower animals, the food problem seems far more difficult of solution. Putting aside those animals which are domesticated and chiefly fed by man, the hosts of living creatures that inhabit this land are so enormous, and the amount of food which they require is consequently so great, that the mind almost recoils from any attempt to grapple with the subject. Moreover, in feeding these creatures a difficulty exists which has no place with man. They consume, but they do not produce; neither can they help one another, nor bring food from a fertile to a barren spot, nor live in time of scarcity upon stores laid up in time of plenty. As far as procuring food goes, each is absolutely isolated and self-dependent, unaided and unaiding.

Even in the summer time, the supply of food seems scarcely equal to the multitude of consumers, but in the winter the consumers appear to be so greatly in excess of their food that the sustentation of their life appears little short of miraculous. Take this season of the year, for example, and look on the fields, the woods, and the waters. All are locked in icy chains, and yet there are myriads of living beings which must be nourished in some way, while all access to food seems to be impossible. Let us see how this difficulty is surmounted. It is done in three ways.

There are many creatures which could not live under such adverse circumstances, and accordingly they are gifted with the wonderful instinct of migration, and leave

the country before their food becomes scarce and the temperature is unsuited to their constitutions. It is remarkable that migration does not always set towards warmer latitudes. Although the greater number of our migratory birds seek warmer climes, there are several which can only exist in a cold country; and when the suns of spring begin to warm the atmosphere, off go the birds in search of the ice and snow in which they delight. They pine in warm weather like an Esquimaux when crossing the line, and, like him, only recover their health and spirit in proportion to the fall of the thermometer. Whatever may be the cause of migration — be it heat, be it cold — it is evident that none but the feathered tribes can change their climate at will, and that the greater number of English animals are obliged to remain through the winter, and preserve their life as best they can.

Here we are brought face to face with another difficulty.

There are many British animals belonging to various classes which are totally or partially debarred from obtaining food during the winter, and yet are unable to leave this country, and to obtain a subsistence under a more genial latitude. There are the bats, for example, which feed on flies and winged insects, and which in consequence are utterly deprived of food during a severe winter, when scarcely a single gnat — the most fragile and yet hardest of flies — dares to venture into the open air. Unless some special provision were made for the bat, not one would be left alive after the first week or ten days of winter. The same may be said of the hedgehog, the very Nimrod of insect hunters, as everyone knows who has seen its exploits among the cockroaches. Now and then the hedgehog takes to eating chickens and ducklings, but when it can get a sufficient supply of insects for food contents itself with its proper diet.

Insect-eaters belonging to other classes are also deprived of food. Frogs and toads, for example, which live almost entirely on insects, can procure no nourishment, and the common snake, which lives on frogs, is similarly circumstanced. As there is no foliage, the slugs and snails would starve did they depend for existence upon winter-food, and so would the blind-worm, which lives on slugs. As for the insects themselves, by far the greater number have died, having completed their ordinary tenure of life, and most of those which remain alive are either in the stages of egg or pupa.

If, therefore, these creatures were obliged to seek their food in the winter, as well as in the summer, they must all inevitably perish of cold and hunger. One resource is still left. The object of food is to renew the tissues of the body, which are perpetually being wasted by the energies of life. If, therefore, the waste can be checked life may be preserved, though no food be taken, and this result is achieved by means of a more or less profound winter's sleep, technically named hibernation. "Qui dort dine," says the French proverb; and these creatures not being able to dine are yet apt to sleep, and accept their slumber as a succedaneum for food.

To many of our English animals, the winter is one long night, during which their rest is sometimes uninterrupted, and sometimes is broken by short periods of activity. The hedgehog, as far as I know, is one of those beings which do not leave their winter bed until the spring has set in, but coils itself up in its nest of dried leaves, and sleeps uninterruptedly through the cold months. Sometimes in the depth of winter a few bright sunshiny days bring out the gnats and various flies, and then, even before the sun has set, the bats come out for a while, make a meal while they can, and then return to their sleeping place in some old building, rock-cleft, or hollow tree. As to the frogs and toads, they are sure to remain in their hiding-place, for they cannot, like the bats, catch the flying insects, and none others are tempted into the open air during the winter. Of the vegetable-eating hibernators, the squirrel is a familiar example. We may, perhaps, ask ourselves why the squirrel should hibernate, and other rodent animals, such as the hare or rabbit, should remain active throughout the winter. The reason is simple enough; the squirrel, essentially a fruit eater, in the winter could not obtain a sufficient supply of food for the maintenance of its life. So during the autumn it is led by instinct to lay up a store of nuts and similar food, and whenever a warm day in winter arouses it from its sleep, it goes to its storehouse, makes a slight meal, and returns again to its warm winter nest and deep slumber.

Here I cannot but note the curious resemblance which exists between certain habits common to some animals, and some portion of mankind. Everyone who has watched the squirrel in its wild state knows perfectly well that it has two distinct dwellings, one for the summer and the other for the winter. The summer "cage," as it is called in the New Forest

where squirrels abound, is slight, pervious to the air, and placed at the end of a lofty bough; while the winter cage is a large mass of dry leaves, moss, and grass, fixed at the junction of a large branch with the trunk of the tree, so that when the inhabitant is within it cannot be disturbed even by a breath of air, though a violent gale may be blowing.

Now there are several parts of the world where men build dwellings of a similar character, light and airy for summer, close and massive for winter. Such, for example, is the habitation of the Kamskatkan, the summer dwelling being a slight structure of branches supported on a sort of scaffold, while the winter house, or "jurt," is deeply sunk in the ground, built of stones or large timber, and thickly and warmly thatched. The winter huts of the Tschutski, at the North East of Asia, are constructed after a similar fashion, the roofs looking like low hillocks surrounded with stones. The ancients as well as the moderns had similar huts, the "Ganggraben" or Passage Graves of Scandinavia, so familiar to all ethnologists, being constructed in precisely the same principle as that employed in the Kamskatkan "jurt."

To return to our hibernating animals. The dormouse has many of the habits of the squirrel, and, like that animal, lays by a winter store of food. It wakes less frequently than the squirrel; but whenever it is roused from its sleep, it always goes to its storehouse, and takes a slight repast.

There has been much controversy about the mole, and its method of passing the winter, some persons thinking that it is one of the hibernators, and others that it is active throughout the winter. I decidedly incline to the latter opinion, thinking that the mole can have no need for hibernation. In its subterranean abode the frost cannot touch it. All who have worked with the spade in winter know perfectly well that, however hard and stone-like the surface of the ground may be, the effect of the severest frost is very superficial, and that at a spade's depth or so the earth is as soft and penetrable as in the middle of summer. Consequently the worms on which the mole lives almost exclusively are able to traverse the soil, and the mole is equally able to pursue them. Moreover, the mole is a creature so strangely unable to endure even a short fast, that it would most probably perish of hunger before it had time to pass into a state of hibernation.

As to the frogs and toads, which I have already mentioned among hibernators, they contrive to insinuate themselves under-

ground in some strange way, and there pass the whole winter. I should think that, of all creatures, the frog would be the least fitted to endure either extreme cold or heat. Being destitute of any clothing of fur or feathers, and having a thin and highly porous skin, through which the moisture of the body rapidly exudes, the creature is necessarily sensitive to changes of temperature. If a frog happen to be in an unsheltered spot on a hot summer day it soon dies, the sunbeams drawing out through the skin the moisture on which its life depends, and rapidly drying up its dead body until it is like a piece of flat horn. So unprotected a creature would necessarily feel the cold as severely as the heat; and I very much doubt whether in a really severe frost a frog would traverse a distance of many yards without being first numbed by the cold, and then frozen as stiff as it would be baked stiff in summer.

Snails and slugs are also safely at rest, guarded from the immediate influence of the cold. The reader may possibly have noticed that after an exceptionally severe winter, slugs are always more numerous than snails when the spring has brought out the fresh foliage of the new year. The reason is simple enough: slugs, soft as their bodies may be, live for the most part underground, managing in some mysterious manner to force themselves below the surface of the earth. This they do even in the summer time; so that possessors of gardens, when they see the leaves of their favourite plants gnawed into rags, mostly lay the blame on the wrong creature. For example, they eat off the tender tops of the early peas as soon as they appear above ground; and the sparrow generally gets the blame, and often suffers the punishment due to a delinquency which it did not commit. They even eat tobacco, in spite of the pungency of the leaf. Perhaps they take it as a zest with their ordinary meals, or eat it out of curiosity; but I do sincerely hope that the slugs which this year ate nearly all my tobacco plants found themselves very ill afterwards.

Snails are much more suspected of doing ill than are slugs, because the latter are completely hidden under the earth, while the former can only conceal themselves in crevices. As far as I know, the snail does not retire underground, though there is no apparent reason why it should not do so. It is quite capable of burrowing, and always does so when it lays its round, translucent eggs. However, unless disturbed by men or birds, it is quite

safe in its retreat, and, like the slug, fasts and sleeps throughout the entire winter.

Many insects are hibernators. Putting aside those which pass the winter in one of the preliminary forms of egg, larva, or inactive pupa, and therefore can scarcely be ranked among insects, there are many which retire to some hiding-place at the end of autumn and do not make their appearance again until the spring. The great ground-beetles mostly seek a refuge below the surface of the earth, between the bark and the wood of trees, or under the moss. So do the rove-beetles, many of the sunshiners, and others, while many a lady-bird contrives to remain unharmed throughout the winter. Whether or not the cockchafers, rose-beetles, and stag-beetles hibernate I cannot say, but I have never succeeded in discovering either of these creatures alive in the depth of winter, while those which I have already mentioned may be found in plenty by anyone who knows where to look for them.

Perhaps the hibernating insects which are most frequently found are the wasps and hornets, which pass the time of their inaction to some purpose. None but the females survive the year. At the end of autumn they have found their mates, and immediately becoming widows, retire to some obscure spot, leaving not only their husbands, but their companions and nurselings, to perish from cold and want of food. They themselves have eaten enough to keep up their lives during the period of sleep; and at the beginning of the next spring they issue from their places of concealment, ready and anxious to found a new colony of their own. Thus, then, we see how provision is made for the subsistence of beings who cannot obtain food in the winter time and cannot leave the country. The winter to them is a blank, its frosts and storms are unknown, and the nourishment stored within them is sufficient for their subsistence during the months of sleep.

Those insects which inhabit the water are much less affected by the cold than those of the land. Even in the depth of winter, if the ice which covers the surface of a pond be broken, and the net passed rapidly through the water, some insects are sure to be found in it, all quite active and lively, though the insects of the land have disappeared for weeks. Water is a very bad conductor of heat. Most of us have seen, or at least read, of the well-known experiment of placing the hand at the bottom of a vessel of water, and making the surface water boil without affect-

ing the hand. Similarly, though a thick coating of ice be on the surface, the water below may be at a comparatively mild temperature. If any of my readers have ever bathed in winter time, they will remember that the water itself was always warmer than the external air, especially if any wind were blowing, and that coming into the air required even more courage than going into the water.

Now let us turn to the creatures which pass the winter in an active state, and which, therefore, not only require food, but need even more than in the summer time, the warmth of their bodies being no more supplemented by external heat, and requiring a larger supply of fuel to maintain the internal fire, for the warmth of a living creature, be it more or less, is, indeed, a fire, burning slowly but as veritably as any fire that gives warmth to our chambers or energy to our steam-engines.

Unless the snow lies very deep, the hare and rabbit can manage to find subsistence, the grass and other perennial herbage affording them a sufficient supply of food. But when the snow lies thickly on the ground, and the grass is hidden beneath it, both hares and rabbits are sorely tried, and are obliged to abandon their ordinary food. They then make their way through the snow towards the nearest copse, and with their chisel-like teeth cut away the bark of the trees. The youngest trees are the first victims; but if the snow should lie for any length of time, scarcely a tree will escape, and it is really wonderful to see the height which animals so small can reach by standing on their hind legs. Of course, the hare fares better than the rabbit, for it is a larger animal, has longer hind legs, can reach higher when standing on them, and so when the rabbit has stripped the tree of bark as high as it can reach, the hare is still able to gnaw away the bark which was too high for the rabbit.

The tracks which these animals make in the snow are very peculiar, and are so conspicuous that they enable poachers to work great havoc among the hares by tracking them to their forms. It is astonishing how different are the tracks of an animal which has passed through rather deep snow to those of the same animal when it has merely traversed a soft soil. They are always much larger than the size of the creature seems to warrant, the size being caused by the fact that snow adheres to the limbs, is drawn at every step out of the hole made by the foot, and is then shaken off before the animal makes another step. Few persons would recognize

the snow-track of a cat. If obliged to traverse the snow, pussy gathers her fore-feet together, and proceeds with a series of short jumps, each jump clearing about a yard.

The tracks thus made are wonderfully like those of a man, and I have no doubt are often mistaken for them. Some years ago there was a wonderful disturbance in a country village. It was winter, the snow was deep, and at daybreak were seen the footprints as of a giant, striding over the smooth, white surface. The country people, who are always afraid of anything which they do not understand, were horribly frightened at these tracks, and the rumour got about that they were made by some diabolical being prowling about in the night after its prey. Night after night fresh tracks appeared, and at last the terror of the people was raised to its utmost pitch by the fact that one night the mysterious being had not only walked over level ground, but had passed, with its giant strides, up one side of a house-roof, down the other, and so to the snow on the other side. At last the mystery was solved; the tracks were that of a racoon which had escaped from captivity, and, after the manner of its kind, was enjoying itself by nocturnal promenades in the snow.

As this is a wintry article, and we are on the subject of snow, I may briefly mention an effective mode of making a path through snow with very little trouble and in very little time. Take a couple of planks, of some seven or eight feet in length, set them on edge, and place them at an acute angle with each other, like the letter V. Nail a few pieces of wood across so as to keep them in position, and there is the "snow-plough." If a couple of handles be fastened to it, a man can easily push it along the ground, and, as it passes along, it throws off the snow on either side, and makes a clear path without requiring the aid of hoes and brooms.

For many of the birds there is sufficient winter food in the various berries, especially those of the ivy and mountain ash. But there are some birds that need animal food of some kind during the winter, though they care little about it in summer. Chief among them is the song-thrush, a bird whose song seems more redolent of happiness than that of any other bird except the skylark. Deprived of its ordinary food, the thrush betakes itself to the task of snail-hunting, and a most keen hunter it is. If the winter be very severe, and the thrush in consequence very hungry, the snail must indeed be cleverly concealed

that will escape the eye of the thrush, which can peep into crannies that the eye of man could not penetrate. And, as snails mostly congregate together in their winter homes, the bird is sure of a good meal when once he comes upon a hibernating snail.

The value of the thrush in snail-hunting can scarcely be appreciated, unless we know the ingenious way in which these molluscs conceal themselves. Though the snail cannot, like the slug, burrow under ground, it nevertheless makes use of the earth in constructing its winter's habitation. It seeks some sheltered spot, especially favouring such places where there is long moss, or where dead leaves have fallen and congregated. Having settled itself, the snail protrudes its body from the shell, pours out of the foot a large quantity of slime, to which the loose earth, leaves, &c., adhere. The slime rapidly hardens, and in a few minutes forms a tolerably firm layer, which is thrown on one side and forms part of the wall of the intended habitation. Layer after layer is thus made, and in a short time the snail is enclosed in a habitation which is strong, warm, and so exactly resembles the surrounding objects that scarcely any eye except that of a hungry thrush could detect it.

Then come the titmice, which are inordinate consumers of animal food. In winter-time they sometimes seem to lose all sense of fear in their craving after such nourishment. They have been known to take pieces of suet from butchers' shops, to steal meat from the dogs' plate, to nibble at the candle in a stable lantern, and even to eat the cocoanut oil used for lubricating the wheels of railway carriages, apparently disregarding the fact that the oil is vegetable and not animal. Urged by this longing after animal food, the titmice search the trees with the greatest minuteness, prying into the smallest crevice in the bark, and eating not only the insects that have hidden themselves there, but even their eggs. It is specially serviceable in devouring the eggs of the well-known Vapourer moth, which often exists in such numbers that it inflicts great damage on trees, and, unless subjected to such checks as are given by the titmice and one or two other birds with similar habits, would often destroy them entirely. So is the hunger of the bird made useful in preserving the food of man.

These, then, are the three ways in which provision is made for winter fare. Those creatures which are unable to endure our

winter, but are able to fly, take to wing and migrate to other lands, leaving more food for the permanent denizens of the country. Those which cannot migrate and cannot find food in winter pass that time in sleep, so that they are also taken out of the category of food consumers. Lastly, those which are hardy enough to bear the winter of England, but are deprived of their ordinary food, obtain their subsistence by change of diet, and by so doing confer benefits on man, which, if they were better understood, would be better appreciated, and, we will hope, better recompensed.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SIR TRAY: AN ARTHURIAN IDYL.

THE widowed Dame of Hubbard's ancient line
Turned to her cupboard, cornered anglewise
Betwixt this wall and that, in quest of aught
To satisfy the craving of Sir Tray,
Prick-eared companion of her solitude,
Red-spotted, dirty-white, and bare of rib,
Who followed at her high and pattering heels,
Prayer in his eye, prayer in his slinking gait,
Prayer in his pendulous pulsating tail.
Wide on its creaking jaws revolved the door,
The cupboard yawned, deep-throated, thinly set
For teeth, with bottles, ancient canisters,
And plates of various pattern, blue or white;
Deep in the void she thrust her hooked nose
Peering near-sighted for the wished-for bone,
Whiles her short robe of samite, tilted high,
The thrifty darnings of her hose revealed; —
The pointed feature travelled o'er the delf
Greasing its tip, but bone or bread found none.
Wherefore Sir Tray abode still dinnerless,
Licking his paws beneath the spinning-wheel,
And meditating much on savoury meats.

Meanwhile the Dame in high-backed chair reposed

Revolving many memories, for she gazed
Down from her lattice on the self-same path
Whereby Sir Lancelot 'mid the reapers rode
When Arthur held his court in Camelot,
And she was called the Lady of Shalott;
And, later, where Sir Hubbard, meekest knight
Of all the Table Round, was wont to pass,
And to her casement glint the glance of love.
(For all the tale of how she floated dead
Between the city walls, and how the Court
Gazed on her corpse, was of illusion framed,
And shadows raised by Merlin's magic art,
Ere Vivien shut him up within the oak.)
There stood the wheel whereat she spun her thread;

But of the magic mirror nought remained
Save one small fragment on the mantelpiece,
Reflecting her changed features night and morn.

But now the inward yearnings of Sir Tray
Grew pressing, and in hollow rumblings spake,

As in tempestuous nights the Northern seas
Within their caverned cliffs reverberate.
This touched her: "I have marked of yore,"
she said,

"When on my palfrey I have paced along
The streets of Camelot, while many a knight
Ranged at my rein and thronged upon my steps,
Wending in pride towards the tournament,
A wight who many kinds of bread purveyed —
Muffins, and crumpets, matutinal rolls,
And buns which, buttered, soothe at evensong;
To him I'll hie me ere my purpose cool,
And swift returning, bear a loaf with me,
And (for my teeth be tender grown, and like
Celestial visits, few and far between)
The crust shall be for Tray, the crumb for me."
This spake she; from their peg reached straight-
way down

Her cloak of sanguine hue, and pointed hat
From the flat brim upreared like pyramid
On sands Egyptian where the Pharaohs sleep,
Her ebon-handled staff (sole palfrey now)
Grasped firmly, and so issued swiftly forth;
Yet ere she closed the latch her cat-Elaine,
The lily kitten reared at Astolat,
Slipt through and mewing passed to greet Sir
Tray.

Returning ere the shadows eastward fell,
She placed a porringer upon the board,
And shred the crackling crusts with liberal
hand,

Nor noted how Elaine did seem to wail,
Rubbing against her hose, and mourning round
Sir Tray, who lay all prone upon the hearth.
Then on the bread she poured the mellow milk —
"Sleep'st thou?" she said, and touched him
with her staff;

"What, ho! thy dinner waits thee!" But Sir
Tray
Stirred not nor breathed: thereat, alarmed, she
seized

And drew the hinder leg: the carcase moved
All over wooden like a piece of wood —
"Dead?" said the Dame, while louder wailed
Elaine;

"I see," she said, "thy fasts were all too long,
Thy commons all too short, which shortened thus
Thy days, tho' thou mightst still have cheered
mine age

Had I but timelier to the city wonned.
Thither I must again, and that right soon,
For now 'tis meet we lap thee in a shroud,
And lay thee in the vault by Astolat,
Where faithful Tray shall by Sir Hubbard lie."

Up a by-lane the Undertaker dwelt;
There day by day he plied his merry trade,
And all his undertakings undertook:
Erst knight of Arthur's Court, Sir Waldgrave
bright,

A gruesome carle who hid his jests in gloom,
And schooled his lid to counterfeit a tear.
With cheerful hammer he a coffin tapt,
While hollow, hollow, hollow, rang the wood,
And, as he sawed and hammered, thus he sang:

Wood, hammer, nails, ye build a house for him,
Nails, hammer, wood, ye build a house for me,
Paying the rent, the taxes, and the rates.

I plant a human acorn in the ground,
And therefrom straightway springs a goodly tree,
Budding for me in bread and beer and beef.

O Life, dost thou bring Death or Death bring thee?

Which of the twain is bringer, which the brought?

Since men must die that other men may live.

O Death, for me thou plump'st thine hollow cheeks,

Mak'st of thine antic grin a pleasant smile,
And prank'st full gaily in thy winding-sheet.

This ditty sang he to a doleful tune
To outer ears that sounded like a dirge,
Or wind that wails across the fields of death.

'Ware of a visitor, he ceased his strain,
But still did ply his saw industrious.
With withered hand on ear, Dame Hubbard stood;

"Vex not mine ears," she grated, "with thine old

And creaking saw!" "I deemed," he said,
and sighed,

"Old saws might please thee, as they should the wise."

"Know," said the Dame, "Sir Tray that with me dwelt

Lies on my lonely hearthstone stark and stiff;
Wagless the tail that waved to welcome me." —

Here Waldgrave interposed sepulchral tones,

"Oft have I noted, when the jest went round,

Sad 'twas to see the wag forget his tale —

Sadder to see the tail forget its wag."

"Wherefore," resumed she, "take of fitting stuff,

And make therewith a narrow house for him."

Quoth he, "From yonder deal I'll plane the bark,

So 'twill of Tray be emblematical;

For thou, 'tis plain, must lose a deal of bark,

Since he nor bark nor bite shall practise more."

"And take thou, too," she said, "a coffin-plate,

And be his birth and years inscribed thereon

With letters twain 'S. T.' to mark Sir Tray,

So shall the tomb be known in after-time."

"This too," quoth Waldgrave, "shall be deftly done;

Oft hath the plate been freighted with his bones,
But now his bones must lie beneath the plate."

"Jest'st thou?" Dame Hubbard said, and
clutched her crutch,

For ill she brooked light parlance of the dead;
But when she saw Sir Waldgrave, how his face

Was all drawn downward, till the curving mouth

Seemed a horseshoe, while o'er the furrowed cheek

A wandering tear stole on, like rivulet

In dry ravine down mother Ida's side,
She changed her purpose, smote not, lowered the staff; —

So parted, faring homeward with her grief.

Nearing her bower, it seemed a sepulchre
Sacred to memory, and almost she thought
A dolorous cry arose, as if Elaine
Did sound a caterwauling requiem.
With hesitating hand she raised the latch,
And on the threshold with reluctant foot
Lingered, as loath to face the scene of woe,
When lo! the body lay not on the hearth,
For there Elaine her flying tail pursued, —
In the Dame's chair Sir Tray alive did sit,
A world of merry meaning in his eye,
And all his face agrin from ear to ear.

Like one who late hath lost his dearest friend,
And in his sleep doth see that friend again,
And marvels scarce to see him, putting forth
A clasping hand, and feels him warm with life,
And so takes up his friendship's broken thread —
Thus stood the Dame, thus ran she, pattering o'er

The sanded tiles, and clasped she thus Sir Tray,
Unheeding of the grief his jest had wrought
For joy he was not numbered with the dead.

Anon the Dame, her primal transports o'er,
Bethought her of the wisdom of Sir Tray,
And his fine wit, and then it shameful seemed
That he bareheaded 'neath the sky should go
While empty skulls of fools went thatched and roofed;

"A hat," she cried, "would better fit those brows

Than many a courtier's that I've wotted of;
And thou shalt have one, an' my tender toes

On which the corns do shoot, and these my knees

Wherethro' rheumatic twinges swiftly dart,

Will bear me to the city yet again,

And thou shalt wear the hat as Arthur wore

The Dragon of the great Pendragonship."

Whereat Sir Tray did seem to smile, and smote

Upon the chair-back with approving tail.

Then up she rose, and to the Hatter's went, —
"Hat me," quoth she, "your very newest hat;"

And so they hatted her, and she returned

Home through the darksome wold, and raised the latch,

And marked, full lighted by the ingle-glow,

Sir Tray, with spoon in hand, and cat on knee,

Spattering the mess about the chaps of Puss.

From The Dublin University Magazine.
INSTINCT DEMORALIZED.

THAT mysterious provision in the life of animals which is called instinct, has always challenged the wonder of man, and piqued his curiosity as to its nature and operation. The carpenter-bee — as an instance hardly more striking than number-

less others—never beholds her own young; but, after having laid her eggs, she deposits a store of food such as they will require, of a peculiar kind which she has never tasted since the larva-period in her own life, and dies. In the construction of the cell, too, there is marvellous forethought shown. It is bored with Herculean labour into wood, and the eggs are deposited, one after the other, in closely-sealed apartments, each with a ration of food. Her wisdom is not balked, even by the necessity that the first-laid eggs, at the bottom of the long tube, must hatch out their larvæ before the others; for she provides a back-door for their exit at that end. The common theory is, that instinct—apparently so wise and far-seeing—is a blind, mechanical impulse, implanted at the creation of the animal races for the preservation of life; and, viewing them in the wild state, the answer seems adequate.

But here at my side is a little quadruped who sets the question afloat again. It is a young, fox-hound of pedigree as aristocratic as that

Which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.

His utter inability, with all his fleetness and intelligence, to supply himself with an honest meal, attests this, as well as his peculiar form, which shows his long descent under domestication as clearly as the infantile feet of a Chinese lady prove her rank. His ancestors for countless generations have been bred to the pursuit of a single species of game for the sport of their owners. But he had never associated with others of his kind, nor had he ever set nose upon a fox-trail, until the past season, when he was taken out for the chivalric rites of initiation, one day, to a spot where a fox had been known to recently pass.

In crossing the fields, the puppy seems stirred by some new sensations. His pointed nose is kept continually upon the ground, following a zigzag course of involved windings past computation. There are strange scents—trails of squirrel and field-mouse never found near the farmhouse, and of shy birds whose wing never circles about the chimney and roof-tree. But suddenly, without visible cause, the little fellow becomes frantic over some wonderful discovery he has made among the dry leaves. He howls and springs about as if suddenly smitten with hydrophobia; and forthwith shoots off upon the fox-trail, to the music of his now first attempts at baying, which makes the woods ring with echoes! At the magic of that

scent a throng of memories was awakened which stirred him to a strange enthusiasm; and the young hound had found "the thing that he was born to do!" We are almost tempted to believe that he has, literally, a *memory* of the long pursuits of his ancestors—of habits which, in some marvellous way, have accumulated from generation to generation! The scion of a noble house, like Kubla Kahn, he

heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war—

war upon the fox-race, the only species which his hereditary propensities prompt him to pursue.

The boy-hunter, who had been hoarding his pence so long in order to become the owner of this hound of aristocratic lineage, was overjoyed at the proof of pure blood; but for myself—a frequenter of many streams and woods, unarmed with destructive accoutrements, who would fain "name all the birds without a gun"—I watched the interesting trial with quite other motives. The hunter's passion must be early outlived if one would follow the chase worthy of wood and field. Wishing the fox, therefore, the safety his wise forethought always deserves, there appeared matter for much curious reflection in the behaviour of the young hound.

Here was the manifestation of something not to be distinguished from instinct, but directed to a purpose utterly alien from any use. When the fox is caught, the hound will starve rather than eat a morsel of his flesh. The propensity is in his very nature; but we are forced to acknowledge that it could not have been an original planting of the Creator in the species. It is rather a transplanting, or grafting of his ingenious owner, who—by long patience with a wild crab-apple stock, as it were, by culture and pruning of every shoot except in a particular direction—succeeds, at last, in making an idiosyncrasy a permanent trait. But it is only through very many generations that much is accomplished. Culture is a weak force compared with *Selection*—that watchword of Darwin.

Out of an acre of puppies the trader chooses one, which has just the faintest predilection for putting his nose to the ground upon some trail, and drowns the remainder. Of that one's progeny there is, perhaps, one found with the slightest shade deeper impression of the trait he is striving for. This selection is kept up for a great many generations; and through its means the breeder accomplishes wonders.

The most curious perversions of instinct have, undoubtedly, been wrought in the dog. In no other species of domestic animal are the breeds characterized, mentally, by such wonderful "traits of genius." The experiment of selection has probably never been fully tried in the human race; but if such persons, for instance, should marry, as were adept chess-players for many generations, until the latest heir of the house, while an infant in the cradle, should be transported with delight at the sight of a chess-board, and should begin to move the pieces in the "King's Gambit," or some other established opening, would it seem much more strange than to discover a pointer, a few months of age, who had never received a lesson in his family profession, sitting motionless for a half-hour with his nose elevated toward a bird in a tree at an angle of forty-five degrees, like an astronomer looking for a new asteroid? But the prejudices of society do countenance the summary dismissal of the ninety-nine mediocrities among us in order to perpetuate the brilliant qualities of the hundredth; and so genius travels in no fixed orbit in our skies, but blazes forth like a meteor and disappears.

The tendency to revert to the original character is wonderfully tenacious, and a stubborn obstacle to the domestication of an animal. A breed-thought purified through countless generations will suddenly bloom forth in a character as wild as the day it was "snatched from the she-wolf's teat!" The children of Israel, in the wilderness, showed no stronger tendency to backslide into idolatry. There are sometimes very strange upheavals of primitive character, and even the long-erased exterior marks reappear; like the stripes upon a thorough-bred horse—a hieroglyphic statement of its pedigree more ancient than any its owner had record of. I have seen a litter of pigs striped lengthwise of the back in regular dark lines—a prodigy that would have been a treasure to the old anti-prohibitionists of Massachusetts. Such regular marks in the coat of an animal, corresponding with the symmetry of its form, are seldom retained in domestication; and, ever since the day that Jacob set up peeled rods before the herds of his avaricious but not so wily father-in-law, our cattle have been marked much like a map of the Indian Archipelago. Some animals vary in colour at different periods of life. There is never a white colt, nor a black calf. The whitest horse was black at its birth; and the jet black cow was unmixed red. The

albino tendency is not uncommon in the wild state, but is often made permanent in domestication.

It is quite easy to tame a wild animal; but to domesticate the species so that at last, the progeny shall be *born* tame is, indeed, an accomplishment. All our labour in culture and training is like cutting off witch-grass and Canada thistles; there is a perennial root, deep down which chuckles in its snaky bed at the pains of the farmer. An individual of the wildest species may be taken, when young, and made exceedingly tame. Its instinctive antipathy to man is quickly overcome. No puppy will be tamer, or fawn more lovingly upon his master, than a young fox thus treated; but woe to the neighbouring poultry when he is a few months old! He is amazingly treacherous; but his viciousness is not owing to depravity or original sin. It is simply the integrity of his wild nature—the virtue of his race in its proper field. If unconfined, he early takes off to his native haunts, and the labour bestowed upon his education has only the effect to make him the bolder and more adroit thief. He will rummage barns and hen-roosts which his kindred will not venture to approach.

In the eye of Nature, the beasts of the forests have only been brought within our influence to be demoralized. Evil communications corrupt good manners. Their primal virtues vanish like the gossamer-work of frost in the sun; and their strong defensive instincts fail them, like the helplessness which fell upon the chivalric limbs of King Arthur when he stepped upon the enchanted ground that encircled the magician's castle.

Is instinct, then, mutable, and simply the record of experience—a slow accumulation which has marked the progress of the whole animal creation through countless shifting forms? or is it an original principle in the species? But the answer to this on the former alternative would lead, forthwith, into the hazardous field which lieth between Agassiz and Darwin; and it would be a fool-hardy tilt for any knight of ordinary prowess; for would he not be at the mercy of scores of gallant champions for the dignity of the race? After being ignominiously unhorsed in the joust, undoubtedly the thrust that would pierce doubtlet and mail—the iron that would enter his soul—would be somewhat like this:—"You believe, then, that your great-grandfather was an orang-outang, and that your great-great-&-grandfather was a certain Tadpole, whose

wife's name was Polly Wog!" This, of course, would be a mortal thrust; and to continue the defence would show as much ignorance of the etiquette of warfare as was manifested by that detachment of infantry who didn't know when they were whipped, but kept on fighting and gained the day after their defeat had been once accomplished. It would be in vain to suggest that the dignity of man is no way involved in the question; and that, if there be any degradation implied in the relative position of men and animals, it would not consist in any blood relationship (if such could be proved), but entirely in resemblance and identity of structure; that it is not a belief in a common ancestry, but the horrible human likeness in the form and the features of the gorilla, which has its terror to our soul.

It was a sublime moment in the life of that pre-Adamite man, and an epoch in the history of his race, when the idea first entered his breast that he might establish companionship with some of those creatures of whom he had been, hitherto, only the ruthless destroyer. Man was a frail being, whose tender body had slight protection against the inclemencies of the weather, or the assaults of enemies, amidst those gigantic quadrupeds, and those mountains of reptile flesh with stomachs of maelstrom voracity, whose fossil remains excite our amazement. The very maintenance of his existence upon the planet compelled him to be the most ruthless of all its inhabitants.

The first attempt to subdue some wild animal was probably in furtherance of his greatest need, that of defence against wild beasts. But may we not suppose that there were, even then, vague cravings in his heart for something which his savage life had not yielded—for some relations of trust and sympathy between him and other creatures of flesh and blood? The next acquisition might have been of some animal furnishing food, as the incipient symptoms made their appearance in our race of that love of repose which has since made such universal progress. The chase became occasionally wearisome; and the supply was intermittent. But it was no ignoble sloth which inspired the long and laborious contest with those tenacious instincts which held us with the gripe of iron clasps. Without some respite from the ceaseless battle for his necessities, there was no chance for the dreams, which then dimly haunted the brain of man, to open into the flowers of art and science.

I have loved sometimes to picture, in

imagination, a scene of that first undertaking, so difficult without the aid of those modern inventions. With some rude enclosure, or hampering thong upon the strong, desperate beast, he is trying the novel experiment so momentous in the fate of our race. Close at hand is the black door of a cavern—the only shelter of his family. Around him spreads the dread, boundless forest—dark and stern, but fascinating to that sinewy form from its rude freedom and alluring mystery, and peopled to his eye with strange beings who ride upon the winds and appear in the lightning and tempest. His dusky mate is watching eagerly, or assisting the strange experiment of this early reformer amidst the dull conservatism of his tribe; and around him are "his young barbarians all at play"—rehearsing, perchance, in sport, the hunts and encounters they are so soon to play in earnest in that hostile region—a naked brood scarcely less wild than the catamount's whelps in another cavern not far off, or the cubs of the bear who is their next-door neighbour in a hollow tree.

It is a very significant fact regarding the early period of the domestication of the dog, that his name—with a few others pertaining specially to the home-life of man, such as, house, father, mother, son, daughter, tears, heart, &c.—is identical among all the great family of Indo-European languages. Naturalists can fix upon no existing wild species in which he can be placed. They are at variance, even, between the wolf, the fox, and the jackal. The revelations of the bone-caves have not proved whether any of those animals, whose remains are found with those of man, had been domesticated by him; but, perhaps, there were the beginnings of some such relation even in that early day; and the domestic races we have now may be the lineal descendants of some of those species long thought extinct.

An insatiate, carnivorous quadruped—fierce, cunning, treacherous, agile, and with senses preternaturally keen—must have been that wild beast which man proposed to make his defender and companion; and reason only could have foreseen how these traits would enhance, instead of diminish, his value under training. So the dog became the most variously useful of all domestic animals; and wherever upon the globe is the footprint of man, close beside is that of the faithful servant. I was amusingly reminded of this one day, when, in tearing down an old building, a brick was discovered with the perfect print of a dog's foot, to the most delicate lines. It

seems as if there were no avocation of man going on anywhere but there is a dog close at his heels, ready to "make his mark" if the material undergoing manufacture be plastic.

So intimate has been the history of this wonderful animal with every industry and amusement of man, that he occupies a prominent position in the literature of every age and people. The proverbs in which he serves to point the moral would make a long list; and he has become the common type of every habit and disposition, all the way from faithfulness and magnanimity down to utter meanness and worthlessness. The extraordinary fact can only be accounted for supposing him to have implicitly acquired, by the force of example, every good and bad trait of his masters, until the part he is made to play in "Æsop's Fables" and "Old Mother Hubbard" is but a slight stretch of probability. "It's a good sign of a dog when his face grows like his master's," says the Ettrick Shepherd. "It's a proof he's aye glow'ring up in his master's e'en to dis-cower what he's thinking on. Hector got so like me, afore he dee'd, that I remember, when I was owre lazy to gang to the kirk, I used to send him to take my place in the pew; and the minister never kent the difference. Indeed, he once asked me what I thoct of the sermon, for he saw me wonderfu' attentive amang a rather sleepy congregation. Hector and me gied ane anither sic a look! We was like to split; and the dog, after laughing in his sleeve for mair than a hundred yards, couldn't stand't nae longer, but was obliged to loop awa owre a hedge into a potato-field, pretending to scent part-ridges."

The dog is, indeed, an imitative creature in a still deeper sense than the catching of outward peculiarities, as the ape does. It is claimed, even, that his brain is remarkably active; which is shown in the vividness of his dreams, and in his nervous sensitiveness to discordant sounds. We never cease to wonder at fresh manifestations of his intelligence; and a record of the authentic anecdotes of this kind would fill a library.

His besetting sin is sheep-killing; and the disposition is hereditary. Vice marks certain families as distinctly as in our own race. A neighbour of mine had obtained what had every appearance of being a puppy of superior qualities. After having him a short time, what was his surprise one morning, to see the little fellow bring home a large lamb in his mouth, which he

had caught in a flock half a mile distant! In afterward discovering the dog's pedigree, however, he found that he was of a family addicted to the vice. But what can be more tempting to a dog who has been kept in the dull restraints of respectable society, where every impulse has been curbed by decorum, than to plunge into a flock of these superstitiously timid sheep, and have a wild carnival with his old instincts? A remarkable fact connected with such cases is, that the dog who will bring a hare or woodchuck to your door with an open countenance and asking the reward of praise, will manifest a consciousness of the wickedness of this deed almost as vividly as a human creature could. He will take a very circuitous route to the scene of his debauch, in the night generally, or in a fog; and will exercise the ingenuity of a murderer in effacing all evidence of his crime. He will wash or rub himself in the snow until no blood remains. Fibres of wool in the teeth, however, are strong circumstantial evidence; and a jury of farmers, in such cases, is not famous for leniency. The relish for this forbidden game is so strong that there is believed to be no remedy but — to use the farmer's form of sentence — "to cut the dog's tail off close back of his ears!"

This early spring morning, while the first notes of two or three birds are sounding in the orchard behind the house, I listen to another faintly reverberating echo on the air from out the old gray barn at the foot of the hill. It is the cackling of a chorus of hens, petulant and irritating, if too near, but, at this distance, it gives the air a titillating, piquant music, as grateful as the frequent ejaculations of surprise from the returned birds at finding their old haunts unchanged.

The landscape is still dotted with snow-banks, which hug fondly the lines of fences straggling over the broad hills; and the sod is as full of juice as the maples, whose first delicious drops are slowly trickling into the buckets; but around the old farmhouse are many cheerful tokens of spring. The smoke-house is oozing at every crevice, and filling the damp air with a strong wholesome odour; while the huge pile of newly-cut oak and hickory before the door emits a faint and exquisite fragrance. A few bees, on their first venture from the row of hives by the currant-bushes, are sipping the exuding drops of sap.

All the occupants of the farm-yard seem aroused. There is a Babel of tongues

among the turkeys, geese, and ducks, and the bleating sheep with their early lambs. The cattle, of which glimpses can be caught,

Their white horns tossing above the wall,

make the air vocal with a plaintive bellowing, which is quickly answered in echoes, filtered to a softer strain, from the woods across the meadow; and two colts are racing over the stubble-field, and neighing to each other in sharp, coltish accents.

Amidst these sights and sounds of happy life about the farmhouse, we are reminded afresh of how cheerless would be man's surroundings without this society of animals which he has drawn about him.

If we explore the dim interior of the cavernous barn, a fountain of delightful memories is stirred. The education of that boy has been sadly neglected who has no blissful recollections of hunting hen's eggs amid the fragrant mows of a ruinous old barn.

But the vagaries of instinct, demoralized, make sometimes a very amusing exhibition in the farm-yard. The hen will often forget that she is not to feed her young in the nest, like a robin, and will brood in some high loft from which it is impossible to lead out the chickens when hatched. Some refuse utterly to brood, but lay the year around. One little boy I wot of—an incipient extortioner—puts his pet Bantam under a basket every morning, until the diurnal egg is deposited.

Instinct in the turkey retains somewhat its primitive integrity, for that species is of very recent acquisition. The young will still play the little farce of hiding and feigning apoplexy at a note of warning from the mother. Her nest is carefully selected at a distance from the barn, and the eggs are turned daily, and, when left, covered with dry leaves. When Nature whispers in her ear the unknown synonym for the word *si*, no barn-door fowl is so persistent; for, though the language of instinct consists only of monosyllables, it is spoken with wonderful emphasis.

Whatever of original instinct remains with domestic animals, is generally shown in full force in the case of their young; and, so strong is the maternal affection, that instances have occurred of their voluntarily adopting others than their own. I have known a cat to adopt a squirrel among her kittens. A remarkable story is told of a terrier which took charge of a brood of young ducks, having lost her own young. She was greatly alarmed, how-

ever, when they went into the water, and when they came to land she took them up, one by one, and carried them to her kennel. Singularly enough, the next year she adopted two cock-chickens; but when they began to crow, she was as much alarmed as she had been by the waywardness of the ducklings, and always suppressed, by some manner of discipline, every such attempt.

If we consider the injury we should suffer if the vermin on which the cat preys were allowed to increase without that check, her domestication will appear of no slight importance. The estimation in which Whittington's famous cat was held by the foreign king is quite credible. The service which this sly, prowling character renders, is an interesting illustration of the inherent virtue, in the great plan of Nature, of elements which appear from some points of view unmitigatedly evil.

The taming of solitary specimens of different species is not uncommon. Though the taming itself is easy, the lack of hereditary familiarity and subjection gives the creature's manners much eccentricity; and his moral conduct as a member of civilized society is rather exceptionable. He is continually relapsing into the old paganism, and his instincts break out in a very amusing manner.

The beaver is easily made a household pet; but he will set himself at work, with many a wise look, in the proper season at building a dam—perhaps across a corner of the parlour, with toys, books, newspapers, and whatever else he can lay paws upon. The crow is very proficient under training; but his hereditary propensities do not forsake him, and he becomes an adroit “snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.” A tame woodchuck, I knew of, was wont to bury himself on the hearth, leaving only the tip of his nose visible out of the ashes.

There was an old negro who formerly lived in America, and had built his house in a wild and mountainous place at a distance from other dwellings. He was a singular, lonely man; but he enticed numerous wild creatures out of the woods for companionship. Hares, grey-squirrels, flying-squirrels, birds of various kinds, foxes, raccoons, &c., were his household pets. But such of his few rude neighbours as occasionally came to his house, began to shrug their shoulders at the appearance of a formidable-looking rattlesnake in the midst of this happy family. The old man had been overheard talking familiarly to it, and seen sometimes fly them—with cold chills creeping down

their backs — tending it in his lap, and stroking it as he did his tame rabbits! Without doubt there was some diabolic art about all this, and some unceasing intercourse with a familiar spirit! But the strange fellow did not seem to presume on any such state of affairs; for he had extracted the poisonous fangs. The rattlesnake was, of course, harmless while they were out. They would soon grow again, however; but he took the simple precaution of pulling them again as soon as they appeared. But, with his neighbours, the success of the experiment was sufficient proof of the exercise of unlawful powers; and they watched an opportunity, and secretly killed the singular pet. Who can tell but that this superstitious act was a serious loss? This negro-genius had, perhaps, taken the first step toward domesticating the species; and we do not know what hidden use may have lain dormant in its vile nature. Perhaps a breed might have been at length established without fangs, and with an affectionate disposition. Prejudices equally stubborn on our part might have given way, until we should have come to seriously study their capabilities for important service of some kind. As a slight and incidental use, they might have served as fine playthings to drop into little stockings hung in the chimney Christmas Eve. A Bantam breed only a few inches long, but with rattles of extraordinary tone, would be suitable for infants in the cradle. But, unfortunately, it is impossible to allay the puerile prejudices of society even for the trial of an experiment for its own good!

The pigeon has been transformed to a ridiculous extent. The fantail is doomed to chronic strutting; the tumbler has the obese form of a dumpling; and the pouter has acquired the absurd trick of inflating his gullet to three or four times his size!

Man is undoubtedly responsible for such deformities as these; but when we notice such aberrations as bees commencing to build a five-sided court, we do not take blame to ourselves for the strange depravity — or, perhaps, only absent-mindedness — in a community of such proverbial wisdom, and one left so much to its own devices. There are also some singular variations among animals wholly in the wild state. Notwithstanding the assertion of an eminent writer, in illustration of the unreasoning permanency of instinct, that the swallow built its nest among the timbers of the Ark in exactly its present fashion, I have observed one instance of striking deviation from the time-

honoured plan in which one of them built her nest skilfully fixed to the inside of a loop of rope which hangs down some distance below the rafter of a barn. It was much more secure, too, than if built in the old method, by which, perhaps, her early ancestor lost many broods by the tumbling down of the weakly-fastened nests into the merciless hands of the young Shems, Hams, and Japheths. How many, before Newton, had watched the fall of an apple from the tree without making any transcendent discovery of planetary law! So hundreds of conservative swallows had seen this loop of rope swinging near their nests without revolutionizing the style of their architecture, until in the head of this little radical it produced brilliant results! Similar instances of change in performing those tasks, which are popularly supposed to be directed solely by a blind, unreasoning impulse, are not rare; and they certainly show improvement rather than degradation.

Notwithstanding the mischief that has been wrought in the moral nature of animals in domestication, for the attainment of special ends, when I see the wonderful aptitude of all species under training — and especially when they become voluntary reformers of their own habits without help of missionary work at our hands — I am impressed with the thought that, perchance, these may be but the steps in a vast development going on in their ranks, too. Their instinct, demoralized, may be suffering that blight of vice which all progress is fated to breathe upon the old forces and impulses which are left behind in its course. Let it even be supposed so slow, when the animal races are left to their own ways without man's interference, as to be scarcely visible even in history: so too are all the great operations of Nature. Belted Orion still lifts his haughty arm in the sky, as he did over the midnight visions of the poet of Job; but those bodies we have ignorantly named fixed stars are all slowly shifting their positions in the heavens. In these illuminated days of science we are permitted to suppose inconceivable length of time for the practical demonstration of our ridiculous theories. It is, indeed, wildly Utopian to imagine that a descendant of this sagacious hound will discover a new meaning in Hamlet, and that the learned pig of his day will be able to solve the problems of Euclid; but the experience of this age of wonders at least demonstrates that it is only the most Utopian ideas that stand any chance whatever of realization.

From The Spectator.
THE NEW PRETENDER.

THERE is something striking and peculiar, as well as melancholy, about the position of the lad who is now, while still under seventeen, the representative of Napoleon I., though not his descendant, and the head of the Bonaparte family. He is the youngest of the ten or twelve Pretenders now existing in Europe, he pretends to the greatest position, and unless he is singularly self-controlled and able, he will be the most completely ruined by the pretension. Of the fourteen Thrones of Europe, thrones, that is, in either actual or potential existence, seven may be said to be exempt from the annoyance of personal pretensions even casually recognised. The Romanoffs, in spite of their strange family history, have no formidable cadet branch, and are not menaced by any individual of any other line. Since the death of the Cardinal of York, the last Catholic Stuart, no pretender of any sort has made out a claim to the British Throne. The Hapsburgs are alone in their Empire, and have never had among them an Orleans branch. The Hohenzollerns built their own throne, and their direct line has never been broken, and their title to Prussia as it was in 1860 is not attacked even in theory. The House of Orange has no personal foe, and the Belgian title is disputed by a State—Holland—rather than by any individual. No one except Victor Emanuel pretends to be King of Italy, and no one puts forward a claim to be the heir of Denmark. Among the separate countries, indeed, only two can be said to be seriously attacked, and of these only one has a claim to be regarded as of the first rank. There are pretenders enough to bits of kingdoms, “illegally,” or “violently,” or “irregularly” turned into provinces; but their pretensions are scarcely now claims to thrones, and are only put forward in occasional protestations. Francis of Bourbon claims Naples, and the Duke of Cumberland maintains his right to Hanover, and the Duke of Augustenburg says the “sea-surrounded” Duchies should have passed from Frederick of Denmark to him, and Don Miguel de Braganza claims Portugal, and a shadowy personage who emerges every five years or so alleges disconsolately, but quietly, that he ought to be King of Sweden. Oddly enough, *his* chance is, among minor pretenders, perhaps the best, for if the line of Bernadotte failed, and Scandinavia shrunk from the terrible dangers the proclamation of a Republic would entail upon her children, the Swedes might think it dignified

to summon a representative of the national House of Vasa. But the only active pretenders to great Crowns, the only men whose chances of reaching thrones are at once considerable enough to affect European politics, and are denied, are the heirs of the houses which have reigned in Spain and France. Carlos de Borbon is actually fighting through agents for the “legitimate” sovereignty of Spain, and might, were his party to develop a great General within the regular army, or were a man of genius to win the tiara, attain his ambition for a time. The Prince of the Asturias, the eldest son of Queen Isabella, though quiescent and little known, is of all men alive perhaps the one who has the best chance of dying King of Spain, being the one whom the Spanish army, if it has a preference, favours most. The Comte de Chambord might have been declared King of France in 1870, and annually claims the throne; the quiet Comte de Paris is his heir, as well as that of Louis Philippe; while the Prince Imperial represents a race but just unseated, and a party but three years ago possessed of power apparently unassailed. So near is he to a throne, so strong is his party in his own eyes, and so deep is the influence of training, that it would be vain to expect him not to “pretend,” and what a life does that necessity for the Pretender involve! He is driven by a sort of fate to be either a conspirator or a failure. No position tends to spoil the character like that of a pretender. An heir can become a political personage like the Crown Prince, or lead society like the Prince of Wales, or be himself merely, like the Prince of Orange, waiting until his turn arrive in passive security; but a pretender, and especially a pretender claiming like the Napoleons, through the popular will as well as heirship, must always be dreaming, always unsatisfied, always feeling that every career but conspiracy is utterly insipid. He occupies in a world-wide suit the position of Richard Carstone in “*Jarndyce v. Jarndyce*,” the claimant who is only waiting a decision which never comes in order to be rich. The prize is so immense, so visible and yet so distant, that the mental strain towards it must of itself interrupt or embitter education. Learning will not bring it, or exertion, or even capacity of itself. No man can say that any acquirement would help Napoleon IV. to his throne, yet what interest can any study, or pursuit, or even habit have for him, unless it seems to lead him there? An accident, an event, a surge of popular emotion, and he may mount the first of European thrones, at-

tain a position before which every other must in his eyes seem poor, and till he attains it life will be insipid. His duty must seem to himself preparation, and yet the uncertainty, an uncertainty he cannot but recognize, must make the preparation tedious or unreal. The success of a pretender is the rarest of events, indeed Louis Napoleon's is almost the only instance in modern history except Charles Stuart's, for Gustavus Vasa did not "pretend" and Louis XVIII. was restored by foreign arms, and the temptation must be either towards the career of our own Charles Edward, that of a restless adventurer who, hoping for a throne, remained without cultivation, and when his hope died out found only in wine the means of keeping alive; or the career of the ex-Emperor, the silent, audacious plotter, mastered by a fixed idea. The Prince Imperial — it seems he declines the higher titular dignity, remaining Prince till France shall summon him — may have the strength to avoid either course, to cultivate himself in patience until France repents, as the Comte de Paris has done, or live his life in quiet expectation, as the Comte de Provence did; but that is not the course his blood will induce, or his special position encourage him to pursue. His theory is not that of divine right, but of preferential claim to a popular election which must be rendered more possible by a search for popularity. He is surrounded, too, by men very different from either the Legitimists or the Orleanists, by adventurers, some of them, no doubt, respectable in their persistent fidelity, but many of them mere conspirators, and all of them feverishly anxious to regain the high social posi-

tion from which they have been cast down. They were aristocrats while the Empire lasted, and they have not, like their rivals, the bald-headed Dukes who mutter sarcasms on M. Thiers, their pedigrees and their estates on which to fall back for consolation. Every interest will unite with every prejudice to induce them to spur their chief into premature activity, and he must be a strong man if under their pressure, and that of his memories, and that of his family tradition, he can keep his soul in patience until his hour arrives. Whether he has that strength, or any other, time alone can show. He has the presence Pretenders are apt to lack, and inherits a manner better than his father's; but he is but a lad as yet, and though Woolwich speaks favourably of his powers, there is no proof he possesses the capacity to reign. His function in life is to wait, and in history waiting for a throne has seldom improved the mind. The Stuart who waited and won came back without a conscience. The Stuart who waited and lost acquired nothing but a manner. Of all the Bourbons, the two who alone have waited and won returned unimproved, or rather unaltered by exile, while the Bonaparte who waited and succeeded had conspiracy so stamped into his character that he conspired upon a throne. The easiest thing for a Pretender is, to be Charles Edward, a lively young gentlemen of bright parts, high claims, a grand manner, and little else, and that is the temptation which the Prince Imperial has most strenuously to avoid. For a Napoleon to build up a third time a throne in France would be a chance realising gamblers' wildest dreams.

THE AGE OF THE VAST SEQUOIAS. — Professor Asa Gray, in delivering his address before the American Association at Iowa, naturally dwelt more especially on botany. He gave a valuable lecture, in which he pointed out the more remarkable features, botanically, of the American Continent, and as a matter of course he dilated on those singularly aged trees the Sequoias. Concerning them he asks, Have they played in former times and upon a larger stage a more imposing part, of which the present is but the epilogue? We cannot gaze high up the huge and venerable trunks, which one crosses the continent to behold, without wishing that these patriarchs of the grove were able, like the long-lived antediluvians of Scripture, to hand down to us, through a few generations, the traditions of centuries, and so tell us somewhat of

the history of their race. Fifteen hundred annual layers have been counted, or satisfactorily made out, upon one or two fallen trunks. It is probable that close to the heart of some of the living trees may be found the circle that records the year of our Saviour's nativity. A few generations of such trees might carry the history a long way back. But the ground they stand upon, and the marks of very recent geological change and vicissitude in the region around, testify that not very many such generations can have flourished just here, at least in an unbroken series. When their site was covered by glaciers, these Sequoias must have occupied other stations, if, as there is reason to believe, they then existed in the land. — *Silliman's American Journal*, October, 1872.

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From Fraser's Magazine.
BRAMBLEBERRIES.

I AM not shock'd by failings in my friend,
For human life's a zigzag to the end.
But if he to a lower plane descend,
Contented there, — alas, my former friend!

From the little that's shown
To complete the unknown,
Is a folly we hourly repeat;
And for once, I would say,
That men lead us astray.
Ourselves we a thousand times cheat.

Where is the wise and just man? where
That earthly maiden, heavenly fair?
Life slips and passes: where are these?
Friend? — Loved One? — I am ill at ease.
Shall I give up my hope? declare
Unmeaning promises they were
That fed my youth, pure dreams of night,
And lofty thoughts of clear daylight?
I saw. I search and cannot find.
"Come, ere too late!" 'tis like a wind
Across a heath. Befool'd we live.
— Nay, Lord, forsake me not! — forgive!

Unless you are growing wise and good,
I can't respect you for growing old;
'Tis a path you would fain avoid if you could,
And it means growing ugly, suspicious, and
cold.

Deny not Love and Friendship, tho' long and
vainly sought;
Thy sad perpetual craving with deepest proof is
fraught.
Thou canst be friend and lover; else why thy
longing now?
Canst thou be true and tender? — of mortals,
only thou?

They are my friends
Who are most mine,
And I most theirs,
When common cares
Give room to thoughts poetic and divine,
And in a psalm of love all nature blends.

Like children in the masking game
Men strive to hide their natures;
Each in his turn says, "Guess my name,"
Disguising voice and features.

If he draw you aside from your proper end,
No enemy like a bosom friend.

For thinking, one; for converse, two, no more;
Three for an argument; for walking, four;
For social pleasure, five; for fun, a score.

FIDELITY.

Can I be friends with that so altered you,
And to your former friendly self keep true?

Well for the man whom sickness makes more
tender,
Who doth his prideful cravings then surrender,
Owning the boon of every little pleasure,
And love (too oft misprized) a heavenly treasure,
Finding at last a truer strength in weakness,
A medicine for the soul in body-sickness.

While friends we were, the hot debates
That rose 'twixt you and me! —
Now we are mere associates,
And never disagree.

We only touch by surfaces;
But Spirit is the core of these.

TO A FRIEND.

Dear friend, so much admired, so oft desired,
'Tis true that now I wish to be away.
You are not tiresome, no! but I am tired.
Allow to servant brain and nerves full play
In their electric function, yea and nay.
Faith and affection do not shift their ground,
Howe'er the vital currents ebb and flow.
To feel most free because most firmly bound
Is friendship's privilege: so now I go,
To rest awhile the mystic nerves and brain,
To walk apart, — and long for you again.

WHAT MY FRIEND SAID TO ME.

TROUBLE? dear friend, I know her not. God
sent
His angel Sorrow on my heart to lay
Her hand in benediction, and to say
"Restore, O child, that which thy Father lent,
For He doth now recall it," long ago.
His blessed angel Sorrow! She has walked
For years beside me, and we two have talked
As chosen friends together. Thus I know
Trouble and Sorrow are not near of kin.
Trouble distrusteth God, and ever wears
Upon her brow the seal of many cares;
But Sorrow oft has deepest peace within.
She sits with Patience in perpetual calm,
Waiting till Heaven shall send the healing balm.
Dublin University Magazine.

From The Quarterly Review.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

NOTHING is more pathetic than old letters. The most elaborate biographies fail to convey a correct idea of the illustrious dead, unless supplemented by letters and records; and even where the actual life was uneventful and obscure, there is always an interest in reading the words that survive of a past long gone by. There exists an old collection of letters by one whose name survives in history as an embodiment of all that was beautiful and graceful and hopeful. The memory of Princess Charlotte of Wales is still cherished, the sensation produced in England by her death has never been forgotten, and the remembrance of it has lately been revived in many quarters by the publication of the memoirs of Baron Stockmar, containing a description of her happy married life, and of the melancholy circumstances of her death. But comparatively little is known of her earlier history; all the public had learnt about her was, that she had shewn spirit in breaking off an engagement she hated, that she was afterwards most happily married, and then cut off in the enjoyment of perfect happiness, and of the most brilliant prospects. Her fate is generally felt to be tragic, because her death put an end to what seemed the acme of human felicity, but few have realized how short that felicity had been, or what heavy trials and sorrows had clouded her childhood and girlhood. In her case, the ordinary experiences of a woman's life were reversed. As a child and girl she was burdened with cares, overwhelmed with responsibilities and struggles; peace and perfect careless happiness, gaiety and all that makes youth light and happy were unknown to her till she married; then she shook off cares and responsibilities, and then she first felt free to enjoy youth and life.

Princess Charlotte was born January 7th, 1796, at Carlton House. Her mother, as is well known, quitted her husband's house for ever, as soon as possible after the birth of her child. The baby remained but a short time longer under her father's roof; a nursery in his house did not ap-

parently suit George, Prince of Wales, and the poor little girl, not wanted by her father, and not allowed to be with her mother, was eventually established in a house of her own, with a staff of governesses and maids, under the superintendence first of Lady Elgin, and afterwards of Lady de Clifford. Warwick House, a small house adjoining the garden of Carlton House, was chosen for her; it was close to her father's, it is true, but practically he never saw her. Once a week, on Saturday afternoons, she was taken to Blackheath, to the house of her grandmother, the Dowager Duchess of Brunswick (who had returned to England after the death of her husband, killed in battle in 1806), there to meet her mother for an hour or two. On rare occasions she visited her other grandmother, old Queen Charlotte, and her aunts at Windsor or Frogmore; now and then she was sent to the seaside. Though her father rarely saw her, and never took any interest in her, transferring to her his hatred of her mother, he did occupy himself about her so far as to interfere in all arrangements respecting her, always with a view of preventing intercourse with her mother, and keeping her as secluded and as much in the background as possible. He especially avoided anything that might appear like a recognition of her position as heiress-presumptive to the Crown, for he probably always hoped either by the death of her mother or by a divorce to be set free to marry again and have a son who would exclude her. His mother Queen Charlotte seems to have shared both his dislike to her as connected with her mother, and his views about her.

The child was quick enough soon to find out their dislike; her mother, on the other hand, though allowed no control whatever over her own child, and only seeing her in formal occasional visits, was kind and affectionate in manner to her. With all her faults (and possibly crimes of later years), Caroline, Princess of Wales, had a warm and affectionate heart; she was naturally very fond of children, and would have been a tender and affectionate, though perhaps not a judicious mother. No wonder then that her little girl clung to her,

and that her Saturday afternoon visits were the great event of her life. The probability is, that neither the Princess of Wales on the one hand, nor the attendants of her little girl, on the other, were very discreet; between them she very soon found out that the father, who was cold and hard to her, had ill-used the kind mother she so seldom saw, and it was but natural that she should become a violent partisan of the one against the other. Of the people about her, there were some she loved, but they all were at the mercy of the Prince her father; the slightest indulgence to her, or even encouragement of her natural affections, would have made them liable to dismissal, and their treatment of her must therefore perforce have been constrained. She was, however, allowed a few friends of her own age; there were some children living at Blackheath at that time, whose parents' position was unexceptionable, and who were allowed to go and play with her at her mother's on Saturday afternoons. These, and a few others, children of persons about the Court, remained her friends through life, and to one of them the Letters now before us are addressed. They commence in 1813, when she was just seventeen years old, and give us an insight into as sad an existence as any young girl was ever condemned to. The handwriting is scrawling and illegible to a degree, and bears evidence of her neglected education. The grammar is often at fault, the style stilted and pompous, like that of the novels of the last century, with which she probably had a large acquaintance; but it can scarcely be called affected, because it is evident that she was pouring out her real feelings in the language most natural to her. She was very sentimental, as girls of that age, if naturally warm-hearted and imaginative, are sure to be: in the present day, the young lady of seventeen, with feelings as strong, would probably veil them in the garb of slang; but in 1813, young ladies were fed on the pompous and grandiloquent style of the literature of the day (when sensational novels and slang were alike unknown), and were proud of expressing their feelings in the warmest terms.

Princess Charlotte, in spite of her lonely

education and loveless life, had retained a most warm and affectionate heart. The companion she most loved was going abroad for an indefinite time, just at the time that the Princess Charlotte had had her establishment changed, and had gone through many annoyances. The friends had exchanged keepsakes, and poor Charlotte thanks her friend for a ring she had sent her, thus:—

"I am all impatience till I can express my thanks for the most kind letter and *beautiful* ring which this *fortunate* evening has brought me from you. . . . I know I am a very bad person at expressing myself when I feel much, however that you must excuse me, as the impression is not the less made to be lasting for that; the *souvenir* of such kindness and such fleet but happy moments are likely to be both '*doux et douloureux*' to me, but to the last I am much accustomed. . . . Your delightful *billet* reached me whilst in the midst of composing a waltz for you, and I really believe it inspired me more than anything could have done. I enclose it, and have ventured to name it after your favourite jewel. I cannot boast of the other enclosure being in any way equal to the beautiful *cadeau*, which I shall *never cease to wear*; but as it contains the hair you wished for, and [is] a true emblem of the feelings the donor will ever entertain towards you far or near, I flatter myself it will be worn as an answer to yours, which I have turned round every way in hopes of finding a correspondent lock in vain. . . . I feel very melancholy at your leaving this country, as I cannot but reflect on the uncertainty of things, and what my fate may be before we again meet. . . . Am I asking too much in repeating again the wish of hearing often? . . ."

This letter is nothing more in itself than a sentimental school-girl's effusion, but the interest of it lies in its extreme humility and general sadness. As a rule, royal children inevitably acquire from their earliest youth a condescending manner: however true and warm-hearted they may be, their every-day experience, and the habits of their lives, so entirely teach them that in their intercourse with their friends they are always conferring favours rather than receiving them, that the humble, deprecating tone of this letter can hardly come within the range of their imagination. But Princess Charlotte had had none of this experience. She had taken

no part in any sort of Court life, except in her visits to her grandmother the old Queen, during which she was repelled and treated with severity. At the moment this correspondence commenced she was in some sort of disgrace with her family, owing to the effort she had made a few months before, on the resignation of her former governess Lady de Clifford to have her school-room routine relaxed, and instead of a new "Governess" to have a "Lady" of her own. The Dowager Duchess of Leeds had, however, been appointed Governess, with Miss Knight as sub-governess. These changes had caused her to realize more and more her isolation, and made her cling more than ever to her few friends. The one to whom these letters were addressed was unexceptionable, and belonged to a family in favour with the Prince Regent, but even this friendship was made a cause of vexation. Princess Charlotte was staying at Windsor with her grandmother, and finding the Queen was going to London, asked leave to accompany her to say good-bye to her friend; but the stiff reply was that "it was contrary to princely dignity to seek after any one," but the Queen would honour the lady in question with an invitation to Windsor. Charlotte hereupon wrote off a humble letter of apology to her friend for drawing her into what she evidently considered the dreadful ordeal of a visit to Court.

The visit was, however, paid, and soon afterwards Charlotte went with the Court to Weymouth. She was in bad health at the time, and her letters are tinged with melancholy, referring to her rides and her music (for which she seems to have had a passion) as her only interests or amusement. She occupied herself a good deal with composing and setting favourite verses to music, as well as with playing and singing, and was fond of serious occupation—happily for her, for her life was totally devoid of all outward interests or enjoyment; the dull stiff routine of old Queen Charlotte and her elderly daughters seems to have been considered quite sufficient to content this clever, eager girl. As to any idea of training her for her future great position, or even of giving her

an ordinarily good education, that seems never to have been thought of. What pained her most was the total ignorance in which she was kept as to the time when she was to be emancipated from the seclusion of her schoolroom; she was shrewd enough to suspect that her father, in his anxiety to rid himself of her, would be anxious to marry her off as soon as possible; but whether he had any definite plans, or whether any choice would be given her, she had no means of knowing. Neither her father nor her grandmother, nor any of the persons about her, treated her with any kind of confidence or openness. She knew that, according to ordinary precedent, some changes should be made in her establishment when she was eighteen years old, but what those changes were to be no one could or would tell her, although the time was so close at hand, and she was living with the grandmother whose influence in the matter was naturally great, and who, one would have thought, was the person of all others bound to show her kindness and make up to her, as far as possible, the loss of a mother's care and affection. But, instead of this, the old Queen kept her at arm's length; and the very warmth and earnestness of the girl's feelings made her resent this coldness and stiffness with a bitterly injured feeling. She writes from Windsor November 2nd (1813):—

"I am pretty satisfied that I shall not be well or in spirits till I remove from hence, which will be on the 10th of this month, to London. It will perhaps be dull at first, as no one I know will be there; but I like town so very much, and intend to employ every hour of the day, so that I look to the change and the settling with great impatience. I shall have to pay a visit of a week here at Christmas; I fancy so is the present intention, as I am to be confirmed, and take the Sacrament with my '*good family*.' There are, as there always will be, various reports about, some true, I presume, others false, so that I hardly know what to believe and what not. One of them is that I am to have an establishment on the 7th of January [her birthday,] which is to consist of four ladies. That I am to have *one* is, I believe, true; but further I cannot say. You will easily believe it will be a subject of no small interest to me who these ladies will be, and if the nomination will be left

to me. All is in uncertainty and doubt at present. . . . Is it not natural that I should wish to have my friends about me, and more particularly those who can in no way be *exceptionable* to any part of the family, for that is also a matter to be considered, and of no small importance where different interests draw different camps, and particularly as I have seen people never spoken to who may have pleased *one side* and *not another*? . . . Pray do not forget me: think sometimes of my fate."

When the old Queen was lecturing her granddaughter on "princely dignity," it does not seem to have struck her that leaving her to find out the matters most nearly concerning herself only through the gossip she might get her friends or attendants to bring her was hardly the way to cultivate that dignity. From the same source, and from her own observation, this girl of seventeen was allowed to know all the squabbles and family jars which she had better have been ignorant of; these were not kept from her, but all counsel, all kind advice, all knowledge that might have been really useful to her just as she was entering on life, seem to have been denied her by the cruel and short-sighted policy of those who governed her education. Her Confirmation had been delayed unusually late, but there is no trace in her letters of her thinking of it, or looking forward to it, with the least sense of its importance, or with any of the solemnity and awe with which even much younger girls usually regard this moment. Yet she was neither frivolous nor empty-headed; she was good, thoughtful, generous, and unselfish, and as we shall see later, both anxious to do her own duty and to help others to do theirs; always ready to sacrifice inclination to duty and self to others. That such a disposition should have seemed so little affected by one of the most solemn religious acts of life can only be accounted for by the fact that it had never been brought before her except in a cold official way; no glimpse of love, no real earnestness had pervaded the formal "religious instruction" she had received. The age was one of much coldness and deadness in forms, and to that prevailing coldness was added, in her case, utter lovelessness. Queen Charlotte, we all know, was a "good" woman, but there must have been something thoroughly unamiable in one who could visit on her innocent grandchild the sins of the poor child's mother; probably she saw in the girl's enthusiastic temperament and outspoken frankness and warm-heartedness merely signs of her mother's flighty dis-

position; and the very good qualities of a fine and loving nature were those that most alienated the stiff old Queen. However that may be, she shewed the poor child no tenderness. Princess Charlotte was undutiful, no doubt, not only to her but also to the Prince Regent, but in her wretched situation, the keeping of the Fifth Commandment does seem to have been well-nigh impossible to her. We will follow her to London at this time to await in her solitary home the unknown fate her eighteenth birthday was, as she thought, to bring her. On November 29th she writes from Warwick House,—

"You will see by the date I am in town again. You will be glad, I flatter myself, to hear that I have been settled here three weeks for good, except a week, the 1st of January, when I am to go to Windsor to be confirmed, &c. &c. In every sense of the word it is *for good*, as I am quite well again, and indeed feel quite comfortable, as I have been *left quiet*. Nobody has been in town of my friends, but I have filled up my day with masters. I draw a great deal, also; and have composed some more things for the piano. . . . I am both delighted and satisfied with my two masters, and they both give me great encouragement to proceed. . . . I am delighted to say C—s [some girls she had known from childhood] are to be in town to-day, so that I hope to enjoy them nearly three weeks quietly, though they are, I am very sorry to say, far from being favourites at Windsor; and though no prohibition was given to my seeing them, yet there was an expression of not too much intimacy; and the Queen said, 'she never could *taste* those young ladies.' I will do her justice in saying nothing has passed of that sort since I came to town. There were several abominable lies set about before I came away, and had been believed; it was very uncomfortable for the time; nothing since, however. As to an establishment, I know nothing more of it than when I wrote last."

The Queen's severity and objections to her granddaughter's most innocent friendships with the few companions of her childhood were not likely to increase the Princess's taste or respect for the etiquette which the Queen considered so necessary, but of which the Princess was intensely impatient. She complains of the "formality" of her friend's letters to her, saying:—

"You need not be afraid of tiring me with your long letters, which are always too short a great deal, and are *made more so by the space you leave at the top*, which can then only allow of very few lines to one who so eagerly devours them; perhaps you are thinking of *etiquette*, that odious word, which is well for great people and great occasions, but which ought not and

need never surely obtrude itself beyond what is absolutely necessary between two *friends*. Am I not taking a great liberty with you in saying this? do I stand very guilty in your sight? or am I to be forgiven?"

The month of December had now arrived; Charlotte was to "come out" for the first time in a very limited way, and her anticipations of a marriage being arranged for her were soon to be realized. In a letter of December 15th (1813) she thus describes the great event which had broken in upon, and apparently put an end to, her schoolgirl life:—

"Since my last letter to you, the Queen has been in town for a great party at Carlton House to all the foreigners. On Thursday it was, and I must confess it was the only very good party I have ever been at as yet; as there was very little form, and one could walk about and talk to everybody. The night before, too, there was a small party, but that went off well too, as it did not flag at all, and the Prince [her father] was in very great good-humour with everything and everybody — *myself not excepted*."

This was so rare an event that she could not help dashing the words strongly. The Prince had a very strong motive for conciliating her just then; there can be no doubt he was anxious to get rid of her by concluding, as quickly as possible, the marriage he had in view for her. She may have suspected his intentions beforehand, but certainly had had no idea that her fate was to be so rapidly sealed. She goes on to say:—

"I go to Windsor on Wednesday, the 20th, for ten days; I shall return for certain the 2nd January (it will be Sunday) after church; 24th I am to be confirmed, and 25th to take the Sacrament. The Prince wishes I should be with the Queen both Christmas and New Year's Days. You know, I hate Windsor, so that ten days is *too much*. However, as it is not a residence, and to get me a little more out of the schoolroom, I submit."

This seems a sad state of mind for a girl who was looking forward to her Confirmation and her Christmas family party. Now, at the end of her letter, she passes on to tell her friend of the great event to which all the unwonted graciousness of her family had been the prelude:—

"I cannot, after all your kindness to me, avoid or prevail on myself not to tell you *what has*, and *what is to happen*. . . . On Friday night the Prince of Orange arrived in England; the Prince (Regent) wished excessively I should see him, which I agreed to. On Sunday evening I dined at Carlton House to meet him with

a small party — the Castlereaghs, Liverpools, Lord Bathurst, two Fagels, besides the Duchess of Leeds, and myself and the Duke of Clarence. During the evening I was called out to say what I thought of him, and, in short, to decide in his favour or not, on so short an acquaintance. However, I decided, *and in his favour*; we are *fiancé*, or *promis*, therefore, on his return from Holland. I confess I was more agitated than I can express at the whole proceeding. The Prince was so much affected himself, but so happy, that it has quite appeared to me since like a dream! He was with me Monday and yesterday, when I took leave of him, as he is off to-day for Holland, and will not be able to return before spring. He thinks about April, when he will go to Berlin and bring over his family here for a short time. He told me yesterday what has cut me to the heart nearly, that he *expected* and *wished* me to go abroad with him afterwards to Holland, but that I should have a home here and there, and be constantly coming backwards and forwards; that he wished me to go to Berlin, and travel in different parts of Germany. He was all kindness. I must say; at the same time, as he told me, it should never prevent my seeing and having my friends with me as much as ever I liked; that he should be happy if they would all go with me, or else come and see me; his *anxious wish*. I must say, is to do what I like as much as possible to make me happy, and study everything that can make me so. I have only to add that this latter plan must, as you will see, remain in perfect uncertainty, as it must depend upon a Peace and that all is safe, and no Frenchmen remaining anywhere, or else I could not certainly go; besides which, this is a step which cannot be taken without consent of Parliament. I should not, I think, be abroad more than six weeks, or perhaps three months at a time; and considering this is an advantage which hereafter I could not have, I feel more reconciled. Spring is the earliest time when he could possibly return. When he does, he is to go to Berlin and bring his family over for a little time, and when they arrive I suppose the marriage will take place. I believe I have now told you everything. I assure you all has passed so quickly, I often cannot help thinking it is a dream."

The poor girl, thus hurried into an engagement, must have been glad at a prospect of escape from her solitary life, but, in spite of the subjection in which she had been kept, she had independence of character and an obstinate will which made themselves felt the moment she was called upon to act. Her generous nature impelled her to make the most of the Prince of Orange's attentions and of his kind manners to her; but she had no real respect or liking for him, or she would not have expressed so much uneasiness at the prospect of having to live in his own country. Her reluctance to leave England was, however, mixed up

with other feelings: with all her humility and self-forgetfulness towards her friends, she had a very strong feeling about her own position as eventual heiress to the Crown of England. She resented the neglect which had allowed her to grow up with none of the training requisite for her station, and now she resented still more any idea of alienating her from her country. In Baron Stockmar's memoirs a supposition is hinted at that one of the objects of the Prince Regent and his friends in urging on the Orange marriage was the hope that, once settled abroad, Princess Charlotte would lose all affection for England, become identified with her husband's country, and so be easily induced to abdicate her own rights in favour of any son she might have who would be educated in England. If such a scheme ever existed, its authors can have had but a very false conception of her character. They probably reckoned on her impulsiveness and power of attaching herself to those about her for effacing her early impressions, but they knew nothing of the real strength of character and lofty idea of the duties to which she might be called, which all the faults of her education had been unable to stifle.

When the Prince of Orange was gone, and the influence of his kind and considerate manners was no longer present to bias Princess Charlotte and win her over to his wishes, her mind dwelt more and more on the hints which had been thrown out of weaning her from England, and she came to the conclusion to frustrate by every means in her power such a design. At the same time she seems to have wished to face all the duties of her new situation in a thoroughly honest spirit; there is no trace of frivolity in the tone of her letters at this period; they express a great wish to prepare herself for the future, some dread of it, generally sad impressions of life, and a nervous anxiety to keep about her the few friends she really loved. She does not seem to have flattered herself with the idea of any real attachment between herself and her future husband, but simply to have hoped for a quiet life with him; at eighteen years old she had already gone through so much vexation and so many trials that peace alone was all she longed for. Happiness, or the possibility of anything beyond the absence of positive annoyance, she seems to have had no faith in as regarded herself. Her own affairs did not, however, entirely engross her, even in this great crisis of her life. She had been very anxious that a lady whom she had known from childhood should consent to be one of her

attendants, in case any choice was left her in forming her establishment. She believed the lady to be well qualified to be a comfort and a help to her in a situation "which" (as she writes) "may be a very painful and difficult one, with few about me I could trust or like." The lady in question, however, had refused to entertain the idea, alleging as a reason that her own home duties claimed her whole time. Charlotte, far from being offended, as she might have been, describes the whole transaction in the most generous terms to her friend and correspondent, dwelling principally on her own remorse at having placed the lady in the embarrassing position of refusing, and throwing herself entirely into the lady's view of the matter, much as it pained her. She tells her friend of the affair, and writes thus:—

"Perhaps I was doubly selfish in having so fixed my eyes. This I cannot but say, that —'s reasons are too good, too sensible, and too urgent not at once to strike conviction. Had I at first allowed myself to think of them, the truth might have flashed across my mind, and prevented the proposal ever reaching her ears. I do not regret it, as it may be one of the few proofs I can give of the worth of the admiration I have ever expressed. . . . Her ever leaving her husband would be wholly out the question and impossible and I sincerely applaud her the more for following out the line of conduct she has marked out for herself. I *wish* not and *will* not urge more to distress her, or make another refusal painful."

She goes on, however, to enter into various plans which show how much she had the appointment at heart, and how much pain the refusal gave her, but still with the same generous anxiety to defend, as it were the person in question for the resolution she had taken. There must have been in the Princess a generosity and a sense of justice very unusual in a young person, and still more unusual in royalty, to make her take so unselfishly a disappointment which the lady who caused it had feared might alienate the Princess from her for ever.

With reference to her own affairs, she writes, January 20, 1814, betraying doubt and anxiety, and yet still a wish, if she marries the Prince of Orange, loyally to do her duty to him and his family:—

"My fate, I feel, is an uncertain one . . . at least I hope I have the prospect of enjoying all the happiness of a private and domestic life for some years (until it is necessary I should be called forth to act), with the power of royal splendour attached to it to be called forth when it is necessary or agreeable; for that view of things should ever continue. The Prince will

certainly be obliged, from his situation and connections, to join and give active service; it is his own wish — and certainly in that case would be mine, that I should go with him — to Holland first, and then to different places in Germany. True, all this is in uncertainty, though, as I apprehend, it will be arranged and settled; and consent of Parliament, I fancy, must be obtained before I can leave England; however, there cannot be insurmountable difficulties."

The idea that her permanent home was to be abroad had evidently at this time not even dawned on her. With the exception of what the Prince of Orange himself had said to her, she was entirely in the dark as to all the arrangements concerning her marriage. She had been forbidden to mention the subject to her mother; neither her father nor her grandmother deigned to give her the least idea of what was to be arranged and settled for her. In the same letter she thus describes her visit to Windsor for her Confirmation, immediately after her engagement: —

"I have now to offer you a thousand apologies for the most incoherent and scrawled epistle that ever was, some time ago, giving you an account of the sudden and unexpected turn things have taken in my future fate: I hardly knew what I wrote, I was so agitated. I went through quite an ordeal at Windsor; what with *congratulations*, ill-concealed joy, as ill-concealed sorrow, good humour and bad peeping out, my Confirmation and the Sacrament, and little jokes and witty sayings that were circulating, I was both excessively put out and overcome; and when I returned to town, was quite ill for some days afterwards. I made a flying visit on New Year's Day, and returned the day after, when I met the Duchess of York, all kindness and as amiable as possible about it, very happy at it, as she is extremely fond of her nephew. Ever since, I have remained quietly in London. . . . My birthday I was condemned to spend alone."

These passages about her own affairs occur in the course of very long letters, the greater part of which are devoted to her friend's concerns and the part she takes in them. Throughout the correspondence it is very remarkable how even at the most critical periods of her life she not only never forgets the interests of others, but always seems more inclined to dwell on them than on herself. It is undoubtedly part of the *métier* of Royalty to shew a flattering interest in those they address, but in these letters there is something more than this: there is the evidence of a really sympathetic nature causing her always to put herself in the place of others, and to enter into the affairs of those she loved, before even thinking of

her own; and the same force of imagination and power of sympathy made her always both just and generous to those she most disliked. Any act of kindness from her father — anything she could find to praise in her grandmother — she never omits to chronicle, and seems to rejoice in doing so.

The subject of the marriage began to be publicly discussed, and the propriety of sanctioning the removal from the country of the heiress to the Crown was much disputed. Though kept as much as possible in the dark by her family, and forbidden to talk on the subject, Princess Charlotte nevertheless contrived to hear many of the reports afloat. She wished to know all that was said, for the purpose of coming herself to a right conclusion regarding the conflicting duties she might owe to her foreign husband and to the country she might one day have to govern. It is surely creditable to her that, considering the life she had led and her enthusiastic nature, instead of exulting in the prospect of the freedom marriage would give her, all her thoughts on the subject were earnest and serious, influenced only by the desire conscientiously to attend to every claim made on her by her position. She writes on February 14th in a tone that would have done credit to a far older head and that shews how, in all the heartless transactions of which she was the victim, her heart remained true, and warm, and upright. After thanking her friend for her "kindness relating to a future event, which I believe to be at once the most important and most awful step in one's life," she goes on to say: —

"I am told, God knows how truly, that when declared to the States-General, it did not please. The Dutch are naturally very jealous, and they imagined it was a trial to annex Holland and the commerce to this country for ever. I will tell you, too, that I believe the subject of my quitting this country will be made a cause of much debate as soon as Parliament meets. *My own family, and the head of it*, too, is very desirous I should leave it, which I cannot say I am, as I feel naturally excessively attached to the country I was born and educated in. You must be sensible, too, that I have been as yet so very little out, and so little known, that I am nearly a stranger, and leaving it with that impression would, I think, never do. What I am anxious for is, that, at all events, no *absolute prohibition* shall pass, so as wholly to prevent the possibility of my going even if I wished it; for if such a law was passed, you will be aware how very painful it might hereafter be to me, when I may (with truth to you) say that he *may be liked much better than he is now*. For this reason, that he is nearly a stranger to me,

and, as you may suppose, naturally dying of shyness and fear predominant in all his few visits to me, though to do him justice, he was all kindness and amiability, and endeavoured all he could to make me more at my ease, and to soften down the visit abroad. This is so much the sense of all his letters, that I cannot but think of it; my wishes would be certainly not to think of moving from England for a year at least after the event. . . . As to anything certain or settled I cannot tell you a word, as I have not heard or been told anything of the arrangements. All I can therefore tell you is, that, when he was going he told me, 'I shall return as soon as possible — March the soonest; I should think the end of April.' It now may be sooner, as, from a letter I got yesterday, he seems to be heartily *ennuyé* in Holland, and very anxious to return to England; and if so, the moment he comes and he has been here a week, it will take place, I fancy, as *I never saw any one in such a hurry* for it to be done as the head of my family [her father]. In his letter he again refers to his wish of my choosing ladies from among my own friends. . . . I will not be fool enough to try and make you believe that it was an *unbiased* choice. The fact of the story is, that they were so anxious always, and feared so much any *entrave* to it, that when they found there was a *chance* they contrived to hurry the matter on so as to preclude the possibility of hesitation except decidedly *yes* or *no*. . . . When I reflect on it, I believe it — considering my peculiar and delicate situation — the wisest measure I could adopt. I was allowed to go to Connaught Place [her mother's house] on the 7th of last month [her birthday], but not to dine there. My birthday was kept quietly at home, and, except for a few cadeaux, totally neglected. I thought she [her mother] looked ill and grown thin, and her spirits wretchedly bad: since then I have not been. The interdict as to my informing her [of her marriage] has not been taken off: but I have broken through it, as I could not endure her being the *last* to be told of what so nearly affected her child. I wrote the other day to her, and her answer was *better* than I had hoped to receive, as I happen to know, *from the best authority*, that she did not like it. It was short, and very good-natured to me. That is over. . . ."

The Prince of Orange was one of a large and affectionate family, and Princess Charlotte's warm-hearted nature rejoiced in the prospect of being admitted amongst them. She mentions in the same letter that she is sending over dolls and cradles as presents to his youngest sister [then about four years old, afterwards Princess Albert of Prussia], "the very little Orange child," of whom she has heard amusing accounts, and of whom she says, "a little *vive* thing is an acquisition, I think, generally in a family; so I am not sorry to

have so young a sister. Last night brought me a letter from 'la Douairière' [the Dowager Princess of Orange, grandmother to the Hereditary Prince], in answer to a very *dutiful* one I wrote her. The young Princess [her intended mother-in-law, wife of the reigning Prince] I am satisfied I shall like. . . ."

On the whole she seems at this time to have made up her mind to look at the bright side of things and take as cheerful a view as she could of the future. The next letter, dated February 26th, is written in a merrier mood than almost any other in the collection. She describes how she and two or three girls of her acquaintance act French proverbs, written for them by her governess, Miss Knight — the governess and maids forming the audience; she had also been allowed to see a courier, lately arrived with despatches from the seat of war in Germany, whose account of the gossip current at headquarters had amused her. As usual, she enters warmly into all her correspondent's interests. Of her own affairs she reports: —

"The interdict [not to speak of her marriage, though it was everywhere talked about] has at last been taken off my tongue. Lord Liverpool [Prime Minister] was with me the other day, to say I might now write and inform the Princess [her mother] of it, as it was no longer to be kept secret, and it would be strange if she were not the first informed of it. Indeed, Lord Clancarty, at the Hague, had orders to send over a person of high rank to ask me for the Hereditary, and as he was either on his way or soon would be, I might tell it to whom I liked; and as to all future arrangements, I should be informed of them hereafter. As you may believe and suppose, from the moment it was talked of here so universally I could not, in delicacy of feeling, keep it from my mother, and therefore what I wrote afterwards, in consequence of this permission, was *for form's sake*. It went off better than I expected, for I had both a kind and good-humoured letter on it, which I communicated to higher powers [her father], and in a few days I propose going to see her, which will be proper, as I have not done so since my marriage being announced to her."

In these references to her mother, Princess Charlotte certainly never speaks as if blind to her mother's faults, or inclined to espouse her cause with anything like violent partisanship. But she did feel that whatever her mother's conduct might have been, she was subjected to wanton insult and ungenerous petty persecution; and certainly none can blame her for dis-

regarding her father's orders as to the time of announcing her marriage to her mother. In the recently published memoirs of Baron Stockmar, a speech is attributed to her (after her marriage to Leopold) to the effect that "her mother was bad, but she would not have been so bad if her father had not been much worse;" and this has been commented on as shewing "most unfilial impiety." But when reading the evidence in her own letters of the treatment she experienced from both parents, we cannot wonder at it; indeed she must have been either stupid or heartless if she could have avoided coming to this conclusion. If her father wished to keep her from her mother, one would have thought he would have tried to win her affection for himself; but instead of this, whilst using her as an instrument by means of which he might insult her mother in every way, he and the old Queen in their relations with herself still continued to treat her as a child, or rather as a slave, for a child is generally treated with personal kindness, whereas in her case neither kindness nor confidence was shewn. Those communications which were unavoidable were made to her, as we have seen, not even personally, but through Ministers. She goes on in the same letter to ask her friend to tell her *frankly* the impression the marriage makes on the outside world, adding:—

"Of course I am told here that it is *universally approved of*—*mais je ne me fie pas à beaucoup qu'on me raconte*. As to an establishment or anything relating to it, I am quite in the dark about it: *le bruit court* that it is all to be *left to my nomination*. What could I desire more? but it is what I never had any reason to expect."

Confidence and kindness had never been encountered by her in her dealings with her family, and she naturally was incredulous about them now. Where she did meet with sincerity and kindness, she appreciated them all the more from being so unused to them. She appears about this time to have made another attempt to persuade the lady before alluded to (in the event of any choice being left to her) to become one of her establishment; but the lady remained firm in her previous resolution, and Princess Charlotte, writing on March 12th, after expressing her renewed disappointment, says:—

"Though it [the refusal] has destroyed all the plans I had been forming, I am left with approbation of her conduct; I implicitly believe every word she says to me. . . . I have never

found her otherwise than *very sincere* with me, and an honourable and frank refusal is almost as handsome as a generous acceptance. I cannot for a moment be offended or displeased, but I much regret; for, in the difficult situation I shall be placed in, particularly at the beginning, who could have been so fit as her, or who would have so conscientiously filled the situation?"

She was beginning to have misgivings about her marriage. Probably in the course of their correspondence she had discovered some of the failings in her future husband's character; her quick perceptions had detected the real motives of her father in urging on the marriage, and her sound sense shewed her the many practical objections. She certainly was beginning to wish and hope for an escape from it, for she writes on March 12 in a very different tone from what she had done before:—

"As to going abroad, I believe and hope it to be quite out of the question, as I find by high and low that, naturally, it is a very unpopular measure in England, and as such of course (as my inclinations do not lead me either) I could not go against it, and besides which, I have now no manner of doubt that it is decidedly *an object and wish of more than one* to get rid of me if possible in that way. The event is not now to take place *certainly* till May; but about when I cannot really say. I shall be enchanted to see you again . . . and, *as the event is far from what I could wish*, it will soften that much of pain. *Après tout*, dearest—, you are far too sensible not to know that this [marriage] is only *de convenance*, and that it is as much brought about by *force* as anything, and by deceit and hurry; though I grant you that, were such a thing absolutely necessary, no one could be found so *unexceptionable* as he is. I am much more *triste* at it than I have ever chosen to write; can you be surprised?—a twenty-four hours' acquaintance, too, really, and where, and how? But I could go on to a thousand claims and reasons as much against as for. No more on it, but that a person of high rank has arrived here with the formal letters for the Prince Regent, which I have seen and got, and have also had a formal visit from him and Fagel, with Lord Liverpool; that the picture is arrived, and the Prince of Orange allows 15,000*l.* for the jewels, including the setting of the picture, all of which I am to order and make choice of myself. Will you believe that not a single word has dropped either relative to residence, establishment, &c. &c.?"

In the latter part of this letter she mentions a report that, amongst expected foreign royalties, the Grand Duchess Catherine of Russia is coming to England. This Princess had a great reputation for

beauty and cleverness; Princess Charlotte had heard much gossip about her through some of her uncles who had seen her in Germany, and she was therefore naturally curious about her. In most of the memoirs and histories of the time, the Grand Duchess Catherine's influence is said to have been the chief cause of Princess Charlotte's rupture with the Prince of Orange; but this letter shews that more than a month before she ever saw the Grand Duchess she was already thinking of getting out of an engagement which she hated. We have seen her a short time before dwelling, with tolerable satisfaction, on the prospect of travelling abroad; now her mind was running on all the undoubted objections to the marriage, and she has again become feverishly anxious about arrangements for a permanent home in England. Though sore and angry with her father for so palpably wanting to get rid of her, she still at this time respected his wishes; and so far from vehemently siding with her mother out of spite to him, she says in this same letter that she has not been to see her mother from *prudence*, adding, "when I was there, I was told my marriage was much *abused* and *disapproved* of, but I am careful what I believe *there*." Her partisanship for her mother was therefore certainly not blind.

Unfortunately for us this letter closes the correspondence for some time; her friend returned to London and was with her during the subsequent events preceding her rupture with the Prince of Orange. These events have been often related, and again quite lately in the memoirs of Baron Stockmar. In all the accounts published the rupture is attributed to political reasons,—the Princess's determination not to leave England, and her partisanship for her mother being put forward as the ostensible reasons. But her correspondence shews clearly enough that no such causes would have weighed with her if she had really liked the Prince of Orange, as she at first tried and hoped to do. But on closer acquaintance, after his return to England, she found less and less to like in him; and her own nature was too passionate and too true to suffer her, even for the sake of escaping from the slavery in which she lived, to marry a man she absolutely disliked. It was this simple feeling which led her, unconsciously to herself perhaps, to hold out so resolutely as she did in the course of her negotiations with Lord Liverpool and her uncle the Duke of York, on the question of an establishment in England. She was no doubt very willing that

the proposed treaty of marriage should be broken off on this point, but in reality the rupture came from a far more simple cause. We know from an eye-witness, that the immediate rupture followed on a common every-day squabble. Princess Charlotte wanted the Prince of Orange to ride with her in the riding-house; he made objections, she reproached him for his want of attention; he got bored with her vehemence, and left her "to recover her temper." It was a dispute which would have been made up at once between two people who had any real liking or esteem for each other; but as it was, this quarrel, trifling in itself, brought to a climax the dislike which had been growing in Princess Charlotte's mind ever since she had had opportunities of watching the temper and disposition of her future husband. She seems to have been keenly hurt at his manner, and wrote, in a fit of temper, that very evening to say she would never marry him.

The Prince of Orange was quite unprepared for her sudden resolve. His letter in reply to her, which has been published, shews he accepted it very philosophically; in fact, their dislike was mutual, for both were conscious that in tastes and ideas they were utterly unsuited to each other. Princess Charlotte had acted on impulse in taking this bold step, and she was urged to pause. It was reported that she asked the lady who was with her when she wrote the letter to light a candle for her to seal it, but the lady refused, saying, "she would not hold a candle to so rash a step." The Princess agreed to defer sending off the letter till next day; but in this case, second thoughts, if they had caused her to waver, would not have been for the best. Her hasty resolve was, indeed, the wisest thing she could have done for the eventual happiness of both herself and the Prince of Orange. Truly the immediate consequences were very terrible to herself; she was punished more severely than she expected; but still she had done right, and her reward came at length. She certainly had not the submissive temper of a well-brought-up Princess, who should accept without questionings the husband chosen for her; but then she had both stronger feelings and more character than most girls of her age, whether Princesses or not; she had had no schooling into propriety and sweetness, no guidance but that of her own honest instincts. The whole thing resolved itself into the fact that she disliked the man, felt she could never do her duty by him, and therefore would un-

dergo any suffering rather than marry him. It needed no intrigues of the Grand Duchess Catherine or any one else to bring about this result, and in point of fact they did not.

Another version of the history is that she broke off with the Prince of Orange because she had fallen in love with Prince Leopold of Coburg, who had come to England about that time. This notion is equally disproved in this correspondence, for at that time all she knew of the Prince of Coburg was having heard of him as a supposed admirer of a young lady of her acquaintance; as such he was pointed out to her at one of the few parties at Carlton House at which she had been allowed to appear, and she had then expressed an opinion that he was so handsome she wondered the young lady in question did not feel more flattered. No nearer acquaintance then took place; and though, after the rupture with the Prince of Orange was declared, it is certain that Prince Leopold, informed of the admiration of the Princess for him, had had the idea suggested to him of returning as a suitor for her hand in a year or two's time, when the storm was blown over, it was long before the poor Princess herself, as we shall see by her subsequent letters, had the least notion of such happiness being in store for her.

The Prince Regent was totally incapable of understanding his daughter's feelings. He looked upon her rupture with the Prince of Orange merely as an act of disobedience to himself. He did not appreciate in the least her strength of character, and imagined her conduct must be the consequence of bad advice, of intrigues amongst her friends, deeming it impossible that, even if she had ideas or a will of her own, she should venture to assert them unless backed up by his enemies. After a short interval, during which he vainly tried to bring her to a reconciliation with the Prince of Orange (a hopeless endeavour, as the latter was as glad to be rid of her as she of him), the Prince Regent resorted to strong measures, suddenly dismissing her whole household, at the same time scolding her personally in unmeasured terms. The consequence was that, driven to desperation, she took the extreme step of rushing out of the house and taking shelter with her mother in Connaught Place. The circumstances are well known, and are told with great detail in Miss Knight's Memoirs. The boldness of the step is scarcely to be wondered at, when we see, by the light of these letters, the

struggles she had gone through, and the treatment she had received from her father and his friends for months before, and realize the utter despair she must now have felt at the prospect of seeing herself surrounded by strangers probably instructed to coerce her in every way. The flight to her mother's took place on the 12th July, 1814; she was carried back to Carlton House the same night, and a few days afterwards removed to Cranbourne Lodge, in Windsor Park, with an entirely new set of attendants, who had orders to prevent her receiving visits from any of her own friends. She was, however, permitted (though under many restrictions) still to write occasionally to her old correspondent, who had never come forward in all these matters, and against whom the interdict was consequently less severe than against others, though even she was not allowed to pay the Princess a farewell visit before leaving London for her winter home. An express permission was given her by the Prince Regent to write, but only under condition of sending her letters under cover to Lady Ilchester, the new Lady-in-Waiting. Princess Charlotte's first letter from Cranbourne Lodge is dated August 10th; in it she says she does not know what rules and regulations there are, but that since she had been there no one has called even to write his name down, and that she has not seen a soul. She thinks, that if her friend made a special request to the Prince Regent to be allowed to see her, it could scarcely be refused, but she is doubtful. On the 24th she writes again to urge her friend to ask this permission. She tells her she is ordered to Weymouth for the benefit of her health, and complains of pains in her chest, adding, "I fear Time alone will be of use to cure this as well as many other evils one has to combat with in this world." On September 6th she writes that the permission she had asked to see her friend (who was to be absent above a year) had been refused, —

"with a clause, too, of no visits being allowed till my return from Weymouth. This has made me quite hopeless and spiritless. . . . At Weymouth I hope not to remain more than a month. Going there is a *devoir* for my health; certainly I stand very much in need of being recruited in health. . . . I return here afterwards and probably remain until Christmas, or after that. If you will write to me as often as you can, I shall feel it very kind of you, and I will not fail in writing; only consider that if you do not always *get my letters* it is *not my fault*, and that I have written; and I shall think the same if I do not

hear from you. . . . What may or may not happen, God only can tell: for those who are happy, looking forward is a happy reflection; for those unhappy, a sorrowful one of uncertainty. Should I have any commissions (to you I cannot call them commands) I will give them to you; but what I am to give you I know not, but that of not forgetting me, or believing *all you may hear about me*, for I am aware many stories may be in circulation, and may reach your ears."

Alluding again to the refusal of permission to see her friend — which was the more uncalled for, as the only part her friend had taken in the late events had been an endeavour to patch up the squabble which led to the final rupture with the Prince of Orange — she repeats, —

"how bitter a mortification it is, heightened by bad spirits and presentiments of God knows what all. . . . There are pains and puns that come sometimes, and make one think one's heart will quite break, is it not so? This is a grave letter, I fear, very grave; I have tried not to make it more so than I could help: could I write all over again, it would be still more so."

. . . I wish and I pray for your health and happiness, and all that can add to it; and that when we meet, it may be under happier auspices and circumstances. I can only offer you my *best wishes*; it is little . . . will you accept the enclosed trifle? it is only that, but all I have to offer of my own, for I have *no means of any sort to procure* what might be more worthy of your acceptance."

In Miss Knight's Memoirs it is said that one of the Prince Regent's complaints against his daughter concerned her extravagance, and it would seem, from the concluding sentence we have quoted, that, amidst all her other mortifications, she was at this time also deprived of pocket money. The number of petty restrictions under which she suffered appears inconceivable, and could only have been devised to torment and punish her. She went to Weymouth, desponding and sad, with no kind word from any one, and no apparent hope to brighten the future. Indeed the dread of being forced into some other uncongenial marriage seems never to have been absent from her mind at this time, and, worse than this possible evil, was the ever-present sense of daily mortification and coercion, and separation from the few friends to whom from habit and congenial disposition she had become attached. If she might have been allowed only to return to the schoolroom life she had led, with those friends who had been about her before all these events, she would have been comparatively happy, but even of that amount of comfort she saw no hope.

Her friend had lingered on in London in hopes of still being allowed to see her, but in vain. On October 23rd she writes from Weymouth again. After entering with her usual affectionate solicitude into all matters affecting her friend, she says of herself: —

"I have given up the warm baths and bathe now entirely in the open sea, which braces me. . . . Mr. Kent [the doctor], who is here constantly to attend me, says that all my complaints proceed from *nerves*, and that they should be *soothed* instead of *irritated*, and everything done to *quiet them*. They are not certainly as they should be; but then, as you say, I am not in a dangerous way, and I have always to reflect there is that *would cure me* if adopted, and that, if not, I can but go on in the tedious way I am in now — sometimes better and then again worse — exactly as things are. . . . I sail a good deal and make parties to sea, *ce qui passe le temps*, and *kills thought*, which I find of great use to me. The sea-air really is of use to me, I think, and therefore it is always permitted."

A great gap ensues now in the correspondence, and from the next letter it is evident that the kind of imprisonment in which Princess Charlotte was held was increased in severity, and that the system of tyranny pursued against her was carried now to such lengths that all her correspondence with the friends she most loved was suppressed. We learn from Miss Knight's Memoirs that when the Princess came to town, in the spring of 1815, she was still kept secluded from all her friends, and almost from society; the only amusement allowed her being a weekly visit to the theatre. Instead of the establishment of ladies chosen by herself, which she had hoped for, she was surrounded by a new set of persons placed about her by her father, all previously strangers to her, and many of whom she disliked. It was while she was leading this life that the next letter of the series before us was written from Warwick House, July 23rd, 1815. In it she thanks her friend for a letter she has *at last* received, and explains how no former ones have ever reached her, any more than those she had herself written had reached her friend, "only shewing the tricks played with my letters." After entering into many particulars concerning mutual friends, she goes on to say: —

"I am just on the point of going off to Weymouth. . . . I cannot choose for myself, I am quite dependent; *such is my hard fate*. . . . I have had a dull season in town since April; however I go to the plays and operas once or twice a-week. I like music and dancing still

too well not to enjoy the latter, and the former on account of Miss O'Neil, who beats anything that *ever has* yet been seen or ever will be again, I think."

She proceeds to explain that her departure from town is hurried to get her out of the way of the dissensions and discussions in the Royal family, on account of the marriage of the Duke of Cumberland with the Princess of Solms, who had been divorced from her previous husband, in consequence of which the Queen refused to receive her. Though, as we have seen, Princess Charlotte had no love for her stern grandmother, she was yet generous enough to feel for her in her difficulties, and to praise her warmly when she could. She writes:—

"The Queen's conduct I hope you will admire as I think it deserves; indeed, the whole country is with her. The discussions in the family are *grievous*, and the terms they are on very bad; she has been nearly dead with all she has gone through. . . . As to me, nothing can be so wretchedly uncertain and uncomfortable as my situation; no changes for the better. I see nothing of *him* [her father], though *next door*, and indeed now one yard serves us both, for there is no entrance here now but through Carlton House yard. I am allowed to see but few of those I really like, though a *large list* has been given; but whom I could not like to receive I have never invited here. The same ladies continue; there are not many of them agreeable to me, some far from it, but the evil one knows is better than what one does not. . . . My family are very kind to me, as far as they can be; but you know they can *say* and *do* nothing, but yet one likes to see and feel affection. . . . I am grown thin, sleep ill, and eat but little. Baile [the doctor] says my complaints are all nervous, and that bathing and sailing will brace me; but I *say oh no!* no good can be done whilst the mind and soul are on the rack constantly, and the spirits forced and screwed up to a certain pitch. . . . I always think six months got over of the dreadful life I lead, six months gained; but when the time comes for moving from place to place, I do it with reluctance, from never knowing my lot or what next may befall me. '*Espérance et constance*' is my motto, and alone supports me in it all."

It is evident from these letters, as we have already said, that she entertained no idea of Prince Leopold intending to come forward as a suitor, or she would never have written in so hopeless a strain. She seems to have anticipated nothing better than another *mariage de convenance*, or the continuation of the life she was leading, separated from the friends to whom she only clung the more for the very reason that they were separated from her.

Fortunately for her, her mother had gone abroad by this time so that element of discord was removed. On September 15th, she writes again from Weymouth, thanking her friend for never having attributed her strange silence to neglect, saying:—

"There is nothing in the world I dread so much as being forgot by my friends, or their thinking they are by me in return. Could you have thought that was your fate, I must deeply have regretted it. But, like other people and things, I should have imagined my *crocodile* luck pursued me, and that, as usual, I was *misrepresented*. . . . It makes me sad to think of the time past, or the time to come; I don't know which is most painful, the past or the future. . . . You hope I am more comfortable, and well you may, for I am far from it at present in *every way*. My life is quite that of uncertainty from day to day, hour to hour, and total ignorance as to what my fate is to be, where to go, and how things are to be arranged. One lady has resigned, but remains on to please me, because I think *an evil one knows* is better than what one does not know. A new one is to be appointed; I don't know who she may be. I am told one is actually fixed on, but I am not to be any wiser till I move from hence. I cannot wish to go from here while the whole of my family are in such an unfortunate divided state. [They had all quarrelled on the question of receiving the new Duchess of Cumberland.] Happily for me, being here I am out of it all, for which I devoutly thank God. I wish, being so, to keep as long neutral as possible. The Queen has been quite the saving of this country by her *struggle for its morality*; I only fear she will sink under it, and indeed her life at this moment is beyond everything precious. The country must and do look up to her with admiration. As to myself, I assure you I cannot express all that I feel for her and towards her. All this you may easily believe affects my mind and spirits not a little, in addition to all the other sources of unhappiness I have."

Here the series of letters terminated for a time. The life of restraint and seclusion that the Princess had now led for a year was to be continued some months longer; but early in 1816 Prince Leopold returned to England to propose for the Princess Charlotte. Her father probably thought that by this time she had been sufficiently punished; the desire of the country to see her married may also have weighed with him; and the whole matter seems to have gone smoothly and prosperously up to the wedding itself, on the 2nd of May, 1816. We have seen that Princess Charlotte had admired Leopold's good looks when she first saw him in 1814; and, as soon as she knew more of him, his great qualities filled her with admiration. She had longed for

the affection and sympathy denied her in her miserable girlhood; now she found both in the fullest measure, and her happiness was just as great as her former misery had been extreme. The troubles she had passed through had, however, not been without their uses to her; we can trace in the letters themselves how her mind and character had ripened under them, and the change in her tone of speaking of her grandmother and her other relations shows that instead of hardening her, her griefs had only made her more sensible to kindness; even where she had much to find fault with, she was ever anxious to praise all she could, and to record the few kindnesses she received.

Everybody knows that her marriage was perfectly happy, but it is only by recollecting her former misery that we can appreciate what her happiness was. In the place of constant petty coercion, indulgence; instead of isolation, loneliness, and suspicion, sympathy and confidence in their fullest measure — and the society of all the old friends she loved, as well as of many fresh ones whose talents or goodness could recommend them to her. And this happiness did not spoil her any more than adversity had hardened her; the few letters preserved after her marriage breathe the same spirit of unselfishness, humility, gratitude for kindness and generous thought for others, as the earlier ones, with a more refined and higher tone pervading all. Though their natures were very different, there could not be more perfect harmony than existed between her and Leopold. She was impulsive, quick-tempered, eager, and impetuous; he was quiet, cautious, reserved, and grave; but those who lived with them — especially her old friends — could not help being touched and amused by the change wrought in her by the influence of this temperament so unlike her own. All her little roughnesses quieted down, her vehement expressions of likes and dislikes were restrained by a reproofing look or word. Leopold at that time spoke but little English; they usually talked French together, and when her tongue and her high spirits were carrying her beyond the bounds of dignity or prudence, she would be checked by his "*Doucement, ma chère, doucement.*" She called him "*Doucement*;" but she took his advice, acted on it, and indeed thought of nothing but pleasing him, and showing her gratitude for the happiness he had brought her. He on his part felt the bright influence of her sunny disposition, her liveliness and warmth of heart, on his

own naturally melancholy and somewhat morbid nature. For such it seems to have been even then before misfortune had clouded it. Her brightness was just what he wanted; and the peculiarities of each seem to have completed what was wanting to the other. Tennyson has said that the dearest bond of love is "not like to like, but like in difference," and their love realized this saying. Of their union it might truly be said that

"she set herself to man,
As perfect music unto noble words;
And so these twain upon the skirts of Time,
Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities,
But like each other even as those who love."

Unfortunately, we possess only a few short notes written during her married life, for her friend was near her, and their constant intercourse made letters unnecessary. Of the few she wrote there is one dated from Claremont, December 3, 1816, shortly after taking possession of this new home; she says: —

"We lead a very quiet and retired life here, but a very *very* happy one. I think you will be delighted with the house and place; the latter is not, of course, in its greatest beauty at this time of year, although the verdure is still great and the trees keep their leaves wonderfully. The former is not furnished as it *ought* and *is* to be; but one cannot do all and *everything* at once, and in these times one must be careful — indeed, one cannot be too much so. . . . I know you have always loved me, and I know how much too, and that you were very anxious for *this marriage*, which, as it makes *my whole happiness*, I shall never forget, and always love you all the better for."

A touch of her husband's cautious character comes out in her reference to the necessity of prudence "in these times." She had now obtained the realization of the hope she had expressed in the early days of her first engagement "to be permitted to lead a quiet and domestic life, with the power of Royal splendour attached to it, to be called forth when useful or agreeable" — though in point of fact it never was. Just before her marriage she had talked of looking forward to living much in London and enjoying society; but very soon all thoughts of amusement beyond her own home faded from her mind. Her country home, her charities, her garden, and her beloved music, all shared with her husband, filled up her time and thoughts. Leopold shared her love for

music; their rare visits to London were chiefly made for the sake of going to the opera to hear any very good music, or to the play to improve Leopold's English. There are those who can still remember these visits to the theatre, in which Princess Charlotte provided herself with the book of the play, to go over it and explain it to Leopold as it went on. He learnt quickly enough under her bright, happy teaching and merry ways. Her gratitude for his kindness to her is touching in its humility: she writes to tell her friend how he has planned an excursion to London for her, to hear a particular opera, and his unselfish devotion in insisting on taking her, "though himself so unwell he was not fit for it, but he will not have me disappointed." Whilst indulging her thus, his influence on her in more serious matters soon became apparent. Her relations with her father had become more cordial: we read of visits to Brighton; of an intercourse which, if not affectionate, was at least friendly. Her father's conduct to her, her relations with her own family, all seemed to have faded from her mind in her engrossing affection for her husband. In the sunshine of her own happiness she forgot all her old grudges and annoyances, but retained her old affectionate sympathy with those she loved. In the middle of her own joy she was full of thought and solicitude for one of her former friends, who was at that time in sorrow for the loss of an only child, and two or three of her letters are full of the plans she is making to bring that friend to Claremont, to devote herself to her, and comfort and soothe her. She still entered into all the sorrows of others—even those she most disliked. She had been greatly prejudiced against the Duchess of Cumberland, whose marriage had been the cause of so much heart-burning in the Royal family, and whom, in consequence of the Queen's refusal to receive her, she had herself never seen. We have seen that she applauded the Queen's resolution, and therefore could have no very good opinion of the Duchess, but nevertheless when she heard of her having had a most dangerous confinement, and of having lost her child in January, 1817, she writes:—

"I really feel quite unhinged and unable to write after an express from the Duke of Cumberland announcing to me the melancholy termination of all his wishes and the Duchess's, and of all her sufferings. Her fate is really a most hard and unfortunate one. I never felt more or so much for any one I did not personally know as for her." . . .

A day or two later she says: "The poor Cumberlands are in the greatest distress and affliction," and she "hopes people will write their names down to inquire, for they feel so much any little attention, or what looks like kindness." They were then living under a cloud in England.

In Baron Stockmar's Memoirs there is an account of a visit of the Grand Duke (afterwards Emperor) Nicholas of Russia to Claremont. Princess Charlotte describes the same visit in the following letter:—

"We have had two parties and a third yesterday for the Grand Duke since I wrote to you. We are now once more alone and quiet, which I confess suits me much better, and I prefer it greatly; but yet it is sometimes necessary to remember that one does not live entirely in this world for ourselves. We took the Grand Duke over Hampton Court to-day, and from there he returned to town. I think it is quite impossible not to like him—he is so natural, unaffected, and good-humoured."

This passage is curious, compared with Stockmar's impression of the Grand Duke's manner as "very affected."

In another letter dated in January, 1817, she thanks her friend for her congratulations on her birthday, saying, "I have only cause to rejoice at it, as it has enabled me to make others happy," and then gives an account of the little festivities on the occasion. Each letter is full of allusions to her husband's kindness, his anxiety for her pleasure, and her own admiration for him. His picture does not please her, "but then I know I am difficult to please in anything of a likeness of him." He is always thinking of her pleasure, and she is the happiest of the happy! So time goes on, and then come complaints of feeling unwell, and next allusions to her approaching confinement. She anticipated no evil, but she was not without her serious thoughts about it. In September she writes to urge her friend to come and see her "once again before a certain event. I am not in bad spirits about it, or frightened, yet I think it is a very anxious and awful moment to expect, and one that one cannot feel quite unconcerned about. Thank God! I am hitherto very well, and only hope to continue so."

The last letter of all is dated October 24th (she died November 6th). In it she says "she continues well; the old gentleman (Sir Richard Croft) is perfectly satisfied with me, and makes himself very agreeable in every way to us," and she ends by promising that her friend shall

have "faithful details of all things when they happen."

Ten days afterwards the catastrophe occurred. There have been ample details of it published again lately. Humanly speaking, it might have been prevented. The pity and regret it inspires, even at this distance of time, are enhanced after seeing in this correspondence the evidences of the noble nature of her who was so suddenly cut off. With every disadvantage that a neglected childhood and a loveless youth could give her, with few good influences brought to bear on her in early youth, she yet remained, as we have seen, upright, sincere, warm-hearted, and truthful: surrounded by people whose morality was governed by expediency, she clung to what she believed to be right; not a frivolous idea or a selfish thought ever seems to have swayed her in either happiness or misery. Her character was strengthened by adversity and sweetened by happiness, and, seeing what she was, it is no wonder that her husband, on losing her, should have felt as if *all* were at an end for him, or that, amid all the success and honour of his later life, that one great affliction should have remained ever present to him, and that one memory been dearer than all else to the day of his own death. Thirty years later, he loved to recall with the old

friends who had known her, "that warm and generous heart." His second marriage, with the angelic Princess Louise of Orleans, was entirely happy, but could not efface the remembrance of his first great happiness. In memory of his first wife, he called his daughter Charlotte. Towards all whom she had known he retained a warm affection through life, and every recollection of her was sacred. The outburst of feeling in the nation at her death must have been a balm to his sorrow. It did more: it showed how true the heart of the nation is; how ready to appreciate good in its rulers. So very little was known of her at large, and yet the traces of her virtues had already made so deep a mark amongst the people. The promise which seemed utterly eclipsed by her death was revived and abundantly fulfilled by the present reign, and Leopold had the joy of seeing all his hopes for England realized and fulfilled by the niece who was to him as a daughter. Who can doubt that in his thoughts of later years this fulfilment, by those he loved as his own children, of all the good he had dreamed of doing himself with the beloved wife of his youth, must have been to him the truest balm of sorrow, a source of pride above all his other achievements in politics and statesmanship?

THE ORIGIN OF THE SPANISH CHESTNUT. — Ettingshausen discusses (*Sitzungsb. der k. Akad. der Wiss. of Vienna*, 1872 div. 1) the ancestry of *Castanea vesca* (the sweet or Spanish chestnut). In the fossil flora of Leoben, not only the leaves, but even the male catkins, of a species of *Castanea* are found, in such a state of perfection that the anthers can be recognized. The form of the leaves, &c. being very variable, these have been described as several species of Cupuliferae from the Tertiary formations. Of *Castanea atavia* (Ung.) we have also remains of the spiny husk and of the fruit. The leaves of this species pass over gradually into those of *C. vesca*, those obtained from the newer formations showing a gradual approximation to the present type; and hence our present species appears to be a lineal descendant from the *C. atavia* of the Tertiary. *C. Ungeri* (Heer) from Greenland, and *Fagus castaneae-folia* are the same species, which must have had at one time a very wide distribution. Seventeen nature-printed plates illustrate the variation in the leaves.

THE forthcoming Report of the Chaucer Society contains a new suggestion of Prof. Seeley's, which, if true, reveals a quite unexpected connexion between Chaucer and his contemporary, William, the author of the "Vision of Piers Plowman" (a poem twice enlarged and re-written). Prof. Seeley contends that as Chaucer's Ploughman, who is a perfect man and Christian, has no foundation in history or social England, Chaucer took him from William's poem, and that fourteenth-century readers at once caught gratefully the allusion which every critic since has missed to the well-known character. Prof. Seeley further suggests that Chaucer took the hint of his prologue from that of William's "Vision"; but instead of calling up groups of knights, parsons, monks, cooks, and the like, and going on a dreamy pilgrimage in search of truth, Chaucer, with the instinct of a great poet, gave his readers one knight, one monk, one parson, &c., each true for ever for his class, and sent them on the pilgrimage to Canterbury that he had himself once been; in short, for Allegory put Life.

Athenæum.

HIS LITTLE SERENE HIGHNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "DORCHLAUCHTING" OF FRITZ REUTER.

CHAPTER X.

Old Rand in a dilemma. — Schultsch intends going to the Nemerow wood with her cross-buns and biscuits, and sends her Krischan to Penzlin. — Rand sends the runner to Berlin. — How the Nigen-Bramborgers revelled in sweetness, and the Herr Convector chassed along the passage. — Boxes and breeches. — How Pagel Zarhewitz brought the Herr Convector's black velvet breeches into church. — Everything is turned upside down, but gets settled again. — Does one pinch a body's cheek out of compassion? — How the Convector thought of marrying again, and how Durten's soul was ready to fly; only that Baker Schultsch hung about her like a clog. — Three sorts of hearts.

THERE are terribly perplexing situations in life, when one cannot decide whether he should turn to the right or to the left; whether he shall reach for the apple and leave the pear, or take the pear and leave the apple, or venture to stretch out both hands at once, with the risk of getting neither. In such a perplexing situation was our brave old Rand. He had cherished for a long time, in his faithful Kammerdiener breast, a pretty little hatred of the runner, Halsband; it had gradually increased, and when his Highness had lately spoken of his purpose to make Halsband, by and by, his successor, he became suddenly aware that his little hatred had grown into a stout rascal, who was quite able to take care of himself, and need no longer be cherished in a warm corner, so he concluded to let it out. On the other hand, he had always, since he had been Kammerdiener, kept a steadfast eye upon his own advantage, and because his Serene Highness could not spare him, his advantage was his Highness's advantage, and because the country could not spare his Highness, his Highness's advantage was the advantage of the whole country; and so it appears evident that the happiness of Mechlenburg-Strelitz was very closely connected with Rand's advantage, and the Herr Kammerdiener was too good a Mechlenburger to make his Fatherland unhappy. He had thus, with his own advantage, the happiness of Mechlenburg-Strelitz also in his eye, and therefore it was necessary that he should continue Kammerdiener so long as he lived.

These matters were, so far, quite clear; but now came the dilemma: would he gratify his hatred of Halsband, he could do it in the most satisfactory way by preventing the runner's marriage; but this could only be done if his Highness positively refused to dismiss him from his service, and to that end he, Rand, must be

constantly praising the runner, so that his Highness might become more and more attached to him. Did he desire the happiness of all Mechlenburg, however, he must get rid of the runner, that he himself might remain Kammerdiener till his death.

In this dilemma sat the old man, and he sat in Schultsch's tap-room four days before Whitsuntide, drinking strong beer to make his thoughts clearer. Krischan was helping him, that is to say, with the beer, not with the thoughts, for Krischan was no friend to much thought. Stories — yes! but thoughts — no! Then Schultsch came in at the door, and placed herself before her lord and master.

"Krischan, you think I won't do it, but I will do it, though."

"Do it, and welcome," said Krischan.

"No, you need not talk to me like that! If you oppose me in everything, you may keep house for yourself. Married people should live together in unity. But you think, I suppose, that I ought to do everything just as you say! No, I shall do it."

"What one cannot leave alone, one must do," said Krischan, and took a drink to his wisdom.

"Not leave alone?" asked Schultsch. "Do you mean by that, that I am talking too much again? You ought to be ashamed to bring that up against me, when I only talk for your good! How! Shall I see from my window, every year, how Kunst drives out to the Nemerow Wood, on the second feast-day, with his wagon full of bottles, and comes back the next day, with empty bottles and a pocket full of money? What! If Hofrath Altmann and Doctor Hempel and the rest — the Convector does not go there any more, — sit at Kunst's and drink red wine, and the distinguished Mamsells dance there the night through, and eat the old sticky cakes from the confectioner's in Strelitz, and come home next morning looking like owls, with their tumbled hair and haggard eyes, why shouldn't I have a tent for our good-burgher people and burgher's daughters, where they may take their pleasure too? Or do you think that my buns and butter cakes are not as good as a confectioner's old trumpery, and my beer as good as Kunst's red wine, that tastes like ink in which flies have been soaked?"

"Take a drink, mother!" said Krischan, holding up his glass. "Your throat and lungs must be dry."

"Keep your old stuff away from me! I know very well I talk too much to suit you; but am I not to talk when everybody else talks? There I just came from old

cooper Holzen's — the hoops are sprung again on one of our wash-tubs — I said before we ought to have had iron ones, but no! — well, there sat Halsband working for the old man, and he said that if I had a booth out there, he would take hold and help me; he would lead the dancing, — for you would look finely doing that."

"Yes," laughed Krischan, on his laughing side.

"And you are not opposed to me in that? And if you are opposed to my inviting Dürten and Stining Holzen for the evening, then — then I can only tell you, I shall do it, for all that! And then the old Jews at Penzlin, who set up their booths here market days before our door, and trample my room full of dirt, and spend nothing, — you must drive down there and borrow the canvas; for I will have nothing to do with the old fellows and their gibberish."

"Mother, don't get heated — you might take cold when you go out into the draught."

"Eh," said Schultsch, going out directly, "much you would trouble yourself!"

Krischan really did not trouble himself much over this talk; but Rand did, as he went back across the market-place to the palace. He did not know what to decide upon. The runner intended to dance at the Whitsuntide feast; he must bring this to the knowledge of his Highness; that was understood — his duty as Kammerdiener required it; but should he tell his Highness of it *beforehand* or *afterward*? If he told him afterward, then Halsband would have taken the cream from the sour milk, that is the dancing, beforehand; but it might be very much for his own advantage and that of Mechlenburg-Strelitz; for his Highness had often forbidden that any one in his service should dance with women, and might actually dismiss Halsband in his anger; but then Halsband could marry, and how would that suit his rooted hatred? If he told his Highness *before*, then indeed he could feed his hatred with Halsband's anger and Stining's sorrow; but where would be his own advantage and the happiness of his Fatherland? For his Highness, in his good nature, would make up to the runner for the loss of the dancing, and as opportunity offered, he, Rand, would be put into the corner by little and little, and finally superseded in his office of Kammerdiener. There was much to be thought of; but Rand was a great character, as we say now-a-days; he would rather be a bad patriot, and disregard his own advantage, than to

give up his more aristocratic passion, his hatred. He decided to tell his Highness *beforehand*. So when he went in to his master, he began:

"Beautiful weather all day to-day, and no prospect of a thunder-storm!"

"So?" asked his Highness, looking up from his work, for he was playing with his finger-ring at the moment.

"Yes, and it looks almost as if it would never rain again, and Schultsch says the town-shepherd has said it is good for three weeks, he says."

"Eh, if the Conrector hasn't said so, — what can such a fellow know about the weather?"

"Don't say that, Serene Highness, — everybody has his peculiar signs for the weather. I have my gout, Baker Schultz has his bad side, the Conrector has this and that, and the town-shepherd has his old wether, and according as he turns his tail to the wind, it will be good or bad weather."

"So?" inquired his Highness; for it shot through his head that perhaps he would buy this weather-prophet. "Well, does he know about thunder-storms, too?"

"Oh, yes; that is his strong point. When there is a thunder-storm in the air he waggles his tail, and it begins to thunder and lighten directly. But at present he doesn't turn in any direction, but just eats away like any other sheep. We shall have fine weather for Whitsuntide, and then we can ride out a little."

"Yes," said his Highness, still in deep thought over the new prophet, "that may well be."

"Yes, but we must keep the two runners at home; it would never do to go out with only one runner."

"What? Donkey! Did you ever see me driving with only one runner?"

"No, not that! But I only meant because Halsband couldn't go."

"Why? Is he sick?"

"Eh, what! Sick! No; I only thought Serene Highness had allowed him to go to the Nemerow Wood on the second feast-day to lead the dance in Schultsch's booth; and his bride is to be there too, and Schultsch says —"

Rand got no further, for his Highness had sprung up and was rushing violently about the room.

"What! Are we still sovereign? Are we still reigning sovereign, and our runner will dance! I will dismiss the rascal! I will dismiss him on the spot!"

"Yes, Serene Highness," said Rand, with such a crafty smile on his loyal old

Kammerdiener face; "then he could dance as much as he liked!"

"No," cried his Highness, "he shall not dance! I won't let him run; he shall be locked up."

"Yes," said Rand, shrugging his shoulders, "that might answer; but then that clever old Conrector would come again and talk to you, and you would let him out."

"The Conrector? We have no need of the Conrector."

"You think so, because it is fine weather now; but ——"

"The Conrector is going to be married; but we will show him what it is to lose the favor of the reigning sovereign!"

"Yes, Serene Highness; but that will not answer, either. The Conrector is not in our service; he is appointed by the city; but if you will listen to me, I will tell you how we can manage it."

His Highness seated himself.

"You see, there is the letter that we wrote to the Hof Marschall-amt in Berlin, been lying this fortnight, because it was too expensive to send a courier with it into Prussia." His Highness made a motion as if he would start-up. "No, never mind! We know why it is. Well, it must be sent very soon by an express messenger, for it would never do to send it by the ordinary post. If we should send the runner with it, day after to-morrow, and tell him he must be back in five days, then he would come back on Thursday of Whitsun week, and then the dancing would be over, and he wouldn't feel much like dancing, either, for it is twenty miles there and twenty miles back;* and then the cursed Prussian sand, and our own too, between Strelitz and Förstenburg."

His Highness was quite taken with Rand's proposal. It was well fitted to please him, for he was too wise a ruler to employ great measures when small ones would answer his purpose. The business was settled, and, two days before Whitsuntide, the letter was given to Halsband, with instructions that he would be allowed five days in which to discharge his errand.

This was a decided interruption to his plans for dancing! For himself, he would not have cared much, if Stining had not told him that Schultsch had invited her also, and it made his heart heavy that she should lose the pleasure, for he knew she would not go without him. That this errand was the fruit of his Highness's and Rand's united wisdom, and the letter

a sort of Uriah's letter, he had not the faintest suspicion; but as Rand gave him the letter, there was a gleam of malicious satisfaction in his face, and however innocent of the world one may be, there is always a first time when one perceives wickedness looking out of a human face, and doubts if there be not something wrong behind the mask. In his perplexity he kept asking himself, as he prepared for his journey:—"Can it be? the second feast-day? Is it possible Rand knows? Is Rand at the bottom of this? Hm, hm! I don't understand it, but —— Well, the sooner I am off, the sooner I shall be there. Forward!"

With that he started; but on the way one thing, at least, became clear to him,—Stining need not lose her pleasure; so he went round quickly to her house.

"Stining, I must go to Berlin directly. People may tell you I shall not be back for the dance on Tuesday. *I shall come, and you are to go, in any case.* Dürten will go with you; she is always ready to be mother-hen to the little chicken."

"Good gracious, Wilhelm! What ——"

"I have no time! *You are to go, — that is my last will and testament!*"

And he was off; and as he passed through the Stargard gate, he said to himself: "I must needs run for every Tom fool till my tongue hangs out of my throat; I may as well run, for once, for my little Stining." And with that he trotted off.

So Whitsuntide came round. The whole city was decorated with green; every house had its bower before the door, and therein sat the honest burghers in their nightcaps and slippers, in token that it was a holiday; and the most industrious housewives folded their hands in their laps, as they sat under the green branches and kept the children from eating too many cakes and buns, and preached moderation in their pleasures; and the servant-maids went through the streets carrying plates full of cakes, and all Nigen-Bramborg was reveling in fragrant odors, which arose partly from the fresh birch branches and partly from Baker Schultsch's sweet cross-buns. Ah! there is something beautiful about such a Whitsuntide, when our Lord looks down graciously from the blue heavens, and the green earth holds up to Him her thank offering of grass and leaves and flowers!

For the Herr Conrector, it was a clear indication that on such a lovely day he should be especially thankful, and he had the custom of going, every year, at sunrise on Whitsunday morning, with his scholars

* A German mile is equal to four miles English measure.

to the Broda Wood, and under the great, spreading beech trees they sang a morning hymn; and old and young followed after and joined in the singing, and it was a beautiful beginning of a beautiful feast. This morning he had again observed this pleasant custom; and his heart was free and joyous as he came home, and he greeted his Dürten with as much cheerfulness and vivacity as if he were ten years younger, and Dürten said:

"Herr Conrector, the tailor has sent home your new suit. You must put it on."

"So, so? That is just in time, for I am going to dance to-morrow. You laugh at that, do you? What! don't you think I can? Oh, I know how." And with that he chassed along the passage to his sleeping-room, and put on his new suit as joyously as if he were one of his own school boys who had got it for a Christmas present. When he was arrayed he came out again, and presented himself to Dürten, asking:

"Well, Dürten, how do I please you, now?"

"Oh, Herr, splendid!" said Dürten; "how trim and neat you look! You can mate with the youngest now."

"Eh, you rogue!" said the Conrector, giving her cheek a pinch, so that she grew red, "you only say that out of mischief. But wait!—I had almost forgotten," and he went back to his room, and reappeared with his velvet breeches in his hand.

"There, my dear Dürten! You have waited long enough for your Christmas present."

Yes, he was very kind to Dürten. And as she sat down in her own room with her present, and knew for certain that it was her own property, and looked it over to see where it was worn off and where not; and as the church bells rang so festively to call the Herr Conrector to his post as Cantor, and she thought what a great, learned man he was, and that such a great, learned man should be so friendly to her, and that she should have the honor of wearing the velvet which he had worn so long, she was affected almost to tears.

"Yes," said she, "'There, my dear Dürten,' said he, and he pinched my cheek; and then before—oh, nonsense! that was only out of compassion for me about the cushion. But one doesn't pinch a body's cheek out of compassion,—no, that is,—Oh, good gracious! what a fool I am, for a woman of my time of life!"

With that she endeavored to drive these thoughts away, but they would not go: for there are two kinds of thoughts: the

one kind, which come from the head, are like the birds of the air,—they come and go, and may be driven away like the birds; but the others, which come from the heart, are like the plants in the fields,—they hold fast by their roots, and whoever will get rid of them must tear them out of the heart, and that hurts the poor heart and leaves it bleeding. And why should Dürten give herself pain, and tear up the plants that were blooming so finely? And when she tried to press them down, they sprang up again immediately! Yes, Dürten Holzen, something has happened to you, Dürten! Whitsuntide has passed into your soul, and has built itself a bower of the freshest green, and these thoughts sit there in silent content and blessedness, like the Bramborg burghers in their night-caps and slippers, dipping biscuit in their coffee. But as for you and your Conrector, you have sung too early this morning; and the bird that sings too early in the morning will be caught by the cat before night. If this morning's happiness could only last through the day!

As the Herr Conrector was starting for his church and his organ, in such a cheerful, pious mood, he met, at his house-door, Stining Holzen; and if a pretty, friendly maiden's face can make even an old vinegar-cruet sweet, such a joyful heart as beat this morning under the Herr Conrector's new coat must needs beat quicker and more joyfully in consequence; and as the Herr Conrector saw half a score of journeymen shoemakers going up the street before him, with their hymn-books under their arms, he became yet more jovial. Why was that? Certainly, as a Christian man and a church officer, he was rejoiced at the piety of the shoemakers. But that was not quite all; he had a little private reason for joy. This was the state of the case: Only the pupils of the High-school belonged properly to the choir, and if tradesmen wished to enter this place of honor, they were obliged to deposit three Pfennings each, as entrance-fees, in a black tin box, and this money had been, from time immemorial, appropriated to the Herr Cantor's benefit. So it was not merely the piety of the half-score of shoemakers which delighted the Conrector, but also the half-score of three penny-pieces, which he heard, in imagination, rattling into his black box. And when he came into the choir he was more pleased than ever, for there was a fine number of apprentices, and the collection could be taken up immediately. But where was the box? The box was not there; Dürten had forgotten

to put it in the pocket of his new coat. And from this little oversight arose an annoyance, which came near parting forever two loving hearts. And this was Dürten's oversight.

"Pagel Zarnewitz," said the Herr Conrector, "run down to my house and ask Dürten to give you my black box."

And here was the Conrector's oversight; for though he could speak a good mouthful of Plattdeutsch, he happened occasionally upon a little blunder, and here he had confused the words "Büss" (box) and "Büx" (breeches.)

Dürten was sitting with Stining, in the sweetest content, looking on, while Stining, with skilful hand and particular respect, laid out her long-hoped-for Christmas present on the table and examined it in length and breadth.

"Dürten," said Stining, looking at the thing with an anxious mien, "you can get a hat out of it, there is no question; but a spencer, — yes, if it were not rubbed off so in this place."

"He has only done that lately," cried Dürten, a little disturbed from her serenity. "It is just as I thought! If he would only have used the cushion! But no! It is really too provoking of him, that he will listen to no one."

"Yes, but he is such a clever man."

"Clever man! Eh, what can you do with a clever man when he won't take care of his clothes? I could have got out such a nice spencer, and I needed it so much. But now? What! shall I go about as a spectacle to all Bramborg, in a spencer, where people can point to the places he has rubbed off on the breeches?"

Dürten had sprung up, and was walking up and down in her vexation. Just then, unfortunately, Pagel Zarnewitz must needs rush in at the door.

"D — D — Dürten, D — D — Dürten," stammered Pagel.

"Out with it!" cried Dürten. "What is the matter?"

And after a long prelude of stammering and grimaces, Pagel brought out:

"You are to send the Herr Conrector his black breeches."

Dürten at first looked at the unhappy Pagel as if she had some evil designs on him, then suddenly she burst out:

"What! He gave them to me at Christmas, and I don't get them until Whitsuntide, and I scarcely have them before he sends for them again! There! take the old things!"

And she threw the innocent breeches at poor Pagel's head. Pagel picked them up,

and began: "Goo, — goo, — goo, —" but had closed the door, and was out in the passage, before he had uttered "Good-bye!"

The Herr Cantor and Conrector was sitting before his organ, playing beautifully and singing with a joyful heart, when that unlucky creature, Pagel Zarnewitz, came up to him and held out the black breeches before his eyes. "Here!"

He started back, looked at Pagel, then at the breeches, — "What? — what?" — forgot his playing and singing; his scholars, instead of keeping on with the hymn, began to giggle and whisper; the whole congregation turned round to discover the meaning of this sudden silence, and perceived the breeches, which Pagel, in all innocence, was holding up in plain sight. The Conrector sprang up, snatched them from his hand, and threw his honest piece of apparel on the floor, then quickly recovered his self-possession and began to play and sing again. But the mischief was done, and as he came out of church there was a talking and joking and secret laughing going on around him, which made him feel as if he were being pricked with needles, and when Pagel came up to him again with the breeches, and stammered out the inquiry if he should take them home, the Conrector's patience was clean exhausted; he ran home in great wrath, and his evil angel brought him into contact with Dürten Holzen at the door.

Dürten had meanwhile quarrelled with her sister Stining. Stining had ventured to say a few words for the Herr Conrector, and would have laid the whole blame upon Pagel Zarnewitz's stupidity; but Dürten was not willing to allow that she had been angry unjustly with the Conrector, and had informed Stining, with hasty words, that the matter was none of her business, and poor Stining had gone home crying.

And when the Conrector attacked Dürten with the words, "What stupid nonsense that was, to send my old breeches to the church!" she was too excited and angry to control herself.

"Stupid nonsense!" she repeated. "There has been nothing stupid here; there may have been somewhere else."

"What! First you make me an owl* to the whole city, and then you make such insolent speeches as that?"

"Eh, what!" cried Dürten. "Owls are owls, and as one calls into the wood, so he is answered."

"But I am not accustomed to such an-

* "Uhl" signifies also laughing-stock.

swers, and if you choose to give them, you may take yourself off!" cried the Conrector, and was frightened at himself the moment he had said it.

"It is all one to me!" cried Dürten. "You can be accommodated very easily. I can go at once."

"One must not delay travelers!" replied the Conrector over his shoulder as he entered his room.

"No, oh no!" he heard, "it is very easily done."

And then he slammed his door, and he heard Dürten slam her door, and he tramped about his room, and he heard Dürten tramping about her room, and then the Herr Conrector, in his room, was angry with himself, and Dürten, in her room, was angry with herself; and yet the Herr Conrector was master, and had only said so for once, and Dürten was in the right, and had said so for once; and the Conrector took his hat and his gold-headed cane and went out of the house-door, and Dürten tumbled all her possessions, helter-skelter, into her box, and went out of the back door. And the rooms of the old house were as forlornly silent and desolate as if they were a reflection of the Herr Conrector and Dürten's hearts; for the human heart is never more silent and empty than after a tempest of anger has raged there.

The Conrector went to Baker Schultz's bower, — he would never go to Kunst's again in his life, — and stepped under the birchen branches.

"Good morning, Master Schultz! Sit round the other way, so that I can see your good side. I have seen vexatious things enough for one morning."

"How so? What has happened to you, Herr Neighbor?" asked Schultz, for he reckoned all the street which he could see from his house-door for his neighborhood.

"Such stupidity!" cried the Conrector, "such stupidity!" and he briefly related the incident of the breeches.

"Now just tell me, Herr Neighbor," said Schultz, ready to die with laughter, "no, don't be offended, — just tell me, did you say to the young man, 'Büx' or 'Büss'?"

"Büx said I, Büx!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" began Schultz again, "Dürten is right, and you are wrong. Ha, ha, ha! Don't be offended! Mother," as Schultsch came into the room, "here is a story for you, here is a story!"

"Don't drive me wild with your stories!" cried the Conrector.

"No, Krischan," said Schultsch, "never

mind your old stories, — I know them all by heart."

"No, mother, this is a new one — brand new." And Krischan told the story, and now Schultsch laughed; and Doctor Hempel was passing by, and now Schultsch told him the story, and Doctor Hempel laughed: "Ha ha ha! and did that happen to you, old friend?"

And the Conrector sat there and raged inwardly, for it is not a pleasant thing to be made fun of, and he had also the disagreeable consciousness that he had been unjust to his Dürten; though, to be sure, she had been very impertinent to him, and he was master.

"Frau Schultz," said he at last, "you are a woman, you understand such things. Just tell me, — do you know of another housekeeper for me?"

"No, Herr, and it will be hard to find one at this season, and on short notice; and such as the Holzens are particularly hard to find, for the Holzens are remarkably clever, industrious people, — well, Dürten is a little hasty in her temper, to be sure, but she came honestly by it, for her mother was, she was — old Holzen isn't to blame for it; he is a quiet old man ever since I can remember, and I say he is an old goose. Well, never mind; I will talk Dürten round again."

"Mother," said Krischan, "don't be too sure; so far as I know, you have talked more people apart than together, for you cannot bridle your tongue."

"Not bridle my tongue! not bridle my tongue!" and Schultsch was about to argue the subject at length, when the Conrector interrupted her with the question if she would look after him while he was without a housekeeper, and let his meals be served at his own house? He would take his dinner with her to-day, but first he would go and lock up his house, which might possibly be standing empty.

He came home; he went into his room. All was as usual there, only that no table was spread, and yet it was nearly time for dinner. He went into Dürten's room; everything was in order, but the box stood there yet. He went into the kitchen; a pot was boiling on the hearth, with bacon in it, but the fire was almost out, and it seemed a pity it should be spoiled; he put fresh wood under, and puffed and puffed at the coals till the ashes lodged in his eyes and upon his clothes; he went sulkily back to his room, got a pipe, lighted it by a coal in the kitchen, went out into his back garden and sat down, in deep thought, in the lilac arbor. Ah, how lonely he was! He

felt as if he had been left a widower for the second time.

Dürten had gone out of the back door, and went through the back streets to her father's house. She looked neither to the right nor to the left; it seemed to her as if people could read in her face what had happened to her, and how she had been dismissed from the Herr Conrector's service.

"What is to become of me, poor creature?" said she to her perplexed heart. She went in at the back door, which led into her father's workshop. "Thank God! it is Whitsuntide, the workshop will be empty. Well, I shall remember this Whitsuntide my life long." She went in; she sank down on a workbench, and her hands dropped in her lap; her head sank upon her breast, while she gazed, in deep thought, at a heap of shavings in the corner. "Dear heart! what will become of me? I cannot stay here. What should I do here? To take the bread from the mouths of my sister and my old father! No, no! Oh, I can get another place, to be sure; but where? There are none here in the city; and in the country? Oh, yes, very likely; but then I could not look after things here, and everything would go to rack and ruin. The old man cannot help it, and Stining has her head full of other things, and is too good-natured to say it shall be so and not otherwise! And yet I must needs go and quarrel with her this morning! God preserve us!" cried she, and put her apron to her eyes, "it stirred everything up in me!" and she wept bitterly. "And yet I was right, — what had Stining to do between me and my master? And I was in the right with him, too; I was perfectly in the right!" she cried, and kicked an old barrel hoop, which lay in her way, against the wall, and the old hoop bounded back, and she threw it against the wall again: "Lie there, you old thing! No, one must get angry at everything!"

And she sat there, and thought and thought, and with all her thinking she came ever to the same conclusion — she was right and the Herr Conrector wrong; and all at once she sprang up: "Good Heavens! how I have forgotten. The dinner is on the fire, and will be burned and spoiled. Well, let it; what does it matter to me? No, that won't do, that will never do, and I won't be in fault. And he shall not say that I have done him any harm."

With that, she returned by the way that she had come, and went in to the back gate of the Conrector's yard. She stepped very lightly, for she felt as if she

were breaking into a strange house and might be accused of wrong-doing. She slipped into the kitchen, and found her bacon cooking beautifully; she took a cloth and spread the table in the Herr Conrector's room. "He shall see that I have done my duty faithfully to the last," said she. She took up the dinner, and as she was going through the passage and out of the house, she saw the unlucky article of apparel which was the cause of all the trouble, and which Pagel had left on the table. All the anger of the morning arose in her again. She seized the breeches, and, rolling them up in a bundle, put it on the table on a plate, and covered a napkin over it, saying: "Lie there! Not even an old spencer can be got out of the old thing! But he shall see that I stand up for my rights, to the last! So! Much good may it do you!"

With that she started out of the room, but —

The Herr Conrector had been sitting in his garden in troubled thought. He also had asked himself: "What shall I, poor, lonely creature, do?" It seemed to him, all at once, that he heard somebody stirring in the house; but that could not be. Now the clock struck twelve, and his stomach also reminded him that it was dinner-time; he must go back to Baker Schultz's, but first he would deposit his half-smoked pipe in his room; so he went into the house, — but —!

Dürten stood before him, red with shame, which one might suppose had some deeper cause than mere hastiness or feeling of obligation. She tried to pass her master, but he stood with outstretched arm, and looked at the dinner on the table and then at Dürten, and thought it was all out of love for him and desire of doing her duty.

"No!" he cried, as Dürten tried to slip out under his arm, and he put it around her, and held her fast, "no, Dürten! I know you have put that all out of your mind, and you wanted to do me a pleasure."

"Let me go, Herr Conrector!"

"No, Dürten, I know, — Schultsch has told me — that was a stupid blunder of the boy, of Pagel."

"So?" asked Dürten, rather sharply, and she showed herself a true daughter of Eve, for she went on: "And yet you are such a learned and clever man! Who sends a lame man as a courier, and chooses a stammerer to deliver a message!"

"Dürten," said the Conrector, and he had his arm about her still, "I was to

blame; I said Bux, and meant Büss, the black box; and it made me a laughing-stock at the church, and they joked me about it, and I was angry, and ——" and he stroked her cheek.

"Oh, Herr Conrector, Herr Conrector! I was so angry, too; I had quarrelled with my Stining; — no, Herr Conrector, let me go! I will ——"

But she did not get her will, for the Herr Conrector took her will from her lips with a good, hearty kiss.

So! now it was settled; now she stood still, — what next?

Properly speaking, it was Dürten's turn now, for the Herr Conrector had made full amends for his fault; but Dürten did nothing and said nothing; for the morning's thoughts were springing up and blooming so beautifully, she could not keep them down, she must needs cherish them, and she watered them with warm tears, which flowed from her eyes as she saw how the Herr Conrector placed a chair for her at the table, and opened the drawers here and there, as if he expected to find knives and forks in his writing-table.

And when Dürten was finally seated, the Herr Conrector said, very seriously: "Dürten, you must not think that we learned people are wise in everything;" and he looked as honest as if it were really true.

"No," said Dürten, laughing to herself, "for you have given me a dish-cloth instead of a napkin."

That made a little sport, and the Conrector said:

"You see now, Dürten, it will never do for you to leave me; I should do all manner of stupid things. And here, you have certainly got me some special treat for Whitsuntide," and he was about to take the napkin from the covered dish.

In her happiness Dürten had quite forgotten this unlucky dish; she sprang up and held the napkin down with both hands. The Conrector naturally took it for a practical joke, intended to make the surprise the greater, and so, to carry on the joke, he tried to lift the corner of the napkin and peep under. This would never do, or farewell to happiness and contentment, peace and joy! This black velvet tempest had overshadowed Dürten's heaven long enough, and thunder and lightning had already fallen upon her; she must find a lightning conductor, and she was as skilful at this business as my friend, Herr Doctor Dollé of Treptow. When he becomes embarrassed, he makes a long neck, looks quickly out of the window, and asks: "Is

not that the Justizrath Schroeder going by? Ah, no; I am mistaken, — it must be the Herr Superintendent." One must know that the Herr Superintendent is not nearly so tall as the Justizrath, and the Justizrath not nearly so stout as the Herr Superintendent, and if one runs to the window and looks out, it is generally some old woman with a basket on her arm, and the Herr Doctor Dollé begins to complain of his short sight, and so gets out of his embarrassment. Dürten made use of a similar expedient; she cried, in her distress:

"Herr Conrector, look out, look out! Is not that the Soltmann going by?"

"Eh, no," said Herr Conrector.

"Yes," said Dürten, "that is she — she has on a brown dress to-day."

"Eh, Dürten, it was a blue one."

"No, no, it was brown; look once more. If she goes in at Doctor Hempel's, it is she."

"It was blue, though," persisted the Conrector; but he rose and looked out of the window. Like a flash, Dürten pulled the breeches from under the napkin, and hid them under her apron.

"How could you be so mistaken, Dürten? It certainly was a blue dress."

"So?" said Dürten, quite resigned to her mistake. "Well, it is possible it *was* blue; things look brown to me, sometimes;" and with that she stood up and started to leave the room.

But the Conrector was full of mischief to-day; he sprang after her, and held her fast:

"No, Dürten, no! You are not to run away from me like that; first we must enjoy this treat together. How? What! Where has it gone to? — The dish that you were going to treat me with?" and he bent down, as if he meant to taste a forbidden treat from Dürten's lips. But Dürten tore herself loose and pushed him back, and said, very earnestly:

"Herr Conrector, my dear Herr Conrector, the dish which stood covered between us to-day must always remain a covered dish; for I hope peace and rest will continue between us, and by and by you shall know what it was. And, Herr Conrector, if you wish it, I will gladly remain your housekeeper, and I will try to fill the post more faithfully than before; but, Herr, I am a poor girl, — I have nothing but my honest name."

With that she turned to go, blushing deeply, and her hand sought twice for the latch of the door before she found it.

The Conrector stood still, looking at the

place where she had vanished from his eyes. After a while he turned around and went, by force of habit, up to his pipe-shelf, as if he would light his after-dinner pipe. He did not do it, however, but stood looking at the old pipe-stems in the corner, as they lay scattered crosswise over each other, as if they were his own thoughts. He had been so pleased and happy at finding his Dürten again, his mood at dinner had been so jovial, his heart was so light; but it was not as if flowers were blooming there; it was green, green throughout, like a beautiful meadow, in which all sorts of useful cattle were grazing; he had his housekeeper again. But, —but, now, when Dürten had repulsed him in his frolicsome mood, it seemed to him as if she had driven all the cattle out of his meadow, and the grass grew higher and higher, and flower buds showed themselves amid the grass, and if the Lord should send a warm rain and bright sunshine, why should not even an *old* meadow begin to bloom? He forgot his pipe; he did not sit down in his arm-chair; he began to walk up and down the room. Good heavens! how differently Dürten had looked, as she went out of the door, from usual! So earnest, quiet and gentle was her manner, and her words also. She had said so softly, "My dear Herr, I have nothing but my honest name." But was he, the Convector Aepinus, a dangerous charac-

ter? And what had he done? He had given her a kiss. Well, it was a stupid trick, a boy's trick. What had he to do with kissing? He had kissed her twice now, and the last time on the lips; this foolish kissing might bring him into difficulties. How came *he* to do such a thing? Yes, it was true, he had often thought of marrying; but he had thought of it quite differently, — not at all in connection with kissing, — he had thought of it as a sort of business partnership, with mutual assistance and the highest respect on both sides, where "our Aepinus" would attend to the outside business at the school, and his "Company" take charge of the kitchen. But where was the "high respect" for Dürten, if he kissed her so? Was he really —? Oh, preserve us, how was it possible? Yes, was he really falling in love? What! In his position, and at his age, and then with his housekeeper! It was a confounded business, and there was no one whose advice he could ask, for the only one who gave him good counsel, and always had, was his Dürten, — and that was out of the question. Then the bells rang for church; he must go and sing and play; but as he sat before his organ, he had visions of the black velvet breeches of the morning, and then of Dürten as she went out of the room after dinner, and his playing and singing were not of the highest order.

EARLY POEM. — In closing his sermon on Good Works v. Good Words, in the parish church of St. Andrew's, on August 25, 1872, Dean Stanley of Westminster quoted the following lines, of which, he said, it was doubtful whether they were written by one of the earliest Deans of Westminster or by one of the earliest Scottish Reformers: —

"Say well is good, but do well is better;
Do well seems the spirit, say well is the letter;
Say well is godly, and helps to please;
But do well lives godly, and gives the world ease;
Say well to silence sometimes is bound,
But do well is free on every ground.
Say well has friends — some here, some there,
But do well is welcome everywhere.
By say well many to God's Word cleaves;
But for lack of do well it often leaves.
If say well and do well were bound in one frame,
Then all were done, all were won, and gotten were gain."

Notes and Queries.

THE PHYSICS OF A FOG. — At the meeting of the Manchester Philosophical Society October 29, 1872, Dr. R. Angus Smith, F.R.S., described a remarkable fog which he saw in Iceland. It appeared to rise from a small lake and from the sea at about the same time, when it rolled from both places, and the two streams met in the town of Reykjavik. It had the appearance of dust, and was called dust by some persons there at first sight. This arose from the great size of the particles of which it was composed. They were believed to be from 1-400 to 1-300 of an inch in diameter. They did not show any signs of being vesicular, but through a small magnifier looked like transparent concrete globules of water. They were continually tending downwards, and their place was supplied by others that rolled over. Popular Science Review.

A WRITER in the *Athenæum* states that Mrs. Somerville had written an autobiography which she intended for publication after her death.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
A SLIP IN THE FENS.

"Look here, mother," she said, as Mrs. Reade came to the door in her patten, with the dripping broom in her hand, "I don't think this worth a patch, I shall only darn it; what do you think?" and she pointed to a rent in the little print frock she was holding up.

But Mrs. Reade did not look at it; her attention was fixed on the path over the fen.

"I do believe —," she said.

"What is it, mother?" Elsie exclaimed in a sudden access of nervousness.

"Why, a gentleman! and it's my belief he's coming here, — yes, so he is! Just to think," — and she moved the pail from before the door, — "that it should be now, when I'm all behind with my work, and sometimes for weeks there isn't a creature passing, and to-day we can't have a minute to ourselves!"

Elsie said nothing. She sat still, listening to the approaching step. She saw the broken shadow pass over the flowers, but she did not move till she heard the gate open; then she felt bound to look up, and, to her infinite satisfaction, she saw a stranger. She laid her work aside, and rose to hear what he wanted, with a strained composure that reminded Dobree of their former meeting.

"What a strange girl!" he thought. He asked her if her name was Reade.

"Yes, sir."

"You sell ferns, I am told?"

"We have some by us now. If you don't mind coming down the garden, I'll show you what we've got;" and they were going round the stone path which Dobree had explored alone when Mrs. Reade rushed out.

"Elsie, don't take the gentleman all that way round. You needn't spare my bricks, sir; you can't do any harm; and it's a shame that it should have been left about so late." Here Mrs. Reade stopped suddenly in her apologies, and looked towards the gate in astonishment. There was Rettie with the boys. "And what's brought you home at this time o' day, and how is it you've got nothing?"

"We han't been at all. We han't been gleanin'. We ha' been at Mrs. Bailey's," exclaimed all the children at once.

"Be quiet, can't you? and let Rettie speak. Now, Rettie what have you got to say?"

"Why, when we got to Mrs. Bailey's we found her all in a bustle, and not goin' gleanin', and she said we could help her a

bit if we stayed, and she was sure you wouldn't mind, for all the cows are goin' to die, and she means to save hers, and she wants to know if you'd like some beef, for she's sent for the man to kill the old 'un, and she'll sell it at threepence a pound." Rettie stopped for want of breath; it had been a day of great excitement to her.

"No, sure," said her mother; "we don't want none o' such beef as that."

"It's quite good," insisted Rettie, who had imbibed a party interest in the speculation, "and wonderful cheap."

"And what did you do to help?" asked Dobree, amused at her enthusiasm.

Rettie had not noticed the stranger in her anxiety to tell the day's wonders. She looked down, quite abashed, and answered in a subdued tone, "Hanging up onions, sir."

"Hanging up onions?" repeated Mrs. Reade; "what had that to do with it?"

"Oh! when we got there," Rettie began in her former breathless manner, "there was Bailey in the garden in a great way, sayin' it was no use, he'd dig graves for 'em; and he was lookin' about for a place. But Mrs. Bailey, she goes up to him, and says, 'Just let me see you do it, and you shall be the first to be buried in it! You'd better stir yourself, and help me to empty the barn. So we all set to work, and the barn was clear in no time; and Joe, he ran up street for some lime, and we sprinkled it all over the place, and tied up strings o' onions all along the walls, and turned the cows in, and I think they'll do.'"

"Sure to do; Mrs. Bailey said so," broke in the boys, who had had great difficulty in keeping silence all this time.

"They can't help it, if you've had a hand in it," said Grandfather, laughing. He had come through the house while they were talking, and had overheard their account of themselves.

"They look as if they had been working with a will," said Dobree, making way for the old man. "And what did you get for your day's work?"

They were too shy to answer; but the brown fingers closed tightly over the sixpences he gave them, as they ran off, impatient to get away with their prize.

"Those are the little ones, I suppose?" said Dobree.

"She is my youngest child, sir," and Mrs. Reade pointed to Rettie. "Those are my son's boys."

Dobree looked surprised, and she was not insensible to the flattering suggestion. "My Jonathan, he married before he was twenty, and his wife died, leaving four;

so what could we do but take care of them? And besides that, I've got two other sons, under Jonathan — but really, sir, I'm ashamed we should have kept you waiting at the door so long. We will go and choose your ferns now — unless you will do us the honour to come in and rest." Then aside to Rettie, "Run round to the back, and get Martha out of the way."

"Thank you; I cannot wait long," said Dobree, and he turned towards the garden. "You see I know my way better than you think. I came here the day before yesterday, and explored all round the house to see if there was anyone at home; and then I was very glad to rest in that cool corner by the well. I made friends, too, with a friend of yours," he added, turning to Elsie, curious to hear her speak. But she said nothing, she only looked at him inquiringly. "I mean your kitten," he continued; "it was playing with your knitting; and, though I picked it up as soon as I saw it, I fear it was too late to save it from a rather rough game."

"Thank you, sir."

The uneasiness which had been established during the last two days made her manner still more reserved.

They had now reached the end of the garden.

"Are these any of the ferns you want?" and she drew aside the alder branch for him to look into the lode.

"What a good contrivance you have for keeping them," he said, taking the branch from her hand. My friend told me I should find them in admirable order." Elsie looked up for the first time quickly. "I want them for Mr. Scholefield. You remember him, I daresay?" The delighted smile with which Elsie acknowledged this surprised him a little. "How soon do you think you can collect those I want?" he asked, as he gave her a written list of them.

"By the end of next week, I hope;" and she folded the paper in her hand.

A few minutes after, little Dot was pressing her fat cheeks against the bars of the wicket, that she might get the last glimpse of the stranger as he disappeared down the lane.

When he had gone, Elsie looked into the kitchen and said to her mother, "I think I'll go in next door and see Mrs. Lister." She was glad to have a few minutes to enjoy the relief from her suspense; so the short time of solitude even in that atmosphere was grateful to her.

During all that evening, in the intervals of her care of the children, she kept won-

dering when Lillingstone would come; wishing that he made no secret of his coming; hoping that no one would be at home when he did come; and worrying her head to calculate what chance could time his second visit so well for him as the first. The quiet Sunday, with its leisure hours, greatly helped such vague speculation; and so the week passed, and Thursday came round again.

Mrs. Reade had stayed at home for the baking, and Rettie was sent out with all the little ones "anywhere," to be out of the way. Mrs. Lister was better; the fever had left her some days ago; but the neighbours doubted whether she would get over it even now. She, however, was more hopeful for herself, and had sent in for the old man to go and read to her a little while this afternoon, so Mrs. Reade and Elsie were alone. They were both always glad when they could be together; for even if there was not much to talk about, it was pleasure enough for them to spend a few quiet hours undisturbed. Elsie was sitting in Grandfather's chair, which she had drawn to her own place near the open lattice, busy with her knitting. She had on her brown working dress, and Rettie's little blue shawl was folded square over her shoulders. Her sleeve was turned up to the elbow; her round arm tapered to a hand that showed traces of hard work; but it was well-shaped, and its firm action suited the massiveness of her figure. Her hair had been gathered back as usual, but it was gradually creeping down; an evil that befel Elsie every day, and of which her mother reminded her as regularly, on principle, though with secret pride in the luxuriance which made prim neatness impossible. Save for a golden gleam round her forehead, her head was in the shadow of the myrtle, now more thickly starred with blossoms. The ball of worsted was put behind it, to be safe from the frolics of the kitten that, perched on the edge of the table a little way off, was fidgeting restlessly as it saw the thread rise and fall with the stitches, hoping that some happy chance might bring the coveted treasure rolling on the ground. Now and then it consoled itself with furtive attacks on a long spray of honeysuckle; but its efforts were not fortunate to-day, and Elsie did not take much notice of it either. The curtain was unhung from one side of the chimney, and thrown over the chair in the opposite corner. A quantity of dried gorse and wood was lying round the hearth; and Mrs. Reade showed how little of her youthful agility she had lost, as she tripped

lightly over these to feed the flames which roared in the oven. Then she returned to the table where she stood opposite the door kneading some dough in a large brown trough. From time to time she looked at her daughter, who was unusually silent this afternoon; not that this was unpleasant to her, for she too was quietly enjoying their freedom from interruption. She was as proud of Elsie's difference from other girls as she was of her good looks. It is true she was vexed sometimes that she did not avail herself of the advantages which the village shop offered to her beauty; but when the occasions of such disappointment were no longer fresh, she could not help acknowledging to herself that the girl had a way of putting on her things which made her look better than if she was more tricked out. The mother's intuitions on this subject did not deceive her. She expressed them crudely in a discussion she had one day with a friendly gossip, who hinted that Elsie "ought to be a lady; she was too pretty to be always dressed in brown and working hard."

"Well, to *my* mind, she wouldn't look much the better for that, unless she had the sense to keep clear of the frounces and gewgaws some of them wear. She puts *me* more in mind of one of the pictures in the chapel at the Hall."

"But they are Catholics, and worship the Pope," the friend ventured to suggest.

"Never mind about the Pope or the Catholics," Mrs. Reade put in quickly; "this picture looks *good* as well as grand, and you'll never make me believe that the woman it was took for hadn't got *some* good in her; be she Catholic or Popish, or whatever you may please to call her." The people of the Hall were good customers to Mrs. Reade's bee-hives, and, besides that, they were such pleasant-spoken people that she took very liberal views of their errors. "And as for the work," she continued, not caring to notice the scandalized look on her friend's face, "I would rather have her as she is, than to see her ashamed to do anything sensible, and making pretence to be very busy about lots o' little nothings. I've seen them often enough in the morning-room up there. If people can afford to sit still, with their hands before them, let 'em do it if they like, but be plain about it. It's those ways of mincing and making that I hate. Now, my Elsie wouldn't look like herself if she did nothing but fiddle-faddles all day long;" and here she dropped the subject, for she did not care to discuss her child too fully.

The Hall was Mrs. Reade's mirror of high life as of high art. She was a shrewd woman, with a capacity for worldliness limited only by the narrowness of her sphere; but her love for Elsie was apart from every other feeling—it was like a religion. She felt there was something in her which exceeded the small demands of fen life; and, although her slight experience could find no fixed form for her wishes, she longed to see those qualities brought out. She had plenty of spirit herself, and piqued herself on it—how else could she have brought up her large family on such slender means? But more than once she felt this spirit might have failed her, had she not been helped by that strength of endurance in Elsie which she could not understand. Her affection was strengthened by respect; but it was tinged with some sadness, for she said, "Elsie meets trouble like an oak in winter, that doesn't bend nor sound to the storm; but I'd rather see a little fluttering; it'd look more healthy and natural-like." A little of this was in her thoughts now, as she went on vigorously kneading her dough. Presently she heard a step and left off. Elsie heard it, too, but it made her more industrious.

There was a light tap at the door, and, after a quick "come in" from Mrs. Reade, Lillingstone entered, and offered himself to her criticism. That this was favourable was evident in the smile with which she greeted him.

"They tell me next door that you can direct me to the coprolite pits a mile or so from here."

"Yes, sir, we can tell you the way to them; but they're not so close as you think; they're a good three mile off, said Mrs. Reade; then, noticing that he hesitated a little, "Would you like to rest a minute, sir? Elsie, give the gentleman a chair;" and she showed her hands covered with flour, in apology for disturbing her. But he had already found one for himself, smiling his thanks at Elsie as she rose to obey her mother's direction.

"I shall not be sorry to sit down for a little while if I have another three miles before me," said Lillingstone, turning to Mrs. Reade. He was glad to see he had made a pleasant impression on her.

"Indeed, sir, I am ashamed for you to come into such a litter as this."

"Not at all! I like to see that sort of thing going on; nothing can be pleasanter than the smell of the wood you burn." He spoke with an air of genuine enjoyment.

"Yes, the kindling's well enough —"

"It seems to give a great deal of trouble, though," he interrupted, looking round the room, which was strewn with brown prickles from the outside door to the oven's mouth.

"Not that part of it," said Mrs. Reade, with a pleasant laugh at the incapacity of men to understand household work. "One sweeping'll clear up the mess; but it's the kneading that's hard work."

All this while Elsie sat with her head bent over her work, apparently determined to take no part in the conversation, though Lillingstone had glanced at her from time to time as he spoke. Mrs. Reade smiled to herself as she noticed this. "He'll find out his mistake," she thought, "if he expects she'll be ready to look at every chance stranger that may happen to drop in." Yet she did not wish him to carry away an unfavourable opinion of her.

"Elsie," she said, as she pushed the trough aside, having finished kneading, "don't you think that when the gentleman's rested, you could put on your things, and go with him as far as Spinney Drive, and show him the road from there? for it'd puzzle *me* to explain it from this distance."

Elsie got very red, and did not answer at once. Mrs. Reade was greatly surprised, but she tried not to show it.

"I can't allow you to give your daughter so much trouble," Lillingstone interposed in his smoothest manner, though he looked anxiously at Elsie while he spoke; "I shall be sure to find my way well enough."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Reade quickly; "it's no trouble. You'll go, Elsie, won't you?"

"Yes, mother," Elsie answered in a quiet tone, still working steadily.

"That's right! I knew you'd be ready to oblige!" — though Mrs. Reade was still uncertain of her daughter's behaviour. "And now I must wash my hands and get on with the baking. I hope you'll excuse me, sir," she said over her shoulder as she went out.

Lillingstone walked straight to the window, and planted himself in front of Elsie, who bent her head still lower than before. At last she looked up, for he did not speak. A bright smile was on his face, in which also was a strong consciousness of the secret between them. She blushed deeply, and lowered her eyes; but presently she raised them again as if she had made up her mind to say something.

"May I tell mother that you've been here before?" she asked in a timid voice, looking a little anxiously at the open door.

A shade of vexation passed over his face, which made her look down again quickly. He drew a chair towards him, and sat down. Folding his arms on the corner of the little table, he leaned forward to read her face. The kitten was summarily displaced by this movement, and tumbled in many somersaults to the floor; but the wool in which it was entangled came down too, so it rolled off the prize in triumph to the chimney-corner, where it soon forgot its fall in the distraction of stolen pleasures. Elsie did not interrupt them: she kept up the appearance of knitting in spite of the tugging at the wool.

"She is certainly very handsome!" Lillingstone thought. Then he recollected what gross ingratitude it would be, if he did not keep up the remembrance of what she had done for him.

"It was very good of you to say just now you would come out with me, for I wanted to speak to you — to explain; to tell you the truth, that was my object in seeing you to-day. Do you think you could come at once?"

Mrs. Reade came in a minute after, and found Lillingstone alone, looking out of the window.

"You see I have taken your daughter at her word, for it is high time I should be off," and he looked at his watch.

"Well, sir, I won't hinder you; time waits for no man, as the saying is. Elsie'll be glad enough to put you in the right way, though she's a strange girl for not taking much account of people at first."

When Elsie returned home, not only were the remains of the baking cleared away, but the bricks had been washed down, and her mother was sitting with Grandfather, Rettie and the little ones, enjoying the few minutes' rest before taking the bread out of the oven.

Elsie ran upstairs at once, put something carefully into the oak chest, and then joined them at the table. Her mother was obliged to suppress her curiosity about "the gentleman," for she did not like to question her before the children; and, as soon as *they* had dispersed, they were both busy again preparing the men's supper. Later, when this was over, and Elsie had gone to her own room for the night, her mother came in, and, putting the candle out that it might not wake the little one, she sat on the edge of the low, white bed, and watched Elsie as she stood by the open lattice unwinding her hair. The close brooding twilight gave rest between the hot working-day and the soft summer night. Mrs. Reade sat looking at her

daughter lazily, till the brown coils had spread over Elsie's shoulders.

"Well, child," she said at last, "how did you get on with the gentleman? Do you think any better of him now?"

"Why?" Elsie asked, with a show of surprise. "I didn't think bad of him, did I?"

"One'd say so when you made such a trouble about going that little step with him."

"Well, I didn't want to go at first," she said, looking away from her mother out of the window.

"What a child you are, to be sure! Any girl but you would have been pleased, for he's the best-looking and most pleasant-spoken young gentleman I've seen here for many a day."

A bright flush of pleasure lighted up Elsie's face, but it was too dark for her mother to see it. She knew that, so she turned towards her again, and said laughingly, "But I never was a judge of good looks, you know, mother."

Mrs. Reade smiled to herself. She waited some time expecting Elsie to say more; but seeing she was not inclined to speak, she did not question her any further.

"Well," she said at last, rising, and going over to the child in the cot, "I don't know what you may feel, but what with the heat and the baking I'm regularly done up." Elsie got up and stood near her mother. "See; she's fast asleep, the little duck!" and she kissed Doty's flushed cheeks. Then, as she turned to leave the room, Elsie said, "May I have your candle, mother?"

"Yes; I don't want it; but don't keep it too long burning, for we must try to make the pound last out the month this time."

Elsie did not light the candle directly her mother shut the door. She went back to her place at the window, and waited till the house was quiet, save for the heavy breathing of her brothers who slept on the landing outside. Then she went to the chest and raised the lid, taking care to manage the awkward iron handle so that it should not make a noise. There lay the packet which she had put away when she came home, and which she had been longing to look at the whole of the evening. She took it out, and carried it, with the candle, to the window-sill; then she knelt down and looked at it; and, although it was only an ordinary paper parcel, with nothing to indicate what it contained, she looked at it in many ways before she opened it — even the slight scent that hung

about it seemed to her like a glimpse into another world. At last, however, she untied the knot, unfolded it, and there to her great delight was a crimson silk handkerchief. But this was not the only thing she saw. Underneath was a card box; which had also a crimson border. She was too much pleased to open it at once. When she lifted the lid carefully, she found, under some wadding, an oval piece of ivory set in a slight gold rim; on the other side was a portrait of Lillingstone. Perhaps for sentiment, may be for some other motive, he had been taken in the boating suit with the open crimson collar. The likeness was well given, as if the artist had found congenial work in the delicate outline, the large, dreamy eyes, the profusion of dark hair that hid his forehead, and colouring so faultless that it would have been captious to dwell too much on a certain weakness in the mouth. Elsie did not even see this; she still sat looking at the picture, forgetful of her mother's injunction, unconscious of the passing time. To her it seemed perfect; for on it had fallen the purple light of illusion.

CHAPTER V.

It was Sunday evening, about a month after this. All the family were at home. Twice that day they had made painful procession along the dusty road to church; all except Jacob, who had been using his gifts to the edification of a fen-meeting. This second attendance was unusual; but Grandfather had said that as they were such near neighbours, their presence was only a fitting mark of respect to Mrs. Lister, who had at last died of the effects of the fever, and was to be buried after the service. The children gave up their afternoon stroll with the better grace that the dismal ceremony excited their curiosity, for they had never seen a funeral before. The eagerness of their expectation kept them wide awake during the prayers; but as soon as the sermon began, this gave way to a weird dread which made it seem intolerable to them. Towards the close of it Rettie could not control herself any longer. "It will be here soon," she whispered to little Johnny, and a sympathetic shudder ran through the three children. "It" was the coffin, they all knew that, though they dared not name it openly. Patty peeped over Elsie's knee to see the cause of the diversion, but the awed expression of their faces promised her no amusement, so she subsided again of her own accord, casting a half-envious look at

little Dot, who was fast asleep in Mrs. Reade's arms. Then the children were quiet again, nervously picking at their clothes with fingers that were growing colder every minute; for the constraint of the place oppressed them, and they were fretted by the monotony of a voice that spoke but one lesson to *them*—the practical duty of sitting still while "it" was slowly and surely coming nearer, and, for aught they knew, might be put down at their very pew-door. But the sermon came to an end at last, and the children, elbowing their way through the congregation, looked cautiously out of the door. The procession had only just entered the next field; so, while the older members of the family joined the knots that were forming round the porch, they scampered off, and settled themselves in a convenient place on the churchyard wall, with their feet hanging outside, ready for a start in case their fears should be realized in any definite form. From this well-chosen position they enjoyed the excitement of a horror seen in security. And when they came home, it was a relief to know that "it" was no longer next door. After they had had tea the reaction was growing into boisterous mirth, when Elsie called them in to say their texts. Grandfather had taken his place in his oak chair, and Elsie had placed the great Bible on his knee. He wiped his spectacles with the thoughtful slowness of one who feels the importance of what he is about to say; but the children did not show a corresponding readiness to come and hear it. Whenever they were on the point of being settled, one was sure to rush off on some pretext, and so delay the lesson; but they were all in their places at last. Jonathan had laid aside his pipe, and was fidgeting about awkwardly near the back door. This was his acknowledgment of his parental duties, for he felt he was more responsible since his little ones had lost their mother; and, if his presence at this weekly catechism was but a slight acquittal of them, at least it was not without effort to himself. Mrs. Reade was so placed that while she commanded the circle of young, rosy faces, she could also look past Jonathan down the garden path, and see her two other sons, who were leaning over the pig-sty staring into the fens. To her this was a spectacle of unclouded satisfaction; the secret of it lay in her instinctive prejudice against daughters-in-law. She said it was no good to grub up the ground after the seed was well in; so, when one such evil had been forced upon her, she

had made the best of it. But a moderate success in one instance did not blind her to the risk of future ventures, nor to the symptoms which foretell them. Therefore, her motherly heart rejoiced, as week after week she saw her sons contented with the quiet dissipation of a pipe over the pig-sty, on the evening consecrated above all others to rustic love-making. Presently a woman dressed in black appeared at the wicket. Mrs. Reade rose instantly and went out to meet her, for she recognized Mrs. Soper, a sister of the widower next door, who lived at some distance, and had come over for the funeral. She had been in constant feud with the deceased; but that was no reason why she should forego the consideration which the occasion aroused. She was a sharp-featured woman with a sallow complexion. She wore a bonnet cap, a frame of plaited frills secured by a kind of trace behind; it left her ears and head bare, but for the walnut-sized protuberance which represented her back hair. When Mrs. Reade held out both hands, and greeted her in the crooning tone of kindness adapted to her mourning condition, she only sighed, and suffered herself to be led into the room, conscious that she was bearing the honours of her supposed bereavement with becoming meekness and dignity. The children hailed her arrival as a signal for escape; but Mrs. Reade motioned them back to their places. Jonathan, however, disappeared altogether. Elsie gave Mrs. Soper a chair and went to the doorway, where she stood for some time, apparently unconscious of the talking inside. The old man made some movement to receive the guest.

"Don't get up," she said, looking at him sadly, with half-closed eyes; "I only thought I'd come in and hev a word with ye."

"And very kind too, seeing the short time you have to be here," said Mrs. Reade.

Then there was a pause, but the inevitable awkwardness of it was not aggravated by the embarrassment which attaches to a silence in more refined circles. Here, conversation was not an art in daily cultivation; it was restricted to gossip and curt remarks exchanged at meals or at work. A discussion with unemployed hands was a rare event, brought about by some social crisis, and attended by the formality of a public meeting; no one made any attempt to soften the approach to the topic of the day, nor to lead up to it by allusion to others of secondary importance.

Little Johnny pinched his brother and giggled. Rettie reproved this by an admonitory frown; so they fixed their eyes on Mrs. Soper as the person who should relieve their suspense, and in the end she did not disappoint them. But for some time she sat looking straight before her, clasping a pocket-handkerchief, which her grief had reduced to a damp ball, her right forefinger tapping the knuckles of her other hand, with a precision at such regular variance with the ticking of the clock, that it seemed like a pointed contradiction of that monitor. At last the scrooping sound of her chair moving on the bricks, warned them that her pent-up feelings were about to seek relief in utterance, the persistent finger became still, and she cleared her voice by a preparatory cough.

"Well, she's gone at last!" she said, dropping her eyes with a groan, and pulling at the corner of her handkerchief.

"Yes, a good woman," said the old man slowly, as he took off his spectacles; "she'll be much missed."

"I for one'll miss many a little thing she used to do for me," Mrs. Reade added. "I'm very sorry for her."

"Missed! for the matter o' that I don't know 'bout bein' missed. I'm sorry for her; but bein' missed 's quite another thing. She was never but a poor creature. I told Samuel so eighteen years ago, and my words hev come true."

"She was always weakly, you see," said the old man.

"Weakly! there's a many 'd be glad to be weakly. She was no manager!" and Mrs. Soper raised her voice with emphasis as she gave out the secret of the eighteen years' disorder. "As I said to Soper as we was comin' along in our tilted cart —" She made a slight pause, for the tilted cart was a new acquisition. Mrs. Reade would not notice it, so she continued in no improved temper, "As I said, I shouldn't hev minded hev'n a little something, just to keep her in mind; but if you'll believe me, when I come to look over her things — 'cept her Sunday shawl — there wasn't so much as a stockin' worth the keeping, there wasn't indeed;" and she leaned back in her chair, nodding at Mrs. Reade with an injured expression. There was a pause. "Now no one shall say that o' me *whensomedever* the Lord may please to take me, and it may come sooner or later like a thief in the night, as we're told in the Scriptures, for I never was one o' the strong ones; it's more sperrit than strength that I've got."

"No, I know you never could do much," said the old man, supplying the ready sympathy which he foresaw would be wanting in his daughter. Mrs. Reade suppressed her amusement at his unhappily worded courtesy, but not so completely as to deceive her visitor, who recollected herself, and added hurriedly, —

"But for managin' and orderin' there's not my equal in the place, though I should say it myself." The old man changed his spectacles nervously from one hand to the other, and Mrs. Reade looked at him with an idle twinkle in her eye, but she did not come to his help.

"Well," he said at last, avoiding her look of amusement, and conscious that he was not saving himself by a very forcible remark, "everybody can't do alike."

"No, — all's not gifted the same, but *anybody* can be savin'; as for me —"

"But this poor thing next door," interrupted Grandfather, "she never had much to save, I'm afraid."

"It's hard to tell *what* 'd be enough for some people. She'd got nothin' *left* but her Sunday shawl, and Sam said he'd like to see the girl wear that some day. I told him it wouldn't suit her one bit, but there — he's so pig-headed, it was no good speakin'."

"Oh! she'll think of her mother, keep-sake or no keepsake," and Grandfather shook his head mournfully.

Mrs. Soper looked disgusted. "And you call that a way of bringin' up children! never sayin' 'em nay, lettin' 'em run in and out like rabbits in a warren, and if they're not in to meals, keepin' a warm bit for 'em in the oven! I may ha' been misguided in some things, but I know my duty better than that. No children hev been sharper looked up than mine, though I say it; I've never forgotten what Solomon said o' the rod, and yet," she added, after a slight pause, "what's the thanks you get for your pains? It often hurts my feelin's to think that if it pleased the Lord to take me, p'raps they wouldn't grieve more nor if they'd been left to their own ways;" and she sighed and sank back in her chair. Mrs. Reade deprecated her despondency; this seemed to give her some comfort, for she began again with renewed energy, "Leastways they can't quite forget *all* I've taught 'em; and as for hers — they've turned after their teachin', sure enough! For I do think it a shameful thing that she should have reared but those three, and not one of 'em come to her buryin'."

"Why, the lad's at sea," broke in Mrs. Reade, rather sharply, "so there was no

thought of *his* being here; and seeing the girls are so far off, and hadn't money to come while she was ill, I don't think it reasonable to expect they'd come now."

"Well," said Mrs. Soper, straightening herself up, "I must say, I like to see proper respect paid; where there's a will there's a way. If they'd a mind, they'd have found people to lend 'em the means."

"It's a bad thing for young people to get into debt," said Mrs. Reade, firmly, looking at her own little people to see that the lesson was not lost. They met her scrutiny with most docile faces, for the weight of morality floating through the conversation made it depressing to them.

Meanwhile Grandfather, who liked the Lister girls, explained in a gentle tone, "They knew that that was not what their mother would have liked. They earn their living so slow, it would have been a long time before they could have paid it off; and she, poor thing, always taught them different from that."

Mrs. Soper was not prepared to listen to quotations from Mrs. Lister's school, so she persisted in a sanctimonious tone, "There's a time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; and if ever there was a time to borrow, it was now. And if so be it had happened that they couldn't pay it again, why, everybody must hev somethin' to put in their stomachs, and cover their backs; the Lord must provide; but payin' proper respect to their mother after she's gone's quite a different thing from leavin' their place, and idlin' about on pretence o' mindin' her when there was Martha wi' nothin' else to do."

There was another pause. Mrs. Reade looked at her guest with stony eyes, and bit her lip. The old man felt averse to arguing with her any more, so he put on his spectacles once more, and said quietly, "I've a habit of reading a little with the young ones every Sunday evening. If you don't mind, we'll go on."

Mrs. Soper *did* mind, but she knew Grandfather's determined character too well to oppose him, and assumed an appearance of interest which quite overpowered the children for the moment; they soon forgot their shyness, however, when the old man looked slyly towards the little group and said, "I suppose there's no picture to-day?" He made a point of never expecting a picture, and his surprise always enhanced the pleasure of showing it, while its weekly recurrence robbed nothing from its freshness.

"Oh yes!" exclaimed all the voices at once; "to-day wasn't a picture day, but teacher gave us one because we were so good."

"Dood!" repeated the baby child in explosive delight, as Rettie lifted her down from a chair, for it was her privilege to carry the picture, and she now waddled to her grandfather with her fat, dimpled arms stretched out, triumphantly holding up the great placard. On it was painted, in very florid colours, a cross-looking, red-haired man in a blue dressing-gown. He was seated on a sand-bank, with a yellow gourd of prodigious growth poised nicely over his head. Anyone at all familiar with Scripture, and with the specimens of art which national schools provide to cultivate the taste of their pupils and stimulate their religious enthusiasm, would at once recognize this to be Jonah.

"Now, my dear children, look at this. Can any of you tell me what makes Jonah look so sad?"

The children's eyes opened wider, but there was no answer.

"He thinks the pumpkin's comin' down on his 'ed!" exclaimed Johnny at last, in a burst of intelligence; he had noticed the insecure slightness of the stem.

The look of reprobation with which Johnny's guess was received, had a chilling effect; this may have been an indirect cause of Rettie's suggestion, murmured in a sententious tone, "The worm!"

"What worm?" asked Grandfather; but, at once recognizing this answer to be of more orthodox derivation, he said, "No, dear child, God had not sent the worm *then*; he had troubled him in other ways. It was the wrath of God."

Mrs. Soper was ostentatiously scandalized.

"Now, children, *be* careful," Mrs. Reade put in. "Johnny! *you* know better than that;" but her face beamed with unspoken motherly excuses.

"Let us turn to the text," said the old man. "Rettie, where is it?"

Rettie began to read in a high nasal key: "'So Jonah went out of the city, and sat on the east side of the city, and there made him a booth, and sat under it in the shadow, till he might see what would become of the city —'" She stopped.

Mrs. Soper closed her eyes with an air of edification.

"Now, my dear children," said Grandfather, "before we go any farther, let us think of the lesson we may learn from this;" and placing his hand on the open book, he looked at them over his spectacles.

"Then to Mrs. Soper, "I hope it doesn't tire you to listen to these questions.

"Oh, no! it's right they should be brought to think o' their souls, poor things; specially now, when one's jest been called out from among us."

"Elsie's goin' away to-morrow!" Jemmy called out.

It did not accord with Mrs. Soper's notions, to encourage children's remarks; but her love of news made compromise with her principles; so she looked over Jemmy's head inquiringly at Mrs. Reade.

Mrs. Reade nodded, "Yes, only for a few weeks, — to Widow Gaithorne's."

"To Widow Gaithorne's at Upware? How's that?"

"It's only that she's let her rooms to a gentleman, and wants more help than little Mary Jane Bailey."

"And what will you do without Elsie?"

"Do! why, Rettie must take her place. It's high time she'd learn to keep house, I'm sure; Elsie did it long before she was her age," nodding over to Rettie with a brisk look as she spoke; "besides," she added, "I'd just as soon she didn't work much longer in the sheds."

"And for how long's Widow Gaithorne engaged with her lodger?"

"Only till the end of the holidays; for he's over at Cambridge, and wants a quiet place, where he won't be disturbed from his books. He's no stranger," she added, "for he's only son in the family where Mrs. Gaithorne was so long in service."

"Well," said Mrs. Soper, settling herself in her chair, "I don't want to put anyone out o' heart, but it's not I should like to change places wi' Elsie, while such stories are goin' about the place."

Elsie turned and fixed an anxious, scrutinizing glance on Mrs. Soper.

"Yes, stories; sure enough," she continued, answering Mrs. Reade's look of surprise. "I'd never get a wink o' sleep in that place 'long o' the ghosts they say walk about there every night."

Elsie fell back into her former listless attitude, and looked out into the country pre-occupied as before; and Grandfather, seeing that gossip was likely to engross all attention, closed the book, saying, "Well, children, I suppose that must do for to-night." They all ran out into the garden glad to escape, except Rettie, who put her chair away slowly, with a look of regret for the pleasant hour wasted. She made a step to join Elsie, but remembering Mrs. Soper's remark about the ghosts, she went and stood near Grandfather to hear what more she would say about them.

"You're thinking of what they say about the ghosts of the covered way, I suppose," said Mrs. Reade, as soon as the little people had left them quiet. "I don't set much store by such tales; at all events they haven't hurt Mrs. Gaithorne yet."

"Oh! of course folks needn't believe it if they don't like, but my grandfather saw them, and he wouldn't hev believed it more than other people if he hadn't. He always used to say, 'It's a nasty country to live in, for there's nothin' stirrin' 'bove ground, and the dead, who ought to bide quiet in their graves, wander about o' nights in the hollows they moled out for their selves when livin'."

"I don't think there's much for those who do right to mind," said Grandfather, as a corrective to the rather doubtful expression gathering on Rettie's face; "let them be quits with their conscience and they needn't fear."

"Oh dear, no!" said Mrs. Soper, hastily returning to the pious tone. "It's only to believe; we're told that whomsomever believes, will be took care of; but the thing is, can we be sure when we *do* believe?" and her emphatic fore-finger came again into play.

It fidgeted Mrs. Reade, who brushed down her apron vigorously, and exclaimed in rousing tone, "Little as may seem to be stirring, it's not everybody has got time to bide still wondering, since the cattle-plague's come here. We've got more than ghosts to expect; it behoves us to look alive, and move about a bit."

"Yes," chimed in the old man sadly, "there's many a one was well-to-do at sowing, will be poor before harvest is over; and us working folk will have a hard winter of it — not that I work now," he said, correcting himself. "I could yet do a little, but they won't let me. They're good boys," he added in a softened tone as he looked at their mother.

It would have been contrary to Mrs. Reade's nature to make any show of feeling before Mrs. Soper; so she drew herself up still more rigidly; but, before she fell into her fixed stare out of the window, her eyes wandered over his bent shoulders and silver hair, with an expression which carried some meaning to Rettie, for she drew a little nearer and wound her arm gently round the old man's neck.

"I've been told it's spreadin' very much 'bout here," said Mrs. Soper, in an indifferent tone.

"Yes, but there's some yards not touched. Farmer Brasnell's is well-nigh cleared, but he bought up a lot of old

stagers just before it set in, and they say he'll be none the loser."

"He's a sharp old customer, is old Brasnell," put in Mrs. Soper with evident enjoyment.

"That he is! and his wife and daughter have been busy enough making camphor-bags, so that all the cows went about with them hanging at their necks."

"Yes, I heard that, and that they had 'em vaccinated like infants. But hev Widow Gaithorne lost any?"

"No, and the Baileys are all right so far, but they've had one of theirs shot at the parsonage. He did a kind action, did Joe; one of their cows calved just about the time old Peachy's died, so he gave the calf to the old man, and it was a great comfort to him at the time. It looked well for Bailey, I thought, he being out of work, and ailing too."

"He was *allays* a poor thing," and Mrs. Soper's pinched lips curled in derision of such imprudent generosity.

Rettie did not wait to hear more. It was plain to her that they were not going to say anything further about the ghosts, so she turned away, discontented for the second time. The day before, Elsie had not had time to chat with her, as she usually did on Saturdays; so she loitered slowly down the path, vexed that she had stayed so long away from Elsie, on her last night at home. When she found her at the bottom of the garden, she stood still for some time in a morbid, fretful mood, without drawing her sister's attention; for Elsie, who was on the other side of the hedge, did not notice her; she was looking into the baskets that held their stock of ferns. Presently, as she drew one of these to the bank, she stood up.

"What, Rettie, are you there? you're just in time to help me; and now I can tell you how to manage them when I'm gone." Rettie moved forward to the gap with an unwilling step, but her sister was too busy to notice it. "There now, you see that one," she said, pointing to the filled basket, "those are what we've got for Mr. Dobree. You must be very careful not to let them be hurt in any way, for he doesn't want them to grow, he'll only pick out the best leaves and dry them. As for the basket farther on, we may as well empty it at once, for that set's finished." She drew it towards her with a stick: "There! catch hold of the handle that's coming up close to you—quick!"

But Rettie was not quick; and as she saw it fall heavily into the water she gave a heartfelt "Oh my!"

"What! has it gone all over you?" asked Elsie, letting go her side of the basket; for she thought so deep a sigh was caused by a splash on the Sunday frock.

"No," said Rettie, stolidly.

This was an unusual tone, so Elsie looked up. "What's the matter, Rettie?"

"Why do you want to go away?" Elsie was sorry for the puckered face; so, encouraged by her sympathy, Rettie continued, still pouting, "You don't know when you'll come back, and you've been so took up with the ferns you hadn't any time to be with us; and it isn't at all as nice as it used to be." Here she began to cry.

Elsie put her arm round her, and drew her to the bank; then she sat down by her side, and began speaking in a soothing tone, "You mustn't forget that I'm only going for a very few weeks; and I'll come and see you often between whiles. You will come and see me too. As to my being out lately, it's because we've done better this summer by the ferns than ever before. We ought all of us to be glad of that." Here she paused and sat thinking for some time. When the sobs grew less frequent, she began again: "And I know you'll try to remember all I've told you about Martha and the little ones, and about giving mother as little trouble as possible, so that you'll be such a good housekeeper 'gainst I come home again. And you'll attend to the ferns, won't you? and see that you don't put the baskets away in their place before they're dried."

She got up and busied herself again about the ferns. Rettie did not answer; she sat looking on listlessly till her sister had finished her work; then she sidled close to her and whispered, "You're not angry with me, Elsie?"

"Angry with the child! why should I be angry?" she exclaimed, and taking Rettie's face in both her hands she kissed away the tears that were beginning to fall again. "Now run indoors, for see the moon is up, and there's mother coming, wondering why we've been so long."

Rettie turned towards the cottage, but in spite of Elsie's assurances, she still cherished the heresy "that it wasn't at all as nice as it used to be." This, however, she took good care to conceal, for she had nothing definite to complain of; and Mrs. Reade's opinions on the subject of depression were decided. Whenever the evil appeared in her own family, she met it promptly with a thick yellow dose, stirred in a cracked green teacup kept for the purpose. That this was efficacious as a

remedy cannot be confidently asserted; but that, once taken, it was ever after a powerful stimulus to self-control, was evident in Rettie's cheerful face as she came up to her mother, who was standing on the doorstep, enjoying the splendid Sunday loitering—the poor man's rest, so sweet in its completeness, so sad in the narrowness that forms that completeness.

From Chambers's Journal.
VEGETABLE INVADERS.

THERE are various elements of which the vegetable kingdom in any country is composed: first, the wild plants which grow spontaneously on the soil, and form, as it were, a foundation; then come those which men have introduced in order to bring them under a higher degree of culture; and a third class, small in comparison with the other two, composed of species which various accidental circumstances have naturalized in a country. There is nothing fixed about any of these; time modifies them all; culture gradually produces the extinction of wild plants; whilst the progress of science, new interests, and intercourse with other lands, transform the rural economy. Where the plough leaves the ground untouched, spontaneous vegetation changes little; we know from the catalogues left us by old authors of centuries back, that the same wild flowers are there, now as then.

But has this never varied? Formerly, it was believed to be so, without even a discussion being raised; geology was a closed book, buried under our feet; the suspicion of its existence was not started. Now the book is opened, and sufficient has been deciphered to shew that there have been a long series of transformations, commencing in the earliest ages of the world, and which will probably continue so long as our planet is warmed by the sun's rays, the only source of life on the surface of the globe. Happily, the strata of this earth have preserved the impress of vegetation, and by consulting these herbariums, we can restore in imagination the flora of past time. They are, however, closely allied; the number of plants now living which are found in a fossil state, increases daily; and all belong to the most recent deposits of our planet. It must not be supposed that these have no analogy with the more ancient ones of the carboniferous strata; our ferns and lycopodiums recall in some degree the

trees from which coal has been formed, but it cannot be affirmed that a single plant of that age has been perpetuated among us; the species themselves have disappeared.

The tufa or travertin counts among the later geological formations; they are deposits of chalk formed by streams, the waters of which are charged with calcareous salts and carbonate of lime. Some of these are increasing in the present day, such as the tufa of the cascades of Terni, Tivoli, and of Kerka, a river of Dalmatia, which falls into the Adriatic. The leaves and fruits which have fallen into these incrusting waters are covered with successive layers of lime, which are moulded into the exact shape, with their most delicate veins and indentation. Generally, the leaf has disappeared, whilst the model remains, preserved in the mass of tufa, and giving a certain testimony that the trees with which these streams were formerly shaded are the same as now form our forests. There are elder trees, nut trees, oaks, elms, poplars, willows, laurels, vines, and the Judas tree; but some have disappeared from the region where they then grew, and have either migrated to the north or south. Three kinds of pines formerly existing on the Mediterranean shore are no longer there; one has taken refuge in the Alps, the second in the Cevennes, the third in the higher regions of the Pyrenees. Sometimes the living specimen of the mould in the tufa must be sought for far to the south; thus, a fern which once grew at Ain is now only seen in the Canaries, in Spain, and in Italy. The oleander, the pomegranate, and the Judas tree are no longer denizens of Lyon, as they once were; but these researches show that the fig, the vine, and the walnut are trees indigenous to France, and not imported from other countries. There is but one kind of palm tree now growing in Europe; it may be met with in Spain, Italy, Corsica, Greece, and Sardinia. One existed at Nico at the beginning of this century, but was destroyed by the intemperate zeal of botanical collectors. Asia and America are the true countries of this beautiful form, yet the remains of several other kinds have been found, which have not survived the vicissitudes of climate.

In Switzerland, where M. Heer, one of the first botanists of the present time, has been carrying on his researches, the strata at the southern extremity of the Lake of Zürich shew numerous imprints of fruit and leaves; among which may be recognized many of our forest trees, and those aquatic plants which are still to be found

in the marshes of the country. Thus, we gather that after the retreat of the great glaciers which covered Switzerland, Germany, France, and Italy, the forests were very similar to those of the present day, in a climate probably a little colder than our own; whilst that of northern regions was decidedly warmer. At this epoch, Iceland, Greenland, and Spitzbergen were covered with vast forests of cypress and pines; whilst in the Miocene period, the vegetation of Central Europe was that of tropical countries, and analogous to what now obtains in Carolina, Florida, and Georgia—the larger growths of Provence and Languedoc assimilating to those of the Canary Islands.

On the sides of the steepest rocks in the Pyrenees, the traveller sees with surprise a large tuft of leaves with a pretty bunch of blue flowers in the centre. The roots of this plant (*Ramondia Pyrenaica*) penetrate into the smallest fissures of the stone, and grow vigorously without any other nourishment than the water they absorb and the air they breathe. It is curious to find that, limited as it is to these mountains, and to those of Mont Serrat in Catalonia, it is the only representative in Western Europe of the exotic family of *Cyrtandraceæ*. The two kinds nearest to it grow in the mountains of Roumelia and in those of Japan; all the other species are spread over Nepaul and the Indian Archipelago. It is evidently a stranger in the midst of its surrounding vegetation. In the same mountains, botanists discovered a few years ago, at a height of from six to eight thousand feet, a low-growing plant with a very strong stem, which turned out to be one of the family *Dioscorea*, to which belongs the *Ignama* of China and other kinds which are spread over tropical Asia and America. This is the only European representative; and it is no less surprising that it should have been discovered on the edge of the eternal snow, than if a monkey, a paroquet, or a humming-bird had been met with there. These exotic plants lead back the thoughts to the flora which preceded ours, when the height and connection of the continent were very different to what they are in the present day.

Naturalists have studied with particular care the flora of islands, where, in a circumscribed space, nature offers a small and limited vegetable kingdom. Rousseau, when living in a little island in the Lake of Bienné, projected the idea of a "*Flora petrinularis*," a study full of teaching and of surprises, raising problems which are

still far from being resolved. Thus, in the British Isles, there is not a single species belonging exclusively to them; all, excepting two, are found on the European continent, so it is naturally concluded that they have been subject to a great vegetable invasion like Denmark and Normandy. But there are other islands, on the contrary, such as Madagascar, the Canaries, and the Galapagos, which have a flora entirely different from the nearest continent. Edward Forbes was the first to point out that England and Scotland had been colonized by arctic plants during the glacial period; when the climate softened, these took up their abode in the mountains; then came the epoch when England was united to the continent. The same submarine forests are found on the coasts of England and France, and the former was but a promontory of the latter, like Finis-terre. The plants of Picardy propagated themselves in Devonshire and Cornwall, and in the counties of Cork and Waterford in Ireland, and, at the present day, similar ones are growing in the peninsula of which Cherbourg forms the extremity.

This vegetable migration has not been able to pass over our coasts; the coolness of the climate placed an impassable barrier to its farther advance. These species have been classified under the Armorican type. Another still more numerous tribe invaded our shores from the north of France and Germany, and have occupied the greater part of England, Scotland, and Ireland, though, as regards the last country, many never crossed St. George's Channel. If all these classes could be divided among the boreal, the Germanic, and the Armorican, there would be little difficulty to the botanist; but in the south of Ireland we find the arbutus, six kinds of saxifrage, and three heaths, all strangers, and common to the Pyrenees and Asturias, affording a proof of the ancient geological connection between that country and the Gulf of Gascony. One of these plants is found in the Azores, and we begin to see the first lineaments of that continent mentioned by Plato, and long treated as fabulous, rising out of the ocean, which geology, in agreement with botanical geography, tends to reconstitute. There are two other plants, the eriocaulon and spiranthes, which are also found in America. The first, growing in the peat-marshes of the island of Skye, and in the Irish lakes near the sea, is the only European representative of the exotic family of *Restiaceæ*, which is spread over Australia, the Cape of Good Hope, and Brazil. The other is

an orchid of Newfoundland and the Northern States. The introduction of these plants by ships cannot be entertained, because they both belong to fresh water, and could not have been brought by currents or in the ballast of ships.

If we turn to other archipelagoes, we find four groups on the coast of Africa. The traveller landing at Madeira is struck with the European character of the vegetation, resembling that of the south and the shores of the Mediterranean; but if we penetrate to Porto Santo and the rocks of Desertas, in the mountains and ravines, there are African, Asiatic, and American plants which Hooker classifies as the Atlantic species. The presence of these is extraordinary, and exactly as if we met with varieties in Jersey unknown on the coasts of France and England. It must be understood, however, that man has greatly changed the primitive flora of Madeira. When the Portuguese discovered it in 1419, the island was covered with forests; the new colonists set them on fire, and they burned for seven years. The vine and the sugar-cane flourished admirably on this soil covered with ashes, but how many plants must have perished during this long conflagration. At Porto Santo, a rabbit and its young were put on shore in 1418; and their descendants multiplied so rapidly, that the colonists themselves were afraid of death by starvation, as they browsed upon everything they could reach.

The Canary Islands, which are much nearer to Africa, have a flora which has scarcely anything in common with that country. Out of a thousand species, many are not found in any other part of the world, and others belong to the Mediterranean. Passing on to the Azores, we find the common heath and the *Dabæcia polyfolia* of Ireland and Western France and Spain. The *Campanula Vidalii* only exists on the steep rocks of the Isle of Flores, the seed of which has been sent to England: it has grown and multiplied, and is now in greater abundance here than in its native land. Nearer to America, the Azores ought to have more of its vegetation than Madeira and the Canaries; yet the contrary is the case, and many plants common to the latter are wholly unknown in the former. In the Cape de Verd Islands, which have been explored by Hooker and Lowe, the flora seems to be a prolongation of that of the African Sahara. In the mountains, there are a few species of the European type, but not a single one belonging to the three other archipelagoes, the dragon-tree only excepted.

The island of St Helena, lost in the immensity of the Atlantic Ocean, is of volcanic origin. When first discovered, it was covered with forests, which descended down the ravines to the very borders of the sea; now all is bare, destroyed, not by fire, but by the teeth of the wild goat. Introduced in 1513, they multiplied to such a degree, that seventy years after, Captain Cavendish saw them in flocks above a mile long. In 1709, a few forests still existed, and one of the trees which grew in them, the ebony, was cut down to feed the lime-kilns. The governor wrote to the directors of the East India Company for permission to destroy the goats and preserve the forests; to which they replied, that the goats were worth more than the ebony. A century after, in consequence of other remonstrances, the goats were banished, and the indigenous vegetation reappeared, when a new disaster arrived. General Beaton introduced a number of plants foreign to the island: the briers, brooms, willows, and poplars of England; heaths from the Cape; trees from Australia; and weeds from America. They all grew and multiplied prodigiously. Happily, Dr. Burchell had previously formed his herbarium, which is at Kew, and from which Dr. Hooker has constituted a primitive flora, consisting of forty species, which are found in no other part of the world. Among them is the singular wood which the colonists denominate gumwood-tree, and nearly allied to our European ebony.

Passing over the equator to another hemisphere, is the isle of Kerguelen, perpetually beaten by an angry sea, and surrounded by icebergs, sterile as one of the arctic regions. It is a black volcanic mass, surrounded by shoals, which led Captain Cook to call it the Island of Desolation. At a distance, it seems denuded of all vegetation; but on approaching, there are seen round tufts of an umbelliferous plant, and a few grasses, which border the shore in sheltered bays. Anderson, the naturalist of Captain Cook's expedition, found only eighteen species; but still later, Hooker has increased them to a hundred and fifty. One of them, a gigantic crucifer, resembling a cabbage, was called by the English sailors the Kerguelen cabbage: for a hundred and thirty days this formed the only food of a crew of a hundred and twenty men, among whom the first symptoms of scurvy had appeared. Dr. Hooker, out of gratitude, called it after Sir John Pringle, who was known by his researches into this disease; but the *Pringlea* has no affinity with other species in the southern

hemisphere. Another plant, of the genus *Lyellia*, is also indigenous to Kerguelen, and recalls the type of Alpine plants in the chain of the Andes.

Next, we reach the large archipelago of the South Sea, including New Zealand. About a thousand phanerogames are to be found there. When analyzing them, the botanist cannot fail to be surprised again at this anomaly, that the greater number of kinds in New Zealand are not to be found in the nearest continent, that of Australia; and that the others also exist in South America, which is separated from it by a third part of the globe's circumference. In Australia, the forests are all but exclusively composed of the acacia and eucalyptus, so common in the gardens about Nice; but none of these trees are indigenous to the forests of New Zealand. Yet the climate is not unfavourable to their growth, as evidenced by their rapid increase in these cases where they have been introduced.

The plants which belong to European classes are almost all aquatic, but nothing in the organization of the seeds can explain their transport from one hemisphere to the other. Those species which may be classed as American include one tree, the *Edwardsia grandiflora*, and many kinds of fuchsia and calceolaria, well known to the lovers of horticulture; yet they do not grow in Australia or any other part of the globe excepting the temperate zones of South America. These peculiarities are reproduced on the smaller islands: that which bears the name of Lord Howe contains five species of the palm-tree peculiar to itself, and apparently belonging to the genus *Seaforthia*. The other plants may be found in Norfolk Island, to which we owe the pine of that name, but the vegetable characteristics of Australia are wholly absent.

Many problems arise in the mind of the observer when these facts are considered. It must not be forgotten that our present flora is the result of transformations carried on during thousands of years, leaving behind them obscure and isolated traces. The plants which lived in the tertiary or quaternary periods—such as the laurel, the pomegranate, the fig-tree—represent a primitive population which has survived all revolution, and not succumbed in the unequal struggle of great invasions of vegetation from near or distant continents. It is the same with plants as with races—the weaker and fewer in number fall before the more vigorous and fruitful. The plants of Europe seem to share the

qualities of the men: they now dominate in the Canaries, Azores, and Madeira; they are invading many regions of America, and play the same part in New Zealand.

How, then, have these immigrations taken place, and do they testify to a former union of islands with the nearest continents? As far as England is concerned, this fact seems to be incontrovertible; but it must be doubtful as regards other islands, such as Madagascar, Galapagos, and the Falkland Islands, the flora of which is so different from the neighbouring continent. Naturalists who refuse to accept this explanation believe in the transport of seeds by migratory birds. So trifling a cause might in a series of ages produce considerable results; and the vegetation of the Faroe Islands naturally explains itself in the millions of sea-birds which summer in the north of Europe, and pass the winter in the south. The currents of seawater must also not be overlooked: Linnaeus was well aware that the Gulf-stream brought seeds from the Gulf of Mexico to the coasts of Scotland and Norway. A seed of the climbing mimosa has been picked up among the pebbles of the North Cape, while many others, after being in the water for a time, lose their powers of germination. In support of this theory, the reefs of coral have been adduced, which, rising out of the Pacific Ocean, are in time covered with palm-trees, herbaceous plants, and animals imported from neighbouring islands; but for many this is not conclusive, and they adhere to the opinion of the ancient union between Europe and America. Life is too short, and the organization of scientific proofs for a long period has not been tried, whilst analogy and induction permit us to say: "Nothing in nature is immutable."

From Macmillan's Magazine.
INSTINCT.

WITH ORIGINAL OBSERVATIONS ON YOUNG
ANIMALS.

THE exquisite skill and accurate knowledge observable in the lives of the lower animals, which men generally have regarded as instinctive—born with them—have ever been subjects of wonder. In the hands of the natural theologian, whose armoury has been steadily impoverished in proportion as mystery has given way before science, instinct is still a powerful weapon. When the divine expatiates on

the innate wisdom and the marvellous untaught dexterity of beasts, birds, and insects, he is in little danger of being checked by the men of science. His learned enemies are dumb, when in triumph he asks the old question:—

“Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?”

The very little that our psychologists have done for instinct may be told in a few words. The only theory of instinct, of the nature of an explanation, is that put forward by Mr. Herbert Spencer as part of his philosophy of evolution; but, as a theory, it is only beginning to be understood and appreciated among scientific men; while some eminent thinkers question the reality of the phenomena to be explained. Professor Bain, our other psychologist, and his able following of trained disciples, simply discredit the alleged facts of instinct. Unfortunately, however, instead of putting the matter to the test of observation and experiment, they have contented themselves with criticizing the few accidental observations that have been recorded, and with arguing against the probability of instinctive knowledge. In defending the Berkeleyan Theory of Vision, Professor Bain, in answer to the assertion that the young of the lower animals manifest an instinctive perception of distance by the eye, contends that “there does not exist a body of careful and adequate observations on the early movements of animals.” Writing long ago on the same subject, Mr. Mill also, while admitting that “the facts relating to the young of the lower animals have been long felt to be a real stumbling-block in the way of the theory,” maintains that “our knowledge of the mental operations of animals is too imperfect to enable us to affirm positively that they have this instinct.” Denying the facts, however, was not Mr. Mill’s mode of saving the theory. He was rather of opinion that the “animals have to us an inexplicable facility both of finding and selecting the objects which their wants require.” How very inexplicable, he conceives, their mental operations may possibly be, may be gathered from the fact of his suggesting an experiment to ascertain whether a blind duckling might not find the water as readily as one having sight. The position of psychologists of the too purely analytical school, however, is not that the facts of instinct are inexplicable, but that they are incredible. This view

is set out most explicitly in the article on Instinct in “Chamber’s Encyclopædia.” Thus: “It is likewise said that the chick recognizes grains of corn at first sight, and can so direct its movements as to pick them up at once; being thus able to know the meaning of what it sees, to measure the distance of objects instinctively, and to graduate its movements to that knowledge—all which is, in the present state of our acquaintance with the laws of mind, wholly incredible.” And it is held, that all the supposed examples of instinct may be—for anything that has yet been observed to the contrary—nothing more than cases of rapid learning, imitation, or instruction.

Thus it would appear that with regard to instinct we have yet to ascertain the facts. With a view to this end, I have made many observations and experiments, mostly on chickens. The question of instinct, as opposed to acquisition, has been discussed chiefly in connection with the perceptions of distance and direction by the eye and the ear. Against the instinctive character of these perceptions it is argued, that as distance means movement, locomotion, the very essence of the idea is such as cannot be taken in by the eye or ear; that what the varying sensations and feelings of sight and hearing correspond to, must be got at by moving over the ground—by experience. On the other hand, it is alleged that, though as regards man the prolonged helplessness of infancy stands in the way of the observer, we have only to look at the young of the lower animals to see that as a matter of fact they do not require to go through the process of learning the meaning of their sensations in relation to external things; that chickens, for example, run about, pick up crumbs, and follow the call of their mother *immediately* on leaving the shell. For putting this matter to the test of experiment, chickens, therefore, are most suitable and convenient subjects. I have observed and experimented on more than fifty chickens, taking them from under the hen while yet in the eggs. But of these, not one on emerging from the shell was in a condition to manifest an acquaintance with the qualities of the outer world. On leaving the shell they are wet and helpless; they struggle with their legs, wings, and necks, but are unable to stand or hold up their heads. Soon, however, they may be distinctly seen and felt pressing against and endeavouring to keep in contact with any warm object. They advance very rapidly. I have seen them

hold up their heads well, peck at objects, and attempt to dress their wings when only between four and five hours old. But there is no difficulty in conceiving that, with great spontaneity and a strong power of association, much might be learned in four or five hours. Professor Bain is of opinion, from observations of his own on a newly dropped lamb, that "a power that the creature did not at all possess naturally, got itself matured as an acquisition in a few hours." Accordingly, in the absence of precautions, the time that must elapse before chickens have acquired enough control over their muscles to enable them to give evidence as to their instinctive power of interpreting what they see and hear, would suffice to let in the contention that the eye and the ear may have had opportunities of being educated. To obviate this objection with respect to the eye, I had recourse to the following expedient. Taking eggs just when the little prisoners had begun to break their way out, I removed a piece of the shell, and before they had opened their eyes drew over their heads little hoods, which, being furnished with an elastic thread at the lower end, fitted close round their necks. The material of these hoods was in some cases such as to keep the wearers in total darkness; in other instances it was semi-transparent. Some of them were close at the upper end, others had a small aperture bound with an elastic thread, which held tight round the base of the bill. In this state of blindness—the blindness was very manifest—I allowed them to remain from one to three days. The conditions under which these little victims of human curiosity were first permitted to see the light were then carefully prepared. Frequently the interesting little subject was unhooded on the centre of a table covered with a large sheet of white paper, on which a few small insects, dead and alive, had been placed. From that instant every movement, with the date thereof, as shown by the watch, was put on record. Never in the columns of a Court Journal were the doings of the most royal personage noted with such faithful accuracy. This experiment was performed on twenty separate chickens at different times, with the following results. Almost invariably they seemed a little stunned by the light, remained motionless for several minutes, and continued for some time less active than before they were unhooded. Their behaviour, however, was in every case conclusive against the theory that the perceptions of distance

and direction by the eye are the result of experience, of associations formed in the history of each individual life. Often at the end of two minutes they followed with their eyes the movements of crawling insects, turning their heads with all the precision of an old fowl. In from two to fifteen minutes they pecked at some speck or insect, showing not merely an instinctive perception of distance, but an original ability to judge, to measure distance, with something like infallible accuracy. They did not attempt to seize things beyond their reach, as babies are said to grasp at the moon; and they may be said to have invariably hit the objects at which they struck—they never missed by more than a hair's breadth, and that too, when the specks at which they aimed were no bigger and less visible, than the smallest dot of an *i*. To seize between the points of the mandibles at the very instant of striking seemed a more difficult operation. I have seen a chicken seize and swallow an insect at the first attempt; most frequently, however, they struck five or six times, lifting once or twice before they succeeded in swallowing their first food. The unacquired power of following by sight was very plainly exemplified in the case of a chicken that, after being unhooded, sat complaining and motionless for six minutes, when I placed my hand on it for a few seconds. On removing my hand the chicken immediately followed it by sight backward and forward and all round the table. To take, by way of example, the observations in a single case a little in detail:—A chicken that had been made the subject of experiments on hearing, was unhooded when nearly three days old. For six minutes it sat chirping and looking about it; at the end of that time it followed with its head and eyes the movements of a fly twelve inches distant; at ten minutes it made a peck at its own toes, and the next instant it made a vigorous dart at the fly, which had come within reach of its neck, and seized and swallowed it at the first stroke; for seven minutes more it sat calling and looking about it, when a hive-bee coming sufficiently near was seized at a dart and thrown some distance, much disabled. For twenty minutes it sat on the spot where its eyes had been unveiled without attempting to walk a step. It was then placed on rough ground within sight and call of a hen with a brood of its own age. After standing chirping for about a minute, it started off towards the hen, displaying as keen a perception of the qualities of the outer world

as it was over likely to possess in after life. It never required to knock its head against a stone to discover that there was "no road that way." It leaped over the smaller obstacles that lay in its path and ran round the larger, reaching the mother in as nearly a straight line as the nature of the ground would permit. This, let it be remembered, was the first time it had ever walked by sight.*

It would be out of place here to attempt to indicate the full psychological bearing of these facts. But this much may be affirmed, that they put out of court all those who are prepared only to argue against the instinctive perception by the eye of the primary qualities of the external world. When stripped of all superfluous learning, the argument against this and every other alleged case of instinctive knowledge is simply that it is unscientific to assume an instinct when it is possible that the knowledge in question may have been acquired in the ordinary way. But the experiments that have been recounted are evidence that prior to experience chickens behave as if they already possessed acquaintance with the established order of nature. A hungry chick that never tasted food is able, on seeing a fly or a spider for the first time, to bring into action muscles that were never so exercised before, and to perform a series of

delicately adjusted movements that end in the capture of the insect. This I assert as the result of careful observation and experiment; and it cannot be answered but by observation and experiment at least as extensive. It is no doubt common for scientific men to discredit new facts, for no other reason than that they do not fit with theories that have been raised on too narrow foundations; but when they do this they are only geologists or psychologists — they are not philosophers.

Before passing to the perceptions of the ear, it may be mentioned that, instead of hooding chickens, which had the advantage of enabling me to make many interesting observations on them when in a state of blindness, I occasionally put a few eggs, when just chipped, into a flannel bag made for the purpose. In this bag the hatching was completed artificially, and the chickens allowed to remain in the dark from one to three days. When placed in the light they deported themselves as regards sight in the manner already described. For the purpose of merely testing the perceptions of the eye or the ear this is by far the easier experiment. The hooding process requires considerable delicacy of manipulation, and the chickens are very liable to be injured.

With respect now to the space perceptions of the ear, which, in man at least, even Mr. Spencer regards as acquired by each individual. Chickens hatched and kept in the said bag for a day or two, when taken out and placed nine or ten feet from a box in which a hen with chicks were concealed, after standing for a minute or two, uniformly, set off straight for the box in answer to the call of the hen, which they had never seen and never before heard. This they did, struggling through the grass and over rough ground, when not yet able to stand steadily on their legs. Nine chickens were thus experimented upon, and each individual gave the same positive results, running to the box scores of times, and from every possible position. To vary the experiment I tried the effect of the mother's voice on hooded chickens. These, when left to themselves, seldom made a forward step, their movements were round and round, and backward; but when placed within five or six feet of the mother, they, in answer to her call, became much more lively, began to make little forward journeys, and soon followed her by sound alone, though, of course, blindly, keeping their heads close to the ground and knocking against everything that lay in their

* Since writing this article, I see it stated in Mr. Darwin's new book, "The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals," that "the wonderful power which a chicken possesses only a few hours after being hatched, of picking up small particles of food, seems to be started into action through the sense of hearing; for, with chickens hatched by artificial heat, a good observer found that 'making a noise with a finger-nail against a board, in imitation of the hen-mother, first taught them to peck at their meat.'" My own observations give no countenance whatever to this view: — (1) I have frequently observed chickens finally hatched in a flannel nest over a jar of hot water and left undisturbed for a few hours, begin, immediately after the covering was removed, and while they still sat nestling together, to pick at each other's beaks and at specks of oatmeal when these were dropped on them, all noise being as far as possible avoided. (2) Each of the twenty chickens made subjects of the experiment described in the text, began to eat without any assistance from the sense of hearing; the greatest possible stillness being maintained and required during the experiment. (3) Chickens picked up food though rendered deaf while yet in the shell. One of these, deprived of both sight and hearing at its birth, was unhatched when three days old, and nine minutes after it vigorously pursued a large blue fly a distance of two feet, pecking at it several times: this bird proved perfectly deaf. Another with its ears similarly closed, was taken from the dark when a day and a half old, and when an experiment was being tried to ascertain whether it was perfectly deaf — which it turned out to be — it began to pick up and swallow small crumbs. What in this case really surprised me was that, the gum employed in closing its ears having also sealed up one of its eyes, it nevertheless picked up crumbs by sight of its one eye almost if not altogether as well as if it had had two.

path. Only three chickens were made subjects of this experiment. Another experiment consisted in rendering chickens deaf for a time by sealing their ears with several folds of gum paper before they had escaped from the shell. I tried at different times to stop the ears of a good many in this way, but a number of them got the papers off, others were found not quite deaf, and only three remained perfectly indifferent to the voice of the mother when separated from them by only an inch board. These had their ears opened when between two and three days old, and on being placed within call of the mother hidden in a box, they, after turning round a few times, ran straight to the spot whence came what must have been very nearly, if not actually, the first sound they had ever heard. It seems scarcely necessary to make any comment on these facts. They are conclusive against the theory that, in the history of each life, sounds are at first but meaningless sensations; that the direction of the sounding object, together with all other facts concerning it, must be learned entirely from experience.

If now it be taken as established that in the perceptions of the eye and the ear, chickens at least manifest an instinctive knowledge of the relations and qualities of external things, the popular belief that the special knowledge, the peculiar art and skill, so marked in the various species of animals, come to them mostly without the labour of acquisition, is at once freed from all antecedent improbability. In the way of direct evidence, the little that I have been able to observe in this wide field goes to prove that the current notions are in accordance with fact. We have seen that chickens follow the call of their mother before they have had any opportunity of associating that sound with pleasurable feelings; and one or two observations, which must be taken for what they are worth, support the general opinion that they have an equally instinctive dread of their more deadly enemies. When twelve days old one of my little *protégés*, while running about beside me, gave the peculiar chirr whereby they announce the approach of danger. I looked up, and behold a sparrow-hawk was hovering at a great height over head. Having subsequently procured a young hawk, able to take only short flights, I made it fly over a hen with her first brood, then about a week old. In the twinkling of an eye most of the chickens were hid among grass and bushes. The hen pursued, and

scarcely had the hawk touched the ground, about twelve yards from where she had been sitting, when she fell upon it with such fury that it was with difficulty that I was able to rescue it from immediate death. Equally striking was the effect of the hawk's voice when heard for the first time. A young turkey, which I had adopted when chirping within the uncracked shell, was on the morning of the tenth day of its life eating a comfortable breakfast from my hand, when the young hawk, in a cupboard just beside us, gave a shrill chip, chip, chip. Like an arrow the poor turkey shot to the other side of the room, and stood there motionless and dumb with fear, until the hawk gave a second cry when it darted out at the open door right to the extreme end of the passage, and there, silent and crouched in a corner, remained for ten minutes. Several times during the course of that day it again heard these alarming sounds, and in every instance with similar manifestations of fear. Unfortunately, my hawk coming to an untimely end, I was prevented from proceeding with observations of this class. But these few were so marked and unmistakeable in their character that I have thought them worth recording.

There are instincts, however, yet to be mentioned, concerning the reality of which I have thoroughly satisfied myself. The early attention that chickens give to their toilet is a very useful instinct, about which there can be no question. Scores of times I have seen them attempt to dress their wings when only a few hours old — indeed as soon as they could hold up their heads, and even when denied the use of their eyes. The art of scraping in search of food, which if anything might be acquired by imitation — for a hen with chickens spends the half of her time in scratching for them — is nevertheless another indisputable case of instinct. Without any opportunities of imitation, when kept quite isolated from their kind, chickens began to scrape when from two to six days old. Generally, the condition of the ground was suggestive; but I have several times seen the first attempt, which consists of a sort of nervous dance, made on a smooth table. As an example of unacquired dexterity, I may mention that on placing four ducklings a day old in the open air for the first time, one of them almost immediately snapped at and caught a fly on the wing. More interesting, however, is the deliberate art of catching flies practised by the turkey. When not a day and a half old I observed the young turkey already spoken

of slowly pointing its beak at flies and other small insects without actually pecking at them. In doing this, its head could be seen to shake like a hand that is attempted to be held steady by a visible effort. This I observed and recorded when I did not understand its meaning. For it was not until after, that I found it to be the invariable habit of the turkey, when it sees a fly settled on any object, to steal on the unwary insect with slow and measured step until sufficiently near, when it advances its head very slowly and steadily till within an inch or so of its prey, which is then seized by a sudden dart. If all this can be proved to be instinct, few, I think, will care to maintain that *anything* that can be learned from experience *may* not also appear as an intuition. The evidence I have in this case, though not so abundant as could be wished, may yet, perhaps, be held sufficient. I have mentioned that this masterpiece of turkey cleverness when first observed, was in the incipient stage, and, like the nervous dance that precedes the actual scraping, ended in nothing. I noted it simply as an odd performance that I did not understand. The turkey, however, which was never out of my sight except when in its flannel bag, persisted in its whimsical pointing at flies, until before many days I was delighted to discover that there was more in it than my philosophy had dreamt of. I went at once to the flock of its own age. They were following a common hen, which had brought them out; and as there were no other turkeys about the place, they could not possibly learn by imitation. As the result, however, of their more abundant opportunities, I found them already in the full and perfect exercise of an art—a cunning and skillful adjusting of means to an end—bearing conspicuously the stamp of experience. But the circumstances under which these observations were made left me no room for the opinion that the experience, so visible in their admirable method of catching flies, was original, was the experience, the acquisition of those individual birds. To read what another has observed is not, however, so convincing as to see for oneself, and to establish a case so decisive more observation may reasonably be desired; at the same time, it can scarcely be attempted to set aside the evidence adduced, on the ground of improbability, for the *fact* of instinct: all that is involved in this more striking example, has, we venture to think, been sufficiently attested.

A few manifestations of instinct still

remain to be briefly spoken of. Chickens as soon as they are able to walk will follow any moving object. And, when guided by sight alone, they seem to have no more disposition to follow a hen than to follow a duck, or a human being. Unreflecting on-lookers, when they saw chickens a day old running after me, and older ones following me miles and answering to my whistle, imagined that I must have some occult power over the creatures, whereas I simply allowed them to follow me from the first. There is the instinct to follow; and, as we have seen, their ear prior to experience attaches them to the right object. The advantage of this arrangement is obvious. But instincts are not conferred on any principle of supplying animals with arts very essential to them, and which they could not very well learn for themselves. If there is anything that experience would be sure to teach chickens, it would be to take care when they had got a piece of food not to let their fellows take it from them, and from the very first they may be seen to run off with a worm, pursued by all their companions. But this has been so stamped in their nature that, when they have never seen one of their kind, nor ever been disturbed in the enjoyment of a morsel, they nevertheless, when they get something larger than can be swallowed at once, turn round and run off with it.

Another suggestive class of phenomena that fell under my notice may be described as imperfect instincts. When a week old my turkey came on a bee right in its path—the first, I believe, it had ever seen. It gave the danger chirr, stood for a few seconds with outstretched neck and marked expression of fear, then turned off in another direction. On this hint I made a vast number of experiments with chickens and bees. In the great majority of instances the chickens gave evidence of instinctive fear of these sting-bearing insects; but the results were not uniform, and perhaps the most accurate general statement I can give is, that they were uncertain, shy, and suspicious. Of course to be stung once was enough to confirm their misgivings for ever. Pretty much in the same way did they avoid ants, especially when swarming in great numbers.

Probably enough has been said to leave no doubt in minds free from any bias on the subject, that in the more important concerns of their lives the animals are in great part guided by knowledge that they individually have not gathered from experience. But equally certain is it that they

do learn a great deal, and exactly in the way that we are generally supposed to acquire all our knowledge. For example, every chicken, as far as my observations go, has to learn not to eat its own excrement. They made this mistake invariably; but they did not repeat it oftener than once or twice. Many times they arrested themselves when in the very act, and went off shaking their heads in disgust, though they had not actually touched the obnoxious matter. It also appeared that, though thirsty, they did not recognize water by sight, except perhaps in the form of dew-drops on the grass; and they had to some extent to learn to drink. Their first attempts were awkward; instead of dipping in their beaks, they pecked at the water, or rather at specks in the water, or at the edge of the water. All animals have a capacity to learn; each individual must learn the topography of its locality, and numerous other facts. Many dogs, horses, and elephants may be able to learn more than some men. But I have no doubt that observation will bear out the popular belief that what may be called the professional knowledge of the various species—those special manifestations of practical skill, dexterity, and cunning that mark them off from each other, no less clearly than do the physical differences whereon naturalists base their classifications—is instinctive, and not acquired. As we shall see, the creatures have not in a vast multitude of instances the opportunity to acquire these arts. And if they had the opportunity, they have not individually the capacity to do so, even by way of imitation. We have seen as a matter of fact that it is by instinct that the chicken, and, I may now add, the turkey, scratch the surface of the earth in search of insects; also, that the turkey has a method of catching flies so remarkably clever that it cannot be witnessed without astonishment. Now, chickens like flies no less than turkeys, and, though with less success, often try to catch them. But it is a significant fact that they do not copy the superior art. To give every opportunity for imitation, I placed a newly-hatched chicken with my turkey, when the latter was eleven days old. The two followed me about for several weeks, and when I deserted them they remained close companions throughout the summer, neither of them ever associating with the other poultry. But the chicken never caught the knowing trick of its companion—seemed, indeed, wholly blind to the useful art that was for months practised before its eyes.

Before passing to the theory of instinct, it may be worthy of remark that, unlooked for, I met with in the course of my experiments some very suggestive, but not yet sufficiently observed, phenomena; which, however, have led me to the opinion that not only do the animals learn, but they can also forget—and very soon—that which they never practised. Further, it would seem that any early interference with the established course of their lives may completely derange their mental constitution, and give rise to an order of manifestations, perhaps totally and unaccountably different from what would have appeared under normal conditions. Hence I am inclined to think that students of animal psychology should endeavour to observe the unfolding of the powers of their subjects in as nearly as possible the ordinary circumstances of their lives. And perhaps it may be because they have not all been sufficiently on their guard in this matter, that some experiments have seemed to tell against the reality of instinct. Without attempting to prove the above propositions, one or two facts may be mentioned. Untaught, the new-born babe can suck—a reflex action; and Mr. Herbert Spencer describes all instinct as “compound reflex action;” but it seems to be well known that if spoon-fed, and not put to the breast, it soon loses the power of drawing milk. Similarly, a chicken that has not heard the call of the mother until eight or ten days old then hears it as if it heard it not. I regret to find that on this point my notes are not so full as I could wish, or as they might have been. There is, however, an account of one chicken that could not be returned to the mother when ten days old. The hen followed it, and tried to entice it in every way; still it continually left her and ran to the house or to any person of whom it caught sight. This it persisted in doing, though beaten back with a small branch dozens of times, and indeed cruelly maltreated. It was also placed under the mother at night, but it again left her in the morning. Something more curious, and of a different kind, came to light in the case of three chickens that I kept hooded until nearly four days old—a longer time than any I have yet spoken of. Each of these on being unhooded evinced the greatest terror of me, dashing off in the opposite direction whenever I sought to approach it. The table on which they were unhooded stood before a window, and each in its turn beat against the glass like a wild bird. One of them darted behind some books, and squeezing itself into a corner,

remained cowering for a length of time. We might guess at the meaning of this strange and exceptional wildness; but the odd fact is enough for my present purpose. Whatever might have been the meaning of this marked change in their mental constitution — had they been unhooded on the previous day they would have run to me instead of from me — it could not have been the effect of experience; it must have resulted wholly from changes in their own organization.

The only theory in explanation of the phenomena of instinct that has an air of science about it, is Mr. Spencer's doctrine of Inherited Acquisition. The laws of association explain our intellectual operations, and enable us to understand how all our knowledge may be derived from experience. A chicken comes on a bee, and, imagining it has found a dainty morsel, seizes the insect, but is stung, and suffers badly. Henceforth bees are avoided; they can be neither seen nor heard without a shudder of fear. Now, if we can realize how such an association as this — how what one individual learns by experience may, in any degree, be transmitted to the progeny of that individual — we have a key to the mystery of instinct. Instinct in the present generation is the product of the accumulated experiences of past generations. The plausibility of this hypothesis, however, is not appreciated by the majority of even the educated portion of the community. But the reason is not far to seek. Educated men, even materialists — their own positive statements to the contrary notwithstanding — have not yet quite escaped from the habit of regarding mind as independent of bodily organization. Hence it is, that while familiar with the idea of physical peculiarities passing by inheritance from one generation to another, they find it difficult to conceive how anything so impalpable as fear at the sight of a bee should be transmitted in the same way. Obviously, this difficulty is not consistent with a thorough belief in the intimate and invariable dependence of all kinds of organization. Let us, if possible, make this clear. The facts of mind that make up the stream of an individual life differ from material things in this important respect, that whereas the latter can be stored up, volitions, thoughts, and feelings, as such, cannot. Facts of consciousness cannot be thought of as packed away like books in a library. They have to be for ever produced, created, one after another; and when gone they are out of existence. Whatever associations may be formed

among these, must depend for their permanence on the corresponding impress given to the nervous organism; and why should not this, which is purely physical, be subject to the law of heredity? Look at a friend as he lies in unconscious sleep. His sovereigns are in his pocket, but where is his stock of ideas? where is all he has learned from experience? You have simply a living machine; but such a machine that it can wake and exhibit all the phenomena of what we call a well-informed and cultivated mind. Suppose, now, that while you stand by, another organism, the same in every particle and fibre, is by some mysterious process formed direct from its elements. Outwardly you cannot tell the one from the other; but wake them and how will it be? Even then, will not the one being recognize you, and be as completely and indistinguishably your friend as the other? Will not the newly created man, by virtue of his identical material organization, possess the mind and character, the knowledge and feelings, the past, in a word, the personal identity of the other? I have made this extreme supposition in order that no doubt may be entertained as to the shape in which I hold the doctrine that for every fact of mind there is a corresponding fact of matter, and that, given the material fact, whether produced by repeated experiences in the life history of the individual, or inherited from parents, the corresponding mental fact will be the same. If this view be admitted, there can be no difficulty in conceiving how entrance into life on the part of the animals may be a waking up in a world with which they are, in greater or less degree, already acquainted. Instinct, looked at from its physical side, may be conceived to be, like memory, a turning on of the "nerve currents" on already established tracks: for no reason, we presume, can be suggested why those modifications of brain matter that, enduring from hour to hour and from day to day, render acquisition possible, should not, like any other physical peculiarity, be transmitted from parent to offspring. That they are so transmitted is all but proved by the facts of instinct, while these in their turn receive their only rational explanation in this theory of inherited acquisition. But the difficulty of the undisciplined mind lies, as we have said, in an inability to grasp the full significance of the doctrine that, in an individual life, it is the physical part alone that endures from day to day; that, strictly speaking, we cannot feel the same feeling or think the same thought twice over; that only as

by pulling the bell-cord to-day we can, in the language of ordinary discourse, produce the sound we heard yesterday, can we, while the established connections among the nerves and nerve-centres hold, live our experiences over again.

This doctrine of inherited acquisition, then, is, to say the least, a good working hypothesis in explanation of all those facts of instinct that may be conceived as built up, compounded out of, the accumulated experiences of innumerable generations. So far good. But it will occur to every reader that the peculiar depths of animal psychology are not yet explored. Two classes of phenomena still lie in the dark. First, there are the many extraordinary and exceptional feats of dogs and other animals, which seem to be constantly falling under the observation of every-body except the few that are interested in these matters. Second, all the more wonderful instincts, especially those of insects, are such that it is hard, if at all possible, to conceive how they ever could have been derived from experience.

With regard to the first, it is not desirable to say much. Though volumes of marvellous stories have been written, I am not aware that any careful experiments have been tried, and, as the performances in question are of an exceptional character, it is perhaps but scientific caution not as yet to put too much stress on them. For my own part, though I have been very intimate with dogs, I have been singularly unfortunate in having never witnessed any of their more incomprehensible clairvoyant-like achievements. I have known them do many surprising things, but I have always found that they had, or might have had, something to go upon—enough, coupled with quick intelligence, to account for their exploits. What may be said in this connection, if, indeed, it be prudent to say anything, is that, while we certainly cannot have all the data of experience from without of all the vastly different living things which people the earth, the air, and the ocean—while we certainly can have no trace of many feelings that arise from changes in the organisms of the different creatures, and which, instinctively interpreted, start them on lines of action—a host of statements, generally accepted as fact, suggests the opinion that even such animals as dogs, are alive to, conscious, sensible of influences that scarcely affect us, or wholly escape our cognition. If this be so, they have a basis of experience from which to start in their calculations that we want, and, if so, well

may their actions seem to us, as Mr. Mill said, hopelessly inexplicable. Take, not the most remarkable, but the best authenticated example of this class—the frequently alleged fact of dogs and other animals returning in a straight line, or by the most direct routes, through districts they had never before traversed, to places from which they had been taken by devious tracks, and even shut up in close boxes. To most people this is a phenomenon sufficiently incomprehensible. They are certain they themselves could do nothing at all like it. But there is in some men what may be just a hint of this faculty. Most people that have lived only in cities are very soon lost in a strange and trackless district, and still sooner in a pathless wood; in the one case, after wandering this way and that for a few hours, in the other, after merely turning round a few times, they can tell nothing of the direction whence they came. But all men are not so easily lost; some, without consciously making notes, retain, after long wandering in such situations, a strong and often accurate impression, not of the ground they have gone over, but of the direction in which lies the place whence they started. Without attempting to throw any light on the mental chemistry of this perception, we would submit that in it may perhaps be found a clue to the mystery of those astonishing home-journeys of dogs, sheep, cats, pigeons, bees, &c., of which hundreds are on record.

It is, however, with the other dark enigma that we are more especially concerned. We do not think it necessary to examine the proof of the actuality of such marvellous instincts as those of bees and wasps. But for the too fond love of a theory we venture to think none would doubt the reality, or the instinctive character of their “far-sighted,” or, more correctly, blind provisions for the future. The problem before us is not whether, for example, the male of the fish *Arius* does, and by instinct, hatch the eggs of the female in his mouth, but how such a singular mode of incubation ever had a beginning? Perhaps the most widely known instance of this class of instincts is the provision of the solitary wasp for the worm that will issue from her egg after her own death. She brings grubs—food that as a wasp she never tasted—and deposits them over the egg, ready for the larva she will never see. The life history of every insect exhibits instincts of this perplexing description. Witness the caterpillar, how at the proper time it selects a suitable situation and

spins for itself a silken cocoon. It may be admitted at once that the creatures, *as we behold them*, never could have lived to acquire such instincts by any process of experience and inheritance of which we can conceive. Nor let it be supposed that it is only in the insect world, where all is so strange, that instincts are to be met with so essential to lives of the individuals or their progeny that without them the creatures in their present shape could never have existed. Of this kind are the first movements observable in the life of a bird, and which take place within the shell. I have often observed the self-delivery of the chicken. The prison wall is not burst in pieces by spontaneous, random struggles. By a regular series of strokes the shell is cut in two—chipped right round in a perfect circle, some distance from the great end. Moreover, the bird has a special instrument for this work, a hard, sharp horn on the top of the upper mandible, which being required for no other purpose disappears in a few days. Obviously each individual bird no more acquires the art of breaking its way out than it furnishes itself with the little pick-hammer used in the operation; and it is equally clear that a bird could have never escaped from the egg without this instinct. Again, how were eggs hatched before birds had acquired the instinct to sit upon them? Or who will throw light on the process of such an acquisition? Nor are the subsequent phenomena easier of explanation. A fowl that never before willingly shared a crumb with a companion, will now starve herself to feed her chickens, which she calls by a language she never before used—may have never even heard—but which they are born to understand. Once more, it is clearly because she cannot do otherwise that a she-rabbit, when with her first young, digs a hole in the earth away from her ordinary habitation, and there builds a nest of soft grass, lined with fur stripped from her own body. But how as to the origin of this habit?

We need not accumulate examples of seemingly unfathomable instincts. And it may be confessed at once, that in the present state of our knowledge it would be hopeless to attempt to guess at the kinds of experiences that may have originally, when the creatures wore different shapes and lived different lives, wrought changes in their nervous systems that, enduring and being modified through many changes of form, have given to the living races the physical organizations of which these wonderful instincts are the corresponding men-

tal facts. Nor, perhaps, can it be confidently asserted that in experience and heredity we have all the terms of the problem. The little we can say is, that though in the dark we need not consider ourselves more in the dark as to the origin of those strange instincts than we are concerning the origin of those wonderful organs of astonishing and exquisite mechanism that, especially among the insects, are the instruments of those instincts. Nay, more, if the view we have put forward concerning the connection between mental manifestations and bodily organization be correct, the question of the origin of these mysterious instincts is not more difficult than, or different from, but is the same with, the problem of the origin of the physical structure of the creatures; for, however they may have come by their bodies, they cannot fail to have the minds that correspond thereto. When, as by a miracle, the lovely butterfly bursts from the chrysalis full-winged and perfect, and flutters off a thing of soft and gorgeous beauty, it but wakes to a higher life, to a new mode of existence, in which, strange though it may sound, it has, for the most part, nothing to learn; *because* its little life flows from its organization like melody from a music box. But we need not enlarge on this a second time.

In seeking to understand the phenomena of instinct we of course get the full benefit of the law of Natural Selection, which, though it throws no light on the origin of anything, mental or physical—for, as Mr. Darwin says, "it has no relation whatever to the primary cause of any modification of structure"—nevertheless helps us to understand the existence of instincts far removed from the circumstances or conditions of life under which they could have been acquired. Suppose a Robinson Crusoe to take, soon after his landing, a couple of parrots, and teach them to say in very good English, "How do you do, sir?"—that the young of these birds were also taught by Mr. Crusoe and their parents to say, "How do you do, sir?" and that Mr. Crusoe, having little else to do, sets to work to prove the doctrine of Inherited Association by direct experiment. He continues his teaching, and every year breeds from the birds of the last and previous years that say "How do you do, sir?" most frequently and with the best accent. After a sufficient number of generations his young parrots, continually hearing their parents and a hundred other birds saying "How do you do, sir?" begin to repeat these words so soon that an experiment is needed to

decide whether it is by instinct or imitation; and perhaps it is part of both. Eventually, however, the instinct is established. And though now Mr. Crusoe dies, and leaves no record of his work, the instinct will not die, not for a long time at least; and if the parrots themselves have acquired a taste for good English the best speakers will be sexually selected, and the instinct will certainly endure to astonish and perplex mankind, though in truth we may as well wonder at the crowing of the cock or the song of the skylark. Again, turkeys have an instinctive art of catching flies, which, it is manifest, the creatures in their present shape may have acquired by experience. But suppose the circumstances of their life to change; flies steadily become more abundant, and other kinds of food scarcer; the best fly-catchers are now the fittest to live, and each generation they are naturally selected. This process goes on, experience probably adding to the instinct in ways that we need not attempt to conceive, until a variety or species is produced that feeds on flies alone. To look at, this new bird will differ considerably from its turkey ancestors; for change in food and in habits of life will have affected its physical conformation, and every useful modification of structure will have been preserved by natural selection. My point however is, that thus, by no inconceivable steps, would be produced a race of birds depending for all their food on an instinctive art, which they, as then constituted, could never have acquired, because they never could have existed without it.

No doubt, to the many, who love more to gaze and marvel than to question and reflect, all this will seem miserably inadequate as a clue to one of the greatest mysteries of life. But enough, if I have indicated my view of how the most inexplicable of instincts may have had their origin; or rather, if I have shown how our utter inability to trace them back to their origin tells nothing against the probability that they all came into existence in accordance with those laws of acquisition and heredity that we now see operating before our eyes. We cannot tell how the pupa of the dragon-fly came by the instinct that prompts it to leave the water and hang itself up to dry. But we may be able to explain this quite as soon as to unveil the origin of the hooks by which it hangs itself up. And if ever human intelligence should so trace the evolution of living forms as to be able to say, "Thus was developed the bill-scale wherewith

birds now break their way out of the shell," it will probably be able to add, "and these were the experiences to which we must trace the instinct that makes every little bird its own skillful accountant."

DOUGLAS A. SPALDING.

From Fraser's Magazine.
PLYMOUTH.

THE STORY OF A TOWN.

THE prospects commanded from some of the border heights of Dartmoor, — such for example as Cawsand and Buckland beacons, or as Heytor, — are exceeded in interest and variety by none in England. The great Yorkshire scenes, those over which the eye ranges from the Hambleton hills or from the long ridges that bound the western side of the Vale of Mowbray, may possibly be more extensive; but they are without the feature which gives an especial character to the Dartmoor views — the wide, far-stretching line of sea-board. From the outer heights of Cleveland indeed you may look down on Whitby and the ruins of the

cloistered pile
Where holy Hilda prayed,

but this is a very different scene. From Heytor, beyond a vast and varied tract of country, we command nearly the whole of what is known as the "Great Western bay," extending from Portland on the east to Berry Head on the west. Along the coast are dotted towns and villages which rank among the most ancient settlements in Britain, and which may well have been founded by the primitive tin-workers whose rude stone monuments still lie among the heather at our feet. The long estuary of the Exe, stretching inland to Exeter, the city and stronghold of Britons, Romans, and English in succession; and the narrower opening of the Dart, winding between woods and green hills towards Totness, the traditional landing place of the legendary Brutus of Troy, — are easily distinguished, and carry us far back into an older world, suggesting a crowd of historical recollections. Heytor commands the sea-line and the settlements connected with the earliest history of what is now Devonshire.

The south-western heights of Dartmoor overlook a scene of which the landscape displays similar features, but where the associations are of a somewhat different character. We are still within sight of

harbours not unknown to ancient history or legend; but the object which most strongly attracts us is the town of Plymouth, filling, with its sisters, Devonport and Stonehouse, the landward side of the harbour, and bounded by the estuaries of the Plym and the Tamar, with their forests of masts. There is something in the view of a great town, and especially of a great seaport, thus seen from a moorland height, which in no ordinary degree impresses the imagination. The stillness which surrounds us, the broken rock and the stretches of fern and heather which make up the nearer scene, contrast finely with the distant evidences of long-continued work and daily labour, with the noise and the street tumult which we know, but cannot hear, are filling the air above the far-off haven. It is from such a point too, more perhaps than when actually within its walls, that we feel inclined to pass in review the history and the fortunes of the town before us. There it lies in the distance, stretching itself over plain and rising ground, its walls and roofs glancing in the sunlight, with many a tower and spire breaking upward from the vast mass of buildings. About it are all the evidences of vigorous life and activity. But what is the story of its past years, and how is that connected with the wider story of England? The most modern town suggests such questions as these; far more such a town as Plymouth, which although it cannot claim an antiquity equal to that of Exeter or Totness, is nevertheless no new creation, and is surrounded by such natural scenery as would heighten an interest derived from historical associations far less exciting than those which in fact belong to it. We may look seaward between the red-stemmed pines of Mount Edgcumbe and remember the Armada; or landward from Bovisand, and see in imagination the town shut in by the forces of Prince Maurice, with rival forts and sconces sending puffs of white smoke (and something more) at each other from their opposite hills. The Dartmoor scene is grand and suggestive. That from the harbour is surely not less so. There is probably no English port of which, under favourable circumstances, the appearance is more striking to a foreigner on his first arrival in this country.

The main outlines can have changed but little since the beginning of the historical æra. The rocks of the old Devonian series — slates, limestones, and sandstones — which extend along this coast are slowly worn by the sea; and Greek and Phœnician traders (if they indeed ven-

tured into the stormy western ocean) must have looked on the same deep bay that we see at present, with the same heights and headlands guarding and backing it. But it must then have been in truth a "silent sea;" and the protecting hills, covered with furze and brushwood, and intersected by deep marshes, the haunts of numberless wild fowl, can have shown few if any signs of human life or habitation. At a much later period there is reason to believe that one of the emporia for the tin of the Devonshire moorlands was established here. No Greek or Oriental coins have been found, such as have been discovered at Exeter; and no ingots of tin, such as have been dredged from the mud of Mount's Bay. But within the last few years, in digging foundations for the fort of Mount Stamford, above Oreston, on the south side of the inner harbour, a cemetery of considerable extent was discovered, to all appearance late Celtic, and indicating a settlement of some importance. Bronze mirrors, bracelets, cups, and fibulæ, fragments of glass and pottery, and some much decayed iron implements were found in the graves, which were hollowed in the slaty rock, and filled in — perhaps at first lined — with blocks of the neighbouring limestone.* These, however, are traces of a time before the first legionaries had appeared among the western hills. There was no Roman settlement where Plymouth now stands. A line of British road, which was cared for in Roman days, and became a continuation of the Ikenild Way, ran from Exeter by Totness to the Tamar; but it passed far at the back of Plymouth Sound, and the little station of Tamara is in all probability to be identified with King's Tamerton, on a hill above the river, where there are still traces of a squared entrenchment.

The older and perhaps mercantile settlement at Stamford hill may have been frequented by those Gallic traders who, as we are told, conveyed British tin to the opposite coast; and Tamara had the importance of a Roman station. But neither was destined to become the germ of Plymouth. The "nursing mother" of the great western seaport was the Augustinian Priory of Plympton, which, the wealthiest religious house in Devonshire, rose in the midst of its broad green meadows at the head of the estuary, just where the Plym ceases to be navigable. It stood on the line of Roman road — the "Ridgeway" —

* This cemetery is described in the *Archæologia*, vol. xl.

which has already been mentioned; and a castle of the De Redvers', the powerful Earls of Devon, lifted and still lifts its high walled mound (there was no keep tower) close beside the Priory. To the Priory of Plympton belonged from a very early period, land at the mouth of the Plym on which stood a fishing hamlet known as Sutton Prior, or "Sutton (South-town) juxta Plym-mouthe." There were two other Suttons, held by the King at the time of the Domesday Survey, and afterwards granted to the families of Ralf and Valletot, by whose names they were distinguished. These Suttons, forming together a settlement of but very small extent, had arisen some time before the Conquest. Sutton Prior was the most important; and from it, owing to the care with which its fisheries were watched and encouraged by the monks of Plympton, were gradually developed the harbour advantages which have created the existing town, and have changed Sutton — "a mene thyng, an inhabitation of fischars" — into the far-extending and far-famed Plymouth.

The little hamlet of Sutton lay crowded round the harbour of Sutton Pool, an inlet at the mouth of the Plym. The entrance of this "gulph," as Leland calls it, was guarded by strong walls, and chains could be drawn across it "in tyme of necessite." On high ground above it rose the Church of St. Andrew, belonging, like the greater part of Sutton itself, to Plympton Priory. West of the harbour, on the long hill called Wynrigge (wind ridge?), was the Chapel of St. Katherine, at which fishermen and sailors were accustomed to make oblations after safe landing. Wynrigge is the hill now so well known as the Hoe, a word found elsewhere in Devonshire, both alone, as at Dartmouth —

Blow the wind high or blow it low,
It bloweth good to Hawley's Hoe —

and as a termination; and signifying in all cases an elevated ridge or look-out place. It is probable that the name was always applied to some part of the Wynrigge; and it is here that we find the only traces which directly connect Plymouth with the legendary story of Western Britain. On the green turf of the Hoe were cut two enormous figures representing Corinæus, the companion of Brutus of Troy —

Li duk syre Corynée, qui conquist Cornewayle—

and the great giant Goemagot with whom he fought, and whom he hurled into the sea over the cliffs, thenceforth reddened

with the giant's blood. The story is told by the "veracious" Geoffry of Monmouth. At what time it was localized on the Plymouth Hoe is uncertain. The footprints of the combatants, on which no grass would grow, were long pointed out there; and there was an annual "scouring" of the figures, each of which was armed with an enormous club. They were famous in Spenser's days, who may himself have seen them if at any time he started from Plymouth on his way to Ireland; and who has referred to them in that part of the *Faerie Queene* where he records the early history of Britain and the arrival of Brutus:

But ere he had established his throne,
And spread his empire to the utmost shore,
He fought great battles with his salvage fone,
In which he them defeated evermore,
And many giants left on groaning flore;
That well can witness yet unto this day
The Western Hogh, besprinkled with the gore
Of mighty Goemot, whome in stout fray
Corineus conquerèd, and cruelly did slay.*

The "Western Hogh," therefore, can have been no unimportant place in the earlier days of Sutton; and the legend attached to it may indicate a certain connection of the place with the older haven of Dartmouth, with Totness, the landing place of Brutus, and perhaps with the opposite shores of Brittany. At any rate one of the earliest notices of Plymouth as a harbour records the arrival there, in 1230, of the body of Gilbert de Clare, the mighty Earl of Gloucester and of Hertford, who died at Penrhos in Brittany. He was brought across the sea to "Plum-mue," says the annalist of Tewkesbury; and was conveyed with great honour and a vast following through Devonshire, and at last to Tewkesbury, where he was buried.† Gifts were made to the religious houses at which the body of the Earl rested on its way — the first of which was, of course, the Priory of Plympton.

Until the year 1439, when the town — then of some size, and becoming famous for its harbour — was incorporated by Act of Parliament, the Prior was the Lord of Plymouth. Great personages arriving there, whether to sail from its port or having landed at it, were lodged in the stately Priory. In 1287 the Earl of Lancaster, brother of Edward I., sailed from Plymouth with no fewer than 325 ships, for Guienne, and no doubt rested for some time in the

* Bk. ii. c.10.

† *Annales de Theoksburia*, p. 76, ed. Luard (*Annales Monastici*).

guest house of the Canons. The port was then becoming a favourite point of departure for Guienne and Southern France; and in the days of the Third Edward, the Black Prince on several occasions landed at and departed from Plymouth. He sailed hence, accompanied by the Earls of Warwick, Suffolk, Salisbury, and Oxford, in 1355, before the campaign which closed with the battle of Poitiers. On this occasion he was detained for forty days (from the end of July to the beginning of September) by contrary winds; and was nobly entertained by the Prior of Plympton. It was while thus delayed at the Priory that, as Duke of Cornwall, he granted to one of his old followers the revenues of the ferry at "Asche," or "Saltash," as a reward for many services, and in consideration of his having lost an eye in battle. It is improbable, although some writers assert it, that the Black Prince landed at Plymouth on his return from this campaign, bringing with him the captive King of France. But Plymouth was the place of his landing in 1370, when shattered in health and in happiness he finally left Aquitaine. There he had just lost his eldest son Edward; and he arrived at Plymouth with his wife, and his remaining child Richard of Bordeaux, afterwards the ill-fated Richard II. After resting for some days at the Priory, the Prince was conveyed to London in a litter. He lived until 1376, but never again took part in public affairs. The scene at the Priory must have contrasted strikingly with that in 1355, when the Black Prince had been received there in the full vigour of his youth, and amidst all the splendour and excitement of a great warlike expedition.

Meanwhile, and throughout the fourteenth century, the fortunes of Plymouth had been variable. It was attacked by French fleets and by French adventurers again and again—a proof of its defenceless condition, but also of its rising importance. On one of these occasions a large force of Normans and Bretons burnt six hundred houses in the lower part of the town, thenceforward known as "Breton side." The memory of this attack was long preserved by an annual fight between the "Burton (Breton) boys" and the boys of the Old Town on the hill, the latter of whom used to taunt their opponents with the destruction wrought by the French in their quarter. But in spite of these attacks, from which Plymouth must have greatly suffered, it was progressing steadily and surely. The Carmelites, or White

Friars, established themselves in the town in 1313; and built near the head of Sutton Pool a church with a towering spire, in which the Commissioners for the "Scrope and Grosvenor" controversy—a disputed question of the right to certain armorial bearings—examined many Devonshire witnesses in 1384, whilst the Duke of Lancaster and his soldiers were detained at Plymouth by contrary winds. Franciscans were not slow to follow the Carmelites' example; and the "frères" became as well known in the narrow streets and quays of "Sutton juxta Plym-mouthe" as they had been for some time in those of the southern and eastern seaports. Their extensive buildings and lofty churches gave a new character to the town, the only conspicuous object in which had hitherto been the Church of St. Andrew, a Norman edifice of perhaps no great size. Before 1400, too, a "stronge castle quadrate," as Leland calls it, "having at echo corner a grete round tower," had been built on the west side of Sutton Pool. At a somewhat later period this "quadrate" became the foundation of the shield of arms assigned to the town—argent, a saltire vert between four castles sable. The motto runs, "Turris fortissima est nomen Jehova."

It is clear that the town of Sutton was to some extent, but with due subordination to the authority of the Prior, governed by a mayor and by certain assessors before the year 1439, when it was duly incorporated. Before that time, although the name Plymouth was frequently used, the place was quite as often called Sutton. Afterwards it is always known as Plymouth. The town no doubt had been stretching itself upward over the hill, and westward through the valley that lies on the land side of the Hoe. Nearly a century before this incorporation its importance as a port may partly be measured by the number of ships sent in 1346 to the siege of Calais. Plymouth contributed 26; a greater number than London or Bristol. Yarmouth and Dartmouth sent more than Plymouth; and Fowey sent 47, the greatest number of all. These were of course small vessels; but the fisheries and trade of Plymouth must by this time have become very considerable. The older havens, however, as yet kept their supremacy; and the "gallants of Fowey" and the men of Dartmouth, jealous rivals as they were, and frequently as they fought and skirmished, seem to have paid little attention to the neighbour who was so soon to overtop them. Plymouth had risen

first by the development of her fisheries. Her harbour was then found at least as convenient as that of Dartmouth for ships crossing from Brittany. During the English holding of Guienne and Aquitaine, and throughout the French wars of the fourteenth century, Plymouth was one of the principal ports at which ships entered from, and left for, Bordeaux; and it soon became the favourite harbour for vessels arriving from the northern ports of Spain. The commerce of the place was of course greatly increased by this extended use of the harbour, which had arisen naturally from the position of Plymouth, opposite the western shores of the Continent. With the discovery of the New World, however, began the "golden time" of the town. The wide and hitherto untracked Atlantic lay open from Plymouth. Her seamen were among the first who ventured to explore it. The stories brought home by them of marvellous riches and strange beauty found beyond the distant tropical seas, set on fire the youth of Devonshire, sailors many of them from their boyhood; and we fancy many a young Raleigh or Gilbert gazing with wonder on rare treasures of the Indies, strange birds, tropical fruit, or rich barbaric carving, and listening the while to the "yarn" of some weather-beaten mariner, as he points westward across the plain of deep blue water.

But long before the days of Elizabeth, Plymouth had witnessed one arrival which may not be passed in silence. On the 2nd of October, 1501, the Princess Catherine of Arragon, accompanied by grave prelates, and by many of the highest nobles of Spain, entered the harbour, "which," writes the Licentiate Alcares to Queen Isabella,* "is the first on the coast of England." "She could not have been received," he continues, "with greater rejoicings if she had been the Saviour of the world. . . . As soon as she left the boat, she went in procession to the church, where, it is to be hoped, God gave her the possession of all these realms for such a period as would be long enough to enable her to enjoy life, and to leave heirs to the throne." The Princess had sailed from Laredo on the 27th of September. Off Ushant she had encountered a furious tempest, with "thunder and immense waves." The rest of the voyage had been stormy; and, says Alcares, "it was impossible not to be frightened." The church

in which the Princess knelt for the first time on English ground may have been either St. Andrew's, then but newly rebuilt, or the great church of the Carmelites, which has altogether disappeared. She was "lodged" by "one Painter, that," says Leland, "of late died a rich merchant, and made a goodly house toward the haven." This "Palace" as it is called is yet standing. It is in Castle Street, "toward the haven;" and is built of the local limestone with timbers of massive oak. From Plymouth the Princess journeyed by Tavistock and Okehampton to Exeter, where she occupied the Deanery, and was so greatly disturbed by the noise of a weathercock on an adjoining church steeple that it was taken down on the day after her arrival.

The Palace of Master Painter indicates the increasing prosperity of Plymouth. About the same time, "one Thomas Yogge," a merchant, built for himself, "a fair house of moor-stone" — as the granite of Dartmoor is still called — and "paid for making of the steeple of Plymouth church," St. Andrew's, whose fine Perpendicular tower still bears witness to the wealth and generosity of Thomas Yogge. This was late in the fifteenth century. Before another hundred years had passed, "the name and reputation of Plymouth," in Camden's words, "was very great among all nations, and this not so much for the convenience of the harbour as for the valour and worth of the inhabitants." This is the Plymouth of Drayton —

Upon the British coast what ship yet ever came
That not of Plymouth heares? where those
brave navies lie
From cannon's thundering throate that all the
world defye.

It is impossible to enumerate the expeditions both of adventure and of war which so frequently left the harbour of Plymouth throughout the reign of Elizabeth. There was, says Carew, "an infinite swarm of single ships daily here manned out to the same effect." Strangers crowded the streets; and many a needy adventurer found his way here in the hope of getting a passage to the golden lands of Virginia or Florida. So at least suggests the old ballad —

Have over the waters to Florida,
Farewell good London now;
Through long delays on land and seas
I'm brought, I cannot tell how,
In Plymouth town in a threadbare gown,
And money never a deal.
Hay trixi trim! go trixi trim!
And will not a wallet do well?

* Bergenroth, *Calendar of Letters etc. relating to Negotiations between England and Spain preserved at Simancas*, vol. i. p. 262 (Rolls Series.)

Such was the condition of Plymouth in the days of the great Queen. But the spirit of adventure had been aroused long before. Martin Cockeram, of Plymouth, sailed with Sebastian Cabot, and assisted him in his exploration of the River Plate. In 1530 Cockeram sailed again with William Hawkins on the first of his voyages to Brazil, and was there left in pledge with the natives for the safety of one of the "salvage kings" whom Hawkins brought back to England. The "king" died; but the natives, believing that Hawkins had "behaved wisely" towards them, restored Cockeram; who was thus, suggests a recent historian of Plymouth,* "the first Englishman who ever dwelt in South America,—possibly the first who ever set foot on the Western continent." Cockeram lived to hear of the fame of his old captain's son—that Sir John Hawkins who so often "singd the King of Spain's beard," and who is so constantly referred to in Philip's letters and memorials as the terrible "Achines,"—a form which suggests that the name must have been conveyed to the Spanish Court from the lips of Devonshire sailors. Hawkins, Drake, and Raleigh are the most famous names connected with Elizabethan Plymouth. But from its harbour, under the same glow of adventure, sailed Sir Humphrey Gilbert to discover Newfoundland; Sir Richard Grenville for Virginia; Frobisher and Davies for the North-Western Seas, and Cavendish on his voyage round the world. Cattewater and Sutton Pool were thronged with the small pinnaces in which these daring seamen braved all the perils of unknown seas; and the whole town was frequently thrown into a fever of delight and triumph by the return of ships laden with wealth, as often the spoil of Spanish galleys as of rich islands of the West. When Sir Francis Drake came back from his voyage round the world, the people were at prayers in St. Andrew's Church. Thither the news was brought. The church was speedily emptied; and whilst "the great ordinance were let off" the rejoicing townsmen hurried to the quays, ready to welcome the mariners "with draughtes of wine and drinkyng of heathes." In the midst of such records the town books show that the usual festivities of Old—and merry—England were not neglected. The Maypole was duly dressed; the "Morryshe dancers" were treated with a "breckfast;" "Mr.

Fortescue's players" and (we are a little scandalized) "my Lord Busshoppe's players" (this was in 1561) each received 13s. 4d. for their performances. The "Busshoppe" himself (William Alley, a man of learning and a patron of letters, who well deserved a good dinner) cost the town 1l. 6s. 8d., paid to "Alse Lyell for my Lorde's dinner," beside 6s. 8d. "paide to the cooke for the rostyng of the meate."

A few Elizabethan houses remain in the streets of Old Plymouth; but it cannot be said that this most active and romantic period has left any very striking memorials in the town itself or in the neighbourhood. The imagination must see more than the eye. The land itself has not changed, and the harbours have been little altered. Cattewater remains much as when Sir John Hawkins sent a cannon ball through the side of a Spanish galleon, lying there with prisoners from the Low Countries on board, who, as "Achines" intended, got free during the ensuing tumult. The "fair green called the Hoe" is still much the same as when

... about the lovely close of a warm summer day

There came a gallant merchant ship full sail to Plymouth bay;

Her crew had seen Castile's black fleet beyond Aurigny's isle,

At earliest twilight on the waves lie heaving many a mile—

the same as on the afternoon of that 19th of July when, as the tradition runs, the men of the "gallant merchant ship" brought the news of the approach of the Armada to the captains of the English fleet as they were playing bowls on the green near the present citadel. Still, as we look from the same point, we can picture to ourselves the mighty crescent fleet passing slowly along the far horizon, and hear the faint sound of the ordnance fired by the Spaniards or their pursuers. And the view landward may recall other memories. Under the Dartmoor hills lies Fardel, the ancestral home of Sir Walter Raleigh, where he is said to have buried much gold brought at different times from over seas. An ancient inscribed stone (now removed) marked the place of the "hoard;" and the local rhyme ran—

Between this stone and Fardell hall

Lies as much money as the devil can haul.

Buckland Abbey, the house of Cistercian monks reconstructed by Sir Francis Drake for his own dwelling-place, lies more out of sight; but the true memorial of the

* *History of Plymouth*, by E. N. Worth. Plymouth, 1871.

great navigator is the "leat" or stream of water which, brought under his direction from the distant Meavy river, still supplies the town of Plymouth. Floating romance and folk-lore are constantly gathered round the name of a local hero, and that of Drake is no exception. He is said to have been a powerful magician; and after he had repeated certain spells near the river, the water followed of its own accord as he galloped over the downs towards Plymouth. He "set up a compass" on the Hoe during the year (1581-2) in which he served as mayor; and the lines under his portrait in the Guildhall record his services—

Who with fresh streams refresht this towne that
first

Though kist with waters yet did pine for thirst,
Who both a pilote and a magistrate
Steered in his turne the shippe of Plymouth's
state.

The Mayor and Corporation annually inspect the leat; and at the weir head drink in water "To the pious memory of Sir Francis Drake," and in wine "May the descendants of him who brought us water never want wine." Of the old Corporation plate only one cup, known as the "Union Cup," can have been used by these Elizabethan heroes. It is of silver gilt, and was the gift, in 1585, of John White of London, haberdasher, "to the Mayor of Plymouth and his brethren for ever, to drink crosse one to the other at their feastes and meetynges."

The importance of Plymouth as a seaport continued during the reigns of James I. and of Charles I., though expeditions against Spain were then somewhat at a discount. The "drinking of tobacco" had greatly increased since Raleigh took his first pipe in the chimney corner at Greenaway. In 1663, Garrard writes to Lord Strafford that "Plymouth had yielded 100*l.* and as much yearly rent" to the "licensed persons" who "had a lease for life to sell tobacco" there; a proof that the crowd of seamen had by no means diminished. About the same time we get a curious picture of Plymouth, and a good example of Devonshire dialect—differing not at all from the true Doric still to be heard in the neighbourhood—in some rhymes written by William Strode, of Newnham, near Plympton, who in 1638 died a Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. They are preserved among the Harleian MSS.

Thou ne'er woot riddle, neighbor John,
Where ich of late have bin-a,

Why ich ha bin to Plimoth, man,
The like was yet ne'er zeene-a;
Zich streets, zich men, zich hugeous zeas,
Zich things and guns there rumbling,
Thyself, like me, wood'st blesse to zee
Zich 'bomination grumbling.

The streets bee pight of shindle-stone
Doe glissen like the sky-a,
The zhops ston ope and all the yeere long
I'se think how faire there be-a;
And many a gallant here goeth
I' goold, that zaw the kinge-a,
The king zome zwear himself was there,
A man or zome zich thing-a.

Thou voole, that never water zaw'st
But thick-a in the moor-a,
To zee the zea wood'st be a'gast
It doth zoo rage and roar-a.
It tasts zoo zalt thy tongue wood thinke
The vires were in the water,
And 'tis zoo wide, noe land is spide,
Look neer zoo long there-ater.

Amidst the water wooden birds
And flying houses zwim-a;
All full of things as ich ha' heard
And goods up to the brim-a;
They goe unto another world
Desiring to conquer-a
Vor which those guns, voule develish ones,
Doe dunder and spett vires-a.

Among the "flying houses" on the water, neighbour John may have looked on one which was destined to become more famous than Gilbert's *Golden Hind*, or Sir Francis Drake's *Pelican*. In September 1620, the *Mayflower* sailed from Plymouth, carrying across the ocean those Pilgrim Fathers who planted the first settlement on the coast of New England, and gave to it the name of the ground in the mother country which their feet had last trodden. When, off the coast of Dartmouth, the captain of the *Speedwell* with his company refused to proceed farther, the *Mayflower* put in at Plymouth, and her passengers, in all 101 souls, were "kindly entertained and courteously used by divers friends there dwelling." It does not appear that any Devonshire men were among the "Pilgrims;" but their reception certainly indicates the existence of a strong Puritanical feeling in the town—a feeling which had strengthened into decided opposition to the King when the civil war broke out in 1642.

The struggle with a people so trained in adventure and to the endurance of danger, was likely to be fierce and protracted. Accordingly, in spite of two continuous sieges, and of many lesser dangers, and

notwithstanding the appearance of Charles himself before the walls, the town held out until the march of Fairfax and Cromwell into the west in the spring of 1646 put an end to the lingering hopes of Devonshire Royalists. The King lay for some time at the house of Widey; and during his stay he showed himself daily, attended by Prince Maurice (who was then directing the siege), and a goodly cavalier company, on the top of Townsend hill, opposite one of the principal redoubts of the town. The townsmen gave the name of "Vapouring Hill" to the spot which was thus distinguished. Plymouth was proud of its successful resistance. The Puritan feeling was long continued; and it was, perhaps, owing to this that after the Restoration certain families looked on with an evil eye by the Government took refuge here. Among them were some descendants of Bradshaw, the regicide; and Northcote, the painter, told Hazlitt how, in his early days, one of the family, "an old lady of the name of Wilcox, used to walk about in Gibbon's fields, so prim and starched, holding up her fan spread out like a peacock's tail, with such an air on account of her supposed relationship." The Cavaliers regarded Plymouth somewhat differently. In was thought fit, indeed, that the town should be taught the consequences of rebellion; and in 1660, when the regicides were executed at Charing Cross, John Alured, of Plymouth, was hanged "for speaking treason," and his head was set up on the old Guildhall. But whatever were the feelings of the townsmen, the authorities made due submission. They presented two pieces of plate to the King; and after a severe scolding they were fully admitted to the royal favour on the visit of Charles II. in 1670; when he "touched for the evil in the great church"—that of St. Andrew, and visited the new church, which Seth Ward, Bishop of Exeter, had consecrated in 1664 "by the name of the royal martyr." This church had been begun before the civil war; and although its spire is slightly awry, owing, it is said, to the broomsticks of a flight of witches who struck it as they passed, it is an excellent example of very late Gothic architecture, which in some parts of the building is hardly to be called "debased."

Meanwhile the harbour was crowded, many events of importance were occurring off the coast, and fleets were coming and going. Blake, returning in 1656 from the Canaries, died at the entrance of the Sound. His body was embalmed at Plymouth, and his bowels "buried by the mayor's seat

doore." De Ruyter, after the Dutch had burnt the fleet at Chatham, "divers times anchored in the Sound, but did noe harm." The Grand Duke Cosmo dei Medici landed at Plymouth in 1669, and admired the town with its antique buildings, "almost shut up by a gorge of the mountains, and not to be seen from the sea," a description which shows us that as yet it had not spread very far inland. The Duke of Albemarle, Monk the king-maker, whose education, says Clarendon, had been but rough—only Dutch and Devonshire—came here "with near forty gentlemen attending him," and was made free of the corporation. Lord Dartmouth sailed from Plymouth on the expedition to Tangiers, having on board the fleet the ingenious Mr. Pepys, who has duly recorded how, being "on board my lord's ship in the South," he "stayed for his doublet,—the sleeves altered according to sea fashion." Roger North accompanied his relation, the Lord Keeper Guilford, on his western circuit, saw with him all the sights of Plymouth, and wondered at the strange west country dialect, "more barbarous," he thought, "than that in any other part of England, the north not excepted."* The most "worthy spectacle" at Plymouth was the new fort or citadel, "built of the marble of the place," and commanding a "glorious prospect." This citadel, begun in 1670, was designed by Bernard de Gorme, and was intended not only for the security of the place, but "as a check to the rebellious spirits of the neighbourhood." In digging the foundations some enormous bones were found, which were held to have been those of the giant Corinæus. At this time the Island of St. Nicholas in the Sound, which had been fortified during the civil war, was used as a state prison; and during the visits of Charles II., within sight and hearing of the festivities with which they were accompanied, a prisoner was detained there to whom such sights and sounds must have brought strange emotions. This was John Lambert, the famous Major-General of Cromwell's army, who was tried, together with Vane, in 1661, but who, owing to his "submissive behavior," escaped capital punishment. He was first sent to Guernsey, and removed thence in 1667 to St. Nicholas' Island, where he remained until 1683, in the very cold winter of which year he died. "Ships," writes James Yonge, the chronicler of the town,† "were

* Roger North's *Life of the Lord Keeper*, p. 120.

† Yonge was an ancestor of the Yonges of Puslinch. His *Plymouth Memoirs*, a very brief chron-

starved in the mouth of the Channel, and almost all the cattle famisht. The fish left the coast almost five moneths." In his long imprisonment Lambert amused himself by painting flowers; for he had been a great gardener, and had cultivated at Wimbledon "the finest tulips and gilliflowers that could be got for love or money." Myles Halhead, a member of the Society of Friends, has given in his *Sufferings and Passages* a curious account of an interview with Lambert at Plymouth. He found the soldiers "very quiet and moderate;" and Lambert himself bore with patience a very severe reprimand "for having made laws, and consented to the making of laws, against the Lord's people." The place of Lambert's interment is not known. A fellow-prisoner with him for some time was James Harington, author of the once famous *Oceana*. He suffered greatly on the island from bad water and want of exercise; and at last was allowed to remove into the town of Plymouth, certain of his relations giving a bond for 5,000*l.* that he would not escape.

We are advancing towards comparatively modern times. The fleet of 400 ships which brought the Prince of Orange to Torbay, after he had landed at Brixham, passed round the Start, and wintered at Plymouth: In the spring of 1689 two regiments were sent here to embark for Ireland; so that the town was crowded with soldiers and sailors, "greate infection happened, and above 1,000 people were buried in three months." The garrison was in no good humour. Its governor was Lord Lansdowne, son of the Earl of Bath, one of the Grenvilles who had given their lives for King Charles; and although he did not oppose the new order of things, he did not greatly care to restrain the excesses of his men. Accordingly, they disturbed the rejoicings at the coronation of William and Mary. There was a fight, and one of the townsmen was killed in the fray. From such bickerings, however, they were speedily recalled by an appearance of danger from without. The great French fleet under Tourville was seen to pass before the harbour, sailing eastward. The beacons were fired, and all Devonshire was roused. Tourville burned Teignmouth; but did little more harm, although there was considerable fear lest he should attack Plymouth, and the "town was kept in arms with good watching." But the French were too busy elsewhere.

Before the seventeenth century had closed, Winstanley had erected the first lighthouse on the Eddystone, that most dangerous rock off the entrance to the Sound, "where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried." This was swept away in 1703, and very soon afterwards the terrible disaster at the Scilly Islands (October 1707,) in which three line-of-battle ships perished with all on board, including the Admiral, Sir Cloudesley Shovel, drew fresh attention to the necessity of affording to these stormy coasts such protection as might be practicable. The body of Sir Cloudesley Shovel was brought to Plymouth in the *Salisbury*, and was lodged in the citadel. It was embalmed, and was then conveyed to Westminster, where the monument raised above it is conspicuous for the "eternal buckle" of the rough sailor's periwig. Rudyard was at the same time busy with the second lighthouse on the Eddystone, which was burnt. The present structure, seen from the Hoe as a faint line against the horizon, was not begun until 1757. It was completed in two years, during which Smeaton anxiously watched its progress, often climbing to the Hoe in the dim grey of the morning, and peering through his telescope "till he could see a white pillar of spray shot up into the air." Then he knew that the building, so far as it had advanced, was safe; "and could proceed to his workshops, his mind relieved for the day."

The lighthouse was still a novel wonder when it was "watched from the Hoe" and was examined more closely by a visitor of whom Plymouth might well be proud. In 1762 Dr. Johnson arrived at the town in company with Sir Joshua Reynolds, and was received with much distinction by all (they were perhaps not many) who could appreciate his learning and his conversation. "The magnificence of the navy," says Boswell, "the ship-building and all its circumstances, afforded him a grand subject of contemplation." The Commissioner of the Dockyard (which had been established in the reign of William III.) conveyed Johnson and Sir Joshua to the Eddystone in his yacht; but the sea was so rough that they could not land. It is much to be regretted that more anecdotes of this visit, from which Johnson declared that he had derived a great "accession of new ideas," have not been preserved. A great struggle was at the time in progress between Plymouth and Dock (Devonport) regarding the right claimed by the latter to be supplied from Sir Francis Drake's water leat. "I hate a Docker," said John-

son, setting himself vehemently on the side of the older town. "No, no, I am against the Dockers. I am a Plymouth man. Rogues, let them die of thirst; they shall not have a drop." We may suppose that party spirit in Plymouth ran high; but we are not told whether the duty of neighbourly charity was the subject of a discourse to which the great Doctor listened in St. Andrew's Church, and which was composed for his special edification by the Vicar, Doctor Zachary Mudge, a man, says Johnson (who wrote his epitaph in return for his sermon), "equally eminent for his virtues and abilities; at once beloved as a companion and revered as a pastor." This Doctor Mudge is the subject of a ghost story told in Sir Walter Scott's *Demonology*. He was known to be actually dying when he made his appearance at a club in Plymouth of which he had long been a member. He did not speak; but saluting the assembled company, drank to them, and retired. They sent at once to his house, and found that he had just expired. Many years afterwards his nurse confessed that she had left the room for a short time, and, to her horror, found the bed empty on her return. Doctor Mudge had remembered that it was the evening for the assembling of the club, and had visited it accordingly. He came back and died.

In these days of George the Third, the life of Old Plymouth may be said to end. The great changes which have so rapidly built up the new town did not indeed begin until the opening of the present century. The Breakwater, begun in 1812, but not finished until 1840, had made, long before its completion, the great basin of the Sound a comparatively safe harbour. This was, of course, greatly to the advantage of the town. But we are dealing with "Old" Plymouth, and cannot here attempt to follow the development which, since the early part of the century, and most conspicuously during the last thirty years, has gradually extended the town over the surrounding heights and valleys, until "Vapouring Hill" itself has become covered with buildings, and the outposts of Stonehouse and Devonport, extending their arms in like manner, have united themselves closely with Plymouth. Such have been the growth and the changes since the days when "Sutton juxta Plymouthe" lay, a little fishing hamlet, under the rule of the Augustinian Prior. If "it could not be seen from the sea" when the Grand Duke Cosmo landed at the Barbican, it now, from the Sound or from the

Breakwater, makes a grand foreground to the distant landscape, watched over and guarded by the purple Dartmoor hills, and dignified by its protecting fortifications, which afford — recently constructed as many of them are — the latest testimony to the wealth and national importance of modern Plymouth.

RICHARD JOHN KING.

From The Spectator.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S JEREMIAD.

THE very curious and interesting speech delivered by Prince Bismarck, on the Prussian Premiership, its heavy responsibilities and its exceedingly limited powers, with his incidental remarks on the British Parliamentary system, has excited exceedingly little notice in England, perhaps because a good deal of the speech was delivered in a style of considerable involution, and frank as it was in many respects, was at first not a little misunderstood in the Chamber, and is certainly in parts, except to accomplished German scholars, not very easy reading. Either the Prince was under some embarrassment as to what he should say and what he should suppress, or his recent illness had made his never very fluent style rather more halting than usual. We do not doubt that the first cause had more or less influence. He denied, indeed, in the second instalment of his speech, when replying to Herr Virchow, that there had been any disagreements in the Cabinet "in the usual sense of the term" ("was man darunter gewöhnlich versteht"). "Disagreements of a kind to give occasion to my resignation," he said, "absolutely never occurred. In regard to all Cabinet questions brought to decision by a vote, I have, I believe, on every occasion been in the majority; and it is not the ground of my action that I was ever out-voted, that resolutions were arrived at which were utterly unpalatable to me, but perhaps it rather was, that I cannot carry through all I wish, — I am perhaps in these respects too sanguine and too hasty, — or at least that I cannot do so with such expenditure of energy as alone remains at my disposal when my other work is done." And this very remarkable admission that the Prince had not sufficient power as Prime Minister of the Prussian Cabinet to carry through his own views on matters of the greatest importance without an amount of wear and tear, of discussion, of note-writing, and of minute urgency which was far too much

for his failing strength, runs through the speech. He was never out-voted perhaps because he never was able to propose what he wished in the way of internal reforms with a chance of success. He had not the time and strength to get through the enormous preliminary conditions of persuasion, which he describes with the graphic force of a man of strong will who half despised and half enjoyed the work so long as he had vital energy enough left for it, but who felt when the time came that he had no longer spare energy for such a task, that it must be given up, and his work limited to fields of labour in which his authority was final. He complains that the Prime Minister of Prussia has no power, like the Prime Minister of England, of bringing to his aid colleagues who may really take their cue from him, by appointing them to nominal offices, like the Privy Seal or the Duchy of Lancaster, and who by the very fact that they have no heavy departmental labours have a much larger amount of disposable energy for the work of converting their colleagues than the departmental Ministers. Prince Bismarck evidently greatly envies the English Prime Minister this constitutional resource, and would be glad to see such offices invented in Prussia if the Prussian Prime Minister might have the nomination to them, so as to reduplicate in some degree his own influence. "It is the peculiarity of our case," he said despondently, "that the President of the Cabinet has no greater influence on the collective action of the Administration than any other of his colleagues, unless he wins it for himself by hard fighting; our constitutional law gives him none. If he would win this influence for himself, he must do it by requests, by persuasion, by efforts made at the Cabinet meetings,—in short, by fighting for it in a way that taxes to the utmost his powers of work. The means at his disposal are small, the task is great, and the weight to be moved, if you have to bring over a colleague to your own mind, will often not yield to request and persuasion alone."

What Prince Bismarck has had to encounter in the way of passive departmental opposition to his views he describes with dolorous vivacity. "If," he said, "within any special office, a passive resistance against the Prime Minister's views develops itself,—a resistance in which the subordinates of that office participate,—it is my experience that one simply wears oneself out in the effort, and comes to recognize one's impotence. When, then, I had to elect in what method I would di-

minish my responsibilities, I could not, after my ten years' experience, doubt that the post of Prussian Prime Minister was the one which made the greatest drain on my power of work. On the whole, it is not the work which wears us by the corporeal friction in the midst of which we, in Parliamentary States, live, but it is the continuous pressure of great affairs and interests which touch us as intimately as our own, and which are also the interests of 25 or 40 millions of men. If one may compare small and insignificant things with great, a responsible statesman at the head of a State is in the same kind of situation as he who on the Exchange is always making himself responsible for transactions far beyond his means, the losses in which, if he loses, he could never replace, and in regard to which he hazards on the cast of a die not only the chance of direct material loss, but honour, fame, and the independence of his country." This the Prince would not face, when he felt that the powers annexed to such vast responsibilities were so inadequate, and he chose therefore the office where his authority was more commensurate with his responsibility,—that of Chancellor of the Empire. In relation to his duties as Chancellor, he says that he has far more really direct power in that capacity than he ever had as Prussian Prime Minister to remove obstacles out of the way of any policy he considers essential. In the conduct of the foreign policy of the Empire he can choose his own agents, and on any matter of importance can say, "This I will not have, and I can make specific demands which have to be complied with." Having a very strong conviction that "far more than half his work arose out of his duties of Prime Minister of Prussia," and evidently, in his own estimation, far less than half his influence,—assuredly far less than half of all such influence as he had not to earn daily, as it were, by the sweat of his brow,—Prince Bismarck very naturally gave up the office of much work and small influence, to retain that of comparatively little work and great influence. And he did it evidently with the less concern, because in handing over the office of Prussian Prime Minister to so aged a statesman as Herr Von Roon, he knew,—and this he expressly hints,—that the Prime Ministership would become nothing more than a nominal office,—i.e., would not be turned into a powerful lever in the hands of another which might one day be used against himself. The conviction running through the whole of Prince Bismarck's

speech is this,—that as regards not merely foreign affairs, properly so called, but the relation of Prussia to the rest of the German Empire, he has in his present double office,—that of German Chancellor and that of Prussian Minister for Foreign Affairs,—ample security for complete control, and for complete control without the “unfruitful” toil, as he himself calls it, of persuading, arguing, entreating, and overbearing the opposition of departmental colleagues conservatively inclined. As regards, however, internal Prussian reforms, he indicates not obscurely that he never had near as much of power as he was supposed to have of responsibility; and that what power he had, he obtained not chiefly by his official position as Prime Minister, but by moving heaven and earth to gain personal influence. He did not see his way to get greater control by leaning on the support of the popular majority in the Chamber,—first because he did not think any party had enough of a permanent and clear majority to lean upon absolutely,—next because he did not sufficiently trust the disinterested feeling of all parties for the good of the Empire, to rely on combinations intended to sustain national as distinguished from party interests. He thought the internal strength of our British Government had been seriously weakened by the necessity of playing for the adhesion of several conflicting sections of Parliament, and he was not disposed to run the same risk for Prussia. He was persuaded that the Emperor-King must remain the true centre of influence for the Administration, since he alone stands above all parties. There is nothing in the speech which is not in perfect accordance with the assumption that Prince Bismarck earnestly wished for a complete reconstitution of the Upper House, but found that, partly owing to his Majesty's disinclination for it, partly owing to the enormous effort it would cost him to get such a measure accepted by the Cabinet, it was quite useless to propose it formally to his colleagues. No speech ever confessed more candidly the density of the resisting medium against the steady pressure of which all changes disapproved by the existing departments, and not warmly supported by the King, would have to be carried. That the policy of the Ministry is likely to be quite in sympathy with his own in all that he has achieved Prince Bis-

marck asserts. But he not only does not deny, but really affirms that there was much in the way of internal reform which he wished to do, and could not do for the effort it would have cost him to get it accepted by his colleagues and the very conservative departments they controlled. In foreign affairs and in those affairs which connect Prussia with the rest of the German Empire, he can have his own way without all this dust and trouble. To that, therefore, he limits his energies for the future, only assuring the Lower Chamber that there is no danger of any reversal of the policy of the past,—that all they have to fear is that any difficult undertakings to which he himself personally may be inclined will not be attempted by his successor. The anti-Romanist policy,—or rather, the subjugation of all religion by the State,—is to be earnestly pursued. But other changes to which he might be favourable, changes less closely connected with the external relations of Prussia and of Germany, will be allowed to drop.

This confession of Prince Bismarck's is remarkable. It is the confession that as yet a reforming Prime Minister in Prussia,—with anything like what we regard as a Prime Minister's influence,—is impossible in relation to purely internal affairs. It is impossible, because the King, who is the centre of the Administration, gives the Prussian Prime Minister no real advantage over his colleagues. He must convince them, talk them over, if he is to do anything; and even then the King may and probably will disapprove, and it will be all wasted labour. It is quite impossible, in the Prince's estimation, to lean on a Liberal majority in Parliament for such a task. The time may come when Prussia will be able to send up such a Parliament, but it is as yet far distant. Internal reform in Prussia has but one chance,—the conversion of the King, and the free use of the royal influence. Were a King without the old Conservative leanings to ascend the throne, we might see Prince Bismarck resuming his old place, and trying to gain for the Crown that reputation of enlightenment and progressiveness which he is so reluctant to let the chiefs of any Parliamentary majority earn for themselves. Prince Bismarck is still a royalist reformer. He wishes for reform, but he wishes the King to be the medium by whose agency it is granted to the people.

POPULATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE Washington correspondent of the *New York Tribune* gives from the returns of the recent census some very interesting information respecting the distribution of the foreign element in the United States and the composition of the native-born population. It appears that of the 38,500,000 in the States 5,500,000, or just one in seven report themselves foreign born. Of the natives as many as 9,734,845 were born of parents both of whom were foreign; 10,521,233 were born of a foreign father and a native mother; and 10,105,626 of a foreign mother and a native father. Thus 20,626,859 have one parent foreign, while only about 3,000,000 of the present population of the United States, or less than one in thirteen, were born of parents both of whom were themselves born in the States. With respect to the distribution of the foreign immigration the correspondent says:—"It groups itself densely in the commercial centres and the manufacturing and mining districts of the east, follows the chief lines of railroad through the middle States, spreads itself pretty evenly throughout the peopled region of the West, with a marked preference, however, for the vicinity of great rivers and lakes. It does not take kindly to mountain districts or to soils of small fertility, and prefers a forest to a prairie. Thus the heavily timbered regions of Michigan and Wisconsin have a larger foreign population than the prairies of Indiana and Illinois." The above extract states the law of the distribution of the entire foreign element, but each separate nationality shows a preference for certain districts over others. Thus the Irish, who are returned as numbering 1,855,827, "are massed in greatest numbers in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and in the vicinity of New York City." The reason is obvious enough. The Irish in the first years of the emigration were flying from famine, and were, speaking generally, in the lowest state of poverty. It was absolutely necessary for them, therefore, to get employment at once upon landing, and the friends to whom they sent remittances to come out after them naturally settled as near as possible to those who had helped them out. But they are not confined to towns, though in them they are most numerous. "The largest stretch of country which they have peopled in considerable

numbers extends from Syracuse to Buffalo. Here their density is from six to fifteen to the square mile. There is also an extensive district in Northern Illinois, and another in North-Eastern Ohio, where they number from three to six to the square mile. The Germans, whose aggregate number is 1,690,410, show a fondness for cities as well as the Irish." They are numerous in New York City, but not in the State; in central New Jersey they are also in large numbers, but they have curiously avoided every part of New England, except western Connecticut. Their chief settlements are between the Delaware and Susquehanna in Pennsylvania, on both sides of the Ohio around Cincinnati, along Lake Michigan, on the west bank of the Mississippi near Dubuque, around St. Louis, and in Missouri. In these settlements their density varies from 3 to as many as 15 to the square mile, or about the same as the Irish where they congregate. The English immigrants, who number as many as 550,904, and the Welsh, who amount to 74,533, are chiefly found in and around the great cities, such as New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, and wherever there are coalfields and iron-works. Their principal agricultural settlements are in western and central New York and in Wisconsin. The Swedes and Norwegians together number 211,574, and, of course, some of them are to be found in New York, a few also in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania, but nearly three-fourths of them are settled in Minnesota, Wisconsin and Illinois. Chicago is their favourite city. The immigrants from the British provinces, as many as 493,434, are principally found along the border line, but they are pretty numerous also in the manufacturing districts of Massachusetts and Rhode Island and in the great cities. The Chinese are returned as no more than 62,674; far less numerous, that is, than the Welsh, and they are scattered over California and Nevada. Their numbers elsewhere are unimportant. Lastly, we are told that the immigrants of the so called Latin races, including Mexicans and South Americans, do not equal those from the little kingdom of Bavaria alone. The Spaniards do not exceed 3,701, and a third of these live in New Orleans; the Italians are only 17,149. But the French muster a larger contingent; they number 116,240.

A REMARKABLE instance of reduction in an original claim for compensation due for the death of a near relative is given in the report on British Burmah, lately printed. It seems that the blood feuds existing between the hill tribes are very detrimental to the re-establishment of the trade of that country, and during a tour which Captain Strover, the political agent, made in the hills in company with one of the King's Ministers and four of the Khakhyen chiefs, he endeavoured with considerable success to reconcile some of these quarrels in such a manner as might form a precedent for similar accommodations in future. The first case took its origin from the meeting in 1868, when 30 of the chiefs entered into an obligation with Major Sladen to protect all traders and travellers in their hill ranges, on the return from which conference one of these men was missing, and his death was in some manner laid at the door of the British Government. Captain Strover was warned that the tribe intended to revenge the man's death, but he managed to open negotiations with one of the chiefs, who proved to be the brother of the missing man, and who consented to visit Bhamo in order to adjust the matter. On his doing so he began with a demand for 12,000 rupees, 10 buffaloes, 10 bullocks, 10 gongs, 10 slaves, 10 pieces of broadcloth, 10 turbans, 10 muskets, and several other articles. Captain Strover, on the other hand, offered him 50 rupees, and bade him to reconsider the matter; and after numerous conferences the Khakhyens at length extinguished the debt, and made solemn promises of protection to all travellers, whether Burmese or British, on receiving 200 rupees, a gun, and a Burmese dress. In another case, in which the quarrel had been protracted for twenty years, and repeated reprisals had taken place, the matter was finally compromised for the sum of 25 rupees.

Pall Mall.

M. MAXIME DU CAMP, who is now continuing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* his interesting studies of Parisian life, devotes his last article to the Mont de Piété. This institution met with the severest trial recorded in its history, as might have been expected, during the siege of Paris. Thus, while at the end of July, 1870, its reserve capital amounted to 8,000,000 f., in February, 1871, there only remained of this sum 62,000 f. The Mont de Piété, on the point of bankruptcy, was saved by a loan of 8,000,000 f. advanced by the savings banks. M. Maxime Du Camp visited the magazines in which the articles deposited at the Mont de Piété are stowed away, and among them found some veritable curiosities. One of the strangest of the strange things pledged was the bronze leg of a statue which the sculptor had obviously not been able to finish. An umbrella was shown which had been forty-seven years in pledge, the origi-

nal mortgagor or his descendants having paid interest for forty-seven years on the sum originally advanced. This costly umbrella found its match in a white calico curtain which had been pledged in June, 1823, and, after costing 35 francs in annual interest, was sold the other day for 5 francs. In opposition to the received belief on the subject, very few workmen, it seems, are benefited or injured by the Mont de Piété. Thus when the English relief committee, after the siege of Paris, sent 20,000 francs for the redemption of workmen's tools, it appeared that there were very few workmen's tools to redeem. The sum transmitted was at first thought ridiculously small, but it was more than enough. Only 2,333 tools had been pledged for amounts which, altogether, came only to 16,000 francs.

DR. HENRY SCHLIEMANN'S excavations on what he believes to be the site of ancient Troy have brought to light a series of objects which suggest to his mind an entirely new interpretation of the word *glaukopis*, as applied by Homer to the goddess Athena. These objects, which have been found at various depths down to 53 feet beneath the surface, are (1) terracotta vases, ornamented with an owl's face and a helmet; (2) similar vases, ornamented with figures composed of the body of a woman with the head of an owl; (3) numbers of small figures with owl's faces, and being for the rest of female form. If he is right in taking these figures to be Archaic representations of Athene, the protecting deity of Troy, the literal interpretation *glaukopis*, as the "owl-faced," will be obvious. The locality and depth of the find, and the presence of the helmet, satisfy him that he is right. That the figures of the goddess actually had an owl's head instead of that of a female in the early Homeric times, would be a startling announcement were we not aware of the fact that a very Archaic figure of Demeter at Phigaleia had, according to Pausanias, the head and mane of a horse.

INFLUENCE OF FOREIGN POLLEN ON THE PARENT PLANT. — Asa Gray adds (*American Journal of Science and Arts*, December 1872) another to the already numerous instances which have placed this mysterious phenomenon beyond dispute. An apple (spitzenberg) produced a fruit half of which was (at least as to the surface) spitzenberg, the other half russet. A tree of the latter fruit stood about two hundred yards off. The division into two exactly equal parts is quite unexpected; as the styles and carpels were five, we should have expected the division to be into fifths. Moreover, the action of the pollen in this case is, morphologically, on the calyx, not upon the pericarp.

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ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

BY GENERAL ROBERT H. LYTLE.

I AM dying, Egypt, dying;
 Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
 And the dark Plutonian shadows
 Gather on the evening blast.
 Let thine arm, oh Queen, support me,
 Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;
 Harken to the great heart secrets
 Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
 Rear their eagles high no more,
 And my wrecked and scattered galleys
 Strew dark Actium's fatal shore —
 Tho' no glittering guards surround me,
 Prompt to do their master's will,
 I must perish like a Roman —
 Die the death, Triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
 Mock the lion thus laid low;
 'Twas no foeman's hand that felled him —
 'Twas his own that dealt the blow;
 Here, then, pillowed on thy bosom,
 Ere yon star shall lose its ray,
 Him, who, drunk with thy caresses,
 Madly threw the world away.

Should the base, plebeian rabble
 Dare assail my fame at Rome,
 Where the noble spouse Octavia,
 Weeps within her widowed home.
 Seek her! Say the gods have told me,
 Altars, angel's circling wings,
 That her blood, with mine commingled,
 Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
 Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
 Light the path to Stygian horrors
 With the splendour of thy smile;
 Give to Cæsar crowns and arches —
 Let his brow the laurel twine;
 I can scorn all Cæsar's triumphs,
 Triumphant in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
 Hark! the insulting foeman's cry!
 They are coming! Quick — my falchion!
 Let me face them ere I die.
 Ah, no more amid the battle
 Shall my voice exulting swell!
 Isis and Osiris guard thee —
 Cleopatra — Rome — farewell!

From The Evening Post.
 HORSE AND RIDER.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF GUSTAVE NADAUD.]

My foot I have put in the stirrup,
 Go quickly, my fleetest of steeds,
 Thy master's best will and intentions
 Are weak as the quivering reeds!

No matter what highway thou takest,
 The better the farthest that leads.

She thought that she held me in bondage,
 So smiling — that little blonde girl!
 Fly! fly thee, away from the siren —
 As back my defiance I hurl!
 Put the long weary marches between us,
 Else I yield to her fluttering curl!

Every day I have ridden so gaily
 To meet but her laughter and scorn,
 Take care! — thou art finding the pathway
 That leads 'neath the blossoming thorn!
 Thou knowest it well — but avoid it,
 Go seek we a desert forlorn.

Her cheek like the palest wild roses,
 Her voice like the wave on the shore,
 Those eyes like the Heaven above us!
 False gods! whom in vain I adore! —
 Such love songs my fancies are singing
 Go quickly, my steed, I implore!

My soul is resuming its courage;
 Brave horse! thou hast gallantly sped.
 Anathemas fly from me freely,
 But my heart is as heavy as lead.
 My lips, which I laden with curses,
 But whisper "I love her," instead!

Ah! beauty, capricious and cruel,
 Disdainful, yet keeping from me
 The power to love others as truly
 As now I am sighing for thee!
 If but we had hearts without feeling,
 How easy a lifetime would be!

My steed! mend thy faltering paces,
 Each evening she watches alone;
 Thou must run from these dangerous places
 Where the nightingale utters her moan.
 A tear may drop down on thy fetlock —
 Why lingerest thou like a drone?

Thou seest the lane 'neath the branches
 Where the sunbeams but enter and die?
 Ha! there is the turf gemmed with daisies,
 And the road we attempted to fly!
 Oh! feeblest of horses and riders,
 Who cannot get lost if they try!

But on! we must on with our journey,
 Ah, no! wait a moment, and see,
 Perhaps the white hand at the window
 Is waving a signal to me:
 We must make our adieu, my brave courser,
 To-morrow our journey shall be!

M. E. W. S.

From The Edinburgh Review.

THE WORKS OF THACKERAY.*

THE pure humourist is one of the rarest of literary characters. His nature is not content with detecting foibles, nor his pen with pointing them out for derision; his purpose is infinitely higher and nobler. The humourist must have emotions, nerves, sensibilities, and that marvellous sympathy with human nature which enables him to change places at will with other members of his species. Humour does not produce the sneer of Voltaire; it rather smiles through the tear of Montaigne. "True humour," it has been wisely said, "springs not more from the head than from the heart; it is not contempt, its essence is love; it issues not in laughter, but in still smiles, which lie far deeper. It is a sort of inverse sublimity; exalting as it were into our affections what is below us, while sublimity draws down into our affections what is above us. It is, in fact, the bloom and perfume, the purest effluence of a deep, fine, and loving nature." Without humour, society would exist in Icelandic snows: wit, like the winter sun, might glint upon the icebergs, but they would not be plastic in his glance — calm, lofty, and cold they must remain. But humour is the summer heat that generates while it smiles — the power which touches dead things and revivifies them with its generous warmth and geniality. Wit engages and amuses the individual intellect; humour knits hearts together; is, in truth, in a broad sense, that "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin." Now the world may be regarded as being composed of three classes, viz., those of us who laugh, those *with* whom we laugh, and those *at* whom we laugh; and the tenderest solicitude is experienced by each unit of humanity lest, through some fortuitous circumstances, he should irretrievably find himself a denizen of the last-named class. To some of the first class is given the power of directing the laughter of others,

and this power is current as wit; when to the faculty of originating ridicule is added the power of concentrating pity or pathos upon the subject, this may be styled humour. But the irony must be subjugated to the feeling. The heart must love while the countenance may smile. It will, then, be perceived, in view of these distinctions, how the humourist may assert a claim in all great and essential things superior to that which can be advanced by the wit. Humourists are the salt of the national intellectual life. England, who occasionally claims a questionable superiority in some respects over other nations, may, in the growth of genuine humour, be allowed the pre-eminence, Germany approaching her perhaps in the nearest degree. What other literature, since the days of Elizabeth, can show such a roll of humourists as that which is inscribed with the names (among others) of Richardson, Addison, Steele, Prior, Gay, Smollett, Fielding, Sterne, and Goldsmith? Yet after the closing names of this galaxy a dearth was witnessed like that which immediately preceded their advent. It appears as though the soil of literature, having grown to its utmost capacity the product of humour, demanded time for recuperating its powers. During the past thirty or forty years another growth sprang up, and Hood, Lamb, and other inheritors of the marvellous gift have enriched the world with the perfume of their lives and works. Amongst the latest band of humourists, however, there is no name more remarkable or more justly distinguished than that which is now under consideration.

From the operation of various causes, the works of Thackeray have not hitherto enjoyed a circulation commensurate with their intrinsic merits. The sale of the best of his writings in his lifetime fell far short of the popular demand for the works of Scott or Dickens. But their hold on society, and the recognition of their permanent value and excellence, have gone on steadily increasing with each succeeding year, and very recently a new and complete edition of them has been issued, which is within the reach of all readers. At this period, then, it may be fitting to

* 1. *The Works of William Makepeace Thackeray*. In twelve volumes (Popular Edition). London: 1871-72.

2. *Illustrated Library Edition of the Works of W. M. Thackeray*. In twenty-two volumes. London.

consider the life's work of this deepest and purest of modern English satirists.

It was in these pages that the first substantial recognition of the genius of the author of "Vanity Fair" appeared: a quarter of a century has elapsed since then; but in the short period between that epoch in his career and his death, a rapid succession of brilliant works issued from his pen—a pen facile to charm, to instruct, and to reprove. These works have fully justified the terms of praise in which we referred to his first great fiction. Yet it would be difficult to name a writer of fiction of equal excellence who had so little of the inventive and imaginative faculty. Keeness of observation and a nice appreciation of character supplied him with all the materials of his creations. He wrote from the experience of life, and the foibles of mankind which he satirized were those that had fallen under his notice in the vicissitudes of his own career, or might sometimes be traced in the recesses of his own disposition. The key, therefore, to Thackeray's works is to be found in his life; and few literary biographies would be more interesting, if it were written with a just and discriminating pen. We would venture to suggest to his accomplished daughter, who has shown by her own writings that some at least of his gifts have descended to her by inheritance, that she should undertake a task which no one else can fulfill with so natural and delicate a feeling of her father's genius. Probably it might already have been attempted, but for the extreme repugnance of Thackeray himself to allow his own person to be brought before the world, or to suffer the sanctity of private correspondence to be invaded. Nobody wrote more amusing letters; but he wrote them not for the public. As it is, even his birth and descent have not been correctly stated in the current works of the day. His great grandfather was in the Church, once Master of Harrow, and afterwards an Archdeacon. He had seven sons, one of whom, also named William Makepeace Thackeray, entered the Civil Service of India, became a Member of Council, and sat at the Board with Warren Hastings, some of whose minutes he signed.

The son of this gentleman, and the father of our novelist, was Richmond Thackeray, also a Civil servant, who died in 1816 at the early age of thirty. Thackeray himself was born at Calcutta, in 1811, and was sent to England when he was seven years old. On the voyage home the vessel touched at St. Helena, where the child saw Napoleon Bonaparte. The black servant who attended him attributed to the ex-Emperor the most ravenous propensities. "He eats," said the sable exaggerator, "three sheep every day, and all the children he can lay hands on." The joke figured years afterwards in one of Thackeray's sketches. This early connexion with India left its mark in his memory, and the pleasant allusions to the great Ramchunder and the Bundelcund bank were suggested by the traditions of his own infancy. He inherited from his father (who died when he was five years old) a considerable fortune, part of which had fortunately been settled on his mother, who was re-married to Major Carmichael Smyth. The remainder was left at his own disposal, and rendered him an object of envy and admiration to his less fortunate contemporaries. The boy was sent to the Charterhouse, where he remained for some years; and here again the reader familiar with his works may trace a multitude of allusions to his school-days under Dr. Russel, then the master of that school. About the year 1828 he went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was the friend and contemporary of Tennyson, Venables, John Mitchell Kemble, Charles and Arthur Buller, John Sterling, R. Monckton Milnes, and of that distinguished set of men, some of whom had preceded him by a year or two, who formed what was called the Society of the Apostles, though he was not himself a member of that society. It must be confessed that at Cambridge Thackeray gave no signs of distinguished ability. He was chiefly known for his inexhaustible drollery, his love of repartee, and for his humorous command of the pencil. But his habits were too desultory for him to enter the lists of academic competition, and, like Arthur Pendennis, he left the University without taking a degree. At the age of twenty-one he entered upon Lon-

don life; he visited Weimar, which he afterwards portrayed as the Court of Pumpernickel; and he was frequently in Paris, where his mother resided since her second marriage. His fortune and position in society seemed to permit him to indulge his tastes and to live as a gentleman at large. But the dream was of short duration. Within a few months he contracted a sleeping partnership which placed his property in the hands of a man who turned out to be insolvent, and the fortune he relied on was lost before he had enjoyed it. The act was one of gross imprudence, no doubt, and he suffered bitterly for it; but it is not true, as has sometimes been supposed, from his lively description of scenes of folly and vice, that he lost his money by his own personal extravagance. Thus then he found himself, at two or three and twenty, with very reduced means, for he had nothing to live on but the allowance his mother and grandmother were able to make him; with no profession, with desultory tastes and habits, and with no definite prospects in life before him. His first scheme was to turn artist and to cultivate painting in the Louvre, for he now resided chiefly with his relations in Paris. But in the art of design he was, in truth, no more than an accomplished amateur. The drawings with which he afterwards illustrated his own books are full of expression, humour, grace, and feeling; but they want the correctness and mastery of the well-trained artist. He turned then, with more hope, at the age of thirty, to the resources of the pen. But it is remarkable that all his literary productions of this, his earlier period, were anonymous; and his literary efforts, though not wanting in pungency and an admirable style, were scattered in multifarious publications, and procured for him but small profit and no fame. These years from thirty to seven-and-thirty, which ought to have been the brightest, were the most cheerless of his existence. He wrote letters in the "Times" under the signature of Manlius Pennialinus. He wrote an article on Lord Brougham in the "British and Foreign Review," which excited attention. But political writing—even political sarcasm—was

not his forte; and when politics ceased to be a joke, they became to him a bore. Amongst other experiments he accepted the editorship of a London daily newspaper called "The Constitutional and Public Ledger" but—like its namesake, which had been started and edited, a few years before, by another man of great literary genius, destined to achieve in after-life a more illustrious career—this journal lingered for ten months and then expired. The foundation of "Punch" was a work after Thackeray's own heart, and he contributed largely to the earlier numbers. But it was not till 1841 that he really began to make his mark in literature, under the well-known pseudonym of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, a name in which the dream of the artist still haunted the fancy of the humourist. In the midst of these perplexities, with that genuine tenderness of feeling which lay at the bottom of all his sarcasms, Thackeray fell in love, and married a young lady who might have sat for the portrait of his own Amelia, but who was not better endowed than himself with this world's goods, and much less able than himself to battle with adverse fortune. But his domestic life was overclouded by a greater calamity than these, and the malady of his wife threw a permanent cloud over the best affections of his heart, which were thenceforward devoted to his children alone. Such was the school in which the genius of Thackeray was educated. It was not imaginative; it was not spontaneous; it was the result of a hard and varied experience of life and the world. It left him somewhat prone to exaggerate the follies and baseness of mankind, but it never froze or extinguished his love and sympathy for justice, tenderness and truth. In 1847, when he was six-and-thirty years of age, he braced himself up, for the first time, for a great and continuous literary effort, and he came before the world, which hitherto had known him only as a writer of jests and magazine articles, as the author of "Vanity Fair." His style, which was the result of the most careful and fastidious study, had now attained a high degree of perfection. In the comparison which was naturally drawn between himself and

Dickens, then in the heyday of popularity, it was obvious that in the command of the English language Thackeray was incomparably the master. His style was to the style of Dickens what marble is to clay; and although he never attained to the successful vogue of his contemporary, in his lifetime, it was evident to the critical eye that the writings of Thackeray had in them that which no time could dim or obliterate.

With this novel, then, so surprising in its frankness and in its knowledge of human nature, commenced a career which could know no repression. A mine of gold had been struck, and the nuggets were cast up freely by the hands of the hard and honest worker. In the writing of books admired by every hater of pretence, and the delivery of lectures which were as new in their style and treatment as his novels, the rest of the life of Thackeray passed away. The last fifteen years of it were years of success, celebrity, and comparative affluence. He had attained a commanding position in literature and in society, though it must be acknowledged that except in a very small circle of intimate friends, he rarely put forth any brilliant social qualities. How he impaled snobbery in "Punch" and gave a new impetus to serial literature by his editorship of the "Cornhill Magazine," are facts too widely disseminated to be dilated upon. A most goodnatured editor, conscientious as well as kind, was Thackeray; but the work was not to his taste, and after a short period he relinquished it at a large pecuniary sacrifice. To that terrible person, the owner of a "rejected contribution," he was frequently most generous, breaking the literary disappointment with the solace of a bank-note in many instances. But he found it painfully difficult to say "No" when it became imperative to reject would-be contributors, and fled from the field in despair accordingly. To a friend he said on one occasion, "How can I go into society with comfort? I dined the other day at —'s, and at the table were four gentlemen whose masterpieces of literary art I had been compelled to decline with thanks." So he informed his readers for the last time that he would "not be responsible for rejected communications." On Christmas Eve, 1863, came the event which touched the heart of Britain with a genuine grief. The not altogether uneventful career of one of the truest and best of men was closed. When it was known that the author of "Vanity Fair" would charm the world no longer by his truthful pictures of English life, the grief was what we would

always have it be when a leader of the people in war, arts, or letters is stricken down in battle—deep, general, and sincere.

Postponing for the moment a consideration of what we conceive to be the leading characteristics of Thackeray's genius, a certain measure of insight into the author's mind may be gained by a glance at his works—premising that they are not taken in strict chronological order. First, with regard to his more important novels. The key with which he opened the door of fame was undoubtedly "Vanity Fair." Though other writings of a less ambitious nature had previously come from his pen, until the production of this book there was no evidence that Thackeray would ever assume the high position in letters now unanimously awarded to him. But here, at any rate, was demonstrative proof that a new star had arisen. And yet general as was this belief no intelligible grounds were for a time assigned for it. The novelist himself always regarded his first work as his best; though we think that in this respect he has followed the example of Milton and other celebrated authors, and chosen as his favourite that which is not absolutely the best, though it may be equal to any which succeeded it. Probably the book was one round whose pages a halo had been thrown by various personal circumstances. But the famous yellow covers in which the "Novel without a Hero" originally appeared were not at first sought after with much avidity. Soon, however, it became known that a new delineator of life was at work in society, and one whose pen was as keen as the dissecting knife of the surgeon. An author had sprung up who dared to shame society by a strong and manly scorn, and by proclaiming that it ought to loathe itself in dust and ashes. The world was not unwilling to read the reflection of its foibles and its vices mirrored with so much wit, originality, and genius. How account otherwise for the favour which the work subsequently attained, when it lacked as a novel many of those characteristics for which novels are most eagerly read? To the initial difficulty of a story without a hero, the writer had voluntarily added that of a lack of consecutiveness and completeness. It was probably begun by the author not only without a hero, but without a plot. We doubt whether any of his novels were written on a plan. Some of them evidently turned under his pen into something quite different from what he had originally intended. His mode of narrative consists in

a series of pictures after the manner of Hogarth, but their popularity sufficiently attested their accuracy. There is no one character in "Vanity Fair" which can be deemed perfectly satisfactory — not that the public always cares for that, preferring sometimes the most thoroughpaced villany (viewing authorship as a question of art) to the most superlative virtue. Becky Sharp, the unprincipled governess, has been as unduly detested as Amelia Sedley has been too lavishly praised. There is nothing in the earlier chapters to prove that Becky Sharp was naturally and entirely unprincipled and unscrupulous, and it was evidently the intention of the author to show that society might justly assume a great portion of the responsibility for the after-development of those qualities. With certain ground to work upon, and given conditions as adjuncts, the influence of society on natures like Becky Sharp's would be to encrust them with selfishness and superinduce complete hypocrisy. If heroine there be in the novel it is this clever adventuress, and except on some half-dozen occasions it is scarcely possible to avoid a pity approaching to contempt for the character of Amelia Sedley, who is intended to personify the good element an author generally casts about to discover in concocting a story. Captain Dobbin is overdrawn, and one is well-nigh tempted to wish that he had a little less virtue and a little more selfishness. While we love him he has a tendency to make us angry. The most masterly touches in the volume are those in which the portraits of the Marquis of Steyne and of Sir Pitt Crawley are sketched. The aristocracy furnish the villains and the most contemptible specimens of the race, whilst the excellent persons come from the ranks of the middle class and the poor — their namby-pambyism, however, now and then reducing their claims to our regard. The author speaks for the most part in his own person, and herein lies one of the principal reasons for the success of the book. We feel the satirist at our elbow; he is not enveloped in thick folds in the distance; as we read his trenchant observations and withering sarcasms we can almost see the glances of scorn or of pity which he would assume when engaged in his task. Well might the world exclaim that this was no novice who thus wrote of its meannesses and its glory, its virtues and its vices. This novel lifted him at once, and justly, into the position of one of the ablest writers of subjective fiction. It is especially remarkable in connexion with "Vanity Fair" to note the extremely little

conversational matter in a tale of this great length; another proof that the strength of the author lay not in the conventional groove of the novelist, but in those other powers of Thackeray — rare observation, an acute penetration of motives, an abhorrence of sham or pretence, and an entirely new and genuine humour.

In "Pendennis," the next great work by Thackeray, there is not only some approach to a consecutive plot, but we are inclined to think finer drawing of individual character than in its predecessor. There is not so much brilliancy of writing, but there is a considerable advance in the art of the novelist. With all the graphic touches which took form in the features of Becky Sharp, Amelia Sedley, and Captain Dobbin, there is nothing in the earlier work to compare with the portraits of George Warrington, Helen Pendennis, and Laura. The hero Arthur is one who succumbs to the ordinary temptations of life, and has very little attaching to him of that romance in which a hero is generally expected to be enshrined. Because it was so natural the book was not regarded at first as very successful: nothing could be truer to the original than the manner in which Arthur Pendennis is sketched, and his love passages with Miss Fotheringay, the actress, are naively related; but it was of course impossible to become inspired with the same feelings towards him as were excited by the chivalric heroes of Scott. A man who resorts in the morning to a bottle of soda water to correct the exuberant spirits of the night before is not calculated to awaken much personal adoration. He is too fallible, and the novel-reading community demands sinless heroes and heroines ere it consents to raise them to the lofty pedestal accorded to its greatest favourites. There is no exaggeration in a single portrait to be found in "Pendennis;" all are true; are true to the minutest detail, and the author has simply acted as the photographer to his clients — he "nothing extenuates or sets down aught in malice." The early follies of Pendennis, and his university career — which was chiefly noticeable for splendid suppers and dealings with money-lenders at a hundred per cent. — are described with no sparing pen. The case is typical of thousands now, and is no credit to the youth of the universities. "Only wild oats," the apologists for undergraduate extravagance remind us; but there is no natural necessity that this particular university crop should be sown; many men, worthy men too, are compelled to go through life without the satisfaction

of having ruined their friends by their follies. The result overtook Pendennis which righteously succeeds, we suppose, to dissipation and neglect of study. When the degree examinations came "many of his own set who had not half his brains, but a little regularity and constancy of occupation, took high places in the honours or passed with decent credit. And where in the list was Pen the superb, Pen the wit and dandy, Pen the poet and orator? Ah, where was Pen the widow's darling and sole pride? Let us hide our heads and shut up the page. The lists came out; and a dreadful rumour rushed through the University that Pendennis of Boniface was plucked." Yet though he fled from the University the widow went on loving him still, just the same, and little Laura hugged to her heart with a secret passion the image of the young scapegrace. So inexplicable and so devoted is the character of woman! The little orphan paid the debts of the dashing, clever hero. More sketches of society with its hollowness and pretence follow this revelation, and then we find Arthur in the modern Babylon soon to become the friend of George Warrington, who was destined to be his guide, philosopher, and friend. The brains of our hero now became of service, and in dwelling on his intellectual labour Thackeray details the secret history of a literary hack, together with the story of the establishment of a newspaper for "the gentlemen of England," the prospectus of which was written by Captain Shandon in Fleet Prison. Brilliant indeed were the intellectual Bohemians who wrote for that witty and critical journal. There are no more interesting or amusing sketches in the whole of the author's novels than those relating to this paper, and the intimate knowledge displayed in the details of the schemes of rival printers and publishers was a part of the author's own dearly bought experience. Arthur is strangely consoled in his endeavours to live by the aid of literature by his uncle Major Pendennis, who assures him that "poetry and genius, and that sort of thing, were devilishly disreputable" in his time. But success waits on him, and he can afford to smile at the eccentric officer. Were it not for the closing pages of "Pendennis" we could almost feel angry with Thackeray for challenging our interest in Arthur. But the lesson he had to teach compensates for all disappointments. No stones are to be unnecessarily thrown at the erring, and the shadows in Pendennis's life are to teach others how to avoid

similar errors. The unworthy often run away with the honours. The history of Pendennis closes with fruition for the hero, while the nobler character, George Warrington, suffers disappointment. But then the novelist justly observes:—

"If the best men do not draw the great prizes in life, we know that it has been so ordained by the Ordainer of the lottery; we own, and see daily, how the false and worthless live and prosper, while the good are called away, and the dear and young perish untimely. We perceive in every man's life maimed happiness, the frequent falling, the bootless endeavour, the struggle of right and wrong, in which the strong often succumb and the swift fail; we see flowers of good blooming in foul places, as in the most lofty and splendid fortunes flaws of vice and meanness, and stains of evil, and, knowing how mean the best of us is, let us give a hand of charity to Arthur Pendennis, with all his faults and shortcomings, who does not claim to be a hero, but only a man and a brother."

Passing by temporarily the lectures on the Humourists in order to preserve the chain of novels unbroken, we come to a work which is perhaps the most satisfactory of all Thackeray's writings, regarding them purely in the light of literary art. There are few productions in the world of fiction which exhibit the finish of "Esmond," for the author has not only drawn his characters with unusual skill, but delighted the reader with repeated bursts of natural, unaffected eloquence, in language sedulously borrowed from the age of Steele and Addison. As regards style, indeed, "Esmond" is an incredible *tour-de-force*, and is by far the most original of all his books. For the first time the author transplants us to that age which afterwards became of such absorbing interest to him that he could not tear himself away from it; so imbued was he altogether with the literature of the time of Queen Anne and George I. that at last he seemed to live in it. At his death he had another work in contemplation whose period was fixed in the eighteenth century. It is easy even to the uninitiated to discover that Thackeray wrote this history of Esmond, a colonel in the service of Her Majesty Queen Anne, thoroughly *con amore*. He revelled in his theme and in the associations it brought with it. Genial, witty Dick Steele and Mr. Joseph Addison are introduced to us, and we see them, along with Esmond, drinking the Burgundy, which, says Addison, "my Lord Halifax sent me." We are carried through portions of Marlborough's campaigns, and the spirit blazes with enthusiasm at the pluck which wrought such

valiant deeds, and brought undying honour on the British arms. The avarice and ambitions of the brilliant Churchill are forgotten as the plans of his consummate genius are unravelled. Esmond's career with General Webb is traced with intense interest, and the scenes become as real to us as they undoubtedly seemed to the author. The plot of the book is not of the happiest description, the machinations of the Jacobites being interwoven largely with the thread of the narrative. The hero loves in the outset Beatrix Esmond, daughter of a viscount, and the devotion he exhibits to the idol of his heart and his imagination is something extraordinary even in comparison with the loves of other heroes. Beatrix, however, was unworthy of it: homage she would receive, true passion she seemed incapable of returning. Self-willed to a degree, the noble nature of such a man as Esmond was a sealed book to her. His gravest feelings she treated with levity, and at length her conduct with the Pretender broke the spell, and threw down from its lofty pedestal, once and for ever, the idol he had set up. Like the marble it was beautiful to the eye; like the marble it was cold and insensible to the touch. Finally Esmond contracts a union with Beatrix's mother, Lady Castlewood, still handsome and comparatively young, and who had always cherished the memory of Esmond as one whom she dearly loved in his youth. Her affection for him had never waned. The volume closes with their settlement on the banks of the Potomac, in a calm and serene happiness. The autobiographer, in describing their Virginian estate and Transatlantic life, says:—"Our diamonds are turned into ploughs and axes for our plantations, and into negroes, the happiest and merriest, I think, in all this country; and the only jewel by which my wife sets any store, and from which she hath never parted, is that gold button she took from my arm on the day when she visited me in prison, and which she wore ever after, as she told me, on the tenderest heart in the world." In reading "Esmond," so cleverly is the story told, and with such ease and truthfulness, that the reader does not stay to note what a difficult task the novelist has set himself in venturing to deal with a plot more than commonly unattractive. Thackeray, however, is nowhere the slave of a plot; and in sometimes deliberately fighting against conventional construction and probability, he has proved by his success in enlisting interest and sympathy that he wielded the pen of a master. The world can forgive its hero for not doing

what ninety-nine heroes in a hundred perform, when his history is related with the fidelity and ability which distinguish "Esmond." There are more characters carefully and vividly drawn in this book than are to be found in the entire novels of many popular writers; and that pungency of Thackeray's pen which cuts through individualities as sharply and clearly as the diamond cuts through the glass, is here in full operation. It was as superior to its predecessor as the latter was to almost all the novels of the time. In regard to historical portraiture it has never been excelled; to read it once is to be struck with its eloquence and power; to read it a second time is to be impressed with its fidelity and photographic accuracy.

Thackeray rose to the perfection of his art in fiction in "The Newcomes;" and it is such books as this which show us what a fine teacher and instructor the novel may become in the hands of genius. In the representation of human nature this story is worthy of Richardson or Fielding. It is the *chef d'œuvre*, in our opinion, of its author. There is not lacking that infinite sarcasm observable in previous works, but the writer has touched more deeply the springs of human sympathy. Within the whole scope of fiction there is no single character which stands out more nobly for the admiration of readers to all time than that of Colonel Newcome. The painter of that portrait alone might well lay claim to an undying canvas. As faithfully and as naturally as though limned by the hand of Sir Joshua Reynolds himself the features of the old soldier appear before us. Having written "The Newcomes" Thackeray may be said to have shaken hands as an equal with the two or three great masters of fiction. If it be the province of the novelist to depict human nature as it is, it must be conceded, at any rate, that there was nothing else left for the author to do to entitle him to the highest honours of his class. Nor is it a little singular too that in the story just mentioned Thackeray has given us the best female character which has proceeded from his fertile brain,—Ethel Newcome. She comes to us as the sweet teacher of more goodness and religion than a whole company of preachers. We are inclined to agree with her cousin Clive Newcome that to look into her eyes would be almost too much for such unworthy imperfect creatures as men, and that she is one of that rare class of beings sent into the world occasionally to tell us that Heaven has not altogether forgotten us. What a story of society "The

Newcomes" is! First we have the Newcome family, with Sophia Alethea, whose mission and self-imposed duty it was "to attend to the interests of the enslaved negro; to awaken the benighted Hottentot to a sense of the truth; to convert Jew, Turks, Infidels, and Papists; to arouse the indifferent and often blasphemous mariner; to guide the washerwoman in the right way; to head all the public charities of her sect, and do a thousand secret kindnesses that none knew of; to answer myriads of letters, pension endless ministers, and supply their teeming wives with continuous baby linen," — all which she did "womanfully" for nigh fourscore years. Then we have the Honeymans, with the singular story of the Rev. Charles. Clive Newcome's uncles occupy a large portion of the narrative, and Sir Barnes Newcome appears and contrives to earn our unmitigated contempt. Grey Friars looms into view, with the hero Clive at school within its precincts. Good James Binnie is introduced, and honest J. J. Ridley. Electioneering contests, with all their humour, are portrayed, while the scheming members of society are also flayed for their snobbery. From the heartlessness of vampires and fools — the Floracs, the Kews, &c., — we are pleased to hurry away and to light upon such passages of sweetness and beauty as this, where the Colonel on his arrival in England from India is welcomed by his little niece Ethel: —

"He took a little slim white hand and laid it down on his brown palm, where it looked all the whiter; he cleared the grizzled moustachio from his mouth, and stooping down he kissed the little white hand with a great deal of grace and dignity. There was no point of resemblance, and yet a something in the girl's look, voice, and movements, which caused his heart to thrill, and an image out of the past to rise up and salute him. The eyes which had brightened his youth (and which he saw in his dreams and thoughts for faithful years afterwards as though they looked at him out of heaven) seemed to shine upon him after five and thirty years. He remembered such a fair bending neck and clustering hair, such a light foot and airy figure, such a slim hand lying in his own — and now parted from it with a gap of ten thousand long days between. . . . Parting is death, at least as far as life is concerned. A passion comes to an end; it is carried off in a coffin, or weeping in a post-chaise; it drops out of life one way or other, and the earth clouds close over it, and we see it no more. But it has been part of our souls and it is eternal. Does a mother not love her dead infant? a man his lost mistress? with the fond wife nestling at his side, — yes, with twenty children smiling round her knee. No doubt, as the old soldier held the

girl's hand in his, the little talisman led him back to Hades, and he saw Leonora."

The book has its love passages — in some cases sad and miserable. Chapters of pathetic interest abound, where the world is exhibited at its old tricks of topsy-turvy — Lady Clara loving Jack Belsize and being beloved madly in return, while her hand is sold to Sir Barnes Newcome, "society," forsooth, blessing the bargain. Clive married to Rosey Mackenzie, whom he loves in a way, though his real devotion belongs to his cousin, who is put into the matrimonial auction and knocked down to an idiotic member of the peerage. As for the marriages which "have been arranged," who has not heard uttered, as our satirist asks, "the ancient words, 'I promise to take thee,' &c., knowing them to be untrue; and is there a bishop on the bench that has not Amen'd the humbug in his lawn sleeves, and called a blessing over the kneeling pair of perjurers?" Hypocrisy and humbug are succeeded by disaster in the novel. The grand old Colonel is ruined by the failure of the celebrated Bundelcund Bank, but when there comes in his need a cheque from one whom he had helped in days gone by, the bankrupt Colonel only exclaims, "I thank my God Almighty for this!" and passes on the cheque immediately to another sufferer. The story rapidly progresses. The death of Colonel Newcome is told with a pathos almost unequalled, and dear old Grey Friars becomes once more the witness of a scene to be ever held in remembrance. After this sad incident the novel speedily ends, with the united happiness of the two children whom the Colonel had most dearly loved. It is one of the few books which we close with regret when we have finished them. Genial, generous, and noble in its sentiments, we seem almost to touch the mind of Thackeray while perusing it. It gives us full assurance that his mission was of far wider import than that of a mere scourger of society. It is evidently written by a man who loves the world, though he hates its follies. He has scorn for its dissimulation, indignation for its oppression, smiles for its happiness, and tears for its woes.

In continuation of his previous novel "Esmond," Thackeray returned to the historical vein in "The Virginians," which follows the fortunes of the Esmond family after its migration to America. It was one of his characteristics that the creations of his art acquired so complete a reality that he could not part from them, and they continued, as it were, to live on,

and reappeared in his later works long after the fiction which had given birth to them had come to a close. Thus his "Virginians" grew out of "Esmond," and it is one of the pleasantest of his works. The course of true love pursues a devious way, and the follies of one character serve to set in bold relief the heroism of others. The fairer sex have no reason to complain of the treatment they receive at the hands of our author, and in this story two of their species are immortalized in a setting for which we shall be for ever grateful. But while we are interested in much love we are also admonished by much morality, though the moralizing of Thackeray on all occasions is anything but offensive. He has the gift of so exhibiting foibles and weaknesses that there is no need for him to lash himself into a furious state of indignation, as the manner of some is; that calm, sneering smile is sufficiently effectual; heavy, clumsy weapons or bludgeons may make much demonstration, but it is the light, piercing touch of the pointed steel which is the most dangerous. Thackeray manages to find the one vulnerable point in our armour; he introduces the rapier of his sarcasm, and we are slain. There is no withstanding his weapon. Surely the world should be the better for the fearless work which this man accomplished! Honestly has he besought it to discard its deceit and selfishness, and who knows but vast results have followed the teaching of the life-long lesson? Does he not ask us, brother man, to be more true to ourselves, to our own nature; to drop the cloak which we perpetually wear when we step forth into the world? He would have man walk abroad upright, strong in his own virtue, and not ashamed to meet his fellows, as though in the great game of life he was determined to revoke through every trick in order to seize upon the stakes. And is it so very inhuman to help a friend or brother that it has become so uncommon? Are the heavens always to appear as brass when the cry for help is raised? Harry Esmond Warrington "in his distress asked help from his relations; his aunt sent him a tract and her blessing; his uncle had business out of town, and could not, of course, answer the poor boy's petition. . . . My Lord and Lady Skinflint, when they consult in their bedroom about giving their luckless nephew a helping hand, and determine to refuse, and go down to family prayers and meet their children and domestics, and discourse virtuously before them and then remain together and talk

nose to nose — what can they think of one another? and of the poor kinsman fallen among thieves and groaning for help unheeded? How can they go on with those virtuous airs? How can they dare look each other in the face?" Brave writer! these are manly words, but the world in great part still practises the selfish principle. It takes a long time to make it understand that a religious tract, though possibly very cheap, is not very filling to the hungry stomach, nor does it go far in clothing the shivering limbs. Cropping up here and there in his sparkling leaves, such are the lessons Thackeray would teach. In novels like "The Virginians" they are subordinate to the more leading purposes of the story, but human nature has changed little since the period when its scenes were fixed. Graphic pictures of American scenery abound in its pages, and celebrated characters of the reign of George II. appear on the stage. The philosophy of the novel may not be profound, but it is always plain and unmistakeable. If there be any failure perceptible, it is a failure possessed in common with the greatest writers and dramatists, who, in attempting to depict the men, the morals, and the manners of a preceding age, have never been able entirely to get rid of their own.

The remaining works of fiction produced subsequently to "The Virginians" are somewhat slight in their construction (with the exception of one to be named), but generally exhibit great power. The exception, as regards length and plot, is "The Adventures of Philip," a work worthy almost to take rank with any of those which are more widely known, on account of its extremely realistic pictures of life, and its depth of human interest. In the sketches of those "who robbed Philip, those who helped him, and those who passed him by," we come upon varieties of love, passion, and duplicity drawn with wondrous skill. The sad parts of the story are written with indelible ink, and all through that fine nervous sensibility which should distinguish the highest novelists is strikingly apparent. The same remark applies to that beautiful story of the "Hoggarty Diamond." Of the memoirs of that extraordinary youth Barry Lyndon, it is scarcely necessary to say more than that they are told with no diminution of vigour; all the later short stories of Thackeray, in fact, are written in English noticeable for its simplicity and purity. The wine is not so tart, does not sparkle quite so much, but it is mellower and there

is greater body in it. What could more conclusively exhibit this than the story the author left unfinished, "Denis Duval"? Here we have the last lines he ever wrote — lines which triumphantly dispose of the taunt that Thackeray was writing himself out. Of few can it be said that their later works exhibit a strength and genius undimmed by time. Yet Thackeray was one of these. The period of decadence had not set in with him. He had only just reached the top of the hill, he had taken no steps on his descent. To his powers of perception, and his possession of the critical faculty in no small degree, "The Roundabout Papers," the inimitable Paris, Irish, and Eastern Sketches, and his imitations of contemporary authors, bear ample testimony; while "The Snob Papers," burlesques and ballads, overflow with comic humour. As regards the authorship of ballads alone, we have no writer of *vers de société* at the present time who could be put into competition with him. "Pleaseman X." is famous; yet even Praed or Father Prout can show nothing better than "Peg of Limavaddy," "At the Church Gate," and "Little Billee." Novel, sketch, ballad, or essay, Thackeray has summed up in great part the lessons he would inculcate in verses which will be within recollection: —

"O, Vanity of Vanities!

How wayward the decrees of Fate are;

How very weak the very wise,

How very small the very great are!

"Though thrice a thousand years are past,

Since David's son the sad and splendid,

The weary King Ecclesiast,

Upon his awful tablets penned it, —

"Methinks the text is never stale,

And life is every day renewing

Fresh comments on the old, old tale,

Of Folly, Fortune, Glory, Ruin."

In noticing the various works of Thackeray thus briefly, we have purposely left the lectures on the Four Georges and the English Humourists till the close, as they belong to a new and entirely distinct class of effort. Probably this was the first occasion on which a writer assumed the lecturer and the critic in one. Those who were privileged to hear the author deliver his lectures in person will remember how he took the town by storm, and the same enthusiasm was manifested when Thackeray came to Edinburgh and visited the principal towns in England and America, where the whole of the intellectual classes of the population flocked to hear him. To

hear the opinions of a well-known literary man on his distinguished predecessors delivered *vivâ voce* was naturally attractive, and the imposing form of Titmarsh with his snowy hair has not yet passed out of the recollection of his auditors. We heard him on the age in which he was thoroughly at home. He had made that period in a manner his own by an intimate knowledge of all its leading spirits, and he appeared to strike a chord of self-satisfaction when he said, "I knew familiarly a lady who had been asked in marriage by Horace Walpole, who had been patted on the head by George I." This immediately takes him to the time of Johnson, Goldsmith, Steele, Pope, and Swift, and he is happy. He then goes on to talk pleasantly of the times and manners of the Four Georges, not sparing the gall of satire, however, when he deems it necessary to mix it with his ink. As a citizen of the time he thus describes the advent of the First George, and the facts of history but too fully justify the sweeping condemnation.

"Here we are, all on our knees. Here is the Archbishop of Canterbury prostrating himself to the head of his church, with Kielmansegge and Schulenberg with their ruddled cheeks grinning behind the Defender of the Faith. Here is my Lord Duke of Marlborough kneeling, too, the greatest warrior of all times; he who betrayed King William — betrayed King James I. — betrayed Queen Anne — betrayed England to the French, the Elector to the Pretender, the Pretender to the Elector; there are my Lords Oxford and Bolingbroke, the latter of whom has just tripped up the heels of the former; and if a month's more time had been allowed him, would have had King James at Westminster."

But foolish as the foreign gentleman was, he was astute enough to see through loyalty of this description. The bargain with England was that she wanted a Protestant puppet, and as George was not unwilling, for a consideration, matters were arranged. Though not without his faults, George I. had, as Thackeray points out, the countervailing virtues of justice, courage, and moderation. In introducing his immediate successor, the essayist sketches a memorable scene. An eager messenger in jack boots, who had ridden from London, forced his way into a bed-room in Richmond Lodge, where the master was taking a nap after dinner. With a strong German accent and many oaths, the man on the bed, starting up, asked who dared to disturb him? "I am Sir Robert Walpole," said the messenger. The awakened sleeper hated Sir Robert. "I have the honour to announce to your Majesty, that

your royal father, King George I., died at Osnaburg, on Saturday last, the 10th instant." "*Dat is one big lie!*" roared out his Sacred Majesty King George II., but that was how he came to be monarch nevertheless. The Second George was more wrongheaded than his father, and England was saved during many years of his reign by the strong will of that strange mixture of courage, dissoluteness, statesmanship, and meanness, Sir Robert Walpole, and by the good sense and tact of Queen Caroline. Brave the King undoubtedly was, but in and round his court there was the old sickly air of corruption, fed rather than suppressed by a sycophant clergy. The trenchant words of the great satirist are not a whit too strong in which to describe the godlessness and hypocrisy of the period. And when the sovereign died, some of the divines carried their cant behind the grave, and referred to their master as one too good for earth. They had crawled in the dust before his mistresses for preferment, and having got it, must of course pay for it somehow. Diving beneath the surface of society, Thackeray wisely says, "It is to the middle class we must look for the safety of England; the working educated men, away from Lord North's bribery in the senate; the good clergy not corrupted into parasites by the hope of preferment; the tradesmen rising into manly opulence; the painters pursuing their gentle calling; the men of letters in their quiet studies; these are the men whom we love and like to read of in the last age." With these classes pure and sound, kings and puppets may sport with impunity; the kingdom is safe; it is when the middle classes are corrupt and worthless that the foundations of society begin to break up. Pleasant gossip of the good but obstinate King George, the third of his name, is vouchsafed to us, with glimpses of his pure court — would it had always been so — within whose precincts many a battle was won over his opponents by the dogged monarch. Then we come to the period of his terrible malady, and in describing the closing scene of all, the essayist breaks out into a passage of touching eloquence, which we transcribe here as being in his most successful vein: —

"What preacher need moralize on this story; what words save the simplest are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such a misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men, the Monarch Supreme over empires and republics, the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. 'O, brothers!' I said to those who heard me first in America — 'O brothers!

speaking the same mother tongue — O comrades' enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle! Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest; dead, whom millions prayed for in vain.' Driven off the throne; buffeted by rude hands; with his children in revolt; the darling of his old age killed before him untimely; our Lear hangs over her breathless lips and cries: 'Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little!'

'Vex not his ghost — oh! let him pass — he hates him

That would upon the rack of this tough world Stretch him out longer!'

Hush! strife and quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march. Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his grief, his awful tragedy."

The lectures on the English Humourists, a subject peculiarly adapted to the bent of Thackeray, commence with Swift, the genius who had a life-hunt for a bishopric and missed it. The bitterness of a generation of mankind seemed to be concentrated in that one spirit. We scarcely understand him now, or if we do, then genius is miserably weak and vulnerable in some point if strong as adamant in others. He did not succeed, and it was his constant habit, we are assured, to keep his birthday as a day of mourning. Yet there are some aspects in which we like to regard him. We like his utter scorn at times, his contempt for the tinsel, and the power of his eagle eye to pierce to the heart of things. He could also crush pretence, at once and effectually. A bumptious young wit said to him in company, "You must know, Mr. Dean, that I set up for a wit!" "Do you so?" said the Dean. "Take my advice and sit down again." Thackeray mistrusts the religion of Swift, and mentions as one of the strongest reasons for doing so, the fact of his recommending the dissolute author of "The Beggar's Opera" to turn clergyman, and look out for a seat on the bench. But this master of irony varied so in his moods, that it is impossible to know whether this advice was not simply the result of that intense chagrin which possessed him, rather than of a deliberate recklessness of the good. That Swift suffered, mentally, more than almost any man history takes note of may be accepted, but it was partly due to the workings of an "evil spirit." It is justly said of him that "he goes through life, tearing, like a man possessed of a devil. Like Abudah in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come and the inevitable

bag with it. What a night, my God! it was, what a lonely rage of long agony — what a vulture that tore the heart of that giant! It is awful to think of the great sufferings of this great man. Through life he always seems alone, somehow. Goethe was so. I can't fancy Shakspeare otherwise. The giants must live apart. The kings can have no company. But this man suffered so; and deserved so to suffer. One hardly reads anywhere of such pain." And this pain went through life—in darkness, rage, and misery he spent his days; no light broke through the starless night. The end came, and terrible is the story,—the witty, the eloquent, the gifted, the godlike in intellect, the devilish in heart, Swift passed away in a state not unlike that against which he had prayed in a letter to Bolingbroke, when he said, "It is time for me to have done with the world, and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole." Pleasant gossip follows this sketch — gossip of Congreve and Addison, with wise critical remarks interspersed by the author, who may be said to have established a prescriptive right to the age of which he wrote. Somewhat too much, we are inclined to think, Thackeray made of Pope, though the executive ability of the young poet was of the most marvellous description. Poor Dick Steele, that bundle of failings and weaknesses, has a paper all to himself, and we rise from its perusal with our love for the kindly miserable sinner intensified. It was surface wickedness with Steele entirely: his heart was tender, and his character simple as a child's. For the genius and character of Fielding Thackeray had of course the highest admiration. Very few lines need be read before it is apparent that the modern novelist had studied his predecessor minutely. He quotes Gibbon's famous saying about Fielding with intense relish. "The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren (the Fieldings) of England: but the romance of 'Tom Jones,' that exquisite picture of humour and manuers, will outlive the palace of the Escurial, and the Imperial Eagle of Austria." But here our pleasant reminiscences of the English humourists must end, and some observations of a general nature be made upon the genius of him who has bequeathed to us his thoughts and judgments on his illustrious predecessors.

The first characteristic which strikes the reader of Thackeray is unquestionably

his humour. It does not gleam forth as flashes of lightning, rare and vivid, but is more like the ever-bubbling fountain, the perennial spring. It is a kind of permeating force throughout all his works, now lashed into sarcasm and anon dissolved in pathos. It is one of the great mistakes regarding this author that he is satirical and nothing else. No critic who thus represents him can have either studied his works or caught the spirit and purpose of the man. He is one of the best of English humourists simply because his nature is sensitive at all points. What Carlyle has said of Jean Paul may be said of him. "In his smile itself a touching pathos may lie hidden, a pity too deep for tears. He is a man of feeling, in the noblest sense of that word; for he loves all living with the heart of a brother; his soul rushes forth, in sympathy with gladness and sorrow, with goodness or grandeur, over all creation. Every gentle and generous affection, every thrill of mercy, every glow of nobleness, awakens in his bosom a response; nay, strikes his spirit into harmony." It must ever be so. But when the first satirical papers of Thackeray were published the world had only seen one side of his humour. The Snob papers and burlesques, and the memoirs of Mr. Yellowplush, gave place in due time to a richer vein in more important works. The sparkling Champagne was followed, as it were, by the deep rich Burgundy. As Dickens was his superior in the faculty of invention, so was the former eclipsed by the greater depth of Thackeray's penetration. Truth to life distinguishes nearly all the characters of Dickens, those at least which belong to the lower classes; but this truth is the surface truth of caricature rather than of reality: Thackeray takes us below the surface; we travel through the dark scenes of the human comedy with him, he makes his notes and comments without flattery and with astounding realism, and when we part company from his side we wish human nature were somewhat nobler than it is. But his wit does not preclude him from being fair and just. He is ever scrupulously so, and to the erring kind and tender. It used to be said occasionally of his works as they appeared, "Ah, there's the same old sneer"—so ready is the world to follow the course in which its attention is directed. Speaking of the maligners of Society, he says, "You who have ever listened to village bells, or have walked to church as children on sunny Sabbath mornings; you who have ever seen the parson's wife tending the poor

man's bedside; or the town clergyman threading the dirty stairs of noxious alleys upon his sacred business; — do not raise a shout when one of these falls away, or yell with the mob that howls after him." Surely these are noble words to come from one whose intellectual current was set in the direction of contempt! With all his keen sense of the ridiculous and his scathing powers of invective, there is no one instance where for the sake of the brilliance of his satire he ever cast a slur upon truly philanthropic labour, or periled his reputation for the worship of the pure and the good. If ever man's humour were useful to instruct as well as to delight, it is that of Michael Angelo Titmarsh. When he laughs we know he will do it fairly — his eye wanders round all, and neither friend nor foe, if vulnerable, can keep out the arrows of his wit. His position, as a humourist, is certainly that of the equal of most of the wits of whom he has written, and one scarcely inferior to even Swift or Sterne.

A second quality that is observable in him is his fidelity. And to this we do not attach the restricted meaning that the persons of his novels are faithful to nature — though that they incontestably are — but the wide import of being true to the results of life as we see them daily. He does not allow the development of a story to destroy the unities of character, and in this respect he resembles the greatest of all writers. Take an example. At the close of "The Newcomes," instead of preserving alive the noble Colonel to witness the happiness of the family in its resuscitated fortunes, Thackeray causes him to die, and that in the humblest manner. With most novelists we could predict a very different ending, but one not so true as Thackeray has had the courage to adopt. Sorrow we may indulge that the death should thus occur, but we must acknowledge that it is more consonant with our daily experience than any other conclusion would have been, however pleasant as matter of fiction. The same thing is noticed in the character of Beatrix Esmond; we are first interested in her; then our faith is gradually shattered; and, finally, we are thoroughly disappointed by the catastrophe. The result is contrary to that which we expected; it is other than would have been given by most writers, but it is none the less true. Take the whole of his creations, let the test of fidelity be applied to each, and it will be found that the writers are very few indeed who have been so thoroughly able to disentangle themselves from the common

method of adapting character to plot, or who have made their individualities so distinct, and kept them so to the end. To place him in comparison with other authors who are distinguished for their delineation of character as character — as witnessed at certain points or stages — is unfair both to him and to them. Conversations, with one, stamp individualities, and the test of their fidelity is the absence of contradiction in the outward forms of speech and action whenever the individuals are introduced: this was the life-painting of Dickens, for instance. With Thackeray the case is different. He does not depend so much on the conversational or descriptive recognition of character. He gives us more of their mind or heart than of their person. He does not tell us what they look like, but what they are; and through all his novels they answer to the bent and the natural instincts we have been led to associate with them. It is this elevated form of fidelity that we would insist upon as pre-eminently to be noticed in Thackeray; and were it on this ground alone we should not hesitate to place him in the very first rank of novelists. In this essential particular, in truth, he has no rival. Others may excel him in various arts of fiction, but with this passport, even his superiors in minor detail will accord to him a perfect equality, if not a superiority, in the manifestation of the cardinal principle of novel-writing.

The subjectiveness of Thackeray is another quality which has greatly enhanced the value of his works. It is generally admitted that subjective writers have a more powerful influence over humanity than those of the class styled objective. It is natural, perhaps, that the external descriptions of circumstances or scenery should not move us nearly so much as the life-record of a breathing, suffering, rejoicing human being. Be his station what it may, we are interested in every individual of the species whose career is faithfully pictured. The author of "Vanity Fair" is one of the few men who have been able to endue their characters with being and motion. When there were few writers who had either the courage or the gifts to be natural, Thackeray gave a new impetus to the world of fiction. So eminently subjective are his works, that those of his friends who knew him well are able to trace in them the successive stages of his personal career, and to show in what manner the incidents of his own life operated upon his novels. There are but few incidents in the whole series that were not drawn either

from his personal history or the history of some one of his friends or acquaintances. This is, doubtless, one of the most influential causes of the reality of his stories. No stiff, formal record of events, dispassionately told, is to be witnessed. If the reader reads at all, he must perforce become interested in his work. There probably never were novels written in which there was so little exaggeration of colouring. His dear Harry Fielding has been his guide, but the author of "Tom Jones" has been almost outstripped by his pupil. The latter has been able to throw away more effectually the folds of drapery in which character has generally been presented to us. In his model he was happy, for, previous to Thackeray, Fielding was the most subjective writer in the annals of fiction. One can understand the charm which those writings exercised over his successor, and the desire which he felt to construct his novels after the fashion of which he had become so greatly enamoured. But the pupil has the greater claim to our regard in the fact that his work is such that not a line of it need be excised in public reading. He is Fielding purified. All the vivacity and the life-giving strokes which belonged to the pencil of the earlier master are reproduced in the younger, and the interest is also preserved intact. But with the later age has come the purer language, and Thackeray may be said to stand in precisely the same relation to the nineteenth century as Fielding stood to the eighteenth. The absence of exaggeration in Thackeray's drawing of character is very remarkable. Notwithstanding the multiplicity of his personages, there are not two which in any sense resemble each other. The faculty is very rare of being able to transfer the lineaments of common-place people in such a manner as that others will care to study them. Yet this is the result which Thackeray achieves, and without labour. Nothing transcendental, or that which is beyond human nature, is thrown in as a means of bribing the reader into closer acquaintanceship. As men passed Thackeray he observed them; as they interested him he drew them; but in doing so he felt that to add to the original would destroy the identity, and the consequence of his consummate art is that throughout the whole of his varied picture-gallery there is no portrait which bears the impress of falsity or distortion. To say the truth, and to describe what he saw before him, was always the novelist's own boast. There could be no nobler ambition for any writer, but there are few who have attained as near

the perfect height of the standard as he did.

Leading out of his subjectiveness, or rather being a broader and grander development of it, we come to the fourth great characteristic of Thackeray, — his humanity. That is the crown and glory of his work. And yet this man, who was sensitive almost beyond parallel, was charged with having no heart! Shallow critics, who gave a surface-reading to "Vanity Fair," imagined they had gauged the author, and in an off-hand manner described him as a man of no feeling — the cold simple cynic. It will be remembered that the same charge of having no heart was made against Macaulay; but its baselessness was discovered on his death, when it became known that "the heartless" one had for years pursued a career of almost unexampled benevolence. So superficial are the judgments of the world! Against Thackeray the charge was doubly cruel; he was one of those men who are naturally full of sensibility to a degree. Those who understood him best know that it cost him an effort to subdue that part of his nature which hastened to sympathize with others. Selfishness was as foreign to him as insincerity. The man was true as the light of heaven to the generous instincts of his nature. To veil at times this side of his character was essential in order to give play to that satire which kills. If his mission was to exalt the good and the pure, it was also as decidedly his mission to abase the false. To do this he must necessarily appear severe. But who that reads him well can fail to perceive that the eye accustomed to blaze with scorn could also moisten with sympathy and affection? What man without heart could have written such passages as that episode in the "Hoggarty Diamond"? Titmarsh is describing his journey to the Fleet Prison, accompanied by his wife: —

"There was a crowd of idlers round the door as I passed out of it, and had I been alone I should have been ashamed of seeing them; but, as it was, I was only thinking of my dear, dear wife, who was leaning trustfully on my arm, and smiling like heaven into my face — ay, and took heaven too into the Fleet Prison with me — or an angel out of heaven. Ah! I had loved her before, and happy it is to love when one is hopeful and young in the midst of smiles and sunshine; but be unhappy, and then see what it is to be loved by a good woman! I declare before heaven, that of all the joys and happy moments it has given me, that was the crowning one — that little ride, with my wife's cheek on my shoulder, down Holborn to the prison! Do you

think I cared for the bailiff that sat opposite? No, by the Lord! I kissed her and hugged her — yes, and cried with her likewise. But before our ride was over her eyes dried up, and she stepped blushing and happy out of the coach at the prison-door, as if she were a princess going to the Queen's drawing-room."

Or is there to be found in all fiction a scene more pathetic than the one describing the death of Colonel Newcome? To have written that alone would have deservedly made any name great. Though it is doubtless familiar to every reader, it will be impossible to illustrate fully the human tenderness of the author without quoting some portion of it here. The scene is at Grey Friars:—

"Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. 'He is calling for you again, dear lady,' she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling; 'and just now he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you.' She hid her tears as she spoke. She went into the room where Clive was at the bed's foot; the old man within it talked on rapidly for a while; then again he would sigh and be still; once more I heard him say hurriedly: 'Take care of him when I'm in India;' and then with a heart-rending voice he called out, 'Léonore, Léonore!' She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep. At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, 'Adsum!' and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called; and lo! he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name and stood in the presence of The Master."

The principal defect alleged against Thackeray is that he is a mannerist. But when it is considered that the same charge

could be laid against every writer in the roll of literature with the exception of the few imperial intellects of the universe, it must be conceded that the charge is of little moment. All men save the Homers, Shakespeares, and Goethes of the world, are mannerists. There is not a writer of eminence living at the present day who is not a mannerist. Tennyson, Browning, and Carlyle are all mannerists. It is impossible to quarrel with that which sets the stamp of individuality and originality on the literary productions of the intellect.

To assign Thackeray's ultimate position in literature is a difficult task, for nothing is less certain than the permanence of literary attractiveness and fame; but we think that his works will be read and as keenly enjoyed after the lapse of a century as they are now. Fielding has survived longer than that period, and weightier reasons for immortality than could be advanced in his case might be advanced in favour of Thackeray. If his works ceased to be read as pictures of society and delineations of character, they would still retain no inglorious place in English literature from the singular purity and beauty of their style. It is style even more than matter which embalms a literary reputation. To the faithfulness with which he spake the English tongue we believe future generations will testify. Whatsoever was good, honest, and true found in him a defender; whatsoever was base, unmanly, or false shrank abashed in his presence. A man with less pretence, less assumption, less sham, never existed: he revolted from appearing that which he was not. His works were the reflex of the man, and like a shaft of light, which, while it pierces into the deepest recesses of dissimulation and vice, smiles benignantly upon those aspirations and feelings which are the noblest glory of humanity.

ASTRONOMERS do not universally endorse the idea that the object discovered by Mr. Pogson, on the 2nd of December, was without doubt the lost comet of Biela. All that is certain is, that Mr. Pogson turned his telescope on the track of the retreating meteors of November 27, and saw an object of cometary appearance. If really Biela's Comet, something very extraordinary must have happened to that body, which, according to the very accurate calculations of its path, would have been in perihelion on the 14th of October, whereas the group of meteors which

produced the shower seen here on the 27th of November, did not arrive at its nearest distance from the sun until the 25th of December. The Earth crossed the orbit of that comet, with which the meteors appear to have so remarkable a connexion, on November 27; but the comet itself was far away, unless some catastrophe had occurred to it since last seen, concerning which speculation is quite at fault. It is more likely that what Mr. Pogson saw was another concentration of cometary matter in the orbit of Biela.

Athenæum.

HIS LITTLE SERENE HIGHNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "DORCHLAUGHTING" OF
FRITZ REUTER.

DÜRTEEN, meanwhile, sat in her room, and her soul was fitting itself out with a pair of beautiful white angel wings, and preparing to fly away, beyond time and space, into a fair country which lay in the future, where the earth was greener and the heavens bluer, and where the sun shone brighter. She actually set sail, and had risen to a considerable height on these new pinions; — but let no one count his chickens before they are hatched! Every soul has a clog to its feet, which is called "Destiny;" and when it will rise from the earth, it must carry this clog with it, and it drags heavily at one's feet, and the white wings flutter hither and thither and flap against the wall, and cannot lift the soul out of its narrow chamber and its daily grievances. There sits, for instance, a young maiden in the twilight of a winter's day, in her room, and pictures to herself how she will be dressed when she sits with Fritz, or Franz, or Karl, or whoever it may be, in the arbor, of a summer evening, and mother shall have stepped out for a moment, and — bang! comes a snowball against the window, from the hand of a little street urchin, acting as the minister of Destiny; and the broken glass clatters about her head, and the winter wind blows in her neck, and the sitting in the summer-house is all over with; the clog has pulled her back to earth. And Fritz, or Karl, or Franz, or whoever he is, sits with the Herr Conrector in the class, and before him lies his honest old Cicero, and he thinks, "How shall I come off with the old gentleman, for I have not made the least preparation!" and he will take Mining, or Stining, or Lining in his arm and fly away with her through the air, and the Conrector calls his name, and says: "My son, translate!" — yes, then the Herr Conrector is the clog.

Dürten's clog, this time, was Baker Schultsch; for as she had risen to airy heights, and saw a pretty little household in the distance, with a very attentive husband, and all sorts of pots and dishes, Schultsch came in at the door and began to speak, and held out to the end, without Dürten's uttering, or being able to utter, a word in reply.

"What does this mean, Dürten? You here? I thought you had gone! There I have been waiting for the Conrector, with my roast veal, and he has had his dinner here, — and he told me he had sent you

away, and I must make it right again I don't like to mix myself in other people's affairs, for I have enough of my own to attend to, and there is no need of it, either, for I see you are all right again! Well, for all I care! But let me say this: you must put that other thing out of your head. Yes, I was a housekeeper too, before I was married, but that was a different thing, — I was a young girl, and Krischan was a young fellow, and no Conrector; but you, — you have come to years of discretion, and he is too old for such nonsense. You should be bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. Yes, I believe you; if he were a journeyman baker, like Krischan, it would do, but so, — Herr Conrector and Dürten Holzen — no! Man, think of the end! He does not think of marriage with you, and he cannot, and there is no need of it either, for now you have made up again, and I am glad of it, and really it was my doing, and when Krischan said I should let it alone, I would only talk you apart, then said I, 'No, Krischan, I will talk them together.' Well, and haven't I? But you must put that other thing out of your head. Well, good-bye. It really won't answer, Dürten — there is too great a difference. Well, good-bye!"

Then she went away. And she was a heavy clog, and Dürten fell from her bright heaven back to the hard earth, and her heart was sore.

But there are hearts of different kinds. Some are hard as marble, and when the Lord lets such hearts fall from their heaven, they break, or else bury themselves in the soil and filth of the earth; some are soft, as if they had been moulded out of butter; when they fall, — so! there is a great splash; but there are hearts with which a child can play merrily, or a giant's fist may press them, and they show no finger marks, they are like balls of gum-elastic; when the Lord smites them to the earth, they bound back again towards heaven, and our Lord catches them and keeps them; or he lets them fall again and again, and their falls grow softer and softer, and they roll away till they lie hidden in the grass or under a green bush. Such a heart was Dürten's, and I wonder in what sort of a bush it remained lying. Could it have been a rose-bush?

CHAPTER XI.

His Majesty, Ferdinand the First of Malzahn, with the order of the Golden Fleece. — Mamsell Soltmann as last man; the Conrector gives her a skimmer for a shawl-pin; Shoemaker Schoning wipes his Jochling's nose. — Schultz and Kagebein

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in opposition.—How the poet squandered his substance at Kunst's table, and the Herr Conrector examined Schultsch in the Greek irregular verbs.—Dürten is well contented, and wishes to console Stining.—Who had already consoled Stining.—The slipper-maker does not come, and the runner is determined to play his foolish trick.—Admiral Strasen sets down his Serene Highness among his loyal subjects.—Hofrath Altmann, with the help of his Highness, makes Kagebein Court-poet; but butter still costs three groschen the pound, and eggs are five for a shilling.—Stining and Dürten stand before Hl. Highness, and Schultsch pours a mug of beer into Rand's shoes and stockings.—Two poor maidens.

THINGS go in Nigen-Bramborg just as they do in the rest of the world; the second feast day follows close upon the first, and if the Nigen-Bramborgers went very joyfully and piously to church on the first, they spent the second very joyfully and merrily out of doors. It was just as it is to-day, with a slight difference—a little poorer as regards the means, and a little richer as regards the pleasure; for as to the means of enjoyment and enjoyment itself, it is a good deal like the case of spurs to a horse—the slower the horse, the sharper must the spur be, and a spirited young steed requires no spur at all. I do not mean to say that the Nigen-Bramborgers of to-day ride a slow horse in their festivities, or that they do not sometimes, like a spirited steed, take the bits between their teeth and gallop away; but they need a little sharper spur than formerly, and my judgment is as good as another's in the matter, for haven't I seen it myself? Wasn't I there when my old friend Hageman was general officer of the Schützen-gilde, the day after Whitsuntide, and sharply drilled the battalion? Was I not standing by when the battalion stormed the Schützenhaus, and did I not, as a "brave spectator," share in the plunder? Did I not sit at table directly opposite the Herr Manager, Johann Stoll, and witness his valiant onset upon the pike's liver, and roast pork cooked with plums? Yes, did I not station myself at Doctor Bruckner's corner, to watch the procession on its return, and see his majesty, the King, Freiherr Ferdinand the First of Malzahn, with the order of the Golden Fleece, of the Neu-Brandenburg Schützen-gilde, reverently accompanied by the members of the Magistracy in their scarlet, gold-embroidered uniforms? And was not that a sharp spur to enjoyment?

Anything so fine, great and distinguished had not been invented, as yet, by the Nigen-Bramborgers; and—thank God!—there was no need, they were happy enough as it was; and they flocked in crowds out of the Stargard gate to the Nemerow

Wood, or sailed, in all sorts of boats, over the beautiful lake, laughing and enjoying themselves, before the regular pleasures of the day were fairly begun. And at the gate and all along the road were shop-women, for the most part under-officers of Schultsch, selling biscuits and muffins, and cakes and gingerbread for the children, and for the old folks they had cherry brandy and a sort of tippie which they called bitters, and at which the men-folks shook their heads and the women-folks turned sick; but it was very wholesome. And when they came under the fine, great sturdy beech-trees, and saw the sunlight playing through the tender green leaves, and throwing their shadows hither and thither, but always on happy faces; and saw the two turner's booths with long and short pipes, and saw the tinman's booth from the Badstuber-strasse,—the one whom Dürten had refused to marry,—and the Jew Markussen's booth, with all the beautiful things which were good for nothing at all, neither for warmth nor for coolness, was it not enough to make their hearts light,—to say nothing of the thought that all these fine things were to be had for a throw of the dice? Of Baker Schultsch's dancing-booth, with strong-beer and butter-cakes, and Kunst's, with punch and confectionery, I have said nothing, for one keeps the best till the last.

As the Herr Conrector came under the beeches, this pleasant afternoon, the turner Swirdfeger called to him: "Come in, everybody! Herr Conrector, you won't take it ill of me, but we want just one more." And when the Herr Conrector had pulled out a red groschen from his pocket, the turner cried again: "Come in, everybody! Mamsell Soltmann, you won't take it ill of me, but we want just one more." And when the Soltmann had entered as "the last man," the throwing began; and the shoemaker, Schöning, said that his Jöching, whom he held on his arm, should throw for him. Innocence brought luck, and the Herr Conrector cracked a harmless joke with the Soltmann, asking her if they two would be likely to succeed? Mamsell Soltmann was offended, but she threw, and Schöning's Jöching threw also, with his father's help, and got the same number with the Soltmann, and had to draw lots with her, and won, and the Soltmann went off with her parasol, laying her loss to the Herr Conrector's foolish speech. Shoemaker Schöning said: "Herr Conrector, don't be offended that Jöching has taken it away from under your nose; but he is a wonderful boy, and

you shall have him by-and-by, for if I have my way, we will make a scholar of him. So, Jöching," and he wiped the boy's nose, "give your schoolmaster a kiss!"

And as the Herr Conrector came to the tinman's booth, it happened just so again; he was just the man that was wanted; and Mamsell Soltmann threw again, and lost again, and the Conrector won a Saxon skimmer, and a chivalrous impulse came over him, and he hung the skimmer by its hook to the Soltmann's shawl, and made her a present of it; and the Soltmann blushed, and said she would accept it as a token of friendship, and she courtesied, and that set the old skimmer swinging like the pendulum of a clock, and Schultsch saw it from her booth, and half killed herself laughing, and cried:

"Dürten Holzen, only look at Korlin Soltmann and your Herr Conrector!"

There was no need for Schultsch to say that, for Dürten had watched their behavior for some time. At first she had not wished to come out to the Wood this afternoon, and she might possibly have resisted Stining's earnest entreaties, if the Conrector had not said, so kindly, that morning: "Dürten, you will go out into the Wood, too, this afternoon?"—and when Dürten had made objections, he had said: "Eh, why not, Dürten? We will both go to Baker Schultsch's booth, and eat some of her roast veal, and look after Stining a little, that she does not jump too high with her runner." This sort of speech had persuaded her, so that she had gone with her sister; and now she must see with her own eyes how the Conrector did not trouble himself in the least about herself and Stining, but went round with the yellow woman from booth to booth, making himself agreeable to her, and had hung such a fine skimmer—which Dürten herself could have made such good use of—in her bosom, like a shawl-pin; and that brazen-faced Kammerjungfer was not in the least abashed, and flirted about so shamelessly with the skimmer, as if to say to every one, "Just see! the Herr Conrector has made me a present!" At this moment she looked yellower than ever to Dürten, and what to think of her master she did not know in the least. What! Was it fitting for a person of his years, and a Cantor and Conrector to boot, to stand before a tinman's booth, among all the people, laughing and joking with such a light-minded creature?

But it turned out otherwise than she had expected, for the Herr Advocate Käge-

bein of Nigen-Strelitz came up to the two with a package under his arm; and it was "Bon jour" here, and "Bon jour" there, and they laughed and jested, and the Herr Conrector "bon-joured" as merrily as the rest, although in Plattdeutsch, to be sure; but his laughter was as much in French as anybody's. And the company passed Schultsch's booth, and the Herr Conrector almost brushed Dürten's dress, without seeing her; the Soltmann saw her very plainly, but would not recognize her, and gave her parasol a toss, as much as to say, "Poor thing, I pity you!" and when they were gone by, she looked round once more, and it seemed to Dürten as if her glance were steeped in gall and poison. And so it was, for the glance sank deep into Dürten's heart and brewed gall and poison there. And Stining said: "Good gracious, Dürten, what a pair of eyes she has! It seems as if they would shine in the dark!"

"Yes," said Dürten, "like pitch and sulphur."

Meanwhile the Herr Advocate Kägebein leaned his back against the bird-pole and opened his package, and brought to light a book, a copy of his own poems, just printed; and he looked like an inspired singer of old times, only he had no lyre in his hand, nor curls on his head surmounted by a green wreath, nor yet sandals on his feet; for instead of curls he wore a peruke, and instead of a wreath a little three-cornered hat, and instead of sandals, polished boots,—which were much better for him, since he had come on foot from Nigen-Strelitz. And while he read aloud selections from his poems, Schultsch was selling her cakes and beer, and through the noise and bustle of Schultsch's tent there came to Dürten's and Stining's ears a strange medley:

"To enjoy celestial bliss,"—

"No, this is weaker; best take this!"

"Stands at last my heart within,"—

"Yes, that is beer, not Lüttjedünn,"—

"And shall my spirit with thy spirit blend?
O joy divine!"—

"Good gracious! You have spilled it
all over the table-cloth!"—

"'Tis thou alone this aching heart can fill!"—

"Eh, what? I don't take Prussian money."

"Thou art the fairest in the world!"—

"How these children keep crowding in here! Come here, Dürten, and help me

drive them away. Take care! Hands off the table! If you have no money, don't come here!"

And so Kägebein and Schultsch worked away at their special trades, and Schultsch had large receipts in money, Kägebein in glory; for even the Conrector laughed, and made no attempt to check him, for he saw that he was really inspired, since he had consumed numerous glasses of punch at Kunst's booth. And Mamsell Soltmann was quite carried away, when the poet told her these poems were all made in her honor, and to-day he should present them to his Serene Highness, and then he would be made Court-poet; his Highness was coming out here expressly for that purpose, that he might present him with the book before all the people,—Rand had said so.

The Conrector had done his utmost to-day to recommend himself to the Soltmann; but what is a skimmer in comparison with a book of poems? Kägebein moved piece after piece on the board, and captured piece after piece of the Conrector's, and when the Soltman finally took his arm, he triumphed, and the Conrector gave up the game; for the poet marched, with his Korlin-Dorimene, directly into Kunst's punch-temple, and as the Conrector had said he would never go there again, he went towards Schultsch's tent; and then the former Kammerjungfer looked at him just as she had at Dürten: "Poor thing! I am sorry for you." And Kägebein declaimed:

"Thou canst 'the lower' not forget,
No lofty impulses thou knowest!
And, buns and butter-cakes to eat,
And beer to drink, to Schultsch thou goest.
We two, however, go to Kunst,
And sit there as a happy pair,
Merrily drinking the best of punch
And eating sweet confectioner's ware."

And Kägebein actually did what, as a poet, he had promised,—and few poets can say that,—he went to drink punch with Dorimene, and Dorimene was gracious, and sat there as the only lady, with Hofrath Altmann and Doctor Hempel and Rath Fischer, and other guests, at Kunst's table, and steeped her black pitch-torches of eyes in the punch, looking down modestly into her glass; and Kägebein held his glass stiffly before him, and looked up to heaven through a hole in Kunst's canvas, which the rats had eaten last winter, and no one of the company knew what feelings were struggling in his poet-breast, not even Kunst himself, who usually knew

well enough what effect his liquors had. But shrewd old Hofrath Altmann,—who understood other things besides notes and bonds, since he had given away his faithful heart forever three times already, and was going to do it a fourth time,—penetrated his secret, when he noticed that Korlin Soltmann turned, from time to time, as deep a yellow as yellow Christmas beer gilded with golden foam, and could see, being a neighbor, how Kägebein was continually squeezing the hand of the innocent Kammerjungfer under the table. He could not keep it to himself, but began to wink and to motion, till his comrades perceived it also, and Kunst stationed himself behind the happy pair, with his thumbs in his arm-holes, and regarded them attentively. The poet naturally observed nothing; but Dorimene sprang up, flushing a deep orange-color in her modesty, and ran out of the punch-temple,—and her poet, of course, followed her.

And as she walked under the spreading beech-trees, in such charming anger and such friendly vexation, the poet pursued her, so full of trembling hope and painful joy that he looked like a richly-laden three-master with torn sails, tossing hither and thither on stormy waves. And when he overtook her, and ran into the fair bay of her soft arms, and cast anchor there with his own curved arm, and after a little beseeching found at last firm anchorage, he felt as if he had arrived at a safe haven of happiness, and the whole crew of poet-feelings tumbled wildly over each other in his heart, crying, "Land! land!" And in Dorimene's heart, also, after long voyages and wanderings, the cry of "Land!" was raised, and after a brief consideration whether the Conrector were not better, she wisely decided to hold fast what she had, and go to sea no more.

They were sitting now in the lovely shade of the beeches by the lake, and the poet had a bride, and was to receive to-day the title of "Court-poet," and the Soltmann had a bride-groom, and could now say to the Conrector and Dürten, with good reason: "Poor things, I pity you!" Then the trumpets and drums of the city musicians in Kunst's tent, sounded in their ears, and called them back to earth; and Kägebein said he could not conceal his joy, the world must share his happiness; and Dorimene said she was content; there was no one, thank God! to command her, and she had control of her own property. So they went back, arm in arm, to Kunst's tent, passing the Conrector and Dürten in Schultsch's booth, but

saying neither black nor white; but there was such a proud radiance about them that Dürten said to herself, "Lord preserve us! What has happened to them?" And as they entered Kunst's tent, the musicians were playing a hop-waltz, and without pausing for reflection, the happy pair began to waltz, and they danced and danced, as if the pleasure were to last until they had danced themselves into matrimony. But if one loves long, his love grows old, and if one waltzes long, his breath grows short; and when they were out of breath, Kägebein went up with his bride to Kunst's counter, and like a foolish poet as he was, he threw down his whole substance, in Swedish double-groschens and Strelitz shillings, and demanded punch, and Kunst cried: "Karl, for the Herr Advocate! Karl, for Mamsell Soltmann! Karl," — and he glanced alternately at the two, — "something has happened here! Karl, a glass for me, too!"

Everybody could see, by this time, that something had happened, and the guests crowded around them, while Kägebein, throwing one arm about his new property, and raising his glass with the other, cried:

"Drink to my conquest, comrades,
With merry hearts and gay;
Let every glass be brimming
In Dorimene's honor to-day!"

"Karl, more glasses! Karl, for Hofrath Altmann! Karl," — but he got no further. "Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Even in this solemn moment, the poet could not quit rhyming. He stopped for nothing, but went on:

"Here we stand, your pleasures leading,
Happiest couple ever seen,
And the lambs of love are feeding
On Hope's tender pastures green."

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Karl! Karl! Hurrah!" So it went, back and forth, till the musicians took up the last word with their trumpets.

"I should like to know," cried Schultsch, "what has become of that good-for-nothing slipper-maker! What can I do with such a fellow? Has a wooden slipper and a trumpet painted up over his window, as a sign that he can make music too, and so I engaged him to have an opposition band, in my booth, to Kunst's stupid old musicians, and now he doesn't come! Dürten Holzen, Dürten Holzen! just look over into Kunst's booth! Look at Korlin Soltmann! Look! there's behavior for you. Stands among all those old fellows, nodding and smiling! God preserve us,

lets herself be hugged by that old fool of a Strelitz advocate! Old lemon! Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Alone, among all those old fellows! I wish that confounded old slipper-maker were here, he should blow you a strain! Dürten, Dürten, look! Look at old Hofrath Altmann! Standing there, gay as a peacock, and crowding up to Korlin with his glass in his hand, — I wish he would spill his punch all over her, that she might be red for once in her life! And now — did you hear? Huching! huching! 'A thundering hurrah to the honored bridal pair!' Krischan! Krischan! just listen to that! Korlin Soltmann a bride! Boys, run over to Kunst's booth and cry, 'Hurrah!' and 'Vivat!' and 'Fire!' and anything you please! Bless my soul, who would have thought it? Well, I have nothing to say, not a word, only, 'Marry in haste, and repent at leisure!' Dürten, — good gracious! Herr Conrector, I did not see you at all. Well, it is no business of mine; but how do you feel about it?"

"How do I feel about it?" repeated the Herr Conrector, and he looked at Schultsch as if he were examining her in her irregular Greek verbs, and knew beforehand that she would blunder. And so he did, for Schultsch stammered out:

"I thought you had — you would — people said you were going to marry the Soltmann yourself."

"Frau Schultz," said the Conrector, rising from his seat by Krischan's side, "I think you have quite enough to attend to in your own affairs; pray don't trouble yourself about mine." And holding the golden head of his cane under his nose, he went stiffly out of the booth.

"So!" cried Schultsch, "then I can only say, I was mistaken."

"And I say," observed Krischan, "that you cannot bridle your tongue."

"Do you say that to me again? Then I tell you — Dürten, just tell me —" but here she stopped, for at this moment appeared the unlucky slipper-maker and his musical colleagues, and she rushed up to them and gave them a fitting reception, and demanded that they should immediately produce as great festivity in her booth as was now in progress in Kunst's. The obedient slipper-maker did his best, and kept it up all the evening and the whole night through, playing four-quarters time when the musicians in Kunst's tent were playing three-eighths, and three-eighths when they changed to two-eighths; and Schultsch was quite contented with her opposition, and served them, with her

strong-beer bottles, with plenty of fresh fuel to their fire.

And Dürten? There was no need for Schultsch to trouble herself about Dürten, she had seen all that was going on. She had been boiling with indignation to see "the old yellow thing" flaunting about so boldly; and when she saw her standing in Kunst's booth, with so much assurance, among all those distinguished gentlemen, she looked round, first of all, to see if her Herr Conrector were in safety, and finding him seated in perfect quiet by Krischan Schultz, she said to herself: "Thank God! it is no concern of mine." But a great curiosity came over her to know what could really have happened; and when she heard Hofrath Altmann's toast to the bridal pair, she felt ashamed for her whole sex, that one of her sisters should allow her betrothal to be announced over a punch bowl instead of from the chancel, and as she looked sharply at the poet, she said to herself: "Well, let them. They are well mated."

And now a great rest entered her heart, although the slipper-maker was making such an uproar around her. One stone was out of the way, against which she had often stumbled—her Conrector never could or would marry the Kammerjungfer; and although the latter had looked down upon her so spitefully, she cheerfully gave her her blessing, and decided that, after all, it was for the best. And a variety of thoughts came over her: whether this were so, and that were so, and if she should remain with the Herr Conrector as housekeeper, or if—God bless her! how could she think of such a thing? for that little pinching of her cheeks, and "dear Dürten," and even the kiss, amounted to nothing; and she was a foolish woman to think so much of such things, and she was a wicked woman to have felt such hatred for the Soltmann that afternoon, and then she had done her the greatest pleasure in the world. And the Lord's ways were wonderful, and one ought not to complain if they were overgrown a little with thorns and thistles; who could tell what lay behind? And she would tell Stining not to fret, even if the runner did not come to the dance; who could tell what was for the best? The slipper-maker was making such an uproar that she could easily whisper it in Stining's ear, and nobody else be the wiser; but when she turned to look for her sister, there was no Stining to be seen.

While these pious reflections were passing through Dürten's mind, Stining stood

behind the tent in the shade of a fine old oak, and so far from being in a mood to complain of the way, as Dürten supposed her, she found the way very pleasant. Her gay, joyous wandering-bird of a runner had returned to her, safe and sound; and though a pretty maiden who is sitting absorbed in happy thoughts of the future, may well be a little startled to feel the light touch of a finger on her white neck, and upon looking round, to see, through a slit in the canvas, a merry, laughing face, her mood will be far from despondent. And now, as she stood under the green oak, and the runner had thrown his arm around her and kissed her again and again, and the old gray canvas of the tent was between them and the curiosity of the world, as if it were a veil of summer twilight beneath whose protection their love might blossom in secret, she was not in the least despondent. She rejoiced that she had her Wilhelm again, that he had kept his word, and that he was a runner who could run to Berlin and back in four days instead of five, and that he had done it for her sake.

"But you must be very tired?" she asked.

"Not a bit, Stining; and now we will have our dance."

"But you must go and bring his Serene Highness word, in the first place."

"No, Stining, there is no need of it; he gave me until to-morrow night. And I may as well tell you, for you would find it out to-day,—the whole journey to Berlin is nothing but a spiteful trick they have played me."

"Eh, Wilhelm, how should Serene Highness? Why, Rand told Schultsch Serene Highness was going to make you chief Kammerdiener."

"So? Is he going to do that? Then let me tell you, I shall not be made so. Why his Highness should play me such a trick I don't know, and what Rand has to do with it I don't know; but it is one of the two; and though at first I wouldn't believe it, yet on thinking it over, I am sure of it,—it was merely to prevent my dancing with you to-day. And now I shall do that very thing."

"But, good gracious, Wilhelm, if Serene Highness should know of it!"

"He shall not merely know of it, he shall see it with his own eyes. See, when I came across the upper meadow, his old tub of a gondola was just coming round the bend, and he will be here in fifteen minutes, and now is the time for me to do what I promised you last Christmas—

play some foolish trick before his very eyes, so that he may discharge me."

"Good heavens! no, Wilhelm, Wilhelm, I beseech you ——"

"No, no," cried Halsband, abruptly, "I shall dance with you, if twenty Serene Highnesses stood by, spouting fire and flame out of their eyes! If he has nothing to do with this trick that has been played me, then he will not take it badly; but if he knows all about it, then he will be angry — and let him be angry! The fox must come out from one hole or the other, and I will see how the hare runs."

In vain Stining begged and besought, and was full of anxiety; Halsband kissed her on the mouth, and dragged her, without mercy, into the booth, where with trembling limbs and a heavy heart she must join the dance. Dear heart, she was a bride as well as Korlin Soltmann, and *she* was waltzing and drinking punch, and glowing like an orange, while Stining's cheeks were pale, and her heart beat faster and faster with anxiety. And when Dürten came up to them, after the dance, to say good-day to Halsband, and to wonder and ask questions, then was the time for her to impart her wise reflections concerning our Lord's wonderful ways, and the thorns and thistles, and what lay beyond them, and so forth; but Dürten had forgotten it all, and Stining was quite dependent.

So it went, this Whitsuntide in the Nemerow Wood; and if we except Stining, and perhaps also the runner, — well, for all I care, the Herr Conrector, too, for he had gone off in vexation out of Schultsch's booth with his gold-headed cane under his nose, — everybody seemed to be very happy; but at Nigen-Bramborg, in the palace, things were at their worst. What need was there for the duke Friedrich-Franz of Mecklenburg-Schwerin to send an express courier, on this very Whitsuntide, to his Serene Highness of Mecklenburg-Strelitz? But there was no use in talking. The fellow was there; Rand had taken the letter from him, and his Serene Highness had opened it with his own hands and read it with his own eyes, and when he had finished it, he said, very comfortably:

"Rand, we shall have a visit to-morrow. Our beloved cousin of Mecklenburg-Schwerin is coming to us to-morrow from Berlin, for a little visit, with a suitable train, and sends us his compliments."

"And you say that as if there were nothing the matter here? And you look at me so innocently? No, Serene Highness, that

will never do. We cannot entertain company at present. We must find out sickness, or an engagement, or some other excuse."

"What do you mean?" asked his Highness, wrinkling up his little forehead. "We can receive our high connections."

"We *can*, Serene Highness, to be sure, but not just at present. We have not a groschen of money; and the Duke of Schwerin is a young gentleman who likes to live well and merrily, and I know the sort he brings with him."

Rand was right — Rand was always right when a question of means was under discussion, and his Highness knew it very well, but it provoked him, nevertheless, and he answered, angrily:

"We cannot decline the visit; we must find means; we must borrow."

"Yes, Serene Highness," replied Rand, in great distress, "but of whom can we borrow? Nobody will lend to us. You see, there is Schultsch with the biscuit —"

"Hold your tongue, you donkey!" cried his Highness, who had reason to be angry. "What has Schultsch to do with it?"

"Eh, Serene Highness," said Rand, yielding a little, "it is only what I was going to say. No," he added after a moment, as he thought of the drink-money which would else slip through his fingers, "no, we cannot put off Friedrich Franz, for how it would look! It would be as good as saying that we are poor. I dare say *she* has something," and he pointed with his thumb over his shoulder, across the market-place.

"Who?" asked his Highness, growing brighter at the very suggestion.

"Why, she there at Buttermann's, the Princess Christel. I saw her Kammerjungfer, yesterday morning, coming out of Kunst's cellar, with a basket full of bottles, and this morning Kunst said she had paid up."

"We cannot address ourselves to our sister Christel," said his Highness, with great decision. "The Princess has reproached us enough, already, with doing so little for her. How would it be with the Hofrath?"

"Eh, haven't I always said so? — and here it is. You have just forbidden him the Court. Serene Highness, why not let the fellow marry? What difference can his marrying make to us, since we are not obliged to be married ourselves?"

"Well," said his Highness, very decidedly — he was always very decided in government affairs — "let him be called!"

"Yes, your Highness, that is easily said;

but how is one to 'call' him? He went out to the Nemerow Wood at two o'clock this afternoon; and this courier from Mechlenburg-Schwerin must have a gracious answer at once. But now listen to me, — you never will listen to me, — let the Kammerjunker write immediately; very agreeable — great pleasure — or whatever else you please, and we will ride out to the Nemerow Wood. We cannot ride in the carriage, to be sure, since we have but one runner; but we can ride in the gondola, and we must send word to Strasen to be ready — there will be no storm to-day — and then I will fasten myself to the Hofrath, so that he shall not escape us in the Wood. But, let me tell you, we must be very gracious to him; and we may as well, for what does his marrying signify to us?"

Rand was right again; his Highness yielded; the courier got his message, and his Highness went with Rand in the gondola to the Nemerow Wood.

A good half-hour before the gondola — which looked, in the distance, like a younger brother of Noah's ark, and in any case like a very dangerous conveyance — had come to anchor, the Nigen-Bramborgers in the Nemerow Wood were all shouting together: "There he is! There he comes! He is coming himself! Now we must give him a proper reception! Krischan, put on your coat! Boy, were you going to stand in the front row, with *such* trousers?"

Shoemaker Schöning wiped his little Jöchen's nose again. Kunst sent his musicians down to the lake, ordering them to blow and do nothing else but blow. "Karl! The great glass! I must offer it to Serene Highness!"

Schultsch could not put up with this — for what purpose had she engaged the slipper-maker? "Krischan, why don't you move? Bestir yourself! What? Get up an opposition to Kunst! What have we a booth here for? Here! and here!" and she forced a bottle of strong beer into each of Krischan's hands. "Why should not his Highness drink our nice strong-beer as well as Kunst's slops?"

And Krischan bestirred himself and went to the shore of the lake, and the slipper-maker blew, and the city musicians blew, and all were in motion; only the poet sat in Kunst's booth, with great drops of sweat on his brow, for he was composing a poem for the reception of his Highness. And still another sat there; that was the Herr Hofrath Altmann, who said to himself: "Yes, run along with you! I have no need of his Serene Highness; his Serene Highness needs me."

Now his Highness arrived at the shore. His chief Admiral for the Tollense Lake and the Lieps, Jochen Strasen, who was the grandfather of the present Johann Strasen, took the little Serene Highness in his arms, carried him through the treacherous element, and set him down on dry land in the midst of his loyal subjects. And the people rejoiced, and the musicians blew, and such of the little street-boys as had them threw up their caps, and when Krischaning Birndt's lodged in a beech-tree, they threw up sticks and stones after it, so that it was really dangerous. Kunst advanced on one side with the great covered goblet of punch, which the president held in his hand when they sung Rundgesang; and on the other side advanced, at the same moment, Baker Schultz, with the two bottles of strong beer; and the Conrector, who was watching the performance from a distance, said to himself: "How? This is almost as if his Highness were a new Prometheus, to be chained to the Caucasus by Strength and Force, *κρατῆφι, βιῆφι*, which must here be translated: "Punch and Strong-beer."

But nothing came of it. Apollo interposed, in the person of the Herr Poet Kägebein, who pushed forward between Punch and Strong-beer, the new volume of poems in one hand, the fruit of long years of labor, and in the other the fruit of his meditations in Kunst's booth. He could not repeat them from memory, so he read, with Korlin Soltmann standing behind him:

"I offer to my Sovereign's hands,
In reverence and devoted love,
This work, as gratitude demands.
Should now thy gracious eye approve
These humble poems, and thy mind
Should here and there a stanza find,
Serenest Highness, not unworthy,
How blest the poet stands before thee!
The Lord, who made thee for his praise,
Give to thee health and every blessing,
His favor grant on all thy ways,
Thy happiness be still increasing!
And Mechlenburg's rejoicing psalms
Shall strew thy way like thankful palms."

With that he presented to his Serene Highness the volume of poems.

His Highness was silent: the thing had taken him by surprise. He was affected; nothing of the kind had ever happened to him before; he looked round after Rand to see what he would say to it, but Rand was gone.

The Nigen-Bramborgers were also silent; they, too, were taken by surprise;

nothing of the sort had happened to them before; but they were not affected, except with anger that a Nigen-Strelitzer should intrude himself into their festivities, and a whispering began among them:

"Shall we put up with this? Shall we suffer this from a Nigen-Strelitzer?" And the whispering grew to a shouting: "Where is the Herr Conrector? He was here a little while ago. Yes, neighbor, I saw him myself. Oh, there he is, walking along the shore."

The Conrector was absent also; two principal characters were wanting to the play, and of course it could not go on properly.

His Highness now advanced through the crowd of people, graciously nodding to the right and left, and his subjects called out to him: "Good-day, Serene Highness! It is fine that you have come out here! Yes, I said just now, Serene Highness would certainly come out here this afternoon."

"Are you quite contented, my people?"

asked his Highness, in a very friendly voice.

"Thanks for the kind inquiry. Oh, yes, it goes well—finely! Always on 'two legs!' the people cried, and a wag said: "This evening it goes on one leg!"

"Eh, you had better say, on all fours!" exclaimed a pretty girl. "Don't you remember last year?"

And his Highness laughed graciously when the others laughed, and the musicians blew, and the three lackeys followed; and then came Kunst and Baker Schultz, as if it were a sacrificial procession, and they bore the drink-offering; and then came the poet. He looked at nothing and nobody, not even his best friend, and Korlin Soltmann hung upon his arm, but he thought not of her,—a regular poet thinks of neither bride nor wife, only of his triumph,—he did not walk, he floated; and he was as yet only in the vestibule of the blessedness which he had pictured to himself, and which was to be poured out in full measure upon his fortunate head.

HOW THE ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS AFFECTED THE PLANTS IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD. — "The American Naturalist" for September contains an interesting note on this subject by A. W. B., who takes his facts from a paper laid before the Academy of Sciences of Naples. The writer says that the newest vegetation has suffered from contact with the ashes, though the effect has been neither a scorching nor drying up. The action has not been a mechanical one; for a mere closing of the pores of the epidermis could not have caused death in so short a time. The closing of the pores and stomata is undoubtedly a secondary cause of death, but only after the lapse of some days. No change was observed similar to that produced by the vapour of boiling water. The scorching action of a high, dry temperature occurs only in the immediate vicinity of the volcano. Neither an acid nor alkaline reaction is shown by any change of colour in the flowers or leaves except a few instances of a change to blue of rose, orange, or violet coloured organs, which might be attributed rather to an alkaline than an acid reaction; but these are few and doubtful. Many phenomena concur in pointing to chloride of sodium as the chief agent in the destruction of vegetable tissue. The salt was present in sufficient quantity in the falling ashes to be readily discernible to the sight, and is also met with as an efflorescence in the ashy soil.

SOME interesting particulars respecting public libraries are reported. The library of Boston now possesses 394,000 volumes, with an annual issue of 380,343. The Cincinnati Library has 50,000 volumes, with 37,075 issues, not including periodicals. This collection contains, in some instances, from ten to fifteen copies of the books most in demand, usually belonging to the department of standard fiction. The experiment of opening on Sundays has been tried with signal success. The library of the Cooper Institute, New York, was also opened, for the first time on Sundays, on the 13th of October. The Mercantile Library of San Francisco, not a public institution, has 30,000 volumes, and is taking extreme pains to collect everything relating to California and the Pacific coast.

THE number for January 4 of the *Revue Scientifique* contains the translation of a long and remarkably clever paper by E. von Hartmann, the purpose of which is to show that the differences between the animal and vegetable kingdoms are very much fewer than is dreamt of in the most generally accepted philosophy, that these kingdoms ought not to be classed as subordinates, but as co-ordinates, and that there is great likelihood that plants are capable in some degree of sensation and perception.

From Good Words.

PAGANINI.

SECOND PAPER.

SHALL we now assist at one of Paganini's performances? How many descriptions have been written, and how inadequate! It is hardly possible to do more than describe a few salient peculiarities. But even our pale sketch would be incomplete without such an attempt.

Enter Paganini — a shudder of curiosity and excitement runs through the crowded theatre, the men applaud, the women concentrate a double-barrel fire of opera glasses upon the tall, ungainly figure that shuffles forward from the side scenes to the footlights, with such an air of haughtiness and yet so many mechanical bows. As the applause rises again and again, the apparition stands still, looks round, takes in at a glance the vast assembly. Then seizing his violin he hugs it tightly between his chin and chest, and stands for a few more seconds, gazing at it in motionless abstraction. The audience is now completely hushed, and all eyes are riveted upon one silent and almost grotesque form. Suddenly Paganini raises his bow and dashes it down like a sledge-hammer upon the strings. The opening of the concerto abounds in solo passages, in which he has to be left almost without accompaniment; the orchestra is reserved for the *tutti*s and slight interludes. Paganini now revels in his distinctive and astonishing passages, which hold the audience breathless. At one time torrents of chords peal forth, as from some mimic orchestra; harmonic passages are thrown off with the sharpness and sonority of the flute accompanied by the guitar, independent phrases being managed by the left hand plucking the strings, whilst the right is playing legato passages with the bow. The most difficult intervals are spanned with ease — the immense, compass-like fingers glide up and down every part of the key-board, and seem to be in ever so many places at once. Heavy chords are struck indifferently with the point or heel of the bow, as if each inch of the magic wand were equally under control, but just when these prodigious feats of skill are causing the senses to reel with something like a painful strain, a low, measured melody steals forth and penetrates the souls of all present, until some of the audience break out into uncontrollable applause, whilst others are melted to tears, overpowered by the thrilling accents. Then, attenuated as it were to a thread — but still distinctly audible and resonant — the di-

vine sound would die away; and suddenly a grotesque flash of humour would dart up from a lower sphere and shift the emotional atmosphere, as the great maestro too soon dashes, with the impetuosity of a whirlwind, into the final "rondo" or "moto perpetuo."

Paganini was not inexorable about encores — he was always gratified by applause. After the concert the people often waited outside to accompany him to his hotel. He seemed delighted with this kind of homage, and would go out at such seasons and mix freely with them; but he was often quite inaccessible, and bent upon absolute seclusion.

Let us now resume the chronological narrative. Towards the end of 1812 Paganini quarrelled with his royal patroness, the Grand Duchess of Tuscany. She had given him leave, as above mentioned, to wear at court the uniform of captain of the body guard, and one night he appeared in the orchestra attired in this splendid costume. The Duchess seems to have thought this inappropriate, and sent word desiring him to change his uniform for an ordinary dress. The offended artist declined point blank, and that evening threw up his appointment and left the Florentine court and all its works for ever. It is not at all improbable that Paganini, who could now command any sum of money, had grown tired of his official duties, which could no longer shed any new lustre upon him, and that, longing to be free, he gladly availed himself of the first ready pretext for flight. In vain his royal mistress sent after him, imploring him to return. Paganini was inexorable; and it was even whispered that the Duchess's entreaties were prompted by a feeling still more tender than the love of music — a feeling which Paganini had ceased to reciprocate.

Paganini was very fond of Milan, and he stayed there during the greater part of 1813. He visited that city three times in five years, staying often for several months, and giving in all thirty-seven concerts, most of them at the Scala.

It was in 1814 that he first made the acquaintance of Rossini at Bologna. The great composer, like every other connoisseur, regarded him with admiration and astonishment, and a friendship was then begun which was strengthened when the two celebrities met in 1817 at Rome, and in 1831 at Paris.

Paganini treated his fellow-musicians and rivals with simple and unaffected courtesy. He expressed his great admiration of Spohr's violin playing, and he went all

the way from Genoa to Milan to hear Lafont. When they met, Lafont proposed that they should give a concert, in which each should play a solo. "I excused myself," says Paganini, "by saying that such experiments are always impolitic, as the public invariably looked upon them as duels. Lafont not seeing it in this light, I was compelled to accept the challenge." Commenting upon the results, he added with singular candour and modesty, "Lafont probably surpassed me in tone, but the applause which followed my efforts convinced me that I did not suffer by comparison." Although usually anxious, more for the sake of others than for himself, to avoid contests, he never declined them; and a similar trial of skill took place between him and the Polish violinist, Laprinski, in 1818, at Plaisance; the two artists remaining excellent friends.

At this time Paganini's health seems to have been in an unusually critical condition. We have noticed that he seldom consulted doctors, and when he did so he was not in the habit of following their advice, but his credulity was worse than his scepticism. He dosed himself immoderately with some stuff called "Leroy" — he believed that this could cure anything. It usually produced a wonderful agitation in his nervous system, and generally ended in upsetting the intestinal functions. Sometimes it seems to have deprived him of the power of speech.

In 1816 he went to Venice, where he seems fairly to have collapsed after giving a few concerts. However, in the following year (1817) he was much better, and went to Genoa to see his mother, taking Milan *en route*. He has been called avaricious, suspicious of his kind, and devoid of natural affection. He, no doubt, loved money and had a general distrust of his friends; but, it is certain that he was attached to his mother, and took care to supply her with every comfort. She writes to him some years later: —

"I am delighted to find that after your travels to Paris and London, you purpose visiting Genoa expressly to embrace me. My dream has been fulfilled, and that which God promised me has been accomplished — your name is great, and Art, with the help of God, has placed you in a position of independence. We are all well. In the name of all your relations I thank you for the sums of money you have sent. Omit nothing that will render your name immortal. Eschew the vices of great cities, remembering that you have a mother who loves you affectionately. She will never cease her supplications to the All-powerful for your preservation. Em-

brace your amiable companion for me, and kiss little Achille. Love me as I love you.

"Your ever-affectionate mother,

"THERESA PAGANINI."

The "amiable companion" seems to have been a cantatrice, Antonia Bianchi di Como, with whom he appears to have lived at one time, and who bore him his only son, "the little Achille."

In the same year, 1817, he arrived in Rome in time for the Carnival, where he excited the greatest enthusiasm. He was frequently to be found in the palace of Count de Kaunitz, the Austrian ambassador, where he met all the great people in Rome, and amongst them M. de Metternich, who did his utmost to persuade him to visit Vienna. From this time Paganini determined, sooner or later, to visit the principal cities in Germany and France, but the state of his health was still very precarious. In 1818-19 he gave concerts at Verona, Plaisance, Turin, and Florence, after which he visited Naples for the first time. His advent had been long looked for with feelings of jealous expectation and distrust. The chief professors and musicians of the place who had never heard him were not very favourably disposed. They, however, gave him a reception, on which occasion a piece of music was casually placed before him, full of the most ingenious difficulties that could be devised. Paganini was not unaccustomed to this kind of trap, and upon being requested to play it at sight, he merely glanced at it and played it off with the greatest ease.

But he had even worse foes than the professors. He seems to have got into damp apartments close under St. Elmo, and his lungs, at no time very strong, now showed unmistakable signs of consumption. The landlord, fearing that he would die in his house, actually turned him and all he possessed out into the street, where his friend Ciandelli, happening to come by at the very nick of time, administered a sound thrashing to the brutal host with a stick, and took the invalid artist to a more comfortable lodging. In 1820 he returned to his favourite city, Milan, where he founded a musical society, conducted several concerts, and received various crowns, medals, and decorations. In December of the same year he returned to Rome, and in the following year, 1821, paid a second visit to Naples, giving concerts at the Fondo and the Teatro Nuovo. At the end of the year he crossed over to Sicily, but the people of Palermo hardly appreciated him; and in 1822 he is again at

Venice and Plaisance. From thence he would have gone straight to Germany, in accordance with the proposals of Metternich, but on his way to Pavia, in 1823, he was attacked by his old complaint, and for some time it did not seem likely that he would recover. He was advised to go to Genoa for rest, and whilst there he recovered sufficiently to give concerts at the Theatre St. Augustine, when the prophet in his own country for once attracted enthusiastic crowds. The Milanese, who had never expected to see him alive again, gave him an enthusiastic reception at the Scala, on the 12th June, 1824. He seems to have been still unable to tear himself away from Italy, for in the same month he returned to Genoa, then passed to Venice, and in 1825 he was at Trieste. Then he proceeded, for the third time, to Naples, and going over to Palermo, for the second time, he now met with a most astonishing success. He remained in Sicily for a whole year, and seems in this delicious climate to have recovered his health sufficiently to undertake a long professional tour. He was then detained in Italy for nearly two years more, for in 1826 he visited again Trieste, Venice, gave five concerts at Rome. In 1827 he was decorated by Pope Leo XII. with the Order of the Golden Spur. He then repaired to Florence, where a disease in one of his legs stopped his progress for several months. It was only in the spring of 1828 that he went on to Milan, where he at length gave his farewell concert, before starting on his long-projected visit to Vienna.

To dwell upon the reports of his first appearance at Vienna would be only to repeat what has already been said. "The first note he played on his Guarnerius," writes M. Schilling in the *Lexique Universel de Musique*, "indeed from his first step into the room, his reputation was decided in Germany. Acted upon, as by an electric spark, a brilliant halo of glory appeared to invest his whole person, he stood before us like a miraculous apparition in the domain of Art!" He gave concerts in the capital of Austria on the 13th, 16th, 18th of April, 1828. The greatest players and musicians from all parts flocked to hear him. Mayseder, Janna, Slawich, Streibinger, Böhm, united in extolling the new prodigy. In a very few days Vienna seemed to be turned upside down—no class of people was unmoved by the presence of this extraordinary man. The newspapers were full of verses and articles on Paganini. Cravats, coats, gloves, hats,

shoes, and even cigar cases and snuff boxes—everything was now *à la Paganini*. The fashionable cooks called new dishes by his name; any great stroke at billiards was a "coup à la Paganini."

He stayed several months at Vienna, but time did not injure his popularity; his talent bore the most critical inspection all round,—he was at once colossal in the breadth and majesty of his effects, and microscopic in the perfection and subtlety of his details. At the acme of his fame he left Vienna, and commenced a tour through Austria, Bohemia, Saxony, Poland, Bavaria, Prussia, and the Rhenish Provinces. Prague was the only city which failed to appreciate him. There was a stupid rivalry, of which we find traces in the days of Mozart, between Vienna and Prague, and it was generally understood that whoever was applauded at Vienna was to be hissed at Prague, and *vice versa*. But on reaching Berlin the great artist was received with such an ovation, that he is said to have exclaimed, on his first appearance, "Here is my Vienna public!"

From this time to the end of his life, the wildest stories began to be circulated about him, chiefly in the Italian and French newspapers; but the *Leipzig Gazette du Monde Éléphant* cannot be held quite blameless, for it inserted one of the most extravagant of these tales. One man gravely affirmed that Paganini's miracles of skill were no longer to be wondered at, because he had seen the devil standing close behind him moving his arms for him. Another eye-witness wrote that he had for some time observed a beautiful woman at Paganini's concerts; he went to the theatre in the hope of again seeing her on the occasion of Paganini's last performance. The master appeared, played divinely; the house was crammed, but where was the lady? Presently—in one of the soft pauses—a deep sigh was heard, it proceeded from the beautiful lady; tears were streaming down her cheeks, a mysterious person was seated by her side, with whom Paganini exchanged a ghastly smile; the lady and her cavalier soon rose; the strange cavalier grasped her hand—she grew deadly pale; they proceeded out of the theatre; in a narrow by-path stands a carriage with coal-black steeds—the horses' eyes seem on fire—the two enter, the carriage vanishes—where, apparently, there is no road at all, the inference of all which is that Paganini was in league with the devil! It is strange but true that these absurd legends gained some credence amongst the ignorant populace of Italy

and France, though they were probably laughed at in Germany. But other stories of a different kind annoyed him far more. He was a ruffian who had murdered one mistress, and decamped with another man's wife; he was an escaped convict; he was a political busybody. He was a spy, a thief, an immoral swindler; he had been in prison, it was said, for years, and had thus learned his skill upon one string, all the others having got broken. It is necessary even at this time of day, to give a distinct denial to this last legend. Paganini's morals were not above, but they were not below, the average of the somewhat dissolute state of society in which it was his misfortune to have been born and bred. He never committed a murder, or fought a duel, or betrayed a friend, or left without provision those whom he had given just claims upon him. As to politics, he knew nothing and cared nothing for them; and he never read the newspapers except when they contained something about himself. In Paris they pasted up a course woodcut of Paganini chained in a dungeon about the walls and boardings of the city. Paganini describes himself as having stood before it in mute astonishment, until a crowd gathered round him, and, recognizing the likeness, mobbed and hustled him in the most inconvenient manner. It was these reports that he afterwards bitterly complained of, and M. Fétis, at his request, drew up a letter, which was afterwards published throughout Europe, in which the aggrieved violinist vindicates his character from the current calumnies. His protestations, however, were far from stilling the rumours, and, when he arrived in London, some years later, there was no absurd and extravagant tale about him that was not eagerly caught up and circulated throughout the length and breadth of the land. A lesser man might have courted this sort of notoriety, but Paganini, who could do without it, was intensely annoyed and wounded. We cannot follow the great violinist in detail through his German campaign, in the years 1828-29-30, but some notion of his way of life may draw his personality a little closer to the reader ere we prepare to greet him on our own shores.

Ill health, at times acute suffering, which turned his pale bony face to a green livid hue, an intensely susceptible nervous system, an outward life alternating between scenes of highly-wrought excitement, amazing exertion, and fitful repose — these causes combined to produce a character singular for its mingled abstraction and

plasticity. At times he seemed in the body, at other times out of the body — sometimes he appeared to be only semi-conscious of life; at other times more intensely conscious than any dozen people put together. Physical causes acted at times oddly and instantly upon his brain; at others they found him like stone. He was not always open to impressions, which at certain moments would find him so receptive, that he became the utter incarnation of them. He was full of contradictions, which he cared little to explain either to himself or to others. He travelled with the utmost speed from place to place; in the hottest weather he would have all the carriage windows closed. Although latterly his lungs affected his voice, which became thin and feeble, he delighted to talk loudly when rattling over the roads; the noise of the wheels seemed to excite him, and set his brain going. He never entered an inn on the road, but would sit in his carriage until the horses were ready, or walk up and down wrapped in his great cloak, and resent being spoken to. Arrived at his hotel, he would throw all his doors and windows open, and take what he called an air bath; but he never ceased to abuse the climate of Germany, and said that Italy was the only place fit to live in. His luggage was extremely simple — a small napkin might have contained the whole of his wardrobe — a coat, a little linen, and a hat-box — a small carpet-bag, a shabby trunk, containing his Guarnerius violin, his jewels, a clean shirt, and his money — that was all. He carried papers of immense value in a red pocket-book, along with concert tickets, letters, and accounts. These last no one but himself could read, as he knew hardly any arithmetic, and calculated, but with great accuracy, on some method of his own. He cared little where he slept, and seldom noticed what he ate or drank. He never complained of the inns — every place seemed much alike to him — out of Italy; he detested them all equally. He seldom noticed scenery, or cared for the sights of foreign towns. To himself he was the only important fact everywhere. He often started without food in the early morning, and remained fasting all day. At night he would take a light supper, and some camomile tea, and sleep soundly until morning. At times he ate ravenously. He remained taciturn for days, and then he would have all his meals sent up to his room; but at some hotels he would dine at the table d'hôte, and join freely in conversation. He lay on his sofa doing noth-

ing the greater part of every day; but when making plans for the publication of his works, or the founding of a musical institution, which at one time occupied much of his thoughts, he would stride up and down his room, and talk in a rapid and animated manner. After dinner he habitually sat in his room in total darkness until half-past ten, when he went to bed. Sometimes from sixty to eighty people, eager to see him, would wait upon him at his hotel, in the course of the day. When compelled to see visitors, he was polite; but the intrusion of strangers fatigued and annoyed him, and he often refused himself to every one. He would bolt his door, and not take the least notice of any knocks. He would sit for hours almost motionless in a kind of trance, and apparently absorbed in deep thought; but he was not always averse to society. He was fond of conversing with a few friends, and entered into whatever games and recreations were going on with much zest; but if any one mentioned music, he would relapse into a sullen silence, or go off to some other part of the room. He disliked dining out; but when he accepted he usually ate largely of everything on the table, after which he was generally attacked by his old bowel complaint. At the time, however, he would eat and drink largely without any inconvenience. Although he mixed freely with the world, like Chopin, he was a solitary man, and reserved to the last degree. No one seemed to be in his confidence. He had an excellent memory — yet certain faces seemed to pass from him absolutely. His fidelity to both his parents was not the least remarkable point in his strange character, and although ardently attached to money, he could be generous at the call of what he considered duty, and even lavish when charity was concerned — indeed, he frequently gave concerts for the benefit of the poor, remembering the time when he had been a poor man himself.

Paris, always eager for novelty, the self-elected critic of the civilized world in all matters appertaining to art, was by this time imperative in her demand to see and hear Paganini; so, early in the spring of 1831 he set out for that fashionable capital. Fame had preceded him with every kind of strange rumour — he could not only play on one string, it was said, but his fiddle still gave forth strange music when all the strings were removed. The old calumnies revived. The town was placarded with villainous woodcuts of him in prison — others represented him in carica-

ture, playing on one string. In short, expectation was wound up to its highest pitch, when he suddenly arrived, in bad health, and immediately gave a performance at the Opera-House, on March 9, 1831. The calm and judicious veteran of the Royal Conservatory of Music in Belgium, M. Fétis, who knew him well, and heard him often, and to whose work we are so much indebted for the present sketch, can find no other words to express the sensation which he created on his first appearance at Paris than “universal frenzy.” The whole city flocked to hear him, the professors and virtuosi crowded round him on the platform, as near as they dared approach, in order to watch him play, after which they were no wiser than before. At the end of each piece the whole audience, it is said, rose *en masse* to recall him, the tongue of envy forgot to wag, and rivalry was put out of court. It was hoped he might have thrown some light upon certain prodigious violin studies which he had published, and which had long been known at Paris. No one could play them, or even conjecture how some of them were to be played. Nor did Paganini reveal the secret, which lay, no doubt, partly in a peculiar way of tuning the instrument, as well as in a length and agility of finger which he alone possessed.

About the middle of May he left Paris for London, and the *Times* newspaper which, at that time, hardly ever noticed concerts, devoted half a column in a vain attempt to give some idea of his first performance at the King's Theatre. Paganini, to save himself trouble, had agreed for an enormous sum of money to let himself to a speculator during this stay in England, who made all arrangements for him and took the proceeds. This plan has since been adopted by several illustrious artists, M. Joachim amongst them; and, although it has been stigmatized as wanting in dignity, it is probably on the whole most satisfactory to the artist, though not always to the public. An attempt was made to double the prices at the Opera-House, which raised great indignation — the prices ultimately charged were the usual Opera charges — no more and no less — and this was doubtless thought exorbitant for a concert, although the solo performer was supported by an orchestra and some of the best Opera singers, the famous Lablache amongst them. The crowd at the doors on the first night was excessive, and the pit was full to overflowing, but the boxes were thin. Paganini was suffering at that time from the

inroads of his old complaint, aggravated by the rapid encroachments of his last fatal malady, consumption. He appeared, contrary to the advice of his physicians, and was received with the usual tumult of applause. From a heap of contemporary criticism struggling vainly with the difficulty of the subject, we extract a few passages from the pen of an eye-witness, which strike us as unusually graphic.

Mr. Gardner of Leicester, writes: "At the hazard of my ribs, I placed myself at the Opera two hours and a half before the concert began. . . . The concert opened with Beethoven's second symphony, admirably played by the Philharmonic band, after which Lablache sang 'Largo al Factotum,' with much applause, and was encored. A breathless silence, and every eye was watching the extraordinary violinist: and as he glided from the side scenes to the front of the stage an involuntary cheering burst from every part of the house, many rising from their seats to view the Spectre during the thunder of this unprecedented cheering—his gaunt and extraordinary appearance being more like that of a devotee about to suffer martyrdom than one to delight you with his art. With the tip of his bow he set off the orchestra in a grand military movement with a force and vivacity as surprising as it was new. At the termination of this introduction he commenced with a soft streaming note of celestial quality, and with three or four whips of his bow elicited points of sound that mounted to the third heaven and as bright as the stars. . . . He has long legs and arms, and his hands in his playing often assume the attitude of prayer, with the fingers pointed upwards." It was curious to watch the faces of Lindley, Dragonetti, and the other great players, who took up places on the platform, to command a good view of him during his performance—they all seem to have agreed that the like had never been heard before, and that in addition to his marvelous eccentricities and novel effects, he had transcended the highest level of legitimate art that had ever been reached.

It has often been asked in what respects Paganini's playing differed from that of other great violinists—in what has he enriched the art—what has he discovered or invented?

These questions have been to some extent answered by the painstaking Professor of Music, Guhr, who had many opportunities of watching him closely.

He was peculiar, first, in his manner of

tuning. Sometimes the first three strings were tuned half a note higher, the G string being a third lower. Sometimes he tuned his G to B, with a single turn of his peg he would change the pitch of his G string, and never fail in his intonation. These artifices explain no doubt many of his extraordinary intervals.

Secondly, in his management of the bow he has had many imitators, though none have approached him in the romantic variety and "fiend-like power with which he ruled the strings." His ordinary *staccato* played with a very tight bow was prodigiously loud and firm, like the strokes of a hammer, whilst his method of dashing the bow on the strings, and letting it leap through an infinity of tiny *staccato* notes with unerring precision was wholly his own invention.

Thirdly, his *tremolo* use of the left hand exceeded anything which had been attempted up to that time. This effect has been, like every other one of his inimitable effects, driven to death by subsequent violinists.

Fourth, his use of harmonics now universally known to violinists, was then absolutely new, formerly only the open harmonics had been used, and that very charily; but Paganini astonished the world by stopping the string with the first finger, and extracting the harmonic simultaneously with the fourth. By sliding up the first finger together with the fourth, he played entire melodies in harmonics, and got on an average about three octaves out of each string; his use of double harmonics in rapid passages, and such trifles as four simultaneous A flats, are still problems which few, if any hands but his, have been able to solve.

Lastly, his habit of plucking the strings sometimes with the right, sometimes with the left hand, and producing those rapid *pizzicato* runs, on an accompaniment of a harp or guitar, was absolutely new; beyond these things it was found impossible much farther to analyze his playing. His secret, if he had any, died with him. His music does not reveal it. Although he wrote quartettes, solos, duets, and sonatas, fragments of about twenty-four of which are in existence, only nine were found complete; of these the Rondo known as "Clochette," and often played by M. Sivori, and "Le Streghe," are perhaps the best known; the celebrated variations on the "Carnival de Venise" do not appear to have been published as he played them, though both Ernst and Sivori claim to play the Paganini Carnival. M. Fétis

considers his finest compositions have not been preserved — amongst those he reckons a magnificent concerto played at Paris in 1831, and a grand military sonata for the fourth string only.

The rest of Paganini's story is soon told. Broken in health, after an absence of six years, he returned to Italy, where he was now nearly worshipped by his countrymen. He had grown immensely rich, and bought various properties in Tuscany. He played at concerts from time to time, and was always most generous in giving his talents for the benefit of the poor.

Mr. Dubourg, in his valuable work on the violin, asserts that he went to America; but of this I can find no trace in the biography of M. Fétis, nor in any other documents which I have as yet come across. In 1835 Paganini lived much between Milan and Genoa. The Duchess of Parma had conferred the Order of St. George on him in 1834.

In 1836 he got into bad hands. He lent his great name to the establishment of a Casino in Paris, which failed. He was obliged to go to Paris, and the journey, no doubt, hastened his end. His consumption grew worse, he could not bear the cold; he was annoyed by the unscrupulous speculators, who tried to involve him in their own ruin, and then refused to bear the burden with him. They even succeeded in mulcting him in the sum of 50,000 francs, and he was actually detained by legal proceedings until he had paid the whole sum.

But his days of speculation and glory were alike numbered. In 1839 he was a dying man. He struggled with indomitable energy against his deadly foe. He now often took up the guitar, which, in the spring-time of his life, had been so intimately associated with his first romantic attachment. He was a great admirer of Beethoven, and not long before his death he played one of that master's sublime quartettes, his favourite one, with astonishing energy. In extreme weakness, he laboured out to hear a requiem of Cherubini for male voices, and soon afterwards, with all but his last energies, he insisted upon being conveyed to one of the churches in Marseilles, where he took part in a solemn mass of Beethoven. His voice was now nearly extinct, and his sleep, that greatest of consolations, was broken up by dreadful fits of coughing, his features began to sink, and he appeared to be little more than a living skeleton, so excessive and fearful was his emaciation. Still he did not believe in the approach of death. Day by day he grew more restless, and

talked of passing the winter at Nice, and he did live on till the spring.

On the night of May 27, 1840, after a protracted paroxysm, he suddenly became strangely tranquil. He sank into a quiet sleep, and woke refreshed and calm. The air was soft and warm. He desired them to open the windows wide, draw the curtains of his bed, and allow the moon, just rising in the unclouded glory of an Italian sky, to flood his apartment. He sat gazing intently upon it for some minutes, and then again sank drowsily into a fitful sleep. Rousing himself once more, his fine ear caught the sound of the rustling leaves as they were gently stirred by some breath of air outside. In his dying moments this sound of the night wind in the trees seemed to affect him strangely, and the summer nights on the banks of the Arno long ago may have flashed back upon his mind, and called up fading memories. But now the Arno was exchanged for the wide Mediterranean Sea, all ablaze with light. Mozart in his last moments pointed to the score of the Requiem, which lay before him on his bed, and his lips were moving, to indicate the effect of kettledrums in a particular place, as he sank back in a swoon; and it is recorded of Paganini, that on that fair moonlight night in May, as the last dimness came over his eyes, he stretched out his hand to grasp his faithful friend and companion, his Guarnerius violin, and as he struck its chords once more, and found that it ceased to speak with its old magic power, he himself sank back, and expired, like one broken-hearted, to find that a little feeble, confused noise was all that was now left of those strains that he had created and the world had worshipped.

He left £80,000 to his son, Baron Achille Paganini, and about £45 a year to Antonia Bianchi, with whom he had long since quarrelled. He had previously provided for his mother. His violin he left to his native city, Genoa, with directions that no other artist should ever play upon it.

We have no heart to dwell upon the wretched strife over his dead body. Paganini, who had no great opinion of the Catholic religion or the Catholic priests, died without confession and the last sacraments. He was, accordingly, refused burial in consecrated ground by the Bishop of Parma. For a long time his corpse remained at a room in the hospital at Nice. The body then lay for four years at Villa Franca, when owing, it was affirmed, to the ghostly violin sounds that were heard about the coffin, his son, by paying large sums of money, got permission to bury his

father with funeral rites in the village church near what had been his favourite residence, the Villa Gajona. This last tribute was tardily paid to the ashes of the immortal musician in May of 1845.

H. R. HAWES.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A SLIP IN THE FENS.

CHAPTER VII.

THE dining-room was a long, low, narrow room, made out of the original farm parlour. But when they had lengthened it, the narrow French window that replaced the old one did not give light enough for its increased size; and a rustic verandah outside made it still darker, giving it a sombre out-of-the-world look, as if it had a secret with the heavy trees that brooded over the garden and this end of the house. These had sheltered an undergrowth of thorn and southern-wood and rosemary—at times their strong scent filled the room, and made it feel sad. Most people thought it sad—for only a few had seen it when the low level rays stole into the garden, touching the flowers, and brightening the colours on the parlour wall.

The two girls now standing under the verandah were as indifferent to what it was then as to what it might be. Laura Langdale and Miss Grey were downstairs sooner than the rest of the party. The former wore something pale and silky and blue, very much fringed out; her hair, too, was much fringed out; long streamers of pale blue ribbon hung down from it, as if they were too weak to bind it up as they pretended to do; silver ornaments of a faint pattern completed her dress, which was not chosen without thought to-day. Hers was the "soft feminine style." Miss Grey did not affect this. She had seen too much of the "soft feminine style" as exemplified in her mother, so much that her notion of comfort was to be rid of it altogether; and, as that was impossible as long as she remained with her, she carried it out the more rigorously in all that concerned herself. She hated to be so frilled over that she could not move freely; and if the total absence of ornament showed she despised conventional taste, the good lines of her rich brown silk proved that she had taste of another kind, and its shadow set off her red hair so that it looked almost grand. Her plainness of speech and of person were eminently displeasing to her mother, who

never tired of expatiating on the beauty of the Craddocks—her own family. Often, after levelling her glass at her ill-favoured daughter, she would remind her that she was "a Grey, anybody might see that." But of late Mrs. Grey had accepted this, and furnished herself, as in the present case, with a friend or niece, whose flounces and flirtations supplied her with the interest of which she had been deprived through its legitimate channel. Mildred was generally thought severe—and not unnaturally—for her mother's sentimentalities frequently provoked her to say many things that were no index to her real character. She was not looking very pleasant now, for Laura was never a congenial companion, and she was displeased and disgusted with her silly behaviour to-day, so she was in no mood for talking. Neither was Laura, who, while she fidgeted with her ribbons, and fluttered about waiting for Claude, was still smarting from the remembrance of his curt dismissal of her. However, when he came in, she received him with as sweet a smile as ever, and the idle chattering was resumed between them quite as unrestrainedly as if Claude had not forgotten his politeness half an hour ago. Mildred looked on quietly, and Claude took no pains to conceal from his cousin whatever amusement Laura's too evident admiration gave him. He liked Mildred better when, as in the present instance, her satire was in sympathy with his feelings; at other times he felt conscious of weakness in her presence, for his aunt would often say he was more like her than her own child, and he felt how Mildred applied such praise. They had not talked long, when Elsie came in to lay the table, and Claude sauntered out into the garden, followed by Laura, who was at once enthusiastic in praise of the flowers, and of the fens generally.

Although Elsie was quick, and anxious to get out of the room for her own sake, she could not help giving one eager, inquiring look after them, and it was so far satisfactory that she felt sure Claude was not "in love" with Miss Langdale. Mildred noticed this, and wondered at it, for she thought "it did not look at all like Elsie," whose beauty had prejudiced her in her favour. A few minutes after, they all came in, headed by Bordale, who was telling Claude that Dobree would find his way out in the evening; he had sent a note just before they started, saying that they were not to wait for him. They each said something about being very glad, except Claude, who was really so glad that

he said nothing, for he depended on Dobbree to entertain his aunt, and he was beginning to think what it would be if he had to do that himself.

Mr. Lillingstone joined them now, and asked Claude with formal facetiousness if he were not going to give them something to eat.

Claude said, "They were waiting for Aunt Caroline, he believed," and he turned towards Mildred.

Mr. Lillingstone "hoped her dear mother had not been over-tired."

"Yes; she had been very tired, and was then resting in Mrs. Gaithorne's parlour. She would go and tell her they were waiting."

"No, my dear," her uncle said, touching her shoulder lightly with his double eyeglass, "I will fetch your mother myself;" and he went out of the room with quite a juvenile air. Since he had increased in years and in corpulence, he had more than once groaned under the exactions of his sister-in-law, but, yielding to the attractions of opposites, "On the whole he admired her style," and especially when they had been separated for some time, he would speak warmly in her praise. "She was not like the women of the present day; Caroline might have many fancies, but, at least she knew what was due her."

The young men had brightened up at the notion of "fetching Aunt Caroline," for they were hungry, and did not care to settle to any amusement. Bordale talked, in what was an undertone for him, to Miss Grey, and Luard stretched himself in a low chair, and watched Claude and Laura in such a quiet way that no one suspected how observant he was.

Laura looked out of the window, then up into Claude's face. "It is so delicious to be in the country; it seems quite out of place to talk of eating—don't you think so?"

"I must confess to liking a dinner occasionally," said Claude, as he turned away from the window.

Bordale's tone had grown louder, and drew general attention, "A relation of his had bought a place—Devonshire—good fish-ponds, and—"

He stopped so suddenly that they all looked round and saw Mrs. Grey leaning on her brother's arm, followed by Elsie carrying a cushion, a fur cloak, and an enormous fan.

There was a general movement to receive her. Claude offered her a chair. "Should it be opposite the window to enjoy the garden?"

"No, such a shocking glare."

"Then, with her back to it?"

Worse—"Did he think she could bear the draught?"

Then there was a great bustle to find a place, for she looked as if she could not stand a moment longer. Bordale seemed at a loss, for loud talking was out of place. Luard looked ashamed of himself for being so long-legged, and tried his best to get out of everyone's way. Laura began to act tender nurse; but, failing in this, did some mischief with the wraps which Elsie set right in a firm, quiet way. This Mildred acknowledged with a kind look of intelligence, and, at last, a place was found where she could see out of the window, and yet be out of the draught. Mr. Lillingstone had overlooked and guided the arrangement, pointing with his eyeglass.

Mrs. Grey was covered with Indian embroideries, and mixed colours, that allowed but a confused notion of her dress, and suggested the last stage of debility. Her fluffy grey hair was daintily set in curls in the style of the old Empire, and a little French headdress was fitted into the midst of them in a way that became her fragile features to perfection. After smelling her salts and looking slowly round the circle with half-closed eyes, she said, that, although she had come in, she was not at all sure she would be able to take anything.

This announcement was received with some faint expostulation, but, beyond that, it failed of any effect, for the whole party were too much occupied with themselves for the moment. Mr. Lillingstone had taken the head of the table as a matter of course; and Claude asked his cousin to make tea, without appearing to notice Laura's self-conscious look, meant to recall their previous banter. Seeing that Bordale had already placed a chair for her on the opposite side of the table, he took a seat near Mildred, thankful that the "quiet" Luard separated him from Aunt Grey:—"Now, perhaps, he might give Elsie a look unseen by the others."

But one glance at her, as she came and stood behind Mildred's chair, showed him he would get no such chance, for she avoided meeting his eyes in a way that was not to be mistaken; so he made up his mind to give up that, and find her out during the evening, as soon as he could get an opportunity.

Elsie, in her turn, had leisure to observe them, for Miss Grey's orders were few, and easily followed, and all—including Mrs. Grey—were so occupied with their knives

and forth, that there was not much said to interrupt her thoughts. Busy as she had been till now, she had gained a great insight into herself, for she saw as clearly as if a picture had been put before her, her life of the last few weeks — how she had allowed herself to go on from one interview to another, without thinking of the end — how she had done wrong in keeping all this from her mother, and no longer deserved the trust of which she had always been so proud. She could not yet quite understand *how far* it was wrong; for, though Claude's manner lately had implied that he would marry her, he had not spoken much of any but his own concerns. Yet she felt sure that if nothing had happened to open her eyes, she could have gone on in this way, till at last she would hardly have known right from wrong. She had already decided that as soon as his people left, she would tell him all this; and then, she would never trust him again, — but *that* would be easy, for she would not see more of him than she could help. Gradually, as these thoughts passed through her mind, a few stray sentences dropped out and began a conversation — one of society's conversations; and, as she listened, she grew more and more oppressed by the sense of distance which class difference forced upon her. Not that she heard much, for Miss Grey noticed her forlorn expression, and, attributing it to her ignorance of such service, sent her away as soon as she could spare her; but, little as it was, it confirmed her unfavourable opinion of them. The constant forced smile, the secret discontent, the great excitement about trifles, the pampered rapid look that sought only enjoyment in life, the softness of their dainty clothes, the faint perfume that pervaded them, were all sickening to her; and when she looked at Claude and saw his likeness to them — saw how thoroughly he was one of them — when she knew he could see her suffer and be careless, she felt heartsick and undone.

It was not till the end of the meal that the real talking began. Mrs. Grey had supposed "there could be very little county visiting down there; they had not passed one nice-looking place during the drive."

Mr. Lillingstone assured her, "There *were* some very good estates, but very few of the owners cared to live on them — who would?"

Bordale decided for them all, that "there was nothing worth noticing in the fens."

Yet, Mrs. Grey "thought she recollected that one of the Craddocks, Reginald's half-sister; it was *her* daughter — *you* must re-

member her, Mildred — whom Sir Stephen admired so much at the Pavilion ball last year, a lovely blonde, quite a Craddock; but, no, I don't think you were there" — and she turned away from her daughter with a dissatisfied air — "*her* mother married some one with property in this neighbourhood, I do not exactly remember his name."

Mildred never did remember who the Craddocks had married.

Her uncle tried to make up for her indifference. "Ah! yes — good match, very!" but neither did *he* remember the name.

Claude half closed his eyes as if he was trying to recall it, to the gratification of his aunt, — "such a finished gentleman was dear Claude."

But Luard soon put an end to his enjoyment of this easy hypocrisy by drawing his attention, in a persistent undertone, to Laura, who for some time had been doing all she could to gain Claude's notice, though with difficulty, for he perceived it.

Now, however, he was obliged to rouse himself, and he sat up with an effort.

"You called this 'The Hermitage' the other day, Mr. Lillingstone; is there one here?"

"My 'Hermitage,' I said; you know *why* I am here."

He was vexed about Elsie. Mildred was surprised, and eyed him inquiringly. Luard smiled to himself. As for Aunt Grey, she did not see this flaw in her dear Claude's behaviour, as she and Mr. Lillingstone had lost themselves in a discussion of pedigrees.

Bordale was more than ready to fill the pause. "Hermitage! yes, of course there's one, or something very like one, with a first-rate ghost story attached to it too."

Laura was discomfited, and her interest had flagged; but Mildred came to his help: "Now *do* tell it us, Mr. Bordale; we are all dependent on you, for Claude does not seem inclined to interest us much in the fens."

"You couldn't expect him to care for them himself — I daresay he has not forgotten the baptism he had into them the other day," said Bordale, laughing; "but the story I spoke of is not known to everybody," he began with a shrug, and slight wave of his hand: "it is called the 'ghosts of the covered way.'"

"Bought a guide-book?" Claude whispered.

"That is ungrateful of you," Mildred answered, in the same low tone, looking fixedly at him.

"What do you mean?" he spoke hurriedly, and avoided her scrutiny.

Mildred did not answer, but she smiled satirically, as she turned again to Bordale.

"There are many similar legends in the neighbourhood," he was saying, and his tone quite justified Claude's hint about the guide-book, "and that this district was rich in monastic buildings is proved by the remains extant; also the notion that the inmates communicated with each other by means of subterranean tunnels has reasonable ground—awkward times they lived in, those old monks! 'Bout the safest thing they could do. One of the most important of these was Spinney Abbey, about a quarter of a mile out of the village; a rich convent with smaller ones dependent on it, and the largest of them stood in the middle of Wicken. The ruins of it were removed quite recently, and the superstition that clings to it must be tolerably strong; for when Dobree was over here a little while ago, he saw some repairs going on at the almshouses, and heard there was a dispute in the parish about the expense; some old stonework close by would have been used for the purpose, but the old women had petitioned against it. Dobree couldn't make it out, he knows nothing of the history of the place; but, of course, I saw at once—it must be part of the old Abbey, which was always thought to be haunted; really those low prejudices are quite astounding."

As Bordale paused for breath, they overheard a snatch of the graver conversation that was being carried on by their elders. "They had brought her up so carefully," Mrs. Grey was saying in a plaintive tone, "and introduced her into such a good connection, and then she disgraced them by marrying some common fellow in a marching regiment."

"I thought he was a cornet in the Greys," Mr. Lillingstone said reflectively.

"Oh de-ar, no! want of money would have been no obstacle. It was some person quite unknown—in the 77th, I believe."

"Disgusting," and Mr. Lillingstone looked grave.

"But the ghosts," broke in Laura.

"You shall hear about them presently; but I had to explain the neighbourhood before you could understand this particular story. One of the smaller convents was not far from here. The nuns had confessors, of course, but they were not allowed to live within the walls—never were, you know—so they were quartered in cells called"—he shrugged—"in fact—a—see Maitland's 'Middle Ages' for the cor-

rect name. Sort of summer-houses on the extreme limits of their grounds; and I've been told that Mrs. Gaithorne's dairy is built on the site of one of these cells, which was connected with the convent by an underground passage."

"You didn't show me that," interrupted Luard.

"No trace of it now," and he waived off the digression; "but that is where the ghosts are seen, for it is said that one pretty nun, whose piety exceeded the prescribed form of confession, used to wander down here very often through 'the covered way,' as this passage was called; and, to be short, the Abbess found it out, and the nun was bricked up not far from the confessor's cell."

"Since you are so well up in it," said Claude, "you ought to tell us what became of the confessor as well."

"No; that's beyond me. He disappears from the story altogether, only to reappear with much fame as a ghost of the first magnitude. If you don't believe me, ask these fen people—you won't get one of them to pass the place at night, for I assure you"—and he assumed a mock sensational tone—"every night, *punctually* as the clock strikes twelve, a tall figure wearing a cowl appears at the corner of Mrs. Gaithorne's dairy. The door opens slowly, and a veiled woman ascends the steps out of the dairy, and stands by his side, and then——"

"Good heavens! that any man with the blood of a butcher," exclaimed Mr. Lillingstone, bringing his hand down on the table with a suddenness that made them all start,—"to think that *any* man with the blood of a butcher in him should have any sense of property." He had been talking to Mrs. Grey till he had worked himself into an excitement about one of his hobbies. "Yes, Claude," he continued, for he saw the young people were staring at him, "the East Mudshire election is over, and *who* do you think has got in? Why, it's an unheard-of thing *They*, who had always returned good staunch Conservatives, have actually *disgraced* themselves now, by electing John Pike, the son of a retired butcher! His father had a shop in the High Street. I've seen it myself often, and the boy in it too," he added, almost fiercely, as if that aggravated the case.

"Serving?" asked Mildred, with forced gravity.

"Serving, child! No. Brought up above his position. Brought up to think himself as good as his betters. *Ed-u-cated*, if you please. And what is the result of it? What might be expected, of course.

But," and he pursed up his mouth, lest too strong an expression should escape him in the presence of the ladies, "it makes me indignant to see that fine property of the Craddocks and Mortons, and all those good old families down there, represented by the poor little mealy-faced son of a butcher."

Claude was always overdone by the noise and bustle the old man made when he excited himself. Now his father affected to mistake his distressed effeminate look for one of the profoundest sympathy. Claude's want of interest in all manly concerns was a great disappointment to him, but he hoped against his judgment that this would come; in the meantime, he treated him as if he was what he wished him to be.

Bordale thought he must show some interest or he would be losing ground in his own — the conversational department; so he pulled at his young moustache and said in a weighty tone, "Bad thing — very!"

Weak as this was, it was enough to fire the old man again. "Yes," he continued as before, "things are coming to a dreadful pass. There's the same levelling spirit everywhere; what with the competitive examinations and radical changes, *even India* is not what it used to be. Service going to the dogs. It was very different when your father and I were out there together; blood was respected then. Talk of putting the right man in place. I should like to know who *are* the best men, if they are not gentlemen born and bred to their place; men who have a sense of responsibility, able to keep low pushing fellows in *their* place;" and he drew a hard breath.

Mildred bent forward eagerly, as if she was going to speak; but she leaned back again in her chair, as though she had only wanted to reach something on the table. The other two women kept a smiling silence.

"And if Government," pursued Mr. Lillingstone, "is getting more nice about qualifications — and mind, I don't wholly condemn it for that" — inclining his head with an air of concession, "it need not put aside all proper distinctions. Surely there are *some* fine young fellows to be found in the old families that have been associated with India ever since the Company was established."

Bordale opened out his hands over the table with a slight shrug and a gentle inclination of the head, as if he wished to say a modest thing, and to do it delicately. "For *myself*," and he looked deprecatingly at Mr. Lillingstone; "you know all we Bordales are destined for India, and my father wished *me* in particular — in fact,

he set his mind on my representing the name there, but, unfortunately, my health; you know what it has been for the last six years," — looking at Claude.

"The thing's impossible, — thing's impossible," said Mr. Lillingstone; "couldn't be thought of."

"This must be a great disappointment to Mr. Bordale," said Mildred, very quietly, "for I have always heard that great things were expected of you."

Claude looked at her slyly. Bordale expanded. "Yes, it *was* a disappointment. My brothers are not wanting, as you know, but somehow," and he tried to look meek, "I can't tell you why, my parents settled it that *I* was to be the Bordale of the generation; so I was never sent to school with the others. I was kept at home, and had tutors, *every* advantage possible. *I* was a prodigy. Yes," he exclaimed, warming with the subject, "you will hardly believe it, Miss Grey, but at fourteen I was as good a man as I am now."

Mildred's face expressed the fullest belief.

"If you want a man with talent and connections, there is Dobree," said Luard; "but do you get men with prospects like his to go out there and be broiled up in a few years?"

"I don't know that," said Bordale, somewhat piqued; "you make a great mistake there. Dobree is a very clever fellow, no doubt, but not at all fitted for public life;" then, turning to Mr. Lillingstone, "He is no speaker. It is quite astounding to me that so many clever men can't speak. There's my friend Brooks, member for Stretton; no doubt about *his* brains. Well, if you'll believe me, at his election, when he had to address his constituents, he was quite unmanned. It surprised *me*, for I didn't know his weak point till then. I mounted the hustings with him, and managed to pull him through. When the din was over, he said, 'I have to thank you for that, old fellow;' and a very good thing it was I *did* go down with him." He looked round and saw they were all listening. "As for me, speaking comes naturally to me; whether I am talking to one or two, or whether I address a thousand, I am never at a loss for a word."

"It is certainly a most delightful gift," said Mrs. Grey, arranging the ruffles on her wrist, while she turned to Mr. Lillingstone for confirmation.

He had been tapping his waistcoat with his eye-glass for some time, his eyes fixed on the tablecloth; his voice was somewhat subdued now as he acquiesced: "Very

true, very true; a man who can't speak is not very well fitted for public life."

The rest of the party were glad that Mrs. Grey was so unusually moved to speak at the right time; for they felt in danger of an awkward pause. Mildred looked at Claude, and, accustomed as she was to his languid indifference, she wondered that he was so extremely bored now. He was thinking of Elsie, and longing for all this to be over; for when he had made up his mind not to speak till the end of the evening, he had not realized that the time would seem so very long, and, "if it was long to him, what *must* it be to her?"

Luard had kept in the background, as usual. Now and then an undercurrent of amusement had surged up into his face, and passed away again without being seen. He took advantage of the slight pause to say in his sleepest tone, that Scholefield was a very silent man. "*He's* clever, is he not?" Luard's intimacy with Dobree had grown during the month.

"Clever!" Bordale repeated, looking at Luard almost contemptuously; "clever! yes; but he, too, has the same peculiarity that we were talking about. Scientific man, understands his work, but," he shrugged with an expression meant to convey the most thorough incapacity, "when it comes to *speaking* about it, he's nobody; can't enlarge on it a bit."

"Scholefield?" interrupted Mrs. Grey. "surely you are talking of Nathaniel Scholefield. *He* is first cousin to the young Dobree whom we are expecting here to-night. Their mothers were sisters, — Vivians. We were very intimate, and came out about the same time."

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Lillingstone, "but when I married and went out to India, I lost sight of them. Some years after I heard they were married, and that Violet — she was better looking than her sister, and made the best match — was dead."

Laura woke up to this. "Was that Mr. Scholefield the botanist? She had seen him once; he had red hair, and something odd about his eyes, and" — she hesitated, and looked towards Mr. Lillingstone — "she thought she had heard her papa say he was a Radical."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Lillingstone, and he turned to Mrs. Grey for an explanation of this.

Mrs. Grey's nerves could not bear another outburst, so she warned it off with a sympathetic manner. "Yes, indeed, Cuthbert, it is a very sad thing, but I am afraid it is only too true, and, therefore, I do not

so much regret that when I came back to England I did not renew the acquaintance."

"I have always been sorry for that," said Mildred; "if I may judge by what I have heard, he is a clever, unpretentious man, and I should very much like to have known him."

Mrs. Grey tossed her head with a little laugh. "Unpretentious, of course. No personal advantages; positively peculiar. Very possibly he may be clever; for with his delicate health, his study must be a very pleasant resource to him; but his opinions" she added aside to her brother in a lower tone, "I am told are quite outrageous."

Mr. Lillingstone had had time to look at the matter from his own point of view. "You attach too much importance to these little freaks," he said, in an easy tone of patronage, as he settled himself more comfortably in his chair; "that will all pass off in good time. We are all more or less liberal when we are young. Now I appeal to your good sense. He is a Vivian: now, do you think it likely he would associate himself with a set of low fellows?"

Mrs. Grey had hardly time to acknowledge the truth of this argument, for talking was heard outside. Luard opened the door, and Dobree walked in, followed by a stranger. The stranger was a conspicuously short man, with square face and forehead, and very little hair, which was light. His face, too, was pale and delicate-looking. His thin close lips seldom smiled, but a peculiar twitch in the corner of his mouth answered to other people's smile, and greatly helped them to the notion that he was satirical.

Mrs. Grey was charmed to see Dobree; then he introduced his cousin Scholefield; she was still more charmed. They were all charmed to see Mr. Scholefield.

"We are happy in having a former acquaintance of yours here, who I am sure will be pleased to see you," Mr. Lillingstone said, looking about for Bordale; but Bordale had retired to the background, and Scholefield searched in vain for a familiar face.

Dobree foresaw an awkwardness, and looked at his cousin intelligently. "You remember Mr. Bordale, with whom you travelled in North Wales," he spoke emphatically, without any regard to his cousin's astonishment. "I did not know we were to meet him here to-night, or I should have told you."

Bordale was glad to follow this lead; he came forward rather crestfallen, and muttered something modest about its being

quite natural that Mr. Scholefield should not remember their being together so well as he did.

It was plain that Scholefield did not know him, but he held out his hand. "He had such a pleasant remembrance of that walk, he was always glad to meet any of the friends he made then." His manner was pleasant, and he had a quiet incisive voice.

Mr. Lillingstone was disturbed, and half offended, but he quickly resumed his courteous expression, still keeping his eye on Bordale, however. "This was one of Claude's friends."

Claude himself, and Luard, were amused, each in his own way, and left things to take their course; but Mildred created a diversion by asking Bordale to ring the bell; then Mr. Lillingstone set himself to entertain and "find out" Scholefield, and Mrs. Grey took possession of Dobree. "How strange it was they had never met before; she had always wished to see him, and felt an interest in him, because his mother was one of her very dear friends. Such a lovely creature she was. Yes!" and she looked into his eyes with tender scrutiny, "yes, he had *her* eyes." Her manner promised to be quite pathetic, so Dobree was greatly relieved when Mrs. Gaithorne came in, and Mr. Lillingstone made *her* a centre of interest.

"Well, Mrs. Gaithorne," he said, as she set down the tray of refreshments, "it seems quite like old times to have you waiting upon us again; and if these youngsters are to be trusted, it was a bad day for the old inn when you left it. They say it is not like the same place now."

Mrs. Gaithorne smiled, as if she was conscious she deserved the praise. She took up the corner of her apron, and smoothed down the hem of it over and over again as she spoke. "Like enough there's some ground for what everybody says, but we mustn't be too hard on the Watsons; they're new to their place, and it's not everybody has got that gift that they can turn their hand to anything. Now, *my* Tom, he was born for his place; his beer and his temper was always sound, they *never* soured, and that's the foundation of an inn."

The hearty chorus of praise that answered her allusion to her husband was best music to Mrs. Gaithorne's ears, but she bore her honours quietly. As she was leaving the room she turned to Dobree. "She was sorry she hadn't room for him and his friend, but she knew the Watsons would do their best to make them com-

fortable; she had sent down at once to let them know they were expected."

Claude interrupted Dobree's acknowledgments by quoting Bordale, "Any number could be made uncomfortable at the inn."

The laugh that followed was out of proportion to the joke, but it restored Bordale's spirits, and so satisfied Claude, who was disturbed when things were not going smoothly around him.

Mrs. Grey had felt obliged to smile graciously on this interruption, but as soon as Mrs. Gaithorne had left the room she resumed her former manner to Dobree. "It had been so dull before he came," in a confidential tone; "they had all been looking forward to his coming to bring a little life into the fens."

He did not receive this as it was meant. "He was extremely sorry but he knew very little of the place, his cousin was a better authority;" he looked towards Scholefield as if he might be the means of an escape, but that observant person had been watching them from a distance, and from that distance he assured Mrs. Grey that "for those who had no special object in coming there, there was but little attraction to the fens." He would have continued his conversation with Mr. Lillingstone, but seeing she still expected him to talk, he added, "While I was up at Trinity, I came over here several times for butterflies, and I spent many pleasant days in search of them."

Mr. Lillingstone did not like this interruption: he had begun to talk about Wicken, because it was the most obviously correct subject; but Scholefield's deferential manner pleased him, and now he was becoming really interested in Scholefield's account of the recent inquiry about the remains of the Cromwell family.

"Butterflies! how delightful," Mrs. Grey and Laura had exclaimed in one breath. Laura was quite enthusiastic. "Would he catch some now? Where were they to be found?"

"Dear Mildred will enjoy this," said Mrs. Grey, "she is so fond of intellectual pursuits. In fact, before you came, she had just said she would so much like to know you."

Mildred tried to suppress an angry flush, and said, turning to Scholefield, "My mother would make you think I know a great deal more than I do; I understand so little of butterflies, that I cannot always distinguish them from some of the moths."

Scholefield reserved whatever he could

have said about such deficiencies and told her there was a rare kind of butterfly to be found in the sedge fen, but he was afraid the season was getting rather late for it now.

"Oh, no!" Mrs. Grey and Laura hoped not. "It would be such a delightful amusement to look for it."

"You would want nets," Dobree put in quietly; but Claude saw this would be a day out for them to-morrow, and promised to borrow or get some in time. "He believed there might be nets in the house even, for some of Mrs. Gaithorne's lodgers had had them. He would go out and see while they made their arrangements for a day's excursion."

Claude closed the door upon them with a great sense of relief. He could see there was no one in the kitchen, for the door was open; he passed through it and stood on the threshold, to listen for some sound of Elsie, but it was all quiet. The ivy-covered out-houses by the side of the meadow sent long slanting shadows across it, and the trees that crowded over them seemed to blend and be one with them, as they heaved up and down in the lowering light. The cool breeze brought with it sounds of rest; low, murmuring voices from the trees mingled with homely sounds of settling down from the straw-yard. This dream-like quiet seemed to belong to Elsie. How was he to keep this rest for himself? The path to it lay through very great unrest. There were those people he had just left, and beyond them — but he had no time to think that out now, as he saw Elsie coming in from the orchard, and at the same time he became aware that he did not exactly know what he was going to say to her. This little difficulty increased as she came near enough for him to see the look of anger and determination on her face, and he felt instinctively that she would listen to no explanation from him just then; just as instinctively he felt he must try the full influence of his good looks, and the manner which had been so useful to him before now. So he assumed his most penitent expression, and stood in her way on the doorstep that she might be forced to look up and see it. But in this he was disappointed. She looked straight beyond him into the kitchen, and asked him to let her pass in a tone that corresponded with her expression. He took no notice of this, and, smothering the vexation he had not time to indulge, he asked where Mrs. Gaithorne was.

"In the orchard; and she expects me back again quickly; so will you let me

pass, if you please, or must I go by the front door?"

This reminded him of the hurry for both. He took the basket she was holding from her promptly, and put it on the table. She let it go, and followed him two or three steps into the kitchen, smiling contemptuously at this return of pleasantness now they were alone. As he turned he saw this.

"I'm not surprised you are angry with me, Elsie. There was a wretched misunderstanding. I didn't know myself that my people were coming —"

"Indeed," said Elsie, drily. "But I'm thinking Mrs. Gaithorne'll want to know *who* made the table dirty."

"Table dirty! what table?" he asked, impatiently.

"Where you've put the plums; she won't like that."

"Never mind the table. I've not come to talk about that! I've been wanting to get an opportunity of speaking to you ever since we came."

Elsie sneered. "I've no time now, Mrs. Gaithorne wants me;" taking a dish from the dresser, she began to empty the basket of fruit.

"But you must listen to me. You *must* give me one minute. You are so hard," he said, almost bitterly.

He took the dish from her hands and held them in his, so she could not help hearing, but she still kept her head turned away. He stood looking at her sadly for a minute.

"You think very badly of me, I see. Yet I don't deserve it. If I had been more fortunate, and been able to explain everything to you as soon as we came, you would not have lost faith in me, and I should have been spared some wretched hours."

The curl of Elsie's lip made his heart sink.

"You don't *believe* I tried to find you out. I did. I came round here when they were dressing for dinner; then I went to the dining-room, do you remember? You were there, but not alone. *Now* you say you have no time to hear me." She nodded. "But you will give me a chance of justifying myself before the day is over, unless you wish to make me *quite* miserable."

He paused, hoping Elsie would speak, but she still kept silent. He had thought he understood her by this time, and could easily persuade her. Her impracticability chafed him now, and yet, he could not tell why, he loved her all the better for it. He

would not go on like this much longer. Why should he torment himself, and make Elsie unhappy as well? It would be dishonourable to do so. He would marry her as soon as possible after the others had gone on to Scotland, and they might accommodate themselves to it at their leisure. So he had gained confidence again before he spoke.

"Would you come out here, and speak to me for a few minutes, after the house is quiet? I want to tell you *why* I didn't appear to know you before these people; but more than that, there is something I *must* and *will* say before the day is out. Will you come? I know what I am asking," he added quickly, seeing a new light in Elsie's eye. "I know it is a great thing to ask, but what am I to do? You can't stay now, and I must go back to these people."

He watched her face with an earnestness that made her shake off his hands, and draw back a few steps; then she looked full into his eyes.

"Supposing I *do* go, and Miss Langdale finds it out, what will you say for yourself? what do you think I could say? I don't think we understand each other, Mr. Lillingstone."

She turned away deliberately, and went on with her work as if she had dismissed him.

Claude sat down on a chair near the window. He had not had one thought of Laura since he first spoke to Elsie, and something told him she was not really jealous of her. He was hurt that she should continue so obstinate when he was so much in earnest. He watched her as she moved about piling up the dish of fruit, removing the slight marks the basket had made on the table, and he wondered that anyone so gentle-looking should be so "troublesome" and even "cruel." He would wait and see if she would not say something before going away. But as she was leaving the kitchen without even looking at him, he could bear it no longer.

"Stop, Elsie; surely you are not going without a word?"

She turned round stolidly, but the expression of her face was not quite so determined as before. This was some encouragement. He went up to her quickly, and seized one of her hands.

"Do try to forget this miserable affair, at least until you know more about it. Be generous as you used to be. You *know* I love you; and it's cruel to play with me, for you must have the sense to know I don't care for Miss Langdale. Do you re-

fuse to hear what I have to say; or will you come out as I ask you?"

He waited anxiously for her answer. Elsie turned her face away that he might not see she felt inclined to cry, but her voice was unsteady as she said, —

"I thought that after to-day I could never believe a word you said; but as there is something more than I know of, and I, too, want to speak what is on my mind, I'll go, though it goes hard against me to do it, even now."

He shook her hand warmly, heedless of her reservation; then seeing she glanced uneasily in the direction of the orchard, he said, —

"I must not keep you now even to thank you. I'll go over to the inn with the young men to-night, and stay till I think it is all quiet in the house, then I'll wait outside here, not in the lightest place of course. But don't *you* venture out before you are quite sure it will be safe. In the meantime try to think kindly of me, will you?" and he bent his face down to hers.

"Good-bye," Elsie said hurriedly, and went out. Then, remembering she had been rather hard upon him, she looked back before she turned the corner, nodded kindly, and was out of sight.

Claude was loth to go back to his guests. "He felt so happy; he would explain all this away to-night, and keep her in doubt no longer. He was a fool not to have told her before that he intended to marry her. However, the evening would come to an end some time, and at the most 'they' were not going to stay there more than three days." His manner was quite buoyant when he returned to the dining-room, and told them, "Though he had been waiting about for some time, he had not seen Mrs. Gaithorne; but even if she had not any nets, he would make it all right."

Then he heard how they had decided on setting off at once to see Spinney Abbey by moonlight. Mr. Scholefield had said he could show them the opening to one of the "covered ways." Mr. Bordale had spoken about "a dark cavernous place with a grating before it!" And they should see the oak-trees under which the monks used to walk; but before that, they were going to explore the scene of Mr. Bordale's ghost story — "even Aunt Grey and Mr. Lillingstone were going to see this."

Claude was in high spirits; nothing could be better — "it was delightful out of doors now;" and later, as Elsie returned the second time from the orchard, she saw the young people going off to the Abbey,

and Mrs. Grey and Mr. Lillingstone looking after them from the garden-gate.

They did not return till quite late, and then Mrs. Gaithorne preferred waiting on them herself, in acknowledgment of her former connection with the family; so Elsie saw very little of them until the young men went off to the inn accompanied by Claude. As she was lighting a candle for Mrs. Grey, he gave her a look to remind her of her promise.

Soon after, Elsie went round with Mrs. Gaithorne to shut up the house. As they came to the cellar-door Mrs. Gaithorne said, —

“We must leave this open for Mr. Claude; it's safe enough for the little time he'll be away. I told him to be sure not to forget to turn the key when he comes in.”

Elsie said nothing as she passed on, but she felt thankful this was the last deceitful thing she ever intended to do for Claude's asking.

After they separated, Elsie went to her own room, and sat down by the window to watch. She could see the dairy from here quite plainly; for it stood on the edge of the meadow close to the field, the last of the row of out-houses that reached from the garden along the back of the house. It was covered with ivy like the other buildings, but was separated from the rest by a footpath that crossed the field from the cluster of cottages where the Baileys lived, and made a short cut to the village across the farmyard. This path and the field beyond it were quite bright now, for the moon was in the west. But Elsie could hardly see the dairy door, that opened upon it: wide eaves overhung it, and there were three steps to go down to it. The moonlight fell clear and strong on the heavy masses of ivy that covered the roof. She knew how it caressed the little dimpled faces at home, how it brooded over the starry flowers. “She was very glad that the explanation was to come about so soon, for, after that, she would feel right again with her mother, and some day, perhaps, she might tell her about it.” As for Claude, she had thought about him all the evening. She believed there was something in the “misunderstanding” which he could make clear; and, now she remembered how surprised these people would have been if they could know the terms they were on, she felt she might have been too quick to get angry with him.

Presently she saw him cross the meadow. He looked up at the house as he passed it, loitered for a minute in the bright little

footpath, then went to the back of the dairy, where it was darker and out of sight of his father's window.

Elsie took her shoes in her hand, and went to the door and listened. The house was quite quiet. She crept cautiously past the red room to the top of the oak stairs; she had left the door that opened on them ajar, — she was glad of that now, for it was new to her to go so stealthily, neither was she accustomed to the hollow sounds of a large house. The stairs creaked whenever she moved; and when she held her breath to listen, the house too seemed to hold its breath and listen. Once at the bottom of the stairs she passed quickly through the cellar, and when she drew the door after her she was glad to have got so far. As she was stooping down to put on her shoes again, she was surprised to see Claude come quickly round the corner and disappear down the steps of the dairy door — she ran past the end of the house, then quickly across the bit of meadow, and was making her way along the wall of the dairy, under the ivy, when a loud scream made her start: she stood still and leaned back against the wall, as a boy rushed past her, still screaming violently.

When the sound ceased, Claude sprang quickly from his hiding-place to look after him, and found himself close to the immovable figure at his side — a horror seized him in spite of his better sense, and in a moment more his running would have done credit to Cambridge training, if Elsie had not put her hand on his arm, saying with an accent of relief as she pointed in the direction the boy had taken, —

“Don't be frightened; it's only a boy.”

“The boy,” whose memory of the legend had just been quickened by the sight of Elsie, turned back as soon as he was within protection of the house, to make sure he had not been deceived. Of course, he saw Claude and Elsie. The ghost story was fulfilled for him; he gave another scream and ran out of the meadow gate as fast as his legs could carry him.

“Poor little fellow,” said Elsie, laughing and withdrawing her hand, “he's scared enough; but he little knows how he's frightened us first.”

“It was *you* who frightened me, Elsie, not that fool of a boy.” Claude had now quite recovered. “You ought to have let me know you were here — I might have knocked you down as I jumped up the steps; but look at the light in my father's window! That cursed boy was enough to wake up the whole neighbourhood. My

father will think there are thieves about, and be down upon us in a minute. It's all up with us now; you must get away somewhere — but not into the house!" for she was going to make a rush towards it. "The light is leaving the room already. Can't you find some place about here?"

"Yes, there's the garden," Elsie said in a subdued tone, "but how sorry I am I ever came here; I misdoubted it from the beginning."

"Oh, don't say that, child!" and he stepped in front of her, as she turned away. "Of course you must go back, and there can be no speaking now — but will you promise me that while these people are here you will not condemn me without a hearing, whatever you may see me do, or hear them say? You will be my own Elsie, will you not?" She promised readily, for she felt he was in earnest; but he still looked at her, as if she had not spoken; then, bending low, he whispered something that needed no answer. They heard the front door open now, so he was obliged to let her go; but as Elsie disappeared behind the screen of bushes, her doubts and misgivings had disappeared also. The future was bright — the present a moment of excitement, undisturbed by a single anxious thought. Claude decided on staying where he was, till the disturbance had subsided, so he lighted a cigar and walked up and down thinking they would not be likely to extend their search so far from the house; and if they did, "Why, he was only smoking a cigar!" On the whole, he was not ungrateful for the little incident that made so good an ending to a bad day.

Claude was deceived when he thought that Mr. Lillingstone would suspect thieves. When he was roused by the last scream, he got up and went to the window. The moonlight fell full upon Claude and Elsie. He recognized his son, but was not sure of the other figure, and, thinking something must have happened, he went down to see about it. As he was just unlocking the front door, Mrs. Gaithorne called out from upstairs, "Is that you, sir? Do you know what the noise is about?"

"I am now going to ask Claude about it; he is sure to know, as I see he is not yet come in."

"Then thank you, sir; since you're going I needn't come down too." She went back to her own room, but remembering that it was Elsie's first night in a strange place, she thought she might be frightened, and went to her room. Great was

her surprise when she found the door ajar. She pushed it gently, fearing to wake her, then she saw that Elsie was not there, and that the bed had not been even touched. The shock this gave kept her still for a minute, as she instinctively connected the shriek with Elsie's absence. She hurried back to fetch a shawl, and, wrapping herself in it, she ran down-stairs, and followed Mr. Lillingstone into the garden. Hearing talking at the back of the house, she went round just in time to hear Claude say, in a tone of good-humoured satire, "You must have been dreaming of Bordale's ghost stories, and mistaken me for the mysterious monk; and here is Mrs. Gaithorne too," he was going on in the same vein of facetiousness, but she interrupted him in a voice that forbade all jesting, "Have you seen Elsie, Mr. Claude? She's gone from her room, and I'm quite in a way to know what's become of her."

Mr. Lillingstone compressed his lips and looked in a steady lowering way from Mrs. Gaithorne to his son, but he said nothing.

"The screaming is easily accounted for," Claude explained. "A boy came across the field as I was walking up and down here, and I can only suppose he took me for a ghost, for he ran through your place shouting enough to raise the village. I am sorry I cannot tell you as much about your maid," and he shrugged his shoulders in an off-hand manner; "but, if I can render you any assistance, I will help to look for her," and he moved as if he were ready to begin the search at once.

But his father did *not* move.

"Stop, Claude!" he said, fixing his eyes sternly on his son. "Our good Mrs. Gaithorne is such an old friend that I do not mind speaking plainly before her, for I am afraid I see more in this ghost story than most people give it credit for." Then, turning to Mrs. Gaithorne, who had been waiting impatiently, "I think you have no occasion to be anxious about the young girl just yet; for when I looked out of the window, I decidedly did see a young woman standing here with our Claude. And now I remember it, the figure *was* like that of your maid, though it did not occur to me at the time. Now, sir" — to his son — "how do you explain this? for I am not so superstitious as you would wish me to be, nor is my sight so confused as you represent it."

Claude felt that he was in an ugly position, but, while his father was speaking, he determined on keeping to his first version. So he said, with as little concern as possible, "Well, perhaps the girl may

have been out; it's not my business to keep watch over the house. *I* have only just come back from the inn, and have seen no one but the boy."

Mrs. Gaithorne had looked in amazement from one to the other. Her first vague fear about Elsie had changed to a very definite anxiety as Mr. Lillingstone's words gave a new turn to it. Feeling almost convinced against her will that it *was* Elsie whom the old gentleman had seen, she walked back quickly to the house without waiting for another word. Mr. Lillingstone followed her with his eye till she was out of sight, then he turned to Claude with a satirical smile,—

"You see the airiness of your story seems to convey a solid truth to Mrs. Gaithorne. It is hardly so satisfactory to me. However, since you do not choose to explain away what I believe to be a lie, you may consider yourself under my displeasure till this is cleared up," and the old gentleman returned to the house.

If Claude thought but irreverently of his father in his dressing-gown, and listened with a sneer to the loose flapping of his slippers on the brick path, it might be forgiven him in consideration of the vexatious circumstances in which they had played a part.

Elsie was safe in her room, and the minutes seemed long since she had been there. Mr. Lillingstone's appearance on the scene had not frightened her, as Claude had prepared her for it; but when he was followed by Mrs. Gaithorne, she knew the matter must be getting serious; so she made for the house at all risks, and was just congratulating herself on not being seen by any one, when Miss Grey opened her door quietly, and asked what was the matter. Elsie said, "It was nothing. Only a boy called out as he passed the house and frightened everybody;" and she hurried on, not wishing to answer any more inquiries. She had left her door nearly closed; now it was wide open. That told its own tale. So she went to the window and waited. Her breath came short and quickly as she saw Mrs. Gaithorne coming back again, but she kept as quiet as possible, saying to herself all the time that she had done nothing wrong.

A few minutes more, and the bright moonlight that streamed over Elsie, and photographed lacy patterns of the trees on the door, showed Mrs. Gaithorne's distracted face. One glance satisfied her that she was not angry, but puzzled and distressed. This helped Elsie to keep firm, and to be watchful not to betray any-

thing that would implicate "him" more than possible. Mrs. Gaithorne stood silent on the doorstep for an instant, for she had come here half-mechanically, hardly expecting to see her, so that she was almost startled by the still figure.

"Oh, Elsie!" she exclaimed, as soon as she recovered breath, "how could you give me such a fright! What's all this to-do mean? So it was you, then, who was with Mr. Claude! I'd never ha' believed it, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. Do *you* tell me all about it, child! As for Mr. Claude, he's been shilly-shallying down there for the last half-hour. No one can make any sense out of him," and, with a deprecating gesture meant for Mr. Claude, she sat on the box in the window, and looked up into Elsie's face as confident of her as Elsie was herself.

She looked down steadily into Mrs. Gaithorne's eyes; though her voice was firm, she spoke in short cut sentences.

"I knew you would trust me — and that's why I am so sorry I frightened you — there's nothing at all in it — the truth is, I went down to speak to Mr. Claude — he asked me to," in a lower tone, "and —"

"Asked you to!" Mrs. Gaithorne interrupted angrily; "asked you to! And what ails him that he should ask to see you at this unearthly hour of the night? Isn't there enough Christian hours in the day for him to speak? If he's got anything to say — which I don't believe he has, the idle good-for-nothing young scamp."

Her breath failed her, and Elsie hurried on to explain, but Mrs. Gaithorne's red face and impatient movements showed that it mattered little to her *who* disturbed the house so long as this new trait in her young master remained a mystery.

"Oh! for the matter o' that, I'm glad the boy *did* holler, anything's better than being left to sleep when there's such goings on. But don't take it to heart, child," seeing that Elsie began to look cast down; "sit down here beside me, and see if you can't bring me to some understanding of it. What had he got to say to you? that's what I want to know;" and she crossed her arms tightly over her shawl with an air of judicial authority quite at variance with the effect of her nightgown and flannel petticoat.

Elsie felt she was brought to a stand-point. "She could not tell what Mr. Claude was going to say, she must not let Mrs. Gaithorne know he intended to marry her, yet she must not deceive Mrs. Gaithorne. She would tell a part and leave the rest, for would not that unfold itself

in the future?" and the gladness of that future brightened her smile now, and softened the tone of her rich voice, as she said, —

"I can't tell you what Mr. Claude was going to say, because the boy called out before he could speak a word, and then," dropping her eyes, "when I saw a light in the house, I ran into the garden. I came up here afterwards when I saw you had got up too. But," and she looked again into Mrs. Gaithorne's face, "I've been several times to dig ferns with Mr. Claude, and then he told me more about his books and his college, and what he means to do when he comes away from college, than he would do to many poor girls; perhaps maybe it was because I liked to hear about it, and asked him questions. However, he did tell me a great deal, and he says it helps him that he speaks to me, and —"

But she stopped, for she saw that Mrs. Gaithorne looked inexpressibly pained, and she felt that any addition to the story would only increase her anxiety. Mrs. Gaithorne had let her hands fall helplessly on her lap as soon as she thought she saw the "drift" of the story. A dull sinking at the heart had succeeded the anger with which the mention of Claude's name had at first filled her. As she loved and admired Elsie's beauty, and noted the deep affection that stirred in her voice, she grieved to think this would be wasted, for wasted she felt it must be if it all turned out as she expected. She sat looking at her with an expression of pity in which was a touch of retrospect — deep, womanly pity — for she was looking straight into a gulf, which it was plain Elsie only just perceived in the distance; but *she* was looking towards it with hope and longing, for she mistook it for a height.

The few minutes of silence lent their own impressiveness to Mrs. Gaithorne's words as she broke the stillness.

"God forgive me that I should say anything against my master's son — him that he's so proud of, and that I nursed when he was little; but you are the child of my oldest friend — I feel a'most as if you *was* my own — and I can't see you make a mistake — a *very great* mistake," she persisted, as she noticed a slight movement in Elsie, "without speaking out. Believe me, Elsie," and she took Elsie's hands in hers, "you mustn't place no dependence on Mr. Claude. I know him well, and have always had my own thoughts about him. His father and all his people think a deal of his learning — of that I don't trouble my-

self, because I don't understand it — but one thing I *do* know, if I know my own name, and that is, Mr. Claude is a bag of selfishness; he loves his own self better than anything in this precious world. *Must* have everything he sets his mind upon, no matter what. He likes to have pretty things about him, too. He sees *you* are pretty — nay, don't fidget, child, I must speak the truth now, if I never do it again — he sees you are pretty, he wants to see you often, by and by he'll want you to be with him altogether; and then? Then, when you would be a hindrance to him, and he wants to be free, like his other young friends, he would part with you as easy, nay, much more easy than you'd part from your little kitten at home. Don't doubt it, for I know it *well*, and my heart aches for you, my poor child."

Mrs. Gaithorne rose, and walked up and down the room. She wished to be firm and quiet for Elsie's sake, but the tears would come, so she wiped them away silently now and then, hoping she did not see. Elsie got up and looked out of the window. There to the left were the ruins; but no longer the faëry light upon them, they were but a heavy mass of blackness. Beyond them dull grey, with patches of black, where clusters of trees rose out of the grey and glowered over the fens. Far beyond all this, almost opposite to her, the moon was setting, red and glowing, — with its own comfort it seemed to her, but obtrusive in showing its want of sympathy. It was hard to believe it was the same that so short a time ago had cast its genial rays so freely all around. "Could she be mistaken in Claude, after all? Could he be quite as bad as Mrs. Gaithorne had said?"

She remembered the evidences she had had of the weakness of his character, and they pained her; but she could not help seeing that his love had grown steadily. He had acknowledged to-day that she was more to him than the people to whom he belonged, and "her faith in his word must be small indeed if it could not bear a little trial." She looked away from the west to the ruins again. "What if they *were* black? They would be bright again to-morrow; and not only that, everything would be as it had been lately, each day brighter than the other, except the last — but that was nothing." Mrs. Gaithorne put her hands on Elsie's shoulders.

"Would you like to go home to-morrow? Mr. Lillingstone saw you with his son. I know what these people are; they might say something to hurt you without much meaning it, and I'm as proud of you as

your own mother could be. Don't mind me, child," as Elsie was about to speak; "I'll get on as well as I can: just do as you think fit."

Elsie thought a moment; presently she said, as she stroked Mrs. Gaithorne's shoulder gently, "I've decided on staying here, dear Mrs. Gaithorne, since you give me the choice, as I don't feel ashamed at what I've done, and I don't mind what people say so long as my conscience is clear. As for Mr. Claude, I'll remember what you've said about him; and I'll never forget your kindness in trusting me as you've done to-night, for I am more thankful than I can speak: you knew beforehand I wanted to do what is right."

"Well, perhaps you know best, it may be as well for you to stay; but if you don't feel comfortable you've only to tell me and I'll let you go. You could come to me again after the fine folks are gone, if you like; but," and here she took Elsie's face between her hands, "you must promise one thing, little one, and that is, not to have any more to do with Mr. Claude than you can help. Not that I want you to belower yourself by keeping out of his way on purpose, or seem to be afraid of him—the young vagabond—but keep him at a distance; teach him his place if he can't find it for himself. There now, that's enough preaching for to-night; give me a kiss and get to bed. You haven't more than two or three hours' rest before you, poor child!"

"You forgive me having upset you," said Elsie, as she put up her face to be kissed.

"Mrs. Gaithorne did not answer, yet Elsie knew she was forgiven.

When the door was closed behind Mrs. Gaithorne, Elsie turned again towards the window. The moon had gone down. She was glad of this; she had a feeling of half-spite against it since the last few minutes. A bright star had taken its place,—"that was better," Elsie thought; but feeling chilly and tired she took Mrs. Gaithorne's advice, and it was not long before she was asleep.

From The Quarterly Review.
THE SONNET.*

THE sonnet might be almost called the alphabet of the human heart, since almost

every kind of emotion has been expressed, or attempted to be expressed in it: so many of the joys and sorrows that constitute the soul's history and being have been embalmed within its tiny limits. It is one of those things which have been a growth; its roots buried, as it were, in the ground of antiquity, only its blossom being now visible for delight and refreshment. It has been contended that its origin lies in the troubadour poetry of the middle ages; whilst some even assert that it is an ordered offspring, or development of the Greek or Latin ode or epigram. The name of the sonnet existed, there is no doubt, amongst the troubadours: but it was applied in a far more loose manner than later restrictions permitted. It is derived from *sonetto*, which means a little strain, or rather sound, literally; and it has even been supposed that it was once like the early ballad (*ballata*), accompanied by a dance. Its name would seem to imply that it must at least have been accompanied by music; since *suonare* in the Italian language means to play upon an instrument: thus distinguished from the *canto* or song, which was probably unaccompanied. It is certain that there was a very perfect sonnet, as to formal construction, written in the Provençal language to Robert, King of Naples, by Amalricchi, who died in 1321. Muratori, in his "Perfetta Poesia," says that there is preserved at Milan a manuscript Latin treatise upon Italian Poetry (*Poetica Volgare*) written in the year 1332, by M. Antonio di Tempo, a Paduan judge, enumerating no fewer than sixteen different species of sonnet. Redi, in his notes to "Bacco in Toscana," would claim it as an Italian invention. Of this however, there is no well-supported confirmation. Nevertheless there is no doubt that, wherever and by whomsoever invented, the sonnet was first given to the world in a modern tongue by Fra Guittone d'Arezzo, living from 1210 to 1294, who used it with great grace and ease, considering the state of the language and culture at the time he wrote.

It is not proposed to give here an elaborate history of the sonnet through all its stages and progressive developments: such would lie quite without the narrow limits prescribed to these observations; nevertheless a slight sketch or indication of its growth may not be misplaced.

The very earliest sonnetteers confined

* 1. *The Book of the Sonnet*. Edited by Leigh Hunt and S. Adams Lee. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1867.

2. *Scelta di Poesie Liriche dal primo secolo della Lingua fino al 1700*. Firenze, 1839.

themselves entirely to the expression of erotic sentiments, culminating in Dante and his contemporaries, to whom the passion of love became a symbol of the highest desires and longings of the soul. It was afterwards taken hold of by the quaint Italian poets of a subsequent period as a vehicle for giving utterance to social and personal facts, didactic teachings, delicate and frequently very pointed satire, and, sometimes, political opinions; but these last generally under some cover or symbol not easily understood without a knowledge of the facts signified. Amongst these may be mentioned Matteo Frescobaldi, Saviozzo da Siena, Bindo Bonichi and Antonio Pucci; the two last, especially, had a keen power of good-humoured personal satire, quite inimitable. The simplicity of the times in which they lived, together with their modes of thinking, gave an intensity and force to their utterances which went straight to the mark with undeviating directness. The peculiar wit and humour expressed in some of them would seem to be altogether out of the reach of a more developed culture, and are only paralleled in some of the more brilliant pieces of dry fun to be found in our own Shakespeare. In the hands of Boccaccio the sonnet became more picturesque and expansive, receiving additional refinement — perhaps over-refinement — in the “*Bella Mano*” of Giusto de’ Conti. In the Medicean times it attained a large culture and a loftier function in the fine Platonism of Benivieni, which possibly, partly through the remarkable comment made by Pico della Mirandola on his marvelously compressed Canzone on Platonic Love, may have influenced Michel Angelo in taking up the theme and prosecuting it in so noble a manner. The pastoral sentiment was adopted with much grace and picturesque beauty by Bernardo Tasso and Benedetto Varchi. The sonnets of Torquato Tasso are perhaps on the whole disappointing as from the author of the “*Gerusalemme*,” however beautiful some of them may be: nevertheless he must be mentioned in the history of the sonnet’s growth and development as forming a very important link. The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries added little to the sonnet in the general debasement and inactivity in literature; and though with-in these are to be numbered such names as Filicaia and Chiabrera — neither are there wanting a few later writers whose vigour and picturesqueness of treatment stand out very brilliantly through the gloom — the Italian sonnet of to-day, on

the whole, is of little worth, being chiefly composed of commonplace nothings, or of adulatory rhymes given forth on the occasional extravagance of domestic festivals.

The story of the English sonnet may be sketched in fewer words, seeing that it has been used much more limitedly, and is a much later growth.

The first English sonnet is said to have been written by Sir Thomas Wyatt. He, together with the Earl of Surrey and Sir Philip Sidney, have the honour of first making it known in the English language. It was chiefly adopted in England, as elsewhere, to express the sentiment of love, Shakespeare and Drummond being no exceptions in their use of it. Milton was the first to use it to any great purpose in other directions. It afterwards fell almost altogether into desuetude, and was only revived by Gray and Warton, who heralded the names of Bowles, Coleridge and Wordsworth. Nor in any enumeration of modern noteworthy sonnets, should those of Mrs. Browning be forgotten, which might take a still more prominent position in this class of literature if they were not too often disfigured by an exaggeration of hyperbole sometimes scarcely less than ruinous to their higher qualities.*

Turning to the more special object of this paper, it may be stated that the sonnet is not rightly defined by the term, a fourteen-lined poem. It is not properly such. It is rather a poem consisting of four verses or stanzas (in the common use of those terms), two of those verses being composed of four lines each, and two of them of three, all consisting of ten syllables or a terminal eleventh at option, interrhymed in a certain traditional manner: the two first stanzas being now generally invariable: the other two having the liberty of choice; certain modes being preferable to others. The simplest and earliest arrangement of rhymes was that the lines composing the quatrains rhymed alternately; as also the tercets, but with another set of rhymes. This is occasionally adopted now; but is not to be recommended as far as the quatrains are concerned, since the regular recurrence of the rhymes is apt to induce monotony. In some cases, according to the nature of the sentiment, it is, nevertheless, positively an advantage; as, for example, where each line

* A palpable instance of the exaggeration alluded to is contained in a sonnet addressed to Mr. H. Powers on his statue of a Greek Slave, to which she attributes the power of appealing by “thunders of white silence.”

forms a sentence in itself, enumerating or reiterating that which is to receive its final significance at the end of the composition. This, however, is a form of writing that would be rather exceptional than general. The most approved mode of rhyming the quatrains, and by far the most general is, the 1, 4, 5, 8 lines together, and the 2, 3, 6, 7. The reason of this is, that by such a distribution and concentration of rhymes the ear is better satisfied than in any other way. It is not regular enough to be monotonous, nor so irregular as to produce distraction; carrying the sound smoothly along with a dignified melody which, under skillful management very much helps to sustain the unity of the sentiment and the effect of the composition. As to the tercets, the mode is different and more various, for the reason that this is the most important part of the sonnet, and it is an advantage to have a choice of manners of rhyming according to the final sentiment intended to be conveyed. They have been rhymed, therefore, in almost all varieties of manner; but not all with the same result. In fact, this is a matter of very nice judgment which the ear alone must determine, certain rules being given as to a preferential selection. For example, when the style of the sonnet is intended to be smooth and flowing, embodying the lighter or more graceful sentiments, perhaps the most elegant method is that of the six lines rhyming alternately. If, on the contrary, the sonnet is of a loftier scope and intention, belonging, for example, to the heroic or declamatory, then an order of *a, b, c, a, b, c* or *a, b, c, b, a, c* may be used to advantage; sometimes majesty and severity of style being heightened by a wider and more irregular distribution of the rhymes. The methods by which the rhymes become too far separated, and above all, the final couplet, are almost always to be avoided. Nevertheless, as has been said, this matter must rest, in a great measure, for the ear to determine as to what suits best with the ultimate design of the composition.

It may be noted also, for the better melody of the sonnet, that the sound should not dwell upon the same vowel in the different rhymes, and that any lengthening of the metre in the last line is never to be allowed.

In addition to the form of sonnet above described there are other varieties, though not so generally used; as the *sonnetto coduto*, or "tailed sonnet" of the Italians, which consists of a shorter line rhyming with the fourteenth of an ordinary sonnet, and then

a final couplet; sometimes the "tail" being repeated once or oftener. An example of this is to be found in Milton's sonnet "On the New Forcers of Conscience under the Long Parliament." It is chiefly, though not always, used in the Italian language for burlesques, and was largely adopted by Berni in that species of poetry to which he gave the name.

It is scarcely worth while to enumerate other forms here, as none of them are based upon those reasonable laws which constitute the eligibility of those already described, and are by no means so generally used.

Considering the sonnet, then, from this point of view, as being made up of parts, and not the mere running on of fourteen lines of verse, it is necessary that the sense and composition of it should in some degree conform themselves to the division of these parts, corresponding by certain breaks and pauses to their natural cæsura. This would seem to be more particularly necessary in the quatrains, in order to avoid confusion to the ear, by giving to the sets of rhymes their proper and distinctive effect; this effect being frequently still improved by a minor pause or break at the end of every two lines at the furthest. In the tercets this is of less importance, since there is not so much danger of confusing the ear with the number of rhymes; the smooth flow from one line to another also gaining additional force by contrast with the reverse mode of treatment in the quatrains. A small break or pause between the tercets would, as a rule, nevertheless be advisable.

We now come to a far more difficult branch of the subject, the consideration of what properly constitutes the material of a sonnet; that is, its essential construction; and this, of course, is infinitely the most important part of it: and to make it very clear and apparent it will be necessary to examine carefully the most celebrated examples of this kind of writing in order to arrive at a generalized notion of the capacities of the instrument and how far these have been carried out.

As far as general laws are concerned there is one which is invariable and irrefragable, which scarcely needs stating, that the sonnet must consist of one idea, mood, or sentiment, solely; and never more than one. It must be a full, rounded, and complete organism; having all its parts maintained and elaborated in themselves, yet each dependent on the other; a portion of the same economy; as it were, a member of one body. It must have its begin-

ing, its progressive stages, and its ending; not allowing anything extraneous or superfluous, nor wanting anything necessary to make the sentiment of it stand forth, a clear, definite, unmistakable fact, entire in itself, requiring nothing more from the reader than what itself suggests. As has been said, the sonnet is a little thing, therefore a little thing serves to ruin it. It is necessarily an artificial construction; and yet, for that very reason, the artifice employed must be always kept out of sight, and its artificial nature in a manner neutralized by a simple, unaffected, and straightforward mode of utterance, so direct in its appeal, and aimed so straight as never to miss its mark. For this reason it is almost impossible that any immature conception or notion can be made the subject of a successful sonnet. On the contrary, the idea must be well elaborated in the mind; having been regarded from every side in all its relationships; all that is extraneous and accidental being set aside, and only the essential portion retained, those sonnets being almost always the most successful which give the salient points of their subject rather by a series of touches than by a finished elaboration of details. Most of Milton's are examples of this manner of writing, and owe their grandeur, perhaps, in a great measure, to that very quality, as far as construction goes. Where sweetness is sought, however, rather than sublimity, a more special treatment may be used. Some of Shakespeare's most tender sonnets illustrate this. Another necessary qualification for sonnet writing is that of inexorable reticence. A sonnet is a thing of restriction. Its course must be like that of a well-managed racer: its best power kept till the last, in order that the culmination may come with the full impressiveness of the whole composition. It is true Tasso made an exception to this, throwing his full power into the quatrains; but it is allowed by critics that perhaps for that very reason he is not to be considered a model in this species of writing. In reading a quantity of his sonnets consecutively this is especially felt in a heaviness of result, due, no doubt, in a great measure, to the want of force and vivacity in the conclusions. Quadrio says of the sonnet, that the grave and imposing should resemble the course of a large river going along unbroken in majestic repose; but that of a joyous or festive character must be broken or gay as the course of a little rivulet leaping about and tumbling over the stones: but that care must

be had, both in the one case and in the other, that the proposition and its proof should form the quatrains, and its confirmation and conclusion the tercets, and that the conclusions deduced from the argument, either actually or virtually, should generally form the termination of the sonnet.

As to the style which may characterize a sonnet, a very wide range may be taken: moral, didactic, descriptive, declamatory, &c., in all of which representative examples are to be found, most of them in English, and all in the Italian language.

Whilst fully recognizing, however, the rules for the construction of a perfect sonnet—and we cannot despise them, since such a writer as Dante followed a most strictly defined organization in his sonnets, as explained in the "*Vita Nuova*," and Petrarch has left us notes which shew the artistic pains and labour he bestowed on these productions of his—it must not be supposed that they are always and invariably to be observed or made use of. A sonnet might be written in accordance with all these, and yet be no more than as stiff a "piece of framework as any January could freeze together." There are but few of them which may not be occasionally transgressed to advantage. But just as a painter could not sit down to paint a landscape without a full knowledge of the rules of perspective, lineal and aerial, although he may carry none of them out in their utmost precision and exactitude, so without a knowledge of the archetypal form of this branch of art, also, it would be impossible to reach with certainty its highest function.

But it must be recollected that after all that can be said about forms and manners, it is the thought which constitutes the right sonnet. That possessed, grasped comprehensively in all its relative and specific qualities and aspects, the expression of it will come naturally and prove by far the least part of the difficulty; and if it be the sincere, unaffected exposition of a just sentiment, rather blossoming out of life spontaneously than sought for its own sake intrinsically, it can never be utterly valueless or absolutely thrown away. And here may be fitly enforced to the poet the necessity of choosing the noblest fruits of his life for poetic expression; living all he writes, and counting life of infinitely more importance than any reproduction of it in art can be. The noblest things have all been so done. The lordly Milton could never have left us the lofty poetry he has, if he had not first lifted his whole life to

its level. If Dante's fine powers had not been pointed and winged by lofty living and energetic action, they could never have reached the height they did; as he himself says:—

"Chi pinge figura,

Se non può esser lei, non la può porre." *

The noblest æsthetic elevation is that which grows out of the active powers of life well and vigourously used: perhaps the only permanent one; for no less true is it now than of old, that out of the strong cometh forth sweetness.

Entering upon the consideration of a few samples of the sonnet which may be said to represent the very best form of it, first and foremost we must take up those of the great Italian poet last-mentioned, by whom this instrument has been used in all its efficiency; indeed, it may be said that it has never either before or since been adopted with so much mastery and power. His sonnets steal over the soul like a breath of summer wind, making it sigh for pure joy of its sweetness—a sweetness so refreshing and so delicate that one wishes it might never die, but go on whispering its delicious music for ever. Every word is a breathing vitality: the utmost simplicity of expression being united to the greatest profundity of conception. They have an inimitable ease, constituting the most lucid transparency of style, which makes all shade of Confusion fly before it as from the rod of the angel of Order. They seem born out of the soul as naturally as flowers out of the earth, and are as lovely and as welcome; apparently fragile as a gossamer any wind might blow away, yet strong enough to withstand the tempest and take its rude airs with soft odours, allaying its boisterous disorders with the tender submissiveness of interior calm. As an example of all that it is possible to get into fourteen lines of verse, it is scarcely necessary here to instance to readers of Italian literature that most exquisite of all written sonnets:—

"Tanto gentile, e tanto onestà pare

La donna mia, quand' ella altrui saluta,
Ch' ogni lingua diven tremando muta,
E gli occhi non l' ardiscon di guardare.

"Ella sen va, sentendosi laudare,

Umilmente d' onestà vestuta;
E par che sia una cosa venuta
Di cielo in terra a miracol mostrare.

* He who paints a figure, if he cannot be it, cannot represent it.

"Mostrasi sì piacente a chi la mira,
Che dà per gli occhi una dolcezza al core,
Che 'ntender non la può chi non la prova.

"E par, che dalla sua labbia si mova
Uno spirto soave, pien d' amore,
Che va dicendo all' anima: sospira."

It is the soul of music dying at its close for very rapture of its own sweetness; the crown and apotheosis of poetry. It is made up of a series of images each one heightening the effect of the other, and all so pure and touched with so fine a spiritualism that they appear to be quite unearthly and supernatural. No creation of Fra Angelico could be more ravishing, no most soulful touch of Giotto more tender. Every word and line breathes the atmosphere of paradise. An angel could not be imagined to have put it into verse more beautiful with mortal language. The last line must remain for ever an unapproachable monument of imperishable loveliness, which, as it cannot be translated into any other, one would think ought to make the Italian tongue immortal for its own sweet sake. Some of the other sonnets of Dante can scarcely rank inferior to this, though there are none that are so touching.

Of the sonnets of Petrarch it is not necessary to say much here, unless a closer analysis were projected than lies within the limits of this paper. They are more scholastic than those of Dante, but they do not breathe by any means so palpitating a vitality. Some of them are, constructively, almost perfect. The one beginning, "I'vo piangendo i miei passati tempi," has been quoted as one of these; opening impressively; carrying its sentiment progressively through all its parts, and ending with a weighty conclusion. Perhaps, however, to those who look less to technical formality, such sonnets as that numbered xxiv after the death of Laura, in which occur lines like these,

"Le cresse chiome d' or puro lucente,
E'l lampeggiar dell' angelico riso,
Che solean far in terra un paradiso;
Poca polvere son, che nulla sente"—

will stand higher in estimation. Probably the finest sonnets of Petrarch are to be found amongst the occasional ones, especially those thundered at the abuses of the papal court at Avignon, which seem to flame with irrepressible wrath, as though they would burn the page out of the book in which they are written. In his sonnets to Laura and her memory there is frequently a sense of constraint and monotony; and though his affection be-

comes an abstract one, it never grows either nobler or more spiritual: in this differing from that of Dante towards his Beatrice, whose image became to him the symbol of all virtue, the soul's central kingdom of moral light and elevation united with the highest form of æsthetic perfection, which to him were one and the same thing. With Petrarch all existence within and without is put under contribution to illustrate, exaggerate, or express the passion of the poet: every road leads to the same centre: a yearning heart tender and hopeless, which finds its consolation in loving and the pensive dreamings which its affection brings into the light of reality. As to how much of genuine emotion, how much of mere habit or of a certain element of affectation may be mingled with this may be left for those to determine who choose to entertain the question. Of course it is unfair and injurious to the full effect of these sonnets, the writing of which was spread over so long a period of time, to read them consecutively and uninterruptedly. They are rather to be taken up occasionally, at a time of leisure, in the twilight, that magic moment of his own delicious climate, when the day dies like a beautiful life, leaving almost as much loveliness behind it as it takes with it; when the music of their sweet complaint may fall on the soul with the song of the nightingale and the distant bell proclaiming the hour of Ave Maria, as it seems to "toll the knell of parting day."

An examination of the earliest English sonnets plainly shews that the sonnet was never here fully understood, or was not appreciated in its highest artistic capacity, either in regard to sentiment or form: nor, indeed, is it by any means certain that it is as consonant with the genius of the English language as with the tongues derived from the Latin: it certainly was never indigenous to it. For one reason, the difficulty of finding the requisite number of rhymes without breaking up the direct course of the thought has never allowed it in its strictest form to become popular. Again, there is a degree of artificiality necessary to its construction which has a tendency to become mannerism and conventionalism in inexpert and unpractised hands. Besides these, a special mode of culture is required to reduce the idea to be expressed into such a shape as may be conveniently dealt with in the prescribed limits: for, in its highest function, it must be composed, as has been laid down, of a great thought round which the mind has circled and brooded until it has made it fa-

miliarly its own; so much so as to be able to express it, at least in outline, by a few sharp incisive words not aimed at the subject, but proceeding directly out of it.

Amongst the first English sonnets perhaps those of Sir P. Sidney are the most notable. Some of them are very admirable. They only suffer occasionally from the want of a more unbroken harmony of versification which the imperfectly developed condition of the language at that time scarcely afforded room to remedy: for in this species of composition all the smoothest and highest rhythmic power of the most cultivated language is required to bring out its full perfections. Some of those of Samuel Daniel might be instanced as examples of harmony and sweetness rarely to be found at so early a period. Here is one by this now too much neglected writer, which for mellifluous tenderness and pensive grace of expression might rank amongst the first in the language:—

"Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable night,
Brother to death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light;
With dark forgetting of my care return,
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wait their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth:
Cease dreams, the images of day desires,
To model forth the passions of to-morrow:
Never let rising sun approve you liars
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain "

Spenser's take an important place as steps in the development of the English sonnet, but scarcely appear worthy of the author of the "Fairy Queen" and those beautiful æsthetic hymns by which we love most of all to remember him. Their want of compactness and point was superseded by Shakespeare in their own manner. Perhaps most readers will agree with Hallam in thinking that those of Drummond have obtained quite as much praise as they deserve. They are not written in the best form: but near enough to it to be disappointing. Many of them are mere slavish imitations of Petrarch, in which all the finer qualities of his great master are lost.

Coming to those of Shakespeare, there is no doubt these may be placed in the very first rank of English sonnets: and although they have hitherto met with a limited appreciation (so great an authority as Hallam pronouncing it a matter of regret they were ever written), they are now, in their growing popularity, obtaining the high position they merit. One

great reason for their being so long neglected by literary students is, no doubt, the perplexity arising from their obscure origin and intention. This question will, probably, for ever remain unresolved; for it does not appear that from the earliest to the latest speculators (they can scarcely be called investigators where so little exists upon which to base inquiry) any real light has been thrown upon it. They may be generalized, as to sentiment, in a profoundly reflective consideration of the passion of Love in its mortal condition: chiefly in regard to intellect, or rather in a lofty intellectual aspect; but still earthly, human love: nothing else: never soaring on those divine, moral wings which bore Plato and Dante from the earthly to the heavenly Love, by which the affections of their mortal nature were lifted into a celestial and immortal atmosphere, transfigured and already made denizens of the soul's paradise in the light of God. They are characterized in construction by a certain apposition of terms and ideas, in which, by the juxtaposition of contrasts, force and colour are given to the sentiment—specially qualities belonging to all writers of prose and poetry in the age called Elizabethan. These appositions and contrasts are commonly summed up and enforced in the couplet, which frequently presents the result of them in some other light or aspect than that conveyed in the quatrains; often giving great piquancy and increased intensity to what has gone before. The value of these compositions lies rather in the sonnet form of idea being so strictly conceived and preserved, than in the perfection of their structural mould, which is confessedly inferior to the Italian. Why Shakespeare preferred this it is hard to say. Perhaps he may have found more freedom in the greater number of rhymes, or perhaps he may have thought it more agreeable to the spirit of the language in which he wrote. One thing, however, is very certain, that he must have been well acquainted with the Italian archetype. We are able to prove this by an instance which we believe has never been noticed before. It is worth while here to quote in full the sonnet alluded to and collate it.

"Amore è un desio, che vien dal core,
Per l'abondanza di gran piacimento;
E gli occhi in prima generan l'Amore,
E lo core li dà nutricamento.

"Bene è alcuna fiata uomo amatore
Senza vedere suo 'nnamoramento;

Ma quell' amor che stringe con furore,
Dalla vista degli occhi ha nascimento:

"Che gli occhi rappresentano allo core
D'ogni cosa che veden bono e rio,
Com'è formata naturalmente:

"E lo cor che di ciò è concepitore,
Immagina, e piace quel disio:
E questo Amore regna fra la gente."

This sonnet was written by Jacopo da Lentino, who lived and wrote about the middle of the thirteenth century. Now if the reader will compare it with this song in the "Merchant of Venice,"

"Tell me where is fancy bred:
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourished?

Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell."

(fancy, of course, standing for love, as frequently used by old writers) he will find it could have had no other origin than in this sonnet; for, apart from the general transference of sentiment, there exist verbal correspondences so near as to leave no manner of doubt on the subject. So close, indeed, are some of these, as scarcely to require a knowledge of the two languages to perceive them when written: as, for example,

"E gli occhi in prima generan l'Amore."
"It [love or fancy] is engendered in the eyes."

Again:—

"Dalla vista degli occhi nascimento."
"With gazing fed."

If we may imagine Shakespeare to have had the previous rhyme, "nutricamento," in his head when writing this line, it would also have been a literal translation. Once more:—

"E lo cor che di ciò è concepitore."
"Or in the heart."

The turn given to the ending of the song is entirely Shakespeare's own. Indeed the colouring throughout is peculiarly Shakespearean; so that no one could justly accuse him of plagiarism. Such borrowing repays in the use, whereby lender and borrower are both gainers.

As to where or how Shakespeare may have seen this sonnet must be left to conjecture. It was printed for the first time (as is supposed) in Allacci's "Poeti Antichi," at Naples in 1661; a collection of

poems made from manuscripts in the libraries of the Vatican and Barberini Palace in Rome. Perhaps those who contend for the probability of Shakespeare having visited Italy may consider this additional evidence in favour of their opinion. There is really, however, no such conclusion to be drawn from it, since it is very probable that it may have circulated widely in manuscript, and may have found its way to England in that form, through the instrumentality of some traveller of Shakespeare's acquaintance. It may be added that, although Shakespeare's imperfect knowledge of the Italian language is to be inferred from his awkward use of Italian words and phrases, yet, doubtless, he knew quite enough of it to be able to read it with facility. As we are on the subject, it will not be out of place here to mention another remarkable similarity in this song, attributed to Shakespeare in the "Passionate Pilgrim," which we believe has been unnoticed heretofore:—

"It was a lording's daughter, the fairest one of three,
That liked of her master as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Englishman, the fair'st
that eye could see,
Her fancy fell a-turning.

"Long was the combat doubtful that love with
love did fight,
To leave the master loveless or kill the gallant
knight:
To put in practice either, alas, it was a spite
Unto the silly damsel!

"But one must be refused; more mickle was
the pain
That nothing could be used to turn them both
to gain,
For of the two the trusty knight was wound-
ed with disdain:
Alas, she could not help it!

"Thus art with arms contending was victor of
the day,
Which by a gift of learning did bear the maid
away:
Then, lullaby, the learned man hath got the
lady gay;
For now my song is ended."

The substance of this song is exactly contained in the following sonnet, with the exception that the ending differs, in that the choice is left an open one:—

"Due cavalier valenti d' un paraggio
Aman di core una donna valente;
Ciascuno l'ama in tutto suo coraggio,
Che l' avanzar d' amar saria niente.

"L' uno è cortese ed insegnato e saggio,
Largo in donare, ed in tutto avvenente :
L' altro è prode e di grande vassallaggio,
Fiero ed ardito e dottato da gente.

"Qual d' esti due è più degno d' avere
Dalla sua donna ciò ch' ei ne desia,
Tra quel c' ha in se cortesia e savero,

"E l' altro d' armi molta valentia ?
Or me ne conta tutto il tuo volere.
S' io fossi donna, so ben qual vorria."

This sonnet is printed by Trucchi in his "Poesie Italiane Inedite" (vol. i. p. 79) as by Rustico di Filippo, who flourished in the early part of the thirteenth century; a "trovatore" and poet of mark in his day, to whom Brunetto Latini dedicated his "Tesoretto." It is from a manuscript in the Vatican. In this case, however, supposing the song in question to have been written by Shakespeare, there is by no means the same certainty of his having seen this sonnet as the other; for the story may possibly have been an old one, which may have floated about in more forms than one. Indeed Fletcher's play of the "Elder Brother" would appear to embody some such motive. This supposition might have had, perhaps, still more probability, if it were a matter of certainty that all the poems in Trucchi's collection had been printed by him for the first time, as he professes them to have been, but this is not invariably the case, as several of them may be found amongst the dense stratum of verse passed through the Italian press in the palmy days of the Gjoliti and Aldi. In a pretty wide acquaintance with old Italian printed poetry, however, we have not met with it anywhere else. Neither are we aware that either of these sonnets has ever been reproduced in the English language in any form whatever excepting as mentioned. In the first case, at least, there is a new fact concerning Shakespeare's culture; that, whatever else he read or did not read, he must have seen and read, and loved that particular sonnet—loved it so much as to have endeavoured partly to reproduce it in one of his most exquisite lyrics, in the fit setting of a drama, the scene of which is laid upon Italian soil.

The next great stride forward which the English sonnet made, in which it may be said, perhaps, to have culminated, was in those of Milton. Fashioned on a more approved model, and from a loftier standpoint, they mark an era which will never be forgotten in England's literature. In regard to structure they take the best and most accredited form, whilst their enlarged

and ennobled sentiment must make us regret, with a later sonnet-writer, that they are "too few." Milton seldom attempts to elaborate his majestic idea; but generally seizes it by a few representative points, and sets them down like landmarks, leaving more to his readers to do than he does himself. The noble lesson given from his blindness is struck out by a few vigorous strokes of the pen; just as M. Angelo could body forth an outward indication of the power that swelled within him by a few mighty strokes of the chisel or broad sweeps of the brush. They are strong in their simplicity and beautiful in their severity; exhibiting that grandest phase of the artistic character where it is so intuitive and spontaneous as to need no unaccustomed energy to produce noble workmanship, evolved naturally from the mood of every day, the elevated moral position constituting the soul's habitual status. He had the peculiar faculty of genius that makes everything or anything — the occasion of the moment as well as the remote in time and space — subservient to a present purpose.

For a long time the sonnet appears to have fallen almost into desuetude with the Drydens, Popes, Goldsmiths and Johnsons of the latter part of the seventeenth and the most of the eighteenth centuries. The sonnets of Bowles subsequently attained a certain popularity, and no doubt had their uses in carrying forward the poetic culture of their time; but they do not represent a very high function of the vehicle. They are graceful and tender little poems, but can scarcely take a place beyond that.

To the dawning of a better period may be referred the very noble sonnet of Blanco White, addressed to Night, which Coleridge considered the best in the language:—

"Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay
concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us
blind?

Why do we, then, shun death with anxious
strife?

If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?"

It certainly fulfils the demands of this kind

of poem in a very full and elevated manner. Each part of the sonnet is complete in itself, definite, and free from confusion, yet all the parts are interdependent and closely connected, whilst the sentiment of the whole is progressively elaborated from the opening to the conclusion, to receive its crowning significance in the final couplet. All the images are of a sublime order, clearly expository of the sentiment to be enforced, without affectation or straining; so that, taking it altogether, perhaps there would be no reason why the judgment of Coleridge upon it should be disputed if the terms of it were not exclusive; since some of the sonnets of Milton and Shakespeare must be considered certainly quite as great, though in another manner.

The much broader and more intense reflective power of Wordsworth than those of his immediate predecessors, united with a more penetrative insight, have gained him a far higher place in this specialty. Perhaps some of his sonnets would scarcely have been missed if they had been kept back as studies or records of moods, rather interesting to the writer in order to the attainment of conditions of which they mark the progress, than commanding special recognition for themselves; but one readily forgives the redundancy for what it contains.

A careful study and investigation, however, of Wordsworth's sonnets will shew that they are not all of them, indeed few of them, constructively perfect; and this may be said without any prejudice to the rare and valuable qualities which are in them. They seldom consist of well-rounded moods beginning and ending in themselves; they are rather slices of moods, a fragment of continuous thought, a seizing of one of the forms of passing beauty or emotion only conspicuous amongst the rest by the fact of its being set down. He does not always grasp the subject and scope to begin with, and then make every word and line a progress towards its complete expression; but frequently seizes his subject anywhere, making feints and passes at it rather than systematically going about to pierce it through and through, as Milton and Dante always did. An instance of this kind of looseness of treatment may be found in the third of his River Duddon series:—

"How shall I paint thee?—Be this naked stone
My seat, while I give way to such intent;
Pleased could my verse, a speaking monument,

Make to the eyes of men thy features known.
 But as of all those tripping lambs not one
 Outruns his fellows, so hath Nature lent
 To thy beginning nought that doth present
 Peculiar ground for hope to build upon.
 To dignify the spot that gives thee birth
 No sign of hoar Antiquity's esteem
 Appears, and none of modern Fortune's care;
 Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed a gleam
 Of brilliant moss, instinct with freshness rare;
 Prompt offering to thy Foster-mother, Earth!"

manner, indeed, which more fairly represents him :—

"Surprised by joy, impatient as the wind
 I turned to share the transport—Oh! with
 whom
 But thee, deep buried in the silent tomb,
 That spot which no vicissitude can find?
 Love, faithful love, recalled thee to my mind,—
 But how could I forget thee? Through what
 power
 Even for the least division of an hour,
 Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
 To my most grievous loss? That thought's
 return
 Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
 Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
 Knowing my heart's best treasure was no
 more;
 That neither present time nor years unborn
 Could to my sight that heavenly face restore."

Although there is a certain structural looseness in this, yet one would scarcely have it different, for it contains the out-poured tenderness of a fine manly affection under the influence of deep grief—a mirror of that sad mood with which we are most of us too familiar, when the momentarily lulled sorrow uncoils itself like an awakening serpent and administers its sharper sting.

Before concluding these observations it may not be supererogatory to mention a few of the modes by which the sonnet may be best studied by those students of poetry who would understand and develope its highest capacities.

A very efficient mode of getting at the actual substance of a sonnet is by a prose paraphrase. The true proportions of the idea of which it may be composed are then apparent; and this is almost an unfailing indication of its real value. Mere beauty of form, manner, and expression may occasionally give a fictitious importance to material of no great weight or moment, but ultimately the right worth of all this kind of composition must lie in the bones and sinews, as it were, of which it is composed. It must be the result of a permanent condition of mind and habitual culture, and not of a momentary influence. It must be held together by the strong bond of thoroughness and consistency, or it will fail. Of this paraphrase an analysis and abstract should be made of what constitute the leading points in which lies its force or significance, and the way they react on each other by harmony or contrast should be observed by collation; also the manner in which the idea is distributed in the various parts of the sonnet, and reasons found for this distribution. The best

The scope of this sonnet, addressed to a stream, is simply to say, that since art and antiquity have denied their associations and interests to the source of it, it has not failed to make up for the want of these by its own additions. There is something in the idea, it is true, but not enough for the substance of a very valuable sonnet. The poet sits down; he has a sonnet to write (for he is writing a series), and yet he is candid to confess that there is nothing at all to write about. He begins with a pre-amble of no connective value; he sees some lambs frisking about, and drags them in to illustrate what is *not* there, in order, as it would seem, to get over a few more lines. At last his eye dwells upon the bright green moss growing upon the stones. He seizes this with avidity, and makes the most of it; on the whole, perhaps, better than might have been expected from one sitting down to write upon "nothing"—or what to him, at the moment, is little better—with nothing particular to say about it. Yet even this sonnet has two kinds of value; the positive one, that it contains some touches done straight from nature, which are never quite thrown away; and a negative one, that it holds the useful moral, that it is better to write a single sonnet out of a full, rich mood, than a hundred out of barren and empty ones. In another place he mentions some verses as "thrown off" on a certain occasion. Such an expression would lead to the interesting inquiry, whether the poet proper should use his art upon every occasion, bringing it to bear as to its expressional function on that which he may see at any time around him, or should he think long and much, and versify rarely; and not at all when he does not feel himself compelled, so to speak, to do so; exercising a fine restriction and reticence; only giving forth the very best portion of himself and the essence of what he observes. Of the first manner Wordsworth affords an illustration; of the second, Mr. Tennyson.

Let us, however, hear the deceased laureate speak once more at his best; in a

Italian sonnets, those of Shakespeare, Milton, and some of Wordsworth's, are well adapted for this mode of study. Another very advantageous method is to take up a prose paraphrase when the words of the original are no longer in mind, and to retranslate it into the original form, or to take up a suitable piece of prose and put it into the sonnet form. All these exercises will tend to make clear the function of the sonnet, revealing its capacities and advantages, bestowing a critical knowledge of the exact value and constructive skill of those which are best worth studying by shewing the secret of their greatness and their power.

A word may be said as to the uses and advantages of the sonnet. It is capital for embalming the moods of a moment—those sentiments and feelings which contain a sort of completeness in themselves. It forms an admirable setting for a beautiful prospect, a noble act, a splendid character, whereby they may be contemplated again in miniature, as it were, when their outward form is no longer with us. It is a valuable exercise for the mind, particularly for the faculties of selection and limitation. It cultivates good taste and intensifies concentration. If it is difficult to write, it is easy to read; and its proportions will often allow it to rest in the mind when longer poems are forgotten. Little and good, is its motto; and if it be the latter, its permanence and power will go far to make the former a term only applicable to the space it occupies on paper.

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THE MARRIAGE OF THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.

"THE Great Emperor has become a guest in Heaven." Such were the words in which was officially announced the death of that dissipated monarch, the late Emperor of China, who eleven years ago tottered into his grave a decrepit, worn-out man of barely thirty years of age. His reign (1851-1861) had not been a fortunate one—its commencement had witnessed the capture of the southern capital by the Taeping rebels, and its close was preceded by the occupation of Peking by the allied armies—and probably few mourned for him, except, perhaps, the three hundred young ladies whom he left widows, and who by his death incurred the penalty of enforced celibacy in the "Cold Palace" during the remainder of their natural

lives. Happily, in this instance, the country was spared that common sequel to the death of an Eastern monarch, a disputed succession, for only one son, a boy of eight years old, survived his polygamous father. On this lad, therefore, devolved the crown and the prospective duty—when he should come of age—of ruling the three hundred millions of China. Meanwhile, a regency, under the presidency of the Dowager Empress and the boy's mother, on whom was bestowed the same rank by brevet, undertook the management of him and his affairs. The virile toga is donned early in the East, and in accordance with Chinese Imperial etiquette the young Emperor should have assumed that habit three years ago; but, for political reasons, the regency has up to this time kept him in the school-room. Now, however, at the ripe age of seventeen, his Imperial Majesty Tung-chi, proclaims himself a man, and steps forward to take the reins of power. But the "Book of Ceremonies" lays it down as a rule that, before a sovereign attempts to rule his kingdom, he should try his hand on the management of a household. "Marriage is the source of all rites," says that venerable book; and it was obviously necessary, therefore, that, before beginning his political career, he should enter into the complicated relations of imperial wedded life.

Kings and rulers are seldom allowed to follow their unrestrained inclinations in the selection of their wives, and to the Emperor of China is denied even the small latitude of choice which is accorded to European monarchs. But, on the other hand, he has this inestimable advantage over his Western brethren, that, whereas their domestic comfort is in a great measure dependent on the dispositions of their solitary consorts, he can seek safety from the caprices of one wife in the society of a multitude. This consideration doubtless helped to render his Imperial Majesty Tung-chi quite indifferent as to the result of the efforts of the two Dowager Empresses to settle him in life. Of the steps taken by the two ladies the *Peking Gazette*, that meagre and solitary journal of Chinese officialism, gives us very faint indications. But here the immutability of Chinese manners and customs stand us in good stead, since, in the pages of the "Ritual," which was compiled for the guidance of the founders of the "Great Pure" dynasty, we find an accurate picture of the modes of procedure which have of late been agitating the masters of ceremonies and the female world within the yellow-glazed

tiles of the Imperial Palace. To begin at the beginning, we must go back for more than a year, for alliances of so august a nature are not to be arranged in a hurry; and if we had chanced to be in the "Hall of Great Harmony" one day in the beginning of the autumn of 1871, we should have been witnesses of the first act in the great matrimonial drama. Early in the morning we should have seen arrangements in course of being made for some great ceremony; we should have seen the throne duly prepared for its royal occupant; we should have seen one table so placed as to lead us instantly to recognize it as the future depository of an imperial decree, and another as that of the great seal; we should have seen secretaries busy, and chamberlains ordering servants and drilling court gentlemen. Everything ready, music would announce the approach of the imperial sedan chair, borne by innumerable coolies, and preceded, surrounded, and followed by heralds, marshals, eunuchs, and all the great officers of state. Amid a constant succession of bows, genuflections, and prostrations the boy-Emperor would ascend the steps to the throne, and seat himself thereon. The heralds would advance and proclaim to the assembled representatives of the Empire that, in obedience to the orders of the Dowager Empresses, his Imperial Majesty had determined to make choice of an Empress, and that a commissioner and two deputy-commissioners had been appointed to recommend a lady of the Empire for that great honour. As soon as the herald's voice had ceased the Emperor would move slowly through a crowd of prostrate officials to his sedan chair, and when, surrounded by his followers, he had started for the apartments of the Dowager Empresses to announce the conclusion of the ceremony, we might mingle with the mob of servitors in the courtyard to inspect the betrothal presents. On one side we should find standing in a row ten trained horses; ten suits of armour, intended to clothe the limbs of as many male relations of the future Empress, would be spread out on numerous tables; and a hundred pieces of silk and twice as many pieces of cloth would be laid ready to form the nucleus of the bridal trousseau.

With haste have the Imperial Commissioners set about the execution of their quadruple errand—for in addition to an Empress, they were officially charged with the selection of three young ladies to occupy the rank of junior wives. It was said at first that the daughter of the Tartar

General at Canton was to share the Imperial throne, but inquiry proved that she was past the prescribed age, so the Commissioners carried their investigations elsewhere, with the result made known by the following decree promulgated by the Dowager Empresses in February last:—"His Majesty the Emperor, having been called upon to occupy the throne while yet young, has now entered on the eleventh year of his reign, and it becomes our duty to select a virtuous lady to be his consort and Empress, that she may aid him in the cultivation of imperial virtue, and assist him in regulating the affairs of his palace. We have chosen Ah-lu-te, the accomplished and virtuous daughter of Chung-chi, secretary in the Han-lin College, as Empress. And we have further selected Fu-cha, the daughter of Fenghsiu, clerk in the Board of Punishments, to be the first; Ho-she-li, daughter of Prefect Chung-ling, to be second; and Ah-lu-te, daughter of the lieutenant-general Sai Shang-ah, to be third junior wife." These preliminaries being settled, the professors of the Fungshwuy art were called in to choose an auspicious day for the ceremony. Fortunately for the manufacturer of imperial silk, these learned men declared that the 16th of October was the first day on which the influences of heaven and earth worked together for the good of imperial brides and bridegrooms, and sufficient time was thus given him for the preparation of the thirty thousand rolls of silk which custom lays down as the quantity required to clothe the limbs of the young Empress. Of how many patterns these are composed we are not told; but this we know, that six colours, symbolical of as many virtues, must be found amongst them. The rolls of white silk, which but the other day left the looms of Soochow, have, doubtless, already been transformed into robes emblematic of sincerity, clothed in which the Empress will receive visitors, and pay her respects to her liege lord. At the grand sacrifice to the ancient Emperors next spring her Imperial Majesty will call upon her dressers for the dust-coloured robe, in token that the mulberry training season has begun, and on the other great festivals of the year she will wear, in turn, dark blue, light blue, and red, embroidered with strangely-fashioned and brightly-coloured pheasants. At the time of full moon, when she and she alone of all the inmates of the harem has the right of access to the Emperor's private apartments, she will be carried thither dressed in black, personifying of the female principle of nature

As the time draws near the preparations within the palace for the reception of the imperial bride are hurried forward, and on the day before the ceremony the preliminary form of respectfully announcing to heaven and to earth the approaching event is solemnly gone through. And now, on the great day of the feast, the "Hall of Great Harmony" is again the scene of bows and prostrations. Thither, early in the morning, the Emperor goes in state, to the music of drums and bells, and surrounded by all the chief officers of his household, to hear the decree read, in which is officially announced the immediate arrival of the Empress Elect. That done, the Commissioners, eunuchs, and ladies-in-waiting march in procession to the house of the fortunate secretary of the Han-lin College to claim his daughter. Surrounded by his sons and male relatives, Chung-chi meets them at the front gate and conducts them through courtyard after courtyard into the great hall. Here the imperial decree announcing the marriage is again read, and Chung-chi kneels thrice and bows down his head to the ground nine times in token of his sense of the honour done him. The eunuchs and ladies-in-waiting then lead out Ah-lu-te, who first makes obeisance to the throne, and then, after listening to the deed of registration read by the lady heralds, takes leave of her mother and steps into the bridal sedan. At the front gate her father kneels and bids her adieu, and the procession forms up. First comes the imperial band, followed by carts carrying the Commissioners, next comes the bride, then the maids of honour; after them the eunuchs on foot, and last of all the gentlemen-in-waiting. At the "Bridge of the Golden Waters," within the palace, the Commissioners dismount, and when the procession reaches the "Firm and Pure Palace" the eunuchs invite Ah-lu-te to descend from her much-bedizened chair. In the centre hall the Emperor meets his bride for the first time, and with the ordinary ceremony of drinking the loving cup the marriage is complete. But there is yet no rest for poor little Ah-lu-te. The instant that she becomes Empress she goes in state to visit the Dowager Empresses, and in return for three genuflections and as many obeisances has the honour of lunching with those august ladies. The "Rituals" leave her undisturbed for the rest of the day, but on the morrow she pays visits to the Dowager Empresses and to the Emperor, and receives the congratulations of the Court officials. In the afternoon the Emperor bestows wedding

gifts on her parents and brothers. To the former he gives 200 taels of gold, 10,000 taels of silver, 1,000 pieces of silk, 20 trained horses, 20 stud horses, and 20 suits of armour; to the latter, 100 taels of gold, 5,000 taels of silver, 500 pieces of silk, 1,000 pieces of cloth, 6 horses, a suit of armour, a box of bows, a quiver of arrows, 2 suits of court clothes each, 2 ordinary suits of clothes, 2 fur robes, and a girdle. Afterwards he entertains her father, brothers, and male relatives, and the officers of the household at a grand feast; while to Madame Chung-chi, her daughter, and to the great ladies of the palace the Dowager Empresses show like hospitality. With these fêtes the festivities are brought to a close, and the palace gates shut on her Imperial Majesty Ah-lu-te, to be opened only when duty and the "Book of Rites" agree in declaring it to be necessary.

As each junior wife and concubine arrives she will be conducted with modified splendour to the "Hall of Great Harmony," to which place the Emperor will come in state to "inspect" the new acquisition to his harem. On these occasions the loving cup, the sole ceremony which constitutes marriage, will be wanting, and after the "inspection" the lady will retire to her apartments, there to remain a prisoner, the victim of monotonous palace routine, for the remainder of her life. The present must be a busy time for the Lord High Chamberlain, and the "Hall of Great Harmony" must be the scene of many an assemblage of "fair women and brave men," for the Empress and three junior wives form but the nucleus of the harem over which the Emperor is called upon to exercise his administrative abilities. Nine wives of the second class, twenty-seven of the third class, and eighty-one concubines are yet to be added to this number before the requirements laid down in the "Rituals" are fully complied with. Fortunately for the peace of the guardians of these young ladies, abundance of official occupation is provided for their fair charges, by the constant recurrence of state ceremonies. Seventeen and eighteen are mischievous ages; and if this were not so it is probable that his Imperial Majesty would find the exercise set him of ruling a hundred and twenty idle and pampered young women far more difficult than the more important task of governing an empire.

At all the great religious festivals in the year the Empress, attended by bevy of her inferior rivals, plays a prominent part. She holds levées, at which the Court ladies attend, and pays visits to the wives of the

chief officers of state. On the death of a minister she either goes herself to condole with the widow, or sends one of the three junior wives of the first rank to represent her. She exercises jurisdiction over the imperial concubines, and examines with care the work done by them in the year. On all state occasions, when the Empress is unable to be present, the three senior wives act as her deputies, and on her decease they play the part of chief mourners. To the lot of the wives of the second rank falls the duty of instructing the nine troops, into which the twenty-seven wives of the third rank, and the eighty-one concubines are divided, in the virtues, language, deportment, and work which are fitting for them. They attend on the Empress at all state funerals, and add loud wailings to her lamentations. They superintend the female servants of the palace, and they prepare the objects to be offered at the great sacrifices. In each and all of these various services the concubines play inferior parts. Their special duty is to assist the wives of the third rank in managing the servants and in preparing for the religious services. Some of them also help the thirty-two eunuch tailors to make the clothes of the court, and others find employment in similar company as dressers to the Empress and junior wives. These and the numerous other duties expected of them are quite enough, if faithfully performed, to keep the hundred and twenty-one pairs of little hands busily engaged. The "Rituals" declare that there shall be no drones within the palace, and let us hope that her Majesty Ah-lu-te and her hundred and twenty rivals, who are now assembling round the boy-Emperor, will prove themselves as diligent as are said to have been the model ladies of days gone by.

If to the performance of his public functions we add the duty of his becoming acquainted with all these fair daughters of Han, it is plainly impossible that the Emperor can pass his days in idleness; and down to the minutest detail the "Rituals" prescribe the part he is to play in all and every capacity, whether as king upon his throne, as priest before the altar, or as paterfamilias in the midst of his domestic joys. And this illustrates the peculiar position which the Emperor of China occupies among the monarchs of the East. As a temporal sovereign he is obeyed, and as a spiritual ruler he is worshipped. In his double claim to supremacy he somewhat resembles the kings of Hebrew history, and finds his approximate counterpart in

modern times in the Pope of Rome. The sacredness of his person throws a religious halo around every action of his life. His meals are so arranged as to symbolize sacrificial feasts. When he partakes of vegetables he is invited to reflect on the work of the Chinese Adam; and when he tastes the six kinds of grains his thoughts are carried back to the first turner of the sod. Soft music is played to encourage his appetite, and the dishes are removed from table to the tune of fifes and drums. The maxim that "the king can do no wrong," takes rather the form in China of "whatever the king does is holy, righteous, and pure," and hence many of the imperial doings, which would be frowned at in Europe, receive in China the sacred sanction of religion. To this circumstance we owe it that in the "Rituals" we find so many details of the private life of the Emperor and of the ladies of the palace. We learn that in every fifteen days the Emperor receives visits from representatives of each rank of wife and concubine. On each of the first nine days of the month one of nine concubines selected from the eighty-one pay their respects to him; on the next three succeeding days three of the wives of the third rank have that honour; then follows one of the second rank; then one of each of the two superior grades; and at every full moon the Empress, and she alone, is his companion. During the last half of the month the order of visits is reversed, and in this way, in the course of about four months, the Emperor enjoys the society of every lady of his harem.

If we wander from the ladies' apartments into the other quarters of the palace we find them swarming with those officials whose various callings and immense numbers go far to make up the barbaric splendour of eastern courts, — marshals, chamberlains, and lords-in-waiting are there in shoals, but we do not concern ourselves with those great gentlemen. Our object is to gain some insight into the every-day life in store for his Imperial Majesty Tung-chi, and the more domestic functionaries with whom he will be surrounded. We therefore give a wide berth to all wearers of high official buttons, and enter into conversation with the first good-natured looking *maitre d'hôtel* that we meet. He takes us into the buttery, and we are just in time to see his brethren on duty — our guide tells us that there are altogether 152 of them — prepare the materials for the Emperor's dinner. Some are giving out the six kinds of grain which are to form the vegetable part of the repast; others

are making hashes of the various sacrificial meats; the cellarmen are pouring out the allotted quantity of half-a-dozen different kinds of wine; skilful hands are slicing the meats for the savoury dishes, and are weighing out the hundred and twenty kinds of spices which are to season them; while others are preparing delicate morsels, such as the choice parts of a sucking-pig or the fat of kidneys, to serve as a *bonne bouche* at the last. When all the covers have been duly laid out and prepared, they are carried into the kitchen, where 128 cooks stand ready to receive them.

On fast-days — that is to say, when any great misfortune overtakes the country — the Emperor goes without this grand repast; and if he and his Court were to take a little more exercise and to fast a little oftener than they do, it is possible that a reduction might be made in the staff of fifty-two doctors who at present reside within the palace walls. But, unfortunately, the idea of bodily exertion is abhorrent to the mind of every true Chinaman; the three score and two imperial huntsmen must often have cause to complain that

Their hawks are tired of perch and hood
Their weary greyhounds loath their food,

— unless, indeed, they cater for the market on their own account, a supposition to which the occasional activity observable in the neighbourhood of the royal preserves lends some colour — for hunting, which, before the Tartar habits of the founders of the dynasty had been subdued by contact with Chinese luxury, was the constant amusement of the Emperors and their Courts, has now, under the degenerate rule of their descendants, dwindled down to a very occasional battue, conducted in the most contemptibly luxurious and unsportsmanlike manner. But though the huntsmen of modern times have little to do, we can well imagine that all those whose duty it is to pamper the appetite are fully employed. There can be little doubt that the hands of the hundred wine-makers, the ninety turtle-catchers, the ninety-three icemen, the eighty-nine fishermen, the eleven jewellers, and others, are seldom idle. It is also worthy of remark that, amid all the vast population assembled within the palace walls, we find no reference to a single priest of any sect or denomination, the Emperor himself excepted, and four praying women seem to be deemed amply sufficient to gain forgiveness for the sins of the Court, and to secure the

favour of heaven for their Imperial Majesties and the Empire at large.

ROBERT K. DOUGLAS.

From The Saturday Review.
FORCE IN LITERATURE.

A CURIOUS paper might be written on the singular errors made by men of high reputation in their critical judgments. Something of the kind was lately done in one of the magazines. Instances of such blunders abound since people first began to cultivate the art. When, for example, we read the critical sentences of the last century we are amazed at the inconceivable blindness which they seem to imply. Goldsmith, to take a case at random, was undoubtedly a man of fine taste; he tells us, *à propos* of Waller's ode on the death of Cromwell, that our poetry was not then "quite harmonized; so that this, which would now be looked upon as a slovenly sort of versification, was in the times in which it was written almost a prodigy of harmony." In the same place, after praising the harmony of the *Rape of the Lock*, he observes that the irregular measure at the opening of the *Allegro* and *Penseroso* "hurts our English ear." We can only wonder at the singular taste which induced our grandfathers to fancy that "harmony," of all things, was their strong point, and that Pope's mechanical monotony was to the exquisite versification of Spenser and Milton as Greek sculpture to the work of some self-taught mediæval carver. The same incapacity for perceiving what to us appear almost self-evident truths is as obvious in a wider kind of criticism. When Voltaire called Shakespeare "a drunken savage," it was a mere outbreak of spleen; but Voltaire in his sober moods, and he is followed in this by Horace Walpole, speaks still more contemptuously of one of the two or three men who can be put beside Shakespeare. He marvels at the dulness of people who can admire anything so "stupidly extravagant and barbarous" as the *Divina Commedia*. These monstrous misunderstandings are to be explained by the natural incapacity of the subjects of one literary dynasty for judging of those of another. But the judgments of contemporaries on each other are not much more trustworthy. The long-continued contempt for Bunyan and Defoe was merely an expression of the ordinary feeling of the cultivated classes towards anything which was identified

with Grub Street; but it is curious to observe the incapacity of such a man as Johnson to understand Gray or Sterne, and the contempt which Walpole expressed for Johnson and Goldsmith, whilst he sincerely believed the poems of Mason were destined to immortality. Nor, again, can we flatter ourselves that this narrow vision was characteristic only of a school which has now decayed. We may find blunders at least equally palpable in the opinions expressed by the great poets at the beginning of this century. Such, for example, is the apparently sincere conviction of Byron that Rogers and Moore were the truest poets among his contemporaries; that Pope was the first of all English, if not of all existing, poets; and that Wordsworth was nothing but a namby-pamby driveller. The school of Wordsworth and Southey uttered judgments at least equally hasty in the opposite direction. Many odd instances of the degree in which prejudice can blind a man of genuine taste are to be found in the writings of their disciple, De Quincey. To mention no other, he speaks of "Mr. Goethe," as an immoral and second-rate author, who owes his reputation chiefly to the fact of his long life and his position at the Court of Weimar. With which we may compare Charles Lamb's decided preference of Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus* to Goethe's immortal *Faust*. Our grandchildren, it may be feared, will find equal reason for revising the judgments which now pass current amongst us. How, they will ask, could people be found to mistake the second-hand pedantry of — (we leave the name to be supplied according to the taste of our readers) for genuine inspiration, or to overlook the productions of the immortal Smith and Brown, which were then read only by the unlearned or by some small circle of true believers?

If criticism should ever rise to the dignity of science, such mistakes will be impossible. We shall discover some infallible gauge of literary merit, which will immediately detect lurking genius in the most improbable disguises. One of the axioms that will lie at the foundation of the future science will probably be expressed in some such formula as this, that the one real virtue is force, though it may appear in many manifestations. Mr. Herbert Spencer maintains that the laws of every phenomenon throughout the universe, including all spiritual and intellectual as well as physical phenomena, may be ultimately stated as corollaries from the primary laws of force. By applying

the principle of the conservation of forces, we discover that the fall of a given weight through a given distance is equivalent to the development of a given quantity of heat. In like manner we should discover that the same force when converted into intellectual activity will generate a given quantity of poetry or philosophy. And, conversely, we may compare the merit of the two literary productions by determining how much force was consumed in their productions. If, for example, Shakespeare's brain did an amount of work equal to ten foot-pounds in composing the soliloquy of Hamlet, and Goethe's did an amount equal to five of the same units in composing Mignon's song in *Wilhelm Meister*, then the merit of the soliloquy is precisely double that of the song. We lay no particular stress on this theory, which has, as some people may fancy, a rather materialist sound, but it may serve as an illustration of our proposed principle. To compare the merits of any two writers, decide which exhibits the greater amount of force, and as a rule you may safely pronounce him to be the greater.

Thus the quality which chiefly serves to distinguish talent from genius is originality. The man who produces a new idea capable of germinating in the minds of his readers is so far a greater man than he who is merely the channel for transmitting ideas already expressed by some original thinker. This is the one great quality which distinguishes the few leaders of the world from the great mass of dealers in second-hand opinion; and it is due simply to an excess of power. Anybody can follow a beaten track, but to strike out a path for yourself involves an amount both of intellectual and moral force which falls only to the select few. Wherever it is found, we may say that its possessor is by birth-right one of the immortals, though circumstances may stifle his powers of utterance; and every one knows what a strange influence he possesses even when his remarks, though original, have been anticipated by some one else. A man who speaks from his own mind is so far a new force, and therefore affects us in a manner essentially different from the ordinary writer, who can be considered merely as the surface upon which external forces have impinged, in order to rebound. Within the same class, again, it is easy to accept the theory that the merit of a writer is proportional to his vigour. The difficulty begins when we endeavour to compare writings differing in species as well as in merit. There are some writings in which force shows it-

self, as it were, naked, and is obviously the secret of the influence which they exert over us. Such, for example, is that masculine and nervous prose of which we have so many masters in English literature, and which sometimes looks so easy when it is really so difficult. The clear compressed reasoning of Hobbes, the manly common sense of Locke, the incomparable energy of Swift, and the comparatively coarse dogmatizing of Cobbett have all a kind of family, or rather national, likeness; and, fortunately, we are not without some modern examples of the same style. Lovers of a more florid rhetoric are apt to despise the simple downright vernacular of the writers we have named, and even to fancy that it must be easy to express such plain thoughts in plain words. Nothing can in fact be further from the truth; because the quality which makes such writing possible is just that intensity of mind which belongs only to powerful natures. The direct expression of the thoughts of a feeble person is simply insipid. On the other hand, the gorgeous rhetoric of Burke or Milton or Jeremy Taylor is also good so far as it is a symptom of force taking a different direction. The energy which in one case displays itself by a strong grasp of a few leading principles displays itself in the other by overlaying them with a vast variety of illustrations and applications. The same amount of intellectual power may be displayed in Swift's attack upon Wood's copper coinage, and in Burke's on a regicide peace. Swift's power appears in the kind of bulldog tenacity with which he throttles his antagonists; and Burke's in the versatility with which he perplexes them by every conceivable mode of assault. To decide which is the greater, we must wait for that new calculus of the future which will enable us to estimate the total expenditure of force in either case. Hasty critics, as a rule, happen to find one variety of expression more congenial to them than the other, and fail to observe that it is a question, not of the essential power, but of the mode of application. In some cases a concentration, and in others a diffusion, of force may be most appropriate; and it is a great, though a very common, mistake to apply the same measure to all.

There is another variety of literature in which the principle does not seem to apply at first sight. Many of our poets, for example, appear to owe their success to a weakness rather than to strength. The more accurate statement, however, would appear to be that great strength of any one faculty is apt to throw a man off his

balance. The very greatest men, the Danes, Shakespeares, or Goethes, are men of thoroughly healthy and equable development. But the second-rate men, the Popes or Shelleys, are apt to be morbid because some of their talents are developed at the expense of the rest. Pope, for example, had, as Atterbury said, a *mens curva in corpore curvo*. But his greatness was owing, not to the distortion, but to the marvellous quickness and keenness, of his intellect. He abounds in the most brilliant flashes of thought, but is unable to maintain a steady pressure. He is a poet therefore by fits and starts, and has composed innumerable couplets of wonderful merit, but scarcely one satisfactory poem. He is an example therefore of intermittent power; which is to the sustained power of healthier writers what a series of explosions by gunpowder is to the continuous expansion of steam. So Byron said of himself that he was like a tiger who would make but one spring, and if he failed went grumbling back to his den. The force is the same in all cases, but it may vary indefinitely in its mode of action. The morbid poets have an extraordinary sensitiveness to certain emotions and perceptions; and sensitiveness of all kinds is a symptom of an active intellect and of strength of feeling. The man who can perceive the most delicate variations of colour or temperature is not in ordinary parlance so strong as the man who can raise a hundredweight with his little finger. But he has a finer touch, a more delicate instrument in his physical organization. The value of his work will depend, not upon the degree of his perceptive faculty, but upon the strength of his feelings and his power of expressing them. The fineness of his organs determines what kind of materials he is to use; but the merit of the work depends entirely upon the vigour with which he turns them to account. The man of very delicate sensibility produces, it may be, a rarer variety of work; his fabrics are spun of gossamer instead of cotton; but though more interesting to the connoisseur, they do not possess more intrinsic excellence than those of the man of coarser organization but equal intellectual and emotional vigour. Shelley's poetry is more exquisite than Byron's, but it is not therefore more admirable.

Critics of young authors should therefore judge the performances of the novices by the energy they display. What is called good taste is generally a very questionable symptom in a young man; for it is too often symptomatic of a docility resulting

from deficient vigour. The advice to a youth to cut out his finest passages was all very well with a view to the propitiation of ordinary critics and as a way of recommending vigorous self-discipline. But it is infinitely more important that there should be something to cut out than that the ex-

cision should be performed; and a superfluity of energy, whatever faults it may produce at starting, is the best of all symptoms. Unluckily faults of taste do not always or generally proceed from an excess, and may easily arise from a deficiency, of vigour.

SUPPOSED DISCOVERY OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S PALACE. — M. Mauch, an African traveller, thus writes: — "I believe that I have found the real Ophir, in lat. 20 deg. 15 min. S., long. 26 deg. 30 min. E., and I think I possess proofs of the fact. The ruins which have been so often spoken about are composed of two masses of edifice, in a tolerably good state of preservation. The first is on a mountain of granite; and, amongst other constructions, is to be remarked one which is an imitation of the Temple of Solomon, being fortress and sanctuary at the same time, the walls of which are built in wrought granite, without mortar, and still being more than 30 ft. high. Beams of cedar served as ceiling to the narrow and covered galleries. No inscription exists, but only some special designs of ornamentation which announce a great antiquity. The whole western part of the mountain is covered with blocks of great size, which seem to indicate terraces. The second mass of ruins is situated to the south of the mountain, from which it is separated by a low valley; it retains a well-preserved circular form, with walls constructed as a labyrinth, also without mortar; a tower still exists, 30 ft. high, 17 ft. in diameter at the base, and 9 ft. at the top. The circular edifice is accompanied by a large number of others situated in the front, and which doubtless served as the habitation of the Queen of Sheba's suite. I have drawn, not without difficulty, a general sketch and a plan of this palace. I was confirmed by the natives themselves in the idea that these ruins date from the Queen's time. Forty years since sacrifices were still offered up on the mountain. The natives still call the circular building the House of the Great Princess."

DEEP-SEA EXPLORATION. — Her Majesty's surveying ship *Challenger* arrived at Gibraltar from Lisbon on the 18th ult. It is stated that deep soundings which have been taken show that a gentle slope extends from the Lisbon shore

into deep water in the direction of Madeira. Favourable weather prevailing after leaving Lisbon, a few hauls were made with the dredge which were attended with fair results. On the finest day a common fishing trawl was lowered to the bottom, a depth of three-quarters of a mile, with the greatest success, for on its being hauled again to the surface not only did it contain in great abundance beautiful specimens of corals and sponges, but several deep-sea fish were found. These latter arrived at the surface nearly dead, the expansion of the air in their bodies on being relieved from the pressure of the water at such depths proving sufficient to tear them open. By the experiments already made on board the *Challenger* it is considered to be placed beyond doubt that similar captures can be made from the greatest depths, but the consequences to the fish captured must always prove an insurmountable obstacle to any idea of acclimatization which might be entertained. The utmost care has been and will continue to be taken in preserving specimens of these newly-discovered animals. The *Challenger* may be expected to arrive at Madeira from Gibraltar on the 30th inst.

AKAZGA, THE AFRICAN ORDEAL POISON. — A French chemist has made some experiments with the poison *akazga* — received from West Africa in bundles of long, slender, crooked stems, and used there as an ordeal — and finds it to resemble *nux vomica* in its physiological effects. He has separated from it a new crystalline alkaloid, closely resembling strychnia, but differing from it in being precipitated by alkaline bicarbonates. A suspected wizard is made to drink an infusion of the bark, and then to walk over small sticks of the plant; if guilty, he stumbles, and tries to step over the sticks as if they were logs, finally falling in convulsions, when he is beaten to death by clubs; if innocent, the kidneys act freely, and the poison is supposed to be thus eliminated.

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A MYSTERY.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE river hemmed with leaning trees
Wound through its meadows green;
A low, blue line of mountains showed
The open pines between.

One sharp, tall peak above them all
Clear into sunlight sprang:
I saw the river of my dreams,
The mountains that I sang!

No clue of memory led me on,
But well the ways I knew;
A feeling of familiar things
With every footstep grew.

Not otherwise above its crag
Could lean the blasted pine;
Not otherwise the maple hold
Aloft its red ensign.

So up the long and shorn foot-hills
The mountain road should creep;
So, green and low, the meadow fold
Its red-haired kine asleep.

The river wound as it should wind;
Their place the mountains took,
The white, torn fringes of their clouds
Wore no unwonted look.

Yet ne'er before that river's rim
Was pressed by feet of mine,
Never before mine eyes had crossed
That broken mountain line.

A presence, strange at once and known,
Walked with me as my guide;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side.

Was it a dim remembered dream?
Or glimpse through æons old?
The secret which the mountains kept,
The river never told.

But from the vision ere it passed
A tender hope I drew,
And, pleasant as a dawn of Spring,
The thought within me grew,

That love would temper every change,
And soften all surprise,
And, misty with the dreams of earth,
The hills of Heaven arise.

From Tinsley's Magazine.
THE WARNING.

THE morn was as bright as a morn could be,
Blue glowed the sky, blue laughed the sea;
Sunshine and flowers were met together
In the joy and glory of summer weather;
But the old man pointed where, far in the West,
Lay a cloud, like a sail, on the sky's broad
breast;

And he said, as he looked at its ominous white,
"There'll be mist ere noontide, and storm ere
night."

The dream was as bright as a dream could be,
He was so gallant, so fair was she.
As glad as the sunshine they moved together,
In their gracious love, through the golden
weather.

Till a trifle jarred on the sensitive chords,
Smiles that were mocking and idle words,
And the old man said, "O youth, take heed;
The thistle grows from the chance-sown seed."

The flush of young love, and the break of the
day;

What is so fair or so fleet as they?
Gather the buds while the dew-drops shine,
Garner heart's love, in its birth divine;
From doubt and anger, from careless touch,
Who can guard the delicate bloom too much?
For the love forgiven, the sunrise o'er,
Renew their first glory, oh, never more!

ORGAN CHANT.

I.

ALONE, with God, alone, we bow before His
throne,

And crave of Him His pardon for sins of the
past day!

Alone, with God, alone, we bow before His
throne

And pray that for the love of Christ our sins
be washed away.

II.

Alone, with God, alone, we bow before His
throne

For the spirit craves a shrine where to wor-
ship and to pray.

Alone, with God, alone, rings the mighty an-
them-tone,

The vesper-chant of nations at closing of the
day.

III.

Alone, with God, alone, sounds the voice of ages
flown

As the sun in march sublime keeps upon his
onward way.

Alone, with night, alone! Yet with God upon
His throne,

The evening turns to morning! the night into
the day!

IV.

Alone, with God, alone, we bow before His
throne

And crave of Him His pardon for sins of the
past day!

Alone, with God, alone! Yet with Christ upon
His throne,

We feel that for the love of Him our sins are
washed away.

Dublin University Magazine.

From The Quarterly Review.
MADAME DE SEVIGNE.*

"MADAME DE SEVIGNE, like La Fontaine, like Montaigne, is one of those subjects which are perpetually in the order of the day in France. She is not only a classic, she is an acquaintance, and, better still, a neighbour and a friend."† She will never be this, or anything like it, in England. Her name is equally familiar, almost as much a household word; and there are always amongst us a select few who find an inexhaustible source of refined enjoyment in her letters. The Horace Walpole set affected to know them by heart: George Selwyn meditated an edition of them, and preceded Lady Morgan in that pilgrimage to the *Rochers* which she describes so enthusiastically in her "Book of the Boudoir." Even in our time it would have been dangerous to present oneself often at Holland House or the Berrys', without being tolerably well up in them. Mackintosh rivalled Walpole in exalting her. But the taste is not on the increase: the worshippers decline apace: we hear of no recent English visitors to the Breton shrine: the famous flourish about the Grande Mademoiselle marriage, with the account of the death of Vattel, form the sum of what is correctly known on this side of the Channel of her epistolary excellence: her personal history is not known at all, and maternal love is the only quality which nineteen cultivated people out of twenty could specify in illustration of her character. Yet no man or woman ever lived who was less national (in the exclusive sense) or more cosmopolitan in heart and mind, in feeling and in thought. It is not French nature, but human nature in its full breadth and variety, that she represents or typifies. Her sparkling fancy, her fine spirit of observation, her joyous confiding (and self-confiding) frankness, her utter absence of affectation, her generosity, her loyalty, her truth, are of no clime. Indeed we are by no means sure that her most sterling qualities will not just now be best understood, felt, and appreciated out of France.

* *Madame de Sevigne, Her Correspondence and Contemporaries.* By the Comtesse de Puliga. 2 Vols. London, 1873.

† Sainte-Beuve, "Causeries de Lundi."

Nor are the incidents with which they are mixed up, the topics which call them forth or give occasion for them, of so local and temporary a character as to repel the general reader. She is the chief chronicler of the three stirring and eventful epochs which constitute what is commonly called the Age of Louis Quatorze: the choicest materials for its history are to be found in her Letters; and her private life cannot be told without connecting it, at many trying and interesting conjunctures, with the lives of her most illustrious and celebrated contemporaries. The pupil of Ménage and Chapelain, the pride of the Hôtel Rambouillet, the object of vain pursuit to such men as Bussy, Conti, Fouquet, and Turenne, the friend or associate of de Retz, Rochefoucauld, Corneille, Racine, Molière, La Fontaine, Pascal, Bossuet, La Grande Mademoiselle, the Scudérys, Madame la Fayette, Madame Maintenon—in short, of almost every Frenchman or Frenchwoman of note for more than half a century,—she might be made the central figure of a series of historic groups, had she never been known to fame as a letter-writer. Neither can we admit the argument that all who wish to become intimately acquainted with her, to make her (what Sainte-Beuve says she is in France) a neighbour and a friend, will repair by preference to French writers: to the exhaustive "Mémoires" of Walckenaer, or the critical "Notice" of Mesnard.* Porson frankly admitted that, consummate Grecian as he was, he never read a Greek play as easily as an English newspaper; and there is a numerous class in this

* M. Paul Mesnard is the author of the "Notice biographique" prefixed to the annotated edition of the Letters in fourteen volumes, royal octavo, forming the commencement of the collection entitled, "Les Grands Ecrivains de la France." Hachette, Paris, 1862. The fullest account of Madame de Sevigne and her times (to 1680) is to be found in the "Mémoires touchant la Vie et les Ecrits de Marie de Rabutin-Chantal, Dame de Bourbilly, Marquise de Sevigne," &c., &c. By Baron Walckenaer, six volumes with the Continuations. Amongst the abridged editions of the Letters, the best is the one of 1870 with a Treatise on her epistolary style by M. Suard. There is a useful English work, published in 1842, entitled "Madame de Sevigne and her Contemporaries," composed of a series of biographical notices, one of which, of about thirty pages, is devoted to *Mesdames de Sevigne et Grignan*.

country who approach the French classics with more hesitation and diffidence than Porson felt towards the Greek. They come to them as to a task: they are often obliged to pause and construe as they proceed; and therefore is it that an English biography of a Frenchwoman so far famed, yet (as regards England) so really little known as Madame de Sévigné, may confidently reckon on a favourable reception; provided it fulfil the conditions which an English public is fairly entitled to exact.

The work before us fulfils many of them. Madame de Puliga has diligently studied her subject in all its bearings; she is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the period of which she treats: she is at home with both correspondents and contemporaries: without aiming at research or originality (for which there was neither room nor occasion on so beaten a track), she has made a judicious selection from the embarrassing abundance of materials accumulated to her hands: treading frequently on very delicate ground, she is never wanting in feminine refinement or good taste; and although she occasionally provokes a feeling of opposition by dwelling too often and too ecstatically on the virtues of her heroine, she somehow manages to bring us very nearly round to her opinion in the end. Unluckily there is one condition that is not fulfilled. When we were expecting Madame de Sévigné in a simple English dress, she is presented to us in a costume which has obviously been fashioned after French models and is rather showily adorned with French point. In other words, the language and phraseology lead to the impression that the accomplished authoress had been accustomed to think and write exclusively in French, and that this is her first serious or sustained effort in English composition. Her style is cramped and artificial, neither flowing nor idiomatic, till she warms; and she is somewhat prone to mistake phrases for reflections, and to indulge in that kind of composition which Swift had in view when he told a young writer, "Whenever you have written anything you think particularly fine, strike it out." But by the time she has completed half her first vol-

ume, she has worked herself tolerably free of her Gallic tendencies; which are faintly discernible in the second, and will not be found to deduct materially from the sterling value of the book. Its range is wide, and the foreground is so crowded by "contemporaries" as to require no ordinary stretch of attention to keep Madame de Sévigné distinctly in view throughout. It strikes us, therefore, that a sketch of her and them on a more reduced scale may prove a useful introduction to the complete and rather diffuse biography.

Marie de Rabutin, or de Chantal, or de Chantal-Rabutin, as she was alternately called before she became Marquise de Sévigné, was paternally descended from an ancient and illustrious race. She was born at Paris on the 5th February, 1626, and within six years became an orphan. Her father was killed fighting against the English under Buckingham at the Isle of Rhé, on July 22, 1627, and her mother died some time in 1633, leaving Marie to the care of a maternal grandmother, who died within twelve months, when the child fell under the charge of her maternal grandfather, Philippe de Coulanges, for three years, and he also dying before she had attained her tenth year, a family council was held to name a guardian. The choice fell on her uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, Prieur de Livry, a man of twenty-nine, who discharged his trust so kindly and efficiently, that she never ceased proclaiming the boundless debt of gratitude she owed to him, and gave him the name of *Bien Bon*, by which he is indelibly associated with her memory. It is worth noting in contrast with the depth of the maternal love which afterwards grew into an absorbing passion, that she manifests no filial tenderness. She never mentions or so much as alludes to her mother in her voluminous correspondence, and when two or three times she names her father, it is in reference to his faults. In a letter to her daughter, July 22, she adds, after the date, "*Jour de la Madeleine, où fut tué, il y a quelques années, un père que j'avais.*"

It would seem that *Bien Bon* made no attempt to replace the mother and grandmother by a female companion or gov-

erness. The only instructors of whom we hear are Ménage and Chapelain, and Ménage did his best to turn the relation of master and pupil into a romance of the Cadenus and Vanessa kind. But in his case the position was reversed: Marie did not fall in love with him, as Esther Vanhomrigh fell in love with Swift, and he could not have exclaimed like the Dean,

"That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy."

Madame de Puliga says: "We must not be surprised at this. In the seventeenth century, rank created such a separation, birth threw such a gulf between human beings, that tender sentiments from those in an inferior station of life were deemed of little consequence. A woman of quality would take a pride in inspiring such feelings, but she was never supposed to be disturbed by their existence. Ménage might then freely declare himself the slave of Mademoiselle de Chantal, and she consent to treat him as such." We notwithstanding take the liberty of being somewhat surprised at a man of Ménage's intellectual mark playing the fool in this fashion, and we have our misgivings whether it was more a matter of course in the seventeenth than in the nineteenth century for young ladies of quality to treat their tutors as Lady Clara Vere de Vere treated her yeoman lover, when, after luring him on to a declaration —

"She fixed him with a vacant stare,
And slew him with her noble birth."

Clearly, Ménage did not think himself fairly used, or treated according to the laws of the game. He was deeply hurt, and very angry. Remembering, probably, the adage that the quarrels of lovers are the renewal of love, he tried to create an interest by getting up a quarrel; and we find from the lady's letters that he resorted to the hackneyed commonplace expedient of a simulated sense of wrong:—

"You wish to make me appear ridiculous by telling me that you have only quarrelled with me because you are sorry for my departure. If this were so, I should merit a lunatic asylum, and not your hatred; but there is all the differ-

ence in the world, and my only difficulty is in comprehending that, when one loves and regrets a person, it is necessary, on that account, to treat her with the extreme of coldness the last time one sees her. It is a most extraordinary mode of acting, and as I was not used to it, you must excuse my surprise."

She must have got well accustomed to it ere long, for we find admirers by the dozen brought one after the other, or three or four at once, to the same condition as Ménage; and she was actuated by the same spirit of refined coquetry through life; her guiding rule or principle—the counterpart of the one commended by Lord Chesterfield to his son—being to make every man in love with her and every woman her friend.

"It was the property of her quick and ready nature," says Cousin, "to put herself in unison with all who conversed with her. She is frivolous with Coulanges; she is rakish (*gaillarde*) enough with Ninon, austere with Pascal, sublime with Bossuet; with Bussy, her quickened malice spares nobody." Constantly playing with edge tools, she never cuts her fingers; her pitcher is never broken, although it goes often to the well, but it has frequently been made a question, to which we shall in due time recur, whether her impunity was owing to good fortune or good conduct, to the strength of her principles or the coldness of her heart.

It incidentally appears, from a colloquy at the Hôtel Rambouillet, in which both her instructors took part, that she was not taught the learned languages. "Is it possible," said Madame de Rambouillet, "that M. Ménage has not yet made verses for Madame de Sévigné?"—"He has made verses," replied Chapelain, "for Mademoiselle Marie de Rabutin, and also for Madame la Marquise, not only in French but in Italian, too."—"And I wager," broke in Saint-Pavin, "that he has also made verses to her in Latin and Greek."—"M. Ménage," remarked Madame de Sévigné, "is too much my friend to make me ashamed of my ignorance by addressing to me verses in languages which I do not understand."

Either the rule restricting the introduction of girls into society did not exist in

Madame de Sévigné's time, or she was made a marked exception to it, for she was not married till she was in her nineteenth year. She was brought out at Paris (to use her own expression) *de bonne heure*; and the sensation she made in the highest circles was in accordance with her personal attractions, her fortune, and her birth. This Burgundian heiress was valued at little less than a million of livres, including expectations; and, if not a regular beauty, she had charms and fascinations which it would be difficult to match. She was a brilliant *blonde*. All contemporary accounts agree in the translucent fairness and freshness of her complexion, the rich profusion of her light glossy hair, the exquisite harmony and play of her features, the elegance of her figure, the grace of her movements, the speaking sparkling expression of her eyes; and even the satirical portrait of Bussy-Rabutin transmits the image of an undeniably pretty woman, who sang agreeably, danced admirably, and blended sense and sentiment with ready wit and unaffected gaiety when she talked.

The Comte de Bussy-Rabutin was her near relation, and played so influential a part, commonly that of an evil genius, in her life, that his character must be kept constantly in mind. He was emphatically what Mr. Carlyle calls the *roué* Duc de Richelieu, "famous blackguard man." Brave to rashness, very clever, very unscrupulous, high born, handsome, accomplished, dissipated to excess, equally ready with sword and pen, he has left his mark on his age, and he did his best to leave his mark, a black and indelible one, on the fair fame of his fair cousin. She figures in his *Histoire amoureuse des Gaules* under the name of Madame de Cheneville, and after throwing out every ill-natured insinuation he can hit upon, he is obliged to admit that, in point of personal purity, she was irreproachable. He puts a good (and false) face on one of the disappointments which induced him to introduce her in the scandalous chronicle which he termed a history:

"Her fortune, which suited mine very well, made my father wish me to marry her; but although I did not know her then so well as I do now, I did not fall in love with the desire of my father: a certain hair-brained manner which I observed in her made me afraid of her, and I thought her the prettiest girl in the world to be the wife of another."

The fact is, whatever the designs of his father, he was never named as a pretender

for her hand; and it is in the highest degree improbable that her uncle would have tolerated in that capacity an unprincipled spendthrift, who was accused of having raised money by false pretences on the strength of the procuration under which he attended the family council for the appointment of her guardian. A husband was chosen for her from considerations of fitness in respect of fortune and position, and it does not appear that, prior to her marriage, any sort of preference was betrayed by her. It was a marriage of reason, and promised well at starting. Henri, Marquis de Sévigné was young, well born, highly connected, rich and handsome; and when he carried off his bride to his château of *Les Rochers*, which she was destined to render famous, there was everything to betoken a long and happy union: nothing to prognosticate an unhappy one, to be suddenly cut short: unless, indeed, we accept as ominous an incident which delayed the marriage for some months. They were to be married in May, 1644; but the Marquis received so severe a wound in a duel wantonly provoked by him, that his life was in danger, and the ceremony was not performed till the 4th of August in that year. There is a copy of verses, the joint composition of Bussy and Lenet, addressed to the young couple in March, 1646, beginning:—

"Salut à vous, gens de campagne,
A vous, immeubles de Bretagne,
Attachés à votre maison
Au-delà de toute raison."

It is not till the autumn of 1646 that we find them settled at Paris, where (October 10) Françoise Marguerite, the idolized daughter, afterwards Madame de Grignan, was born. Herself the centre of a distinguished circle, Madame de Sévigné is best remembered at this period as a prominent member of that which clustered round Catherine, Marquise de Rambouillet, the Arthénice of the "Grand Cyrus," who exercised the most marked, refining, and improving influence on her age. Her hotel, with its suite of rooms opening on one another, its garlands of flowers, its *ruelle*, and its blue chamber, was as much an original creation of her own designing as her society; and it is altogether a mistake to confound her and her friends with the *Précieuses Ridicules* of Molière.* An interval

* This comedy was acted for the first time on the 18th November, 1659. A spurious copy having got abroad, Molière printed it in 1650 with a Preface, in which he says: "Les véritables précieuses auraient tort de se piquer lorsqu'on joue les ridicules qui les

of many years, including the subversive and demoralizing *Fronde*, separates the close of her reign, the rich setting of her sun, from the appearance of this comedy; and the term *Précieuse*, made ridiculous by an ensuing generation of imitators, was first conferred and accepted as a tribute and a eulogy:—

“All who frequented the Hôtel de Rambouillet,” says Walckenaer, “soon adopted nobler manners and purer language, devoid of provincialism. The women in particular, to whom more leisure and a more delicate organization give a readier and finer social tact, were the first to profit by the advantage which was offered them by this constant community of cultivated minds and association of persons unceasingly occupied in emulating what was most agreeable and fitted to please in each. Consequently those who formed part of these assemblies speedily became easily distinguishable from those who were not admitted to them. To show the esteem in which they were held, they were named the *Précieuses*, the *Illustrious*: which was always given and received as an honourable distinction during the long space of time that the Hôtel de Rambouillet retained its influence.”

Madame de Puliga, after speaking of the Hôtel as that earthly paradise of which Madame de Rambouillet's *ruelle* was the centre, adds:—

“The *ruelle*, a word in daily use in the seventeenth century and having then a more extended signification than in the present day, it will perhaps be necessary to explain more clearly of what it consisted. The bed, at that time monumental and magnificently adorned, stood in the centre of one end of the room, and for princesses and ladies of high quality it was raised from the ground by a few steps, called the *estrade*. Near the foot of the bed, and dividing the apartment, stood a gilt balustrade, such as may still be seen in the room of Louis XIV. at Versailles. Each side of the bed within that reserved space was called the *ruelle*: it was often still more enclosed by a colonnade reaching from the ground to the ceiling, and it then formed an *alcôve*.

“Madame de Rambouillet was early afflicted with a singular malady which compelled her to shun both fire and sunshine: she could not encounter either without the blood boiling in her veins. In her *alcôve*, surrounded by flowers, by books, by the portraits of those she loved, she sat enthroned and received from all that homage so justly her due.”

Her assemblies, according to Walckenaer, dated from the conclusion of the reign of Henry IV. (1610), shone with all their lustre during the reign of Louis XIII.,

imitant mal.” The distinction is clearly drawn by Cousin in the first chapter of his “Madame de Sable.”

began to decline under the regency and the Fronde, and had lost all their social supremacy when Louis XIV. was of age to hold his court in person. Or—to draw the line still more definitely between the intellectual or literary epochs popularly confounded—Malherbe, Corneille, Balzac, and Voiture, belong almost entirely to the first: Saint-Evremond, Ménage, Sarrasin, Chapelain, principally to the second: Pascal, Bossuet, Molière, La Fontaine, Racine, Boileau, Pellisson, to the third. The highest testimony in favour of this *salon* and its founder was given by one of the most celebrated French preachers from the pulpit. In his funeral sermon on the death of Madame de Rambouillet's daughter Julie, Fléchier thus introduced and apostrophized (as it were) the recollections of his youth:

“Do you remember those rooms which are still regarded with so much veneration, where the mind grew pure, where virtue was revered under the name of the incomparable Arthénice: where so many persons of quality and merit met, composing a select Court, numerous without confusion, modest without constraint, learned without pride, polished without affectation?”

To convey a vivid impression of the Rambouillet *salon* when Madame de Sévigné entered it, M. de Walckenaer peoples it anew by a fiction which he declares to be, down to the minutest details, in exact conformity with fact. He chooses an afternoon in 1644, when the company are assembled to hear Corneille read his tragedy of “Théodore;” and conspicuous amongst the gay group, besides the hostess and her daughters, are the Princess of Condé, Rochefoucauld, the Duchesse de Longueville, the Marquise de Sablé, the Duchesse de Chevreuse, the Marquis and Marquise de Sévigné, Balzac, Ménage, the Scudérys, Bensérade, Chapelain, Voiture, and (by a slight anachronism) Bossuet. After a fair allowance of lively repartee, they play blindman's-buff (*colin-maillard*) whilst waiting for the author of the “Cid,” which might be thought an odd resource for such an eminently intellectual set, did we not recall Madame de Merlin's avowal of a liking for innocent games (*les jeux innocens*) with people who are not innocent, and remember that, after Madame de Sévigné had been blinded in her turn on another occasion at Madame de Chevreuse's, this graceful impromptu was addressed to her by M. de Montreuil:—

“De toutes les façons vous avez droit de plaire,
Mais surtout vous savez nous charmer en ce
jour :

Voyant vos yeux bandés, on vous prend pour
l'Amour :
Les voyant découverts, on vous prend pour
sa mère."

We risk an imitation :—

"You charm when you walk, talk, or move,
Still more on this day than another :
When blinded, you're taken for Love,
When the bandage is off—for his mother."

Blindman's-buff, therefore, harmonizes well enough with gallantry; and we learn from the best authority that a good deal of sentiment, or simulated passion, seldom penetrating below the surface or leading to scandal, gave piquancy to the commerce between the sexes in this society.

"Love," says Mademoiselle de Soudéry, "in the Court of Paphos (Paris) is not a simple passion, as in other countries, but a passion of necessity and good breeding. All men must be enamoured, and all women loved. None are indifferent; and coldness of heart, to those who are capable of it, is reproved as a crime. It is considered such a reproach to be free of all ties, that those who are not in love pretend to be so. . . . It is permitted to the ladies to employ a few innocent artifices to subdue the hearts of men. The desire to please is not a crime: complacency even is laudable, provided there is no meanness. To express all in a few words, everything that can render women amiable, and cause them to be admired, is allowable, if it offends neither purity or modesty, which qualities, in spite of the prevailing gallantry of our island, are the principal virtues of all the ladies. Thus, having discovered the means to blend innocence and love, they spend a life at once agreeable and diverting."

Cousin gives much the same account of the manner in which they played at love-making. A gentleman might be *aux petits soins* as long as it suited him; he might even advance some way into the *pays du tendre*, but if he transgressed the conventional lines of demarcation, or made serious approaches towards the citadel, he would speedily find himself in the position of the adorer in Suckling's ballad, when his advances were met with smiling indifference.

"I sent to know from whence and where
These smiles, and this relief?

A spy inform'd, Honour was there,
And did command in Chief.

March, march (quoth I), the word straight
give,

Let's lose no time, but leave her,

That giant upon air will live
And hold it out for ever."

The moral atmosphere of this seat of the

Muses and Graces was of so bracing or preservative a quality that the heroines of the Fronde, who afterwards allowed themselves the most unrestrained licence, the Duchesses de Longueville and de Chevreuse, stood rebuked by the genius of the place; and the unmarried daughters of the house received their full share of high-flown flattery and euphuistic homage without the semblance or suspicion of a taint. Madame de Puliga speaks thus of one of them who did not marry till past thirty:—

"For twenty years Julie d'Angennes was a queen, the very soul of the circle over which her mother presided. It was she who inspired poets: men worshipped her, and women loved her: her amiability satisfied every claim upon her; and the lovers she discouraged she succeeded in not displeasing. Her manners were such as may be imagined from the school in which she had been brought up. Born for the world and its pleasures, she was its delight, and herself delighted in it. Julie d'Angennes shared the perilous maxims of her intimate friend the Marquise de Sablé, that women are created to be adored; that they alone inspire noble resolutions; and that a worthy recompense for every sacrifice is the bestowal of their esteem and friendship."

The Prince de Conti said of Voiture, "If he was one of us, we should not put up with such behaviour;" and the remark indicates both the position held by men of letters, not born in the purple, and the social licence they assumed in the Hôtel Rambouillet. Madame de Sévigné might have said the same of her former tutor and persevering admirer, Ménage, who employed the language of passion as freely as a marquis or a duke; whilst she trifled with him in the precise manner which, without driving him from her or depriving her of her daily dose of flattery, was most annoying to his vanity and fatal to his hopes. One of Liston's best parts was an old bachelor who boasted, without suspecting why the distinction was conferred upon him, of being universally pronounced a safe man, with whom a husband or father might trust the prettiest wife or daughter without risk. This is the very part which Ménage was unwilling to play. He felt like Rogers, who, when Lady Beresford offered to take him home from an evening party, walked off in a huff, complaining that it was an unkind mode of reminding him of his age. One day, Ménage happening to call just as Madame de Sévigné was going out shopping, she told him to get into her carriage and accompany her. The *savant*, vainly trying to hide his pique under raillery, told her that it was hard upon

him for her, not content with the rigorous treatment he received, to appear to have so little fear of him or of scandal in connection with him. "Get into my carriage, I tell you," was her rejoinder. "If you make me angry, I will come and see you at your own house." She was as good as her word. Before leaving for the country, she went to bid him farewell. On her return she complained to him of his not having written to her. "I have written to you," he made answer, "but after reading my letter over again, I found it too passionate, and thought it had better not be sent."

If she bestowed a favour, it was always provokingly before the world. He relates in *Ménagiana*, that he had been holding one of her hands in his; and on her withdrawing it, M. Pelletier said to him, "Voilà le plus bel ouvrage qui soit sorti de vos mains." He made the most of these harmless freedoms. Finding himself alone in a carriage with the Marquise de Lavardin on their journey to the Rochers, he leant forwards to kiss her hands: "Monsieur Ménage," she remarked with a laugh, "you are conning your lesson (*vous vous recordez*) for Madame de Sévigné." She once (according to Bussy) kissed her old master before a circle of admirers, and answering to their looks of surprise, exclaimed, "It was thus that they kissed in the Primitive Church."

The worst of these things was that they were related without the accompanying circumstances, so that ill-natured conclusions might be based upon them. Thus Bussy:—

"There is no woman who has more wit than she, and very few who have so much: her manner is diverting; there are some who say that for a woman of quality, her character is a little too reckless. When first I was in the habit of seeing her, I thought this judgment ridiculous, and I excused her burlesque under the name of gaiety; now that I am no longer dazzled by her fire, I agree that she aims too much at jocular-ity. If one has wit, and particularly this sort of wit, which is gay, one has but to see her, one loses nothing with her; she listens to you, she enters justly into all you say, she divines you, and leads you ordinarily much further than you think of going. Sometimes also one opens a wide expanse of country to her: she is carried away by her heated fancy, and in this state she receives with joy anything one feels disposed to say to her, provided it is wrapped up: she even replies with usury and conceives that she should lose ground if she did not go beyond what has been said to her. With so much fire, it is not strange that the discernment is moderate: these two things being commonly incompatible, nature cannot work a miracle in her favour. With her,

a lively fool will always get the better of a serious man of sense."

This was written with studied malice, after more than one rebuff, owing to that very discernment which he denies. All her admiration for his brilliant qualities did not blind her to his defects. The worst that could be truly said of her was what Zadig says of Astarte: "Unhappily confident in her innocence, she neglects the necessary appearances. I shall tremble for her so long as she has no subject of self-reproach." This is the pith of Joseph Surface's sophistical argument with Lady Teazle: "What is it makes you so negligent of forms and careless of the world's opinion? Why, the consciousness of your innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your conduct, and apt to run into a thousand little imprudences? Why, the consciousness of your innocence. . . . Now, my dear Lady Teazle, if you would but once make a trifling *faux pas*, you can't conceive how cautious you would grow."

There are two other passages of arms between her and *Ménage* which throw light on their relation to each other. She was in the habit of making him the confidant of her most secret affairs. After an interview of this kind, he said to her, "I am now your confessor, and I have been your martyr."—"And I your Virgin," was her laughing retort.

On her inquiring after *Ménage*'s health, he replied, "Madame, je suis enrhumé."—"Je *la* suis aussi." Assuming the tutor, he told her that, according to the rules of the language, she should say, "Je *le* suis." "You will speak as you please," she sharply replied; "but as for me, if I spoke so, I should believe I had a beard on my chin."

Small credit would redound to her for resisting temptation, had there been no more dangerous suitor; but, besides a long list of accomplished courtiers who laid siege in the received and permitted fashion to her heart, there was her cousin Bussy, in whom she retained an affectionate interest through life, always ready to take advantage of an unguarded moment, and utterly unscrupulous as to the means by which he attained any end, good or bad, in love or ambition, that he had proposed to himself. He was also the intimate friend of her husband, of whom he says, "Although he had *esprit*, all the attractions of Marie could not restrain him: he loved in all directions, and never loved anything so loveable as his wife." She did not hear of his irregularities, or

turned a deaf ear to them till he became attached to the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, born to be her evil genius; for wonderful to relate, her husband, her son, and her grandson were successively enslaved by this French Aspasia —

“Age could not weary her, nor custom tire Her infinite variety.”

The Marquis was boasting to Bussy of an agreeable evening he had passed, adding, “You may well believe it was not with your cousin: it was with Ninon.” — “So much the worse for you,” replied Bussy; “my cousin is worth a thousand of her, and if you were not her husband, you would think so too.” — “Likely enough,” rejoined the Marquis. Bussy goes on to say that as soon as he could get away from the husband, he hurried to repeat what had passed to the wife, who reddened, as well she might, with vexation. A brief colloquy ensues: *Madame de S.* — “You must be mad to give me such advice, or you must think me mad.” *Bussy.* — “You would be much more so, Madame, if you did not pay him off in his own coin, than if you repeated to him what I have told you. Revenge yourself, my fair cousin: I will go halves in your revenge; for, after all, your interests are as dear to me as my own.” *Madame de S.* — “This is all very fine, Monsieur le Comte: I am not so exasperated as you think.”

When he and the Marquis met the next day, the Marquis began: “I suspect you have let something drop to your cousin of what I told you yesterday about Ninon, because she has glanced at it to me.” — “I,” exclaimed this pattern of confidants; “I have not uttered a word about it to her. But, clever as she is, she has been so discursive on the chapter of jealousy that she sometimes hits upon the truth.” The Marquis went away satisfied, and Bussy forthwith indited this epistle to the Marquise: —

“I was not wrong yesterday, madame, in distrusting your imprudence. You have told your husband what I told you. You must be well aware that it is not on my own account that I make you this reproach, for all that can happen to me is to lose his friendship; and for you, madame, there is much more to fear. I have, however, been fortunate enough to disabuse him. Besides he is so persuaded that one cannot be ‘honnête homme’ without being always in love, that I despair of ever seeing you happy if you aspire to be loved by him alone. But let not this alarm you, madame; as I have begun to serve you, I shall not abandon you in the

state in which you are. You are aware that jealousy has often more power to retain a heart than charms and merit. I advise you to give your husband a taste of it, my fair cousin, and I offer myself to you for that. If you bring him back by these means, I love you enough to resume my first part of your agent with him, and sacrifice myself again to make you happy. And if he must escape you, love me, my cousin, and I shall aid you to revenge yourself on him by loving you all your life.”

The result is best told in the words of Bussy: — “The page to whom I gave this letter found her asleep, and whilst he was waiting till they awoke her, Sévigné arrived from the country. Having learnt from my page, whom I had not instructed about the matter, not foreseeing that the husband would arrive so soon; having learnt, I say, that he had a letter from me to his wife, Sévigné took it from him without suspecting anything, and having read it on the instant, told him not to wait, as there was no answer. You may judge how I received him: I was on the point of killing him, seeing the danger to which I had exposed my cousin, and I never closed my eyes during the following night. Sévigné, on his side, did not pass a better night than I; and the next day, after bitterly reproaching his wife, he forbade her to see me. She sent me word of it, assuring me that with a little patience all would come right some day or another.”

It is stated in this same history that Madame de Sévigné was devotedly attached to her husband, and that he had the fullest confidence in her. It is therefore Bussy’s wounded vanity that speaks, when he tries to convey the impression that either one or the other thought him dangerous. It was the abuse of confidence, the treachery of gentleman to gentleman, that really exasperated Sévigné; and when, soon after this affair, he carried his wife into Brittany and left her there, it was not from any distrust or jealousy, but to lead a life of criminal and ruinous indulgence without restraint.

Ninon had a very simple method of keeping her numerous admirers from dropping off. They were one and all encouraged to hope. “*Attends mon caprice*,” was her constant reply to the more importunate, and they apparently had not long to wait; for early in her career she told a friend who questioned her about the number of her caprices, “*Pour le moment je suis à mon vingtième*.” Her sex was her misfortune; for it was said of her that she had every virtue which is esteemed in a man of chivalrous honour, in a gallant gentleman;

and she never lost her hold on her most distinguished contemporaries. Scarron consulted her on his Romances; St. Évremond on his Poems; Molière on his Comedies; Fontenelle on his Dialogues; and La Rochefoucauld on his Maxims.* There is a story of a noble refugee entrusting half his fortune to an archbishop and half to Ninon. She faithfully fulfilled her part of the trust, whilst the archbishop utterly ignored *his*.

She soon flung over Sévigné for Rambouillet de la Sablière, to whom she wrote, "I shall love you for three months, which is three ages for me;" and Sévigné transferred his equally volatile affections to Madame de Gondran, for whom he incurred the most extravagant expenses and was guilty of all sorts of folly. Some strong remarks of a discarded admirer, the Abbé de Romilly, having been repeated by Lacger, private Secretary to the ex-Queen Christine, at a ball, Sévigné threatened to cane him, and Lacger, carefully avoiding any hostile message or encounter on his own account, told the Chevalier d'Albret, another angry rival, that Sévigné had joined with the object of their common pursuit in turning *him* into ridicule. The Chevalier sent a friend, the Marquis le Soyecour, to demand an explanation of Sévigné, who declared that he had used no such language, adding that he made this declaration for the sake of truth, and by no means to justify himself, which he never did otherwise than sword in hand. In consequence of this answer a meeting was arranged on Friday, February 3, 1651, at midday. Both were punctual to the minute. Sévigné, who brought the swords, began by repeating that he had never said of D'Albret what had been repeated to him, and that he was at his disposal. The two antagonists embraced. The Chevalier then said that they must fight all the same. The Marquis replied that this was his understanding, and that he had not come to the place to return without doing anything. Immediately they take their ground, and the combat begins. Sévigné makes three or four lunges at his adversary, who had his coat pierced without receiving a wound. In the act of resuming the offensive, he lays himself open; Albret takes his time and stands on his guard (*pare*); Sévigné, rushing on his adversary, is run through his body and falls. He is carried back to Paris, where the surgeons immediately de-

clare the wound mortal. He died the day after, regretting to die at twenty-seven. His friends, or rather the companions of his pleasures, had hurried to be present at his death. Amongst them was Gondran, the one amongst them who was most sincerely affected by his loss.

Such is the detailed account of Conrart and other contemporary annalists; who add that he was little regretted, being, in fact, an ill-conditioned, as well as thoroughly worthless, fellow. But he is not the first ill-conditioned or worthless fellow who has inspired a woman of sense and principle with a durable affection, and he was deeply lamented by his widow. Her first care on arriving at Paris was to repair a want which she felt keenly. She had no likeness of him, nor any of his hair; and she took the extraordinary step of applying to Madame de Gondran, who satisfactorily responded to the application. By way of return, she caused to be remitted to this lady the whole of her letters to the dear defunct, which, according to Talle-mant, were coarse in the extreme. She fainted away the first time she met the Chevalier d'Albret in company; and two years after the duel she was observed to turn pale and totter at a ball at the sight of Soyecour (the second). On seeing Lacger, the cause of the catastrophe, in an alley where she was walking at Saint-Cloud, she said, "There is the man in the world I hate the most, for the injury he has done me by his indiscretion." Two officers of the guards who happened to be with her offered to horsewhip him in her presence. "Do nothing of the kind," she said; "he is with several of my relations, whom you would be sorry to offend." And she turned with her escort into another alley.

She left Paris as soon as the necessary arrangements were completed, and did not return till the ninth or tenth month of the prescribed period of mourning; at the end of which she is again found mingling with constantly increasing *éclat* in the political, literary, and gay world of Paris. But that world had undergone material changes, mostly for the worse, since she first entered it. The Fronde was at fever heat, and Madame de Puliga, following the example of her French predecessors, devotes two chapters to the Fronde.* But

* "Biographie Universelle." The Baron de Walckenaer has devoted a chapter to her.

* She has merely abridged the ordinary accounts, and has obviously overlooked documents that have been recently brought to light. Thus, speaking of the father and mother of the great Conde, she says, "The husband and wife hated each other." The Duc d'Aumale ("Histoire des Princes de

we shall give our readers credit for knowing that it was a series of civil commotions, an intermittent civil war, lasting about four years (1648-1652), beginning with a cabal against Mazarin supported by the Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, and ending by the complete re-establishment of the royal authority. It abounded in striking episodes and romantic adventures; placing in broad relief the historic names of Condé, Turenne, de Retz, Mazarin, Rochefoucauld, the Duchesse de Longueville, Anne of Austria, the Grande Mademoiselle, &c., &c., who plotted against each other in such an entangled net-work of intrigues, that, about the time of Madame de Sévigné's return, they were split into five separate factions, engaged in a kind of quinquangular duel. The society of the *Précieuses* was broken up, and the most select reunions were held at the little Luxembourg, in the apartments of the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, the niece of the great cardinal. It was there that Pascal first attracted attention, not by logical or metaphysical subtlety, but by amusing and ingenious demonstrations in mathematical and physical science:—

“Que l'on vit bien, en vérité
Qu'un très-beau génie il possède;
Et l'on traita d'Archimède.”

Port Royal and the Jansenists were fast growing into importance, and already exercising a marked influence. They had formed an alliance, defensive and offensive, with Retz; with whom Madame de Sévigné sided fearlessly and consistently; and being thus constantly brought into contact with the best of them, she naturally fell in with their ways of thinking and their views. Although their tendency was to give a more serious tone to thought, to impose a beneficial restraint on manners, and to check frivolous occupations, there never was a time when amusement was more eagerly pursued, or intrigues of all sorts were more rife. The Grande Mademoiselle gave entertainments on the most magnificent scale twice a week, and it was at one of these that Charles II., then an exile, proposed for her. They were regularly attended by Madame de Sévigné, who also held receptions, which obtained notoriety by an adventure vividly illustrative of the times. We cannot find room for the de-

tails; but one admirer calls out another for not ceding the place of honour in her *ruelle*; and three or four duels, with three or four on a side, are with difficulty prevented by the combined influence of the ladies and the police.

The Comte de Lude, who entered the list as one of her champions in this affair, was the suitor who, next to Bussy, was thought to have the best chances of success. In the course of the three following years we find the Prince de Conti, Turenne, and Fouquet (the magnificent Fouquet, who was deemed all-conquering), at her feet. In fact, her suitors were as numerous as the suitors of Penelope:—

“Not more than twenty-five, already celebrated for her wit, her agreeability, her attractions: free to choose amongst a great number of competitors eager to dispute her hand, sufficiently conversant with the world to make a good choice. She might, by a new marriage, increase her fortune, and promise herself a happiness which her first husband seemed to have made her know only to render the privation of it more painful. But if she gave herself a master, she gave her children one. She impaired their fortunes if a new family compelled the division of her property. Could she flatter herself in that case with being able to preserve the same sentiments for the two dear creatures to whom she had given birth? Would a divided tenderness be always equally deep and lively? . . . If, then, a new marriage promised enjoyments and security for her future, it offered only losses and dangers for her children. After having made all these reflections, Madame de Sévigné did not hesitate, and took the resolution to condemn her whole life to widowhood, to consecrate her entire existence to her children.”

So says M. de Walckenaer. But we hear of no proposals of marriage: her principal admirers were married men, and we suspect that the *preux chevaliers* of her time bore a marked resemblance in one respect to the knights of the Arthurian legend:—

“And still those lovers' fame survives,
For faith so constant shown,
There were two who loved their neighbours' wives,
And one who loved his own.”*

It can hardly be otherwise in a nation prone to gallantry, where marriages of inclination are the exception and marriages of reason the rule. Bussy was the husband of a second wife, and the father of two daughters, when he makes Madame de Sévigné the reluctant confidant of his intrigues with Mesdames de Gonville and de

Conde,” vol. ii. p. 234) merely says that they never manifested much tenderness for one another, and that the husband was jealous. There are grounds for believing that she was much attached to him, and that Henry IV. behaved to her much as he behaved to the fair Gabrielle.

* “The Bridal of Triermain,” canto. ii.; and see the note.

Montglat, in the mistaken hope of improving by jealousy his position with herself. He was a gambler, and had just been boasting to her of such a run of luck that no one ventured to play with him, when fortune proved fickle; he was in want of money for his outfit in the coming campaign, and he wrote to her to beg the loan of ten thousand crowns on the security of a reversionary interest to that amount. She readily complied, being really glad of an opportunity of obliging him, but the management of her property had been left entirely to her uncle, the Abbé, and she never engaged in any pecuniary transaction without his advice, which was to delay the loan till some preliminary inquiries had been made. Her hesitation irritated Bussy, and, hard pressed as he was, he did not scruple to accept the loan of Madame de Montglat's diamonds. These he pawned for two thousand crowns, and then started for the army in the worst possible humour with his cousin, vowing never to speak or write to her again. It is from this epoch that the decline of his fortune is dated by his biographer — *Ex illo retro fluere et sublapsa referri* : —

“If his rupture with her was not the sole cause of his subsequent mishaps, it certainly contributed largely to them. It is since he ceased to have her for a friend and confidant, since he had no longer the fear of her disapproval before his eyes, since he no longer stood in dread of her clever and useful raillery, — was no longer encouraged by her praises nor enlightened by her counsels, that he passed from prodigality to disorder, and from gallantry to debauch.”*

On his return from the campaign, in which he highly distinguished himself, he joined a party of congenial spirits, who, with the view of escaping the restraints of the Holy Week, agreed to pass it at the château of Vivonne (first gentleman in waiting), four leagues from Paris. Here they indulged in orgies, little differing from those which the Hellfire Club celebrated at Medenham Abbey under the presidency of Wilkes. The rumour spread that they had made a mockery of the mysteries of religion and travestied the ceremonies of the Church. Coming to particulars, people accused them of having baptized frogs and sucking-pigs, and of having killed a man and supped upon him. These stories reached the King, and the perpetrators of the scandal were banished from Court and exiled to their country houses.

This was one of the severest penalties that could be inflicted on a man of Bussy's ambitious views and lax habits; who would cordially have gone along with Buckingham in wishing (as the worst thing that could befall a sentient being) that the dog that bit him “might marry and live in the country with his wife.” He amused his enforced leisure, gave vent to his irritation, and gratified his malice, by composing a series of lampoons and satirical portraits, which laid the foundation and at length took the form of his “*Histoire Amoureuse des Gaules*.”

It was originally intended only for a small circle of friends; but, as almost always happens in such cases, he was betrayed by his vanity into showing it to persons who had no motive for secrecy. What was worse, he lent the manuscript to a new mistress, the Marquise de la Baume, for twenty-four hours: she employed them in copying it, and within a few weeks after his return to Paris, the worst passages had become the subject of comment in every *ruelle* about the Court. Exasperated out of all patience on discovering the treachery of the Marquise, he reproached her with such bitterness that, with true feminine spite, she sent a copy to Holland to be printed with alterations and additions of the most mischievous and compromising sort. One of the spurious passages reflected on the King; and Bussy was sent to the Bastille, whence, after thirteen months' incarceration, he emerged without official or military rank, credit, or consideration; for he had been compelled to resign his dignities, and sell his company of light horse.

Then it was that Madame de Sévigné came forward with rare magnanimity to proffer a renewal of her friendship and a full pardon for her wrongs. They were of a nature that few women would have pardoned, unless the finest observers have been mistaken, and all history be false. Mrs. Western refused to prosecute the highwayman who declared with an oath, that such handsome b—s did not want jewels, but peremptorily insisted on the dismissal of Honor for saying that Sophia was the younger and handsomer of the two. Elizabeth was provoked into signing the death warrant of Mary by the letter in which her personal defects were spitefully recapitulated. Bussy's utmost malice was exerted to wound his cousin on this the most vulnerable side of her sex; as when he insinuates that she was not chary of her arms, probably from thinking that there could be no harm where there

* Pottévin. Introduction to the “*Histoire amoureuse des Gaules*.”

her as unequal even to her eyes: "She has eyes of different colours, and, the eyes being the mirrors of the soul, these inequalities are like a warning given by nature to those who approach her, not to place great reliance on her friendship." A sweeping charge of illiberality is based on the delay of the loan: "There are people who place only sacred things as limits to their friendship, and who would do all for their friends except offend God. These people are called friends up to the altar. The friendship of Madame de Cheneville has other limits; this charmer is only a friend up to the purse. She is the only pretty woman in the world who has dishonoured herself by ingratitude." For what was she to be grateful to Bussy?

Although she spontaneously hurried to his support in his well-merited depression and disgrace, their intimacy could hardly be called cordial or unrestrained, till he found an opportunity of doing her an important service in his turn. Fouquet was one of the admirers who had given most umbrage to Bussy, and was apparently among the most persevering, for she wrote: "With him (Fouquet) I have always the same precautions and the same fears, which notably retard the progress he would willingly make. I believe he will be tired at last of always recommencing uselessly the same thing." When he was arrested in 1661, all his papers were seized, and amongst them were found several letters from Madame de Sévigné—Madame de Puliga says "amongst his voluminous correspondence; but the whole mischief arose from their being found in his *cassette aux poulets*, the box ostentatiously devoted to his *billets doux* or love-letters. Her letters were certainly misplaced in this depository. Her own explicit explanation is contained in a letter to Ménage, which we copy *verbatim* for the sake of the spelling from the autograph in the possession of M. Feuillet de Conches:—

"Je vous remercie, mon cher monsieur, de toutes vos nouvelles. Il y en a deux ou trois dans votre lettre que je ne sauois point. Pour celles de M. Fouquet, je n'entends parler d'autre chose. Je pense que vous saues bien le desirer que j'ay

* "Je ne sais si c'est parce que ses bras ne sont pas beaux, qu'elle ne les tient pas trop chers, c'est qu'elle ne s' imagine pas faire un faveur, la chose étant si generale; mais enfin les prend et les baise qui veut. Je pense que c'est assez pour lui persuader qu'il n'y a point de mal qu'elle croit qu'on n'y a point de plaisir." — *Histoire amoureuse.*

eû d'avoir esté trouée dans le nombre de celles qui luy ont escrit. Il est vray que ce n'estait ny la galanterie, ni l'interest que mauoient obligee d'avoir un commerce avec luy. Lon voit clairement que ce n'estait que pour les affaires de M. de la Trousse; mais cela nempesche pas que ie n'aye esté fort touchée de voir qu'il les avoit mises dans la cassette de ses poulets, et de me voir nommée parmy celles qui nont pas eû des sentimens si purs que moy. Dans cette occasion j'ay besoin que mes amis instruisent ceux qui ne le sont pas. Je vous croy asses genereux pour vouloir en dire ce que Me. de la Fayette vous en apprendra, et j'ay receu tant d'autres marques de vostre amitié que je ne fais nulle facon de vous coniurer de me donner encore celle-cy." *

The contents of the *cassette* were seen by only three persons,—the King, the Queen, and the royal confessor, Tellier, who declared that Madame de Sévigné's letters were letters of business, interspersed with lively comments in her manner on the topics of the day; but the charity of the circle in which she mixed went no further than that of a female celebrity of our time, who made it a rule, she said, when she heard any scandal of a friend, to hope for the best and believe the worst. The calumny was a source of deep annoyance till it gradually died away from sheer emptiness; and there was something peculiarly aggravating in being given by common rumour to the financier who maintained, and had done much to prove, that every woman has her price. It was in this trying emergency that Bussy came to the rescue, and did excellent service by flinging down a bold defiance to her assailants and daring them to the proof. When Rouville, his brother-in-law, remarked that it ill became him, who had made so much noise about her, to rebuke others, he retorted, "I only tolerate noise of my own making."

It took three years to prepare for Fouquet's trial, years of wearing anxiety for his friends. When it began it was watched with the keenest interest by Madame de Sévigné, whose letters to the Marquis de Pomponne contain the best account of the proceedings which we possess. They abound in dramatic scenes and incidents: they palpitate with emotion; and they glow with such tender sympathy as to have impressed Napoleon with the belief that a warmer feeling than friendship must have dictated them.† But when her feel-

* "Causeries d'un Curieux," vol. iii.

† "En lisant le proces de Fouquet (dans 'Les Lettres de Madame de Sevigne') il remarquait que l'interet de Madame de Sevigne etait bien chaud,

ings were touched, it was in her nature to run into extremes; her heart and mind are laid open for one who runs to read. She lets out all because she has nothing which she has reason to keep back. Thus after going masked to see him pass from the court to the prison, she writes:—

"I do not believe he recognized me; but I fairly own to you that I was strangely affected when I saw him enter that little door. If you know how unhappy one is when one has a heart made like mine, you would pity me; but I think, from what I know of you, that you do not get off at a cheaper rate. I have been to see your dear neighbour (Madame Duplessis-Guénégaud). We have had a good talk about our dear friend (Fouquet). She has seen Sapho (Mademoiselle Scudéry), who has given her fresh courage. As for myself, I will go to her to-morrow to raise mine; for from time to time I feel that I have need of comfort. It is not that a thousand things are not afloat which ought to give hope; but, my God, I have so lively an imagination, that everything uncertain is death to me."

When people began to speculate on the sentence, when the accused was literally suspended between life and death, she writes again:—

"Everybody is interested in this great affair. People speak of nothing else: they reason, they draw conclusions, they reckon on their fingers, they are moved to tenderness; they fear, wish, hate, admire, grow sad, are overcome: in a word, my poor friend, the condition in which we are for the moment is most extraordinary: it is a thing divine—the resignation and firmness of our dear unfortunate. He knows every day what passes, and volumes would have to be written in his praise."

When the sentence was passed, December 20th, she writes, "Praise God, Monsieur, and thank Him. Our poor friend is saved. Thirteen have sided with M. d'Ormesson and nine with Sainte-Hélène. I am beside myself with joy." She was thankful for small mercies. The sentence was confiscation of goods and perpetual exile; which the gracious monarch transmuted to perpetual imprisonment. Arraigned in the name of the public weal, at the bar of the French nation, or the bar of posterity, Fouquet would have merited his doom. But it was hard on him to be condemned by a monarch who had connived at his speculations, and only became awake to their enormity when his aspiring minister presumed to rival him in splendour and in love. Misplaced or not, Ma-

bien vif, bien tendre, pour de la simple amitié."—*Memorial de Sainte-Hélène.*

dame de Sévigné's sympathy does credit to her heart, and in the teeth of the abounding proofs of sensibility in her letters, it is absurd to attribute her unflinching purity of conduct to coldness, or to deny her the merit of resisting temptations to which all around were yielding without reproach.*

"Let conquerors boast

Their fields of fame: he who in virtue arms
A young warm spirit against Beauty's charms,
Who feels her brightness, yet defies her thrall,
Is the best, bravest conqueror of them all."

And no less brave is she who in virtue arms a young, warm spirit against the seductive arts of a brilliant and dissolute society like that of which Madame de Sévigné formed a part. Nor did conscious weakness compel her to fly from them. Madame de Puliga calls on us "to respect her when, a fond mother, she seeks retirement to devote herself to her two children." But she never did seek retirement to devote herself to them. On the contrary, she remained at Paris for the express purpose of giving them the best education; and it was during the most important stages of that education that she was the observed of all observers in the gayest circles of the capital.† Speaking of a visit to Paris in 1657, the Abbé Arnauld writes:—

"It was during this expedition that M. de Sévigné introduced me to the illustrious Marquise de Sévigné, his niece, whose name cannot be mentioned without praise by those who know how to value wit, agreeability, and virtue. A thing highly to her advantage and very singular may be told of her: that one of the most formidable pens of France (Bussy) having undertaken to calumniate her like many others, was constrained by the force of truth to attribute to her purely imaginary defects, having been unable to discover any real. I fancy that I see her still as she appeared to me the first time I had the honour of seeing her,—arriving in her open carriage between her son and daughter; all three

* Elle est d'un temperament froid, au moins si on en croit feu son mari: aussi lui avait-il l'obligation de sa vertu, comme il disoit: toute sa chaleur est a l'esprit."—*Bussy.*

† "She remained in Paris all the winter (1655-1656) and did not even return, according to her custom, to the Rochers during the fine season. We may suppose that the animated pleasures of the capital contributed to retain her there. . . . It is probable that at the period of which we are now speaking (1657-1658), their education was the motive that retained her at Paris, and forced her to remain there." (*Walckenaer.*) She was at most of the court entertainments, and was frequently the guest of Fouquet in 1658: her daughter being then fourteen and her son twelve. One of her reasons for preferring Paris was that the air of Brittany was bad for her complexion.

such as the poets represent Latona between the young Apollo and the little Diana; so much charm and beauty did the mother and children display. She did me the honour of promising me her friendship, and I am proud of having preserved to this hour so dear and so precious a gift. But I should add, to the praise of the sex, that I have found more fidelity in my female than in my male friends, having been more often deceived by the male *and never by the female.*"

The Abbé was a fortunate man, and probably a safe one. In a letter to her daughter, in 1667, Madame de Sévigné recalls a similar group:

"Monsieur de Pomponne remembers a day when you were a little girl at my uncle's. You were behind a window, with your brother, more beautiful, he says, than an angel; you said that you were a prisoner, that you were a princess banished from your father's house. Your brother was beautiful like you! you were nine. He reminded me of this day. He has never forgotten a moment when he has seen you."

The interest she took in them may have had a good deal to do with the exclusion of other interests; but we cannot agree with those who would fain convert her maternal love into a new virtue, or fling round it an additional halo, by supposing that she caught at it and clung to it as a plank of safety or a shield. If there be a passion or feeling inborn and instinctive, it is this. It cannot be adopted, or deepened for an emergency, at will. Her excess of fondness for her children was natural and spontaneous. It was not, and could not be, the result of a resolution to be good. She could no more have moderated than created it; and the result was that both boy and girl were spoiled. Flattery and indulgence planted or fostered in each the qualities that proved most injurious or unamiable in after life. They were well taught, so far as concerns acquirements and accomplishments, but the son grew up reckless and dissipated; the daughter haughty, vain, selfish, and cross-grained.

The advance of Mademoiselle Françoise Marguerite towards womanhood is marked by some verses of Saint-Pavin, from which it appears that *Manon*, as she was called in her thirteenth or fourteenth year, was annoyed at being so called: that she was beginning to form the charm of her mother's society, where the only name she went by was *la belle Madelonne*: that, giving up birds and dolls, she had acquired a taste for battledore and shuttlecock; a game which (as a well-known story proves) may be turned to good account by coquetry.

She was also said to be fond of *reversi*, a game of cards. It was when she was about a year older, in the winter of 1662-1663, that she was presented at court by her mother — *matre pulchrâ filia, pulchrior* — and she at once took rank with the received beauties:—

"The sensation she created," says Madame de Puliga, "was great; her beauty being of a kind well calculated to excite admiration, though in some degree a tenderness of expression was wanting. To the dazzling complexion of a blonde she united perfect regularity of features; all her portraits, that painted by Mignard especially, represent her as singularly beautiful. There is in her countenance a remarkable harmony; it seems as if the most critical eye could not wish her in any single particular to be otherwise. Looking at this 'amiable countenance,' of which Madame de Sévigné speaks so often, the peculiarity of her daughter's beauty is readily understood. Yet there was something deficient in all this perfection: a lack of warmth, of geniality, absence, too, of all those outward endearments, which rendered her mother so fascinating, and which in the daughter silenced and repelled the admiration she called forth."

The Marquis de Tréville, a high authority, exclaimed, "This beauty will set the world on fire." Bussy pronounced her to be the prettiest girl in France;* and in La Fontaine's dedication of a fable to her are these lines:—

"Vous qui naquîtes toute belle,
A votre indifférence près."

"Beauty born in every sense,
Barring your indifference."

She herself was so lost in admiration of her own surpassing charms that, when her ex-master in philosophy, the Abbé de la Mousse, took the liberty of reminding her that, like all things human, they were subject to decay, "Yes," was her reply, "but they are not decayed yet." She was right enough here, and so was the English girl who, on being reminded by her spiritual guide that beauty was only skin deep, remarked that this was deep enough till people began going into society without their skins. It was probably the indifference or conceit which Mademoiselle betrayed in manner and expression that led many to award the palm to the mother, then thirty-seven. Thus Ménage:—

"Je l'ai dit dans la famille,
Et je le dirai toujours,

* "*La plus jolie fille de France.*" But the word *joli* meant then rather charming than pretty. Thus Madame de Sevigne writes in 1676, "*Nos Français sont si aimables et si jolis.*"

Vous n'aimez point votre fille,
Ce miracle de nos jours.
Par l'éclat incomparable
De votre teint, de vos yeux,
Par votre esprit adorable,
Vous l'effacez en tous lieux."

Again we risk an imitation : —

"Your love for her's a blind,
Or you'd surely veil awhile
Those mirrors of your mind,
Your eyes, your lips, your smile.
I say it in all places,
I say it in all ways,
Your brilliancy effaces
This wonder of our days."

Confiding in her daughter's pride and coldness, or led away by the love of pleasure, Madame de Sévigné fearlessly carried her into the charmed circle where seductions were rife. The young lady was permitted to figure in ballets before the King in costumes peculiarly adapted to shew off her attractions: as an Amazon, a sea-nymph, and Omphale, in succession. She was, of course, the object of frequent pursuit, but the most enterprising gallants, after a brief trial, gave up all hope of the prize; and when the perverted notions of the period marked or "spotted" her as an object of royal favour, this was deemed an exalted compliment, implying not the semblance of a slur.

In 1668, when the passion of the King for Mademoiselle de la Vallière began to cool, the Duc de Rohan was trying to secure the expected vacancy for his sister Madame de Soubise, and the Duc de Feuilleade for Mademoiselle de Sévigné. On hearing this bit of news from Madame de Montmorency, Bussy, susceptible as he was on the point of family honour, replies, "I should be very glad if the King would attach himself to Mademoiselle de Sévigné, for the damsel is a great friend of mine, and he could not do better." Revolting as this sounds now, Bussy simply hoped his young relative would obtain a preferment which was coveted for their wives, daughters, sisters, and nieces by so-called honourable men. "Have you heard," writes Madame de Sévigné to Madame de Grignan, in 1671, "that Villarceaux, speaking to the King about a place for his son, adroitly took occasion to tell him that there were officious people who busied themselves in telling his niece that his Majesty had some designs on her: that, if this were so, he begged to be employed: that the affair would be better in his hands than in any other; and that he could bring it to a successful termination?" The King

burst out laughing, and told him, 'Villarceaux, you and I are too old to meddle with damsels of fifteen.'"

By common consent, the *Belle Madelonne*, with all her beauty, cultivation, and intelligence, was an uninteresting person, and year after year passed away without producing an acceptable suitor for her hand. She inspired no passion; and an alliance with her family — Frondeuse and Janséniste, with de Retz and Bussy for its illustrations — offered small prospect of rising in the only place in which young ambition then could rise, at court. The mother's impatience and irritation at the bad taste or want of spirit in the male sex, are betrayed in her correspondence. In reply to Bussy regretting that the young lady had not been so fortunate as her friend, Mademoiselle de Brancas, recently married to the Prince d'Harcourt, Madame de Sévigné writes, "The prettiest girl in France is your very humble servant; this name sounds agreeable enough, I am however tired of doing it the honours." Bussy replies: "The prettiest girl in France knows full well what I am to her. I long as much as you for another to aid you in doing the honours; it is in its bearings on her that I recognize the caprice of destiny, as well as in my own affairs." A month later, Madame de Sévigné resumes: "The prettiest girl in France is more worthy than ever of your esteem and friendship. Her destiny is so difficult to comprehend, that, as for me, I can make nothing of it." Emblems and devices were in vogue, and the device of this young lady (engraved on her seal) was a pomegranate, with the motto: *Il piv (piu) grato nasconde* — implying that her best qualities were unseen. The precise contrary was the fact.

A husband was found at last in the person of the Comte de Grignan, the head of an illustrious family, who had held high employments and buried two wives; aged thirty-seven, plain in person and distinguished in manners. The great event is thus announced to Bussy by Madame: —

"I must tell you what no doubt will give you pleasure. It is, that at last the 'prettiest girl in France' marries not the prettiest young man, but one of the most 'honnêtes hommes' in the kingdom; whom you have long known. All his wives have died to make way for your cousin, and even his father and his son, out of extraordinary kindness; so, being richer than he has ever been, and being moreover by his birth, by his establishments, and by his good qualities such as we could wish, we do not haggle with him as it is customary to do, but put our trust in the two families that have gone before us. He ap-

pears much pleased at our alliance, and as soon as we hear from his uncle, the Archbishop of Arles — his other uncle, the Bishop of Uzès, being here — the affair will be completed before the end of the year. As I am a sufficiently precise lady, I would not fail to ask your advice and approbation. The public seems satisfied, that is much; for we are so foolish that we seem to regulate ourselves by *that*."

Bussy replies that she is right in supposing that the news would give him pleasure: "There is only one thing that alarms me for the prettiest girl in France: it is that Grignan, not yet an old man, is already at his third wife; he uses up almost as many wives as coats, or at least as coaches; with this drawback, I think my cousin fortunate; as for him, there is nothing wanting to his happiness." The bride elect was a little staggered by the same reflection, and although Bluebeard was the creation of a later age, she experienced, by anticipation, an ill-defined fear of such a character. Her scruples were got over, as well as the more reasonable objections of Retz, to the uncertainty touching the Grignan estates, which Madame Sévigné imprudently neglected to clear up. She paid over the dowry (60,000 francs) without inquiry, and the marriage took place on the 29th of January, 1669.

As marriages go, it may be called a happy marriage, in spite of the pecuniary embarrassments to which there are frequent allusions in the letters, and in spite of the husband's peculiar style of ugliness, which led to his being nicknamed *Matou* (Tom-cat). "It is certain," says M. de Walckenaer, "that Madame de Grignan was afraid of attracting the attention of the King. When she appeared at court with her husband, whose ugliness formed so strong a contrast to her own beauty, not only did she abstain from any refinement of dress, but she ventured to shock the despotic will of fashion, by hiding under a far from becoming garment the charms which the young women of her age were bound to display." In a letter of the following year, Madame de Sévigné asks: "Do you remember how sick we were of that horrid black cloak? This disregard of appearance was that of a virtuous woman; M. de Grignan may thank you for it; but it was very tiresome for the lookers-on." There was a Lady Edgeworth who, in consequence of the marked admiration of Charles II. at her presentation, refused to attend his court a second time. But one of the darkest catastrophes in English history was brought about by the opposite behaviour of a wife.

When Athelwald, says Hume, entreated Elfrida to conceal her beauty from Edgar, "she promised compliance, though nothing was farther from her intention. She appeared before the King with all the advantages which the richest attire and the most engaging airs could bestow upon her, and excited at once in his bosom the highest love towards herself, and the most furious desire of revenge against her husband."

The Comte de Grignan was appointed Lieutenant-General of Provence (virtually Governor) in November, 1669, and immediately left Paris. Madame de Grignan, detained by her confinement and other causes, did not join him till January, 1671; and this, the first separation of mother and daughter, is the turning-point of their common history; and, according to the biographers, the starting-point of the mother's epistolary fame. Expressing the popular notion, Madame de Puliga says, "The letters of Madame de Sévigné would not be the monument of genius they are, had Madame de Grignan remained in Paris; but not at such a price would Madame de Sévigné, we feel sure, have bought the eminent place posterity has awarded her." She was forty-five in 1671, and had been an assiduous correspondent since she was fifteen. She had already written most of the letters to Bussy, which laid the foundation of her fame: the letters to Pomponne on the trial of Fouquet, and the letters to Coulanges describing the Grande Demoiselle and Lauzun romance. She would have gone on writing in the same fashion in any case, but she was evidently stimulated into restless, feverish activity by her passion for her daughter: her pen was consequently more prolific upon general topics, and we are exclusively indebted to the separation for the passages in which her maternal love is so exquisitely delineated and expressed.

But was that passion an improving or elevating one? Did it strengthen her mind? Was it creditable to her understanding? Was it not positively injurious both to the object and herself? M. de Walckenaer says that she had strong literary tendencies, but that maternal love was to her what the love of fame was to other gifted women who wrote books; and that her daughter was the sole public she cared about. If so, the world may have lost, instead of gaining, by her unrestrained tenderness. St. Simon terms it her sole defect; and, speaking of Arnauld d'Andilly, she writes to her daughter: —

"He scolded me very seriously, and told me I was mad not to think of converting myself; that I was a pretty pagan; that I made you my idol: that this sort of idolatry was as dangerous as any other, though appearing less criminal to me."

Far from thinking it criminal, she took pride in it. She writes from Livry:—

"I make a little La Trappe of this place: I wish to pray to God and make a thousand reflexions. I intend to fast a great deal for all sorts of reasons, and above all *m'enrayer* for the love of God. But, my dear daughter, what I shall do much better than all this, is to think of you. I have done nothing else since I got here; and, unable to contain my emotions, I have seated myself to write to you at the end of the little dark walk you like so much, on the mossy bank on which I have seen you recline. But, my God! where have I not seen you here? And how all these thoughts pierce my heart! There is not a place, a spot, neither in the house, nor in the church, nor in the country, nor in the garden, where I have not seen you. In some way or other, I see you; you are present to me; I think and think again of all: my head and my mind are racked; but I turn in vain, I seek in vain: that darling child whom I love so passionately, is two hundred leagues away: I have her no longer; and then I weep without restraint."

This is genuine; yet the letters in which the same sentiment is produced and reproduced in touching forms of inexhaustible variety, bear a strong analogy to poetical compositions like Petrarch's Sonnets and Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. Except at the commencement, they spring quite as much from the imagination as the heart: the complaint, or sorrow, becomes by habit a luxury; and the writer finds a positive pleasure in exciting her fancy and then following its flow.

Conscious as she must have been of her daughter's defects, of heart and temper, she writes in 1686:—

"Is there any one in the world more enlightened, and more penetrated with wisdom and with your duties than you are? You know full well that you are above others; you have wisdom, judgment, discernment; uncertainty, because you are too enlightened; cleverness, insinuation, purpose, when you will; prudence, firmness, presence of mind, eloquence, and the gift of being loved when you desire it, and sometimes a great deal more than you desire. Paper is not wanting, nor the materials to fill it; but to say all in a word, you have in you all that is requisite to be whatever you aspire to. There are some people in whom the stuff is wanting. . . . My child, do not complain."

In the intercourse between these ladies,

the maxim, "The absent are always in the wrong," was reversed. It was only when separated that they agreed; and their occasional meetings were invariably followed by heartburnings and regrets. As a married woman, wrapped up in her husband, her children and her establishments, Madame de Grignan felt the ridicule of being petted and fondled like a child, and sometimes allowed her temper to get the better of her vanity. In 1671, Madame de Sévigné writes:

"You tell me I have been unjust on the subject of your affection for me, but I have been so even more than you imagine; I hardly dare own to you to what extent I carried my folly. I have imagined you felt an aversion to me, and I have believed it because I fancied your behaviour towards me was that which I should adopt towards those I hate; and only consider, I believed this dreadful thing when most ardently wishing the contrary! In such moments—I must lay bare to you my entire weakness—if any one had thrust a poniard into my heart it would not have wounded me so mortally as that fancy."

In 1677: "Let us, my child, re-establish our reputation by another journey, when we will be reasonable, that is you; and when we shall not be told, 'You are killing one another.'"

Madame de Sévigné was an irreproachable administrator of her own property, never got into debt, and gave her son the best advice on that subject; but, on hearing that a *marchande* of Paris had been endeavouring to get some money due to her from the Grignans, she writes:—

"Imagine making a journey of five hundred miles to ask for money from persons who send what they can, and are dying to send more! No person's arrival at Grignan could more have astonished me. When I heard it, I actually screamed. *You are reasonable, and did well not to ill-use her*; but how did you get out of her clutches and of her inundation of words in which one is drowned?"

For once, she hazarded a sensible remonstrance against the high play in which the Grignans indulged:—

"I hear on different sides that you both lose all you stake. Why, why, such ill-luck? why that perpetual little drain I have always found so inconvenient? . . .

"Continued ill-luck provokes and offends. We hate thus to be mocked by Fortune. The advantage others have over us is humiliating, though it be only a trifle. My love, Nicole expresses that so well. I hate Fortune, and am well convinced that she is blind to treat you in such a fashion. If she had but one eye, you would not be so unlucky."

And again, a month afterwards : —

"You have wonderful ill-luck; you always lose. This swallows up a great deal of money. I cannot believe you have enough not to feel these continual losses. Take my advice, do not persist. I feel more than you do that perpetual ill-luck. Remember that you have spent all that money without diverting yourself. Quite the contrary; you have given five or six thousand francs to bore yourself. My child; I am getting too earnest; you must say, like Tartuffe, 'It is an excess of zeal.'"

A complete contrast to his sister, Charles, Marquis de Sévigné (born in 1648), was endowed with his mother's joyous temperament and much of her ready wit. When under the same roof with her, he fell in with her tastes and ways, walked, talked, and read with her, and was a most delightful companion, which may be one reason why she never idealizes him when absent. He was brave and honourable, and had served with distinction; but he was dissipated and extravagant, a sort of Charles Surface in his way. The third Earl of Orford defined timber "an excrescence on the earth's surface, placed there for the payment of debts." Lord Alvanley having sent orders for the cutting down of more timber on his estate, the agent wrote that "there was nothing left standing but the sign-posts," — "Then cut them down." The Marquis de Sévigné entertained the same view of the final cause of timber. His mother writes, in 1680 : —

"I was yesterday at the Baron, and returned at night. I thought I must have cried on seeing the degradation of this estate. It possessed the oldest trees in the world; and my son during his last journey had them felled. He also sold a little clump which was truly beautiful. All this is pitiable. He carried off four hundred pistoles, of which he had not a sou remaining a month after. It is impossible to understand what he does, nor what his stay in Brittany cost him, where he was like a beggar, for he had sent back his footmen and his coachman to Paris, and he had no one but Larchemin with him in this town, where he remained two months. He has found out how to spend without keeping up an appearance, how to lose without gambling, and how to pay without getting out of debt; always a thirst for and a want of money in peace as in war. It is an abyss of I know not what, for he has not a single fancy, but his hand is a crucible in which gold melts. My child, you must endure all this. All those afflicted dryads I saw yesterday, all those venerable rural deities who no longer know where to find shelter, all those old crows established for two centuries in the horror of those woods, those owls, who in this obscurity announced by their mournful cries the miseries of all men —

all this yesterday uttered complaints to me that sensibly touched my heart; and who knows that some of those old oaks have not spoken, like the one in which Clorinde was? * This place was a place of enchantment, if there ever was one."

His affair with Ninon made her tremble for his religious principles, to which, like other French mothers, she attached more importance than to his morals : —

"But how dangerous she is, that Ninon! If you knew how she discourses on religion, you would be horrified. Her zeal to pervert young men is equal to that of a Monsieur de St. Germain whom we once saw at Livry. She says your brother has the simplicity of a dove."

Soon afterwards : —

"Ninon has thrown him over : he was unhappy when she was fond of him : he is in despair at her caring for him no longer, and so much the more that she does not speak of him with much respect. She says he has a soul of *bouilli*, a body of wet paper, a heart of pumpkin fricasseed in snow."

Besides lavishing the most fulsome praises on the daughter's beauty, which was real, the mother expatiates on her popularity, which was entirely fabulous : —

"Madame du Gué has written to Monsieur de Coulanges that you are as beautiful as an angel. She is charmed with you, and well pleased with your politeness. . . . Do you know that to be remembered by you is considered a fortune? Those who are not, long for the distinction. The word you sent for my aunt is beyond price; you are very far from forgotten."

Bussy says, in a letter to Madame de Scudéry, in 1678 : —

"That woman [Madame de Grignan] has wit but of so sour a kind, her pride is so insupportable, that she will make herself as many enemies as her mother has made friends and admirers."

In addition to the drain on her resources from the son's extravagances, she was frequently sending presents to her daughter: a pearl necklace, for which she paid twelve thousand livres, being one. She was therefore occasionally obliged to put the screw on her farmers and agents, who were always in arrear. Starting for Brittany in 1680, she writes : "I am going like a fury to be paid. I am determined not to listen to any excuses. It is a singular thing what a quantity of money is owing to me. I shall always be saying like the *Avare* : 'Money, money!'" She relents a little on

* She refers to the 13th canto of Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered."

arriving. "What annoys me is to be doing harm; but when I play at drowning, and I ask myself which am I to drown, Monsieur de la Jarie (a farmer) or myself, without hesitation I say, Monsieur de la Jarie, and that gives me courage." Her courage rapidly melts away: "It is true that since I have arrived here, I have been giving away rather large sums: one morning 800 francs, another 1000, another 5000, &c. It seems I am joking, but it is a too positive fact. I find farmers and millers who owe me these sums, and who have not a sou to pay me: so I am compelled to give it to them." Fond as she was of town life, she has an unaffected fondness for rural enjoyments, and there is a natural ring in her burst of pleasure at being rid of some pretentious acquaintance at Vichy:

"At last I am going to be alone, and I am very delighted at it. . . . Provided they don't carry the country off with them, the river, the hundred of little woods and streams, the fields, and the peasants who dance in the fields, I consent to bid adieu to all the rest. The country alone will cure me."

Whether in town or country, she was never without objects of interest. She read a great deal: she fixed each Cynthia of the minute; and there was no phase of the national mind which she let pass unobserved, no fleeting fashion in speculation or sentiment with which she did not fall in sufficiently to mark its tendency and appreciate its force. The attached friends with whom she lived in intimacy were so numerous that the puzzle is how she found time for all of them.

The Duchesse de Longueville was the dream of Rochefoucauld in his prime, Madame de la Fayette his consolation in his decline. She said of him, "Il m'a donné de l'esprit, mais j'ai reformé son cœur." Madame de Sévigné was with them almost daily, and formed one of the circle at Rochefoucauld's house, to whom he read his Maxims for the express purpose of inviting comment. In reference to his sufferings from the gout, she writes: "His château en Espagne is to be well enough to be carried to his friends' houses or into his carriage to take the air. . . . He begged I would tell you that those racked on the wheel only suffer one moment what he undergoes half his life, and that he looks for death as his *coup de grâce*." When his son was killed and his grandson wounded at the passage of the Rhine: "I have seen his heart laid bare in this cruel affliction: he is in the first rank of all I know for courage, merit, tenderness, and reason. I say nothing of his wit and his agreeability." The admirable character of him by de

Retz was said to have been provoked by one of himself by Rochefoucauld, shewn him by Madame de Sévigné. Speaking of Madame de la Fayette's grief at his death, she says: "Nothing could be compared to the confidence and charm of their friendship: my daughter, think of it; you will see that it is impossible to sustain a greater loss, and one which time can less easily compensate. *I have not quitted her during all those days.*" She writes to her daughter in 1671: "Did you not think the five or six fables (La Fontaine's) charming that are in the volume I sent you? We were all enchanted with them at M. de la Rochefoucauld's, and we learnt by heart '*Le Singe et le Chat*.'" Several of the fables were submitted in manuscript or read to her prior to publication.

She was still more devoted to her distinguished relative, de Retz, whom she called "the hero of the breviary," by way of contrast to Turenne, "the hero of the sword." In one letter she actually goes the length of telling her daughter: "The dear Cardinal has nearly put you out of my head." In another: "I must see our Cardinal to-night. I must pass an hour or two with him before he goes to bed." Again, "We strive to amuse our dear Cardinal;" and after mentioning that she had been of the party when Corneille, Boileau and Molière read their newest works to him, she adds, "It is all they can do for his service, and it is not little." Not one of her numerous letters to him has been preserved.

Her literary taste and her prescience were long called in question on the supposition of her having said, "*Racine passera comme le café*" — neither Racine nor coffee having passed away or blown over. She said nothing of the sort. The phrase is La Harpe's, based on a pure fiction of Voltaire's. On the 16th March, 1672, she wrote: "Racine writes plays for La Champmeslé: * this is not writing them for ages to come. If ever he ceases to be in love, it will be no longer the same thing. Our old friend Corneille for ever, then." Four years later, March 10th, 1676: "There you are, then, cured of coffee for good and all: Mademoiselle de Méri has also banished it. After such mishaps can we count upon fortune?" It is only by tearing these passages from the context, garbling them, and placing them in juxtaposition, that the semblance of authority can be produced by Voltaire when he states, "Madame de Sévigné is constant in the belief that

* The actress with whom Charles de Sevigne fell in love.

Racine will not go far: she judged him like coffee, of which she said that people would soon leave it off." This having passed without contradiction, he ventured a step farther in the Preface to "Irene:"—

"We are indignant with Madame de Sévigné, who wrote so well and judged so badly. . . . We are disgusted by this wretched party spirit, with its blind prejudice, which makes her say, 'The fashion of admiring Racine will pass away like the fashion of coffee.'"

When Racine was first set up as the rival of Corneille, the court and the playgoing public were divided into two factions, and Madame de Sévigné eagerly upheld her old friend and favourite Corneille.* When coffee was first introduced, she complained of its heating properties and recommended the dilution of it by milk. As the warmth of controversy cooled, she became one of the most enthusiastic admirer of Racine, and one of her biographers, M. Aubenas, suggests that the merit of inventing *café au lait* is due to her.†

"We sup every evening with Madame Scarron," writes Madame de Sévigné in 1671; "she has an amiable mind and marvellously straight. It is a pleasure to hear her reason on the horrible agitations of a country (the Court) she knows well: the despair felt by D—— when her place seemed so miraculous; the continual rages of Lauzun, the gloomy chagrin and melancholy ennui of the ladies of St. Germain, — and perhaps the most envied (Madame de Montaplan) is not exempt: it is pleasant to hear her talk about all this. These discourses lead us sometimes very far from morality to mortality, one while Christian and one while political. We often speak of you: she likes your mind and your manners; so, when you find yourself here again, you will not have to fear being out of fashion."

The widow Scarron, who afterwards (1685) became the wife of the great monarch, had been selected by his mistress, Madame de Montespan, to take charge of her illegitimate children by his Majesty. This was her position when Madame de Sévigné passed every evening with her and attached so much importance to her

good word. The fact is she was quietly working her way upwards in a way which inspired esteem whilst it augured and justified success. *Rien n'est plus habile qu'une conduite irréprochable*, was her maxim; and Louis, satiated with pomps and vanities, tired of facile pleasures, fell, and fell irrevocably, under the yoke of a woman who told him unceasingly that all earthly enjoyment was as dust compared with the welfare of his soul. The serious turn he took about the middle of his reign, and the religious persecutions that ensued, were clearly owing to her influence; yet his religion was pure bigotry at best, whilst there was neither earnestness nor sincerity at any time in hers. She took it up, after a careful study of the King's character, as the instrument best adapted for her ends; and the selection does the highest credit to her perspicacity. It was in reference to her diligent performance of her religious duties during the life of Scarron, who burlesqued everything, that she said, "I did not act thus to please God, but I wished to be looked up to: my passion was to make myself a name." On another occasion she declared there was nothing she would not do to get the reputation of a *femme forte*. She wrote to Ninon de l'Enclos in 1633, to tell Rochefoucauld that his book of "Maxims" and the book of Job were her only studies. In illustration of the King's religion it is authentically told that he objected to the appointment of a man to a foreign mission because he was a Jansenist, but withdrew the objection on being assured that the nominee was simply an Atheist. It was under the joint auspices of this well-assorted pair that the Edict of Nantes was revoked in 1685—the year of their marriage—and that an ascetic gloom settled down, during their joint lives, upon the Court.

It had already become the fashion to be devout,—for frailty to take refuge in sanctity; and what was said of the chief heroine of the Fronde might have been said of many others: "*Elle se sauve sur la même planche de l'ennui et de l'enfer*." Speaking of the example set by Madame de Sablé when she retired to Port Royal, M. Cousin says, "*Elle donna à Port-Royal plusieurs belles pécheresses, entre autres, Madame de Longueville*." Madame de Thianges is another striking instance; for she was ludicrously proud of her beauty and her birth, and a professed *gourmande* to boot. It was she who said that "one does not grow old at table"—*on ne vieillit point à table*. Madame de Sévigné's sketch of this lady is in her happiest manner:—

* In 1670, at the mischievous suggestion of Henrietta of England, Duchess of Orleans, the two great dramatists brought out each a tragedy on the same subject. Corneille, "*Tite et Berenice*;" Racine, "*Berenice*." The palm was awarded to Racine, who was then in the maturity of his genius. Corneille was in his decline.

† The history of the phrase in question is given in detail by M. Fournier in his "*L'Esprit dans l'Histoire*," chap. 1. He awards to Madame Cornuel the phrase attributed to Madame de Sevigne of *la monnaie de Monsieur Turenne*, used to describe the generals who succeeded the great commander. It was Madame de Grignan who, when her daughter married a financier, said, "*Il faut quelquefois fumer ses terres*."

"M. de Grignan is right in telling you that Madame de Thianges has given up her rouge, and wears high dresses. Under this disguise it is difficult to know her again. She is often now with Madame de Longueville *dans le bel air de la dévotion*; but she is still very good company and by no means an anchoress. I was sitting next her the other day at dinner, when a servant brought her a large glass of *vin de liqueur*. She turned to me and said, 'Madame, this fellow does not know that I am *dévôt*.' This made us laugh. She speaks very naturally of her intentions and her change. She is on her guard in what she says of her neighbour; and when anything escapes her, she stops short, and utters a cry, detesting the bad habit. I find her more agreeable than before.

"There are bets that the Princesse d'Harcourt will not be *dévôt* a year hence, at this hour that she is Dame du Palais, and will take again to rouge; for this rouge, it is the law and the prophets: all Christianity turns on rouge. As to the Duchesse d'Aumont, her taste is for burying the dead. They say that, on the frontier, the Duchesse de Charost killed the people with her quack medicines, and that the other duchesse buried them off hand."

When the Marquis de la Fare abandoned Madame de la Sablière for the gaming-table, she took refuge in devotion; and Madame de Sévigné speculates on the many strange methods by which souls may be saved:—

"You ask what has made this solution of continuity between La Fare and Madame la Sablière. It is *bussette*. Would you have believed it? It is under this name that the infidelity stands confessed: it is for this prostitute, *bussette*, that he has given up this religious adoration. The moment was come when this passion was to cease, and even pass over to another object. Would one believe that *bussette* could be a way to salvation for any one? Ah, it has been truly said, there are five hundred thousand roads which lead to it."

It was not unusual for a fine lady of the Louis Quatorze period, who fell in with the fashion, to pass through three stages—to be by turns *galante*, *savante*, and *dévôt*. Madame de Sévigné escaped being either, although, from the atmosphere in which she lived, a strong pressure was put upon her to be successively all three. But it required all her rectitude of understanding and genuine piety to keep her clear from the prevalent spirit of bigotry. When the Protestant divine, D'Abbadie, published a book on "The Truth of the Christian Religion"—which she calls "the most divine of all books"—the question was anxiously mooted whether the author, being a Huguenot, could be saved. Madame de Coligny "was ready to wager he would not die a Huguenot," deeming it "not pos-

sible that Jesus Christ would allow one who had so well served Him to perish." "And I," says Bussy, "who answer for nothing, I say that, if Abbadie dies in his religion, it would make me believe that we can be saved in both." Madame de Sévigné concurred with Bussy that, under such very peculiar circumstances, a Huguenot might be saved. The struggles she underwent are strikingly portrayed in her letters:—

"One of my strongest desires would be to be devout; * I plague La Mousse [the Abbé] every day on this subject. I belong neither to God nor the Devil. This state of mind annoys me, though, between ourselves, I think it the most natural in the world. One does not belong to the Devil, because one fears God, and that one has a principle of religion at bottom. One does not belong to God, either, because His law seems hard and one does not like to destroy oneself. This composes the lukewarm, whose great number does not surprise me at all. However, God hates them: we must, therefore, get away from them, and there's the difficulty."

This difficulty or dilemma must have been disagreeably present to her when she said, "Want of reason offends me: want of faith hurts me." The best and wisest have been frequently at a loss how to reconcile the two. When Madame de Minton thought she had solved the problem, Madame de Sévigné said to her, "*Vous êtes bienheureux d'être sûr de ces choses-là.*"

St. Simon reports that, in the hottest of the controversy about grace, she said, "Thicken me your religion a little: it is evaporating altogether by being subtilized."

There was a formulary condemning the Jansenist doctrines as heretical, which the nuns were required to sign, Pomponne's niece among the rest; and she writes to him:—

"Our sisters of Sainte-Marie (Jesuits) said to me: 'At last, God be praised! God has touched the heart of this poor creature; she has put herself on the way of obedience and salvation.' From thence I go to Port Royal. There I find a great anchorite of your acquaintance (his father), who begins by saying to me, 'Well, this poor little goose has signed: God has abandoned her at last; she has taken the leap.' For my part, I was ready to die with laughter at thinking on what preoccupation brings to pass. There is the world as it goes for you! I believe that the middle between these extremes is always the best."

Like Johnson, she dreaded advancing years and death:—

* The word *dévôt* was used in two senses: to express real devotion, or the sentimental seriousness in vogue, such as was satirized in "Le Tartuffe."

"I find myself in a dilemma, which embarrasses me. I am embarked in life without my consent: I must leave it. This binds me to the earth, and how shall I leave it — where? by what gate? When will it be? In what disposition? Shall I suffer a thousand and a thousand pangs which will make me die despairing? Shall I have a brain fever? Shall I die of an accident? How shall I stand with God? What shall I have to offer Him? Fear, necessity — will these make my return to him? Shall I have no other sentiment than that of fear? What can I hope? Am I worthy of Paradise? Am I worthy (*digne*) of Hell? What an alternative! What a dilemma! Nothing is so insane as to place one's salvation in uncertainty; but nothing is so natural, and the foolish life I lead is the thing in the world the most easy to understand."

Yet she met death with Christian resignation when it came suddenly upon her in a form and manner to realize her fears. She died at Grignan of the small-pox, on the 17th April, 1696, in the seventy-first year of her age, neither son nor daughter being present to receive her last wishes or close her eyes. Paussy, who long before her death had done her ample justice, wrote this inscription for her portrait:

"Marie de Rabutin, Fille du Baron de Chantal,
Marquise de Sévigné, Femme d'un Génie
extraordinaire
et d'une solide Vertu, compatibles avec beau-
coup d'Agéments."

Madame de Puliga suggests that this inscription would form an appropriate epitaph, and concludes her book with it, translated thus:—

"Marie de Rabutin, Marquise de Sévigné,
Daughter of the Baron de Chantal,
A Woman of extraordinary Genius and
solid Virtue, coexistent with
many Charms."*

The character of Madame de Sévigné lies on the surface. It presents so rare an assemblage of good qualities, so nicely balanced, so admirably adapted to her position and her sex, that it is a positive injustice to her to exaggerate them: and to

* Walckenaer (vol. iii. p. 107) gives a different version of this inscription and we think an improved one, describing her as "Femme d'un Génie extraordinaire, et d'une Vertu compatible avec la Joie et les Agéments." "Solid Virtue" is clumsy; and "la Joie" was so characteristic of her, that it was said, "La Joie de son esprit en fait la force." It will also be observed that "compatible" is singular, and not connected with "Genie." Madame de Puliga, without any apparent reason, converts it into "coexistent;" and in her translations from Madame de Sevigne she too frequently forgets that the best tribute to an admired author is to translate as literally as the genius of the language will admit. — Almost all the translations in this article are our own.

introduce her to the English public with a flourish of trumpets, is a palpable mistake. Unduly raised expectation prepares the way for disappointment. Knowing how fond the ladies and gentlemen of the time were of drawing what they called portraits of one another, Madame de Puliga might surely have spared us the three pages and a half of fulsome flattery by Madame de la Fayette with which the first chapter opens. Could it please or elevate a sensible woman of thirty-three, with a grown-up daughter, to be addressed in this fashion:

"It is not my wish to overwhelm you with praise, nor to trifle time away by saying that your figure is perfect, that your complexion has a bloom and freshness which assures us you are but twenty; that your mouth, your teeth, and your hair are unrivalled; — no, I will not tell you all this, your mirror alone is sufficient. But as you do not waste time by consulting it, it cannot tell you how charming you are when you speak; and this is what I must reveal to you.

"Your mind is great, noble, fitted to dispense treasures, and incapable of stooping to the care of hoarding them; you are alive to *glory and ambition*, and no less so to pleasures: you appear born for them, and they appear to have been created for you; your presence augments diversions, and diversions augment your beauty when they environ you. In short, joy is the true state of your soul, and grief is more antipathical to you than any one else. You are naturally tender and passionate, but to the shame of our sex this tenderness has been useless to you, and you have confined it to your own, in bestowing it upon Madame de la Fayette."*

We are sorry to say that Madame de Puliga has been led away by her enthusiasm into much the same style of vague eulogy. She insists on calling her heroine "great"; and, in a spirited Preface, frankly recapitulating her claims as a biographer, she states that one of the chief aims in this "labour of love" has been "to shew Madame de Sévigné, perhaps more than has yet been done, as a woman and as a philosopher." Madame de Sévigné was not "great"; and it is because she was every inch a woman that she was *not* a philosopher. Greatness implies lofty aspirations, comprehensive views, the subordination of purely personal to public ends, of the present to the future, of the family to the State. Philosophy is shewn by self-control, by reducing things to their just

* This portrait or *éloge* was signed "Un Inconnu." It was one of many composed at the suggestion of Madame de Sablé; who one evening proposed to the circle assembled in her *salon* that they should all write portraits or characters of one another or themselves. Madame de Sevigne fixes the date in 1659.

value, by never suffering feeling or sentiment to get the mastery of reason. Madame de Sévigné was the child of impulse, tremulous as an Eolian harp to every passing breeze: she lived *au jour le jour* for the objects of her affection: she was wrapped up in her family and friends: she was never in advance of her age: she had no ambition: and if (which we doubt) she was ever attracted by glory, she gave up for her daughter what was meant for mankind.

In the first Arctic expedition under Ross, when the ships were icebound, private theatricals were got up by the officers for the amusement of the crew, one of whom, disgusted at what he thought the cold applause of a comrade, exclaimed, "I call it philosophy, by God." It must be from the same spirit of enthusiasm that the term "philosopher" has been applied as a term of praise to Madame de Sévigné.

The history of the famous Letters, including the times and manner of publication, is one of the most curious things relating to them. Epistolary excellence was not confined to Madame de Sévigné. Several of her female contemporaries rivalled her. Sainte-Beuve instances Madame de Coulanges, along with whom he might have named Madame de la Fayette; and Walpole says that, when he first fell in with Madame de Maintenon's letters, they made him jealous for his favourite. This may account, in some measure, for the little care taken of them by her correspondents; and she kept no copies. Bussy alone estimated them at their true value from the first: enlightened, doubtless, by their association with his own. The two cousins never came to a permanent breach, because they felt that they understood each other better than any one else understood either of them. When they clashed, it was like flint and steel, striking out sparks. Even when he persisted in writing to her in a manner which she disapproved, she could not make up her mind to forego the pleasure of the correspondence, but simply gave him warning that she would shew all his letters to her aunt. She told him "*Vous êtes le fagot de mon esprit*," i. e., the fire-lighter or fire-reviver.

Portions of their correspondence were published in his "*Mémoires*" in 1694. Bayle, then at work on his Dictionary, was so struck by her share of it, that he wrote to a friend at Paris to inquire about her, saying, "I see nobody who doubts that the letters of Madame de Sévigné are better than Bussy-Rabutin's. This lady had a great deal of sense and wit. She deserves a place amongst the illustrious women of

our age. . . . I should be very glad to know something of her history; I would willingly put her into my Dictionary." He did not carry out this resolution; and thirty-one years elapsed before any more of her letters were unearthed. Then they began to come out mysteriously and by dribblets. First, "*Lettres Choies de la Marquise de Sévigné à Madame de Grignan sa Fille*," published in 1725 by a printer of Troyes; no named editor; a volume of seventy-five pages, containing thirty-one letters or fragments of letters. Secondly, two volumes with the same title, in 1726, reprinted twice within the year, as well as an addition containing forty-three letters more, both by known, although not named, editors.* Eight years afterwards came the edition by the Abbé Perrin in six volumes, extended to eight volumes in 1754. The Abbé took strange liberties with his text, altering and suppressing at will; yet the learned and polite world were obliged to rest satisfied with the Letters in this unsatisfactory state, till the appearance of the first Monmerqué edition of 1843. That, so garbled and mutilated, they fascinated the most fastidious critics of the eighteenth century, is a decisive proof of their inherent excellence:—

"You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

"Then you have undone yourself with me," writes Walpole to Mann in 1749; "for you compare them (his own letters) to Madame de Sévigné's: absolute treason! Do you know there is scarce a book in the world I love so much as her Letters." They were adopted as the model of his own. "Her style," says Mackintosh, "is evidently copied, not only by her worshipper, Walpole, but even by Gray: notwithstanding the extraordinary merit of his matter, he has the double stiffness of an imitator and of a college recluse."

The main sources of their popularity may be the anecdotes, the historical sketches, the traits of character and manners, the witty sayings and fine reflections, that abound in them; but their distinctive charm to the amateur is their freshness, their vivacity, their high-bred ease and grace, the colloquial flow of the language—her art of pleasing without ever once thinking about it—*son art de plaire, et de n'y penser pas*—of interspersing the simplest

* Brunet, "*Manuel du Libraire*," 1864. But see Walckenaer, vol. iii. p. 344; and the *Notice* prefixed to the abridged edition of 1870. Perrin was the first editor who had the consent and co-operation of the family.

domestic details with sparkling turns and fancies, like the princess in the fairy tale who could not comb her hair without strewing the floor with pearls. They are conversation in writing, which (we agree with M. Suard) all letters from absent friends or relatives, with no definite end, should be. We almost fancy we hear her talk as we are reading them, and we become attached to her as to a companion who brightens or lightens every topic that we touch upon. How well we can picture to ourselves her meeting her German friend the Princesse de Tarente (who was constantly in mourning for some scion of royalty) in colours, and saying to her with a curtsy, "*Madame, je me réjouis de la santé de l'Europe :*" or orally concluding her account of the exiled Stuarts at St. Germain with the remark, "*Pour le Roi d'Angleterre il y paroît content, et c'est pour cela qu'il est là :*" or leaning her head upon her hand she lets drop, "There may be so great a weight of obligation that there is no way of being delivered from it but by ingratitude." Her story of the Archbishop of Rheims (Tellier) might be told with good effect at a dinner-table:—

"The archbishop was returning at a great pace from Saint-Germain—with a rush like a whirlwind. If he thinks himself a great lord, his people think him a still greater. He was rattling through Nanterre, *tra, tra, tra*. They meet a man on horseback, *gare! gare! gare!* The poor man wishes to get out of the way: his horse does not, and so the coach and six horses knock the poor man and the horse head-over-heels, and pass over them, so completely over them, that the coach was overturned and turned upside down (*versé et renversé*); whilst the man and the horse, seeing no fun in having their bones broken, get up again as if by miracle, remount, the one upon the other, and take to their heels, and are running still, whilst the lackeys, and the coachman, and the archbishop himself are bawling after him: 'Stop the rascal! stop him! Give him a hundred lashes.'"

The Archbishop, in telling her the story, said:—

"If I had caught that scoundrel, I would have broken his arms and cut off his ears!"

Her reflections on the death of Louvois sound like spoken eloquence:—

"He is no more then, this powerful and superb minister, whose *moi* occupied so much space—was the centre of so many things! What interests to disentangle, what intrigues to follow, what negotiations to conclude! . . . 'O my God! a little time yet! I want to humiliate the Duke of Savoy, to crush the Prince of Orange: one moment more.' No, you shall not have a moment, not one!"

We do not doubt her when she says, "*J'écrirai jusqu'à demain: mes pensées, ma plume, mon encre, tout vole.*" Yet whilst her thoughts, her pen, her ink are flying—whilst she is covering the ground at an archiepiscopal pace, she scatters maxims which Rochefoucauld or Vauvenargues would have meditated on for months without improving them:—

"Les longues maladies usent la douleur, et les longues espérances usent la joie!"

"On n'a jamais pris longtemps l'ombre pour le corps: il faut être, si l'on veut paraître. Le monde n'a point de longues injustices!"

Had Johnson read this when he laid down that, when the world thinks long about a matter, it generally thinks right? She wrote of de Retz:—

"Mon Dieu, qu'il est heureux! que j'envierais quelquefois son épouvantable tranquillité sur tous les devoirs de la vie! On se ruine quand on veut s'acquitter!"

Sir James Mackintosh, after finishing the perusal of her letters, sets down in his Journal:—

"The great charm of her character seems to me a natural virtue. In what she does, as well as in what she says, she is unforced and unstudied: nobody, I think, had so much morality without restraint, or played so with amiable failings without falling into vice. Her ingenuous, lively, social disposition gave the direction to her mental power. She has so filled my heart with affectionate interest in her as a living friend that I can scarcely bring myself to think of her as being a writer, or as having a style; but she has become a celebrated, probably an immortal, writer, without expecting it: she is the only classical writer who never conceived the possibility of acquiring fame. Without a great power of style, she could not have communicated those feelings to others. In what does that talent consist?"

Want of space would prevent our speculating on this question were we ever so much inclined to it. But there is little use in analyzing any talent or genius which is inimitable. "We expect," said Lord Macaulay, "to see fresh Humes and fresh Burkes before we again fall in with that peculiar combination of moral and intellectual qualities to which the writings of Walpole owe their extraordinary popularity." We expect to see fresh Madame de Staëls, fresh Mrs. Somervilles, fresh George Sands, fresh George Eliots, before we again fall in with that rich and essentially feminine organization to which the letters of Madame de Sévigné owe their extraordinary charm.

HIS LITTLE SERENE HIGHNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "DORCHLAUCHTING" OF
FRITZ REUTER.

WHILE his Serene Highness and the poet, each after his fashion, made this triumphal progress through the people, the Herr Kammerdiener Rand was sitting, quite dejected and melancholy, in Kunst's booth, beside Hofrath Altmann, talking alternately of good times and bad times, and of good weather and bad weather, and of every possible thing except the great embarrassment under which they labored at the Court, and Hofrath Altmann was mischievous enough to let him wind himself deeper and deeper into the snarl, for he knew very well what he wanted. At last Rand plucked up courage, and took a bite at his sour apple. He began in this way:

"Well, and to-morrow we have company again. Friedrich Franz of Schwerin is coming. That will cost another five groschen."

"Yes, times are bad," said the Hofrath. "Butter costs three groschens again."

"And we must make preparations for all sorts of festivities, and how expensive it will be!"

"Yes," said the Hofrath, sighing in the most Christian way, as if he had a deep compassion for the general distress. This sigh gave Rand fresh courage, and he continued: "And where shall we get the money?"

"Times are very hard," said Altmann; "they will give you only five eggs for a shilling."

"Eh, I wasn't talking about that; we can get along as regards butter and eggs, and the other necessities of life; it is only when we need ready money."

"You are right, Rand," said the Hofrath, and he looked at the Kammerdiener as if he were astonished at his great penetration, "you are right, that is it exactly—the ready money."

"We are not so very badly off, either; we shall get our income in eight days or so."

"No, that isn't bad; but it belongs to human life. I intended to be married during the next fortnight, but—this confounded ready money!"

"Eh, what?" said Rand, launching into his project immediately. "You have plenty of it, and if you want to marry —"

"Yes, Rand," interrupted the Hofrath, who had no notion of letting himself be married so easily; "but, butter three groschens, only five eggs for a shilling, and then his Highness's displeasure!"

"Eh, that is not so bad as you think, if you only —"

"Give up marrying, you were going to say," interrupted the Hofrath, "for —"

"No," cried Rand. "I mean, if you will only advance us a little money, until St. John's day, the displeasure will be all over."

"No, Rand," and the Hofrath stood up, buttoned his coat, and reached for his hat, as if he meant to go, "when I gave you money, you let me fall into disfavor; if I give you none, perhaps I may come into favor again. What does my marrying matter to his Highness?"

"That is what I said, it is what I said!" cried Rand, holding him fast. "And he sees it so, now. Now sit down again, sit down! He is so gracious towards you in his mind—just try him! I will bring him here," and Rand ran out of the booth.

"Yes, for the sake of the money!" cried the Hofrath after him.

"No, no," cried Rand, in return; "he will do anything you wish."

Meanwhile, Kunst's guests and the musicians had returned to the tent, and dancing had commenced again. The poet Kägebein and Korlin-Dorimene floated, in their blessedness, high above all the other couples; and Kägebein's nose did so, in a literal sense, for he held it aloft as if his whole poetic fame rested upon it, and the world would suffer if it were not seen. He was obliged to stop, after a while, to recover breath, and happened to stand near the Hofrath. Even in this condition, which would disable an ordinary man, Kägebein could not quit rhyming. After a couple of gasps, he began. "Damon," said he to the Hofrath.

"Eh, what!" laughed the latter, who was in great good humor at the prospect of the service he was about to render to his Highness. "My name is Altmann, not Damann!"

A regular poet does not let himself be put out of countenance. "Damon," began Kägebein again:

"Happily the time has passed away,
Punch and cakes we have enjoyed to-day.

Dorimene, the dearest dear,
In my arms is dancing here.

And his Highness me befriended,
As he from his boat descended
Took my book in gracious hand
'Mid the cymbals sounding grand.

Only one thing more desires my soul, —
Rand and thou my destiny control, —
Dorimene entreats with me,
That 'Court-poet' I may be."

"That is magnificent!" laughed Hofrath Altmann. "We must have that, to be sure! Ha, ha, ha! And Korlning, what will you be? — Court-poetess?" and he stroked Korlin-Dorimene's cheeks till they turned orange-color again, and Kägebein allowed it; for he was a genuine poet — he was not disturbed by such a vulgar passion as jealousy; he had only the Court-poet in his eye.

But now Rand came into the tent with his Highness, and the band played a "Von Pharaon,"* and Kunst came forward again with the goblet of punch, and his Highness graciously took it and drank, and turning to the company, who were standing against and upon the benches all around, he said, in a very distinct voice, he hoped his dear subjects were all quite contented; and Kunst took up the word, and cried:

"Karl! A fresh glass for every subject! Not to be paid for!" And taking a glass in his own hand, he cried: "Our Serene Highness of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Adolph Friedrich the Fourth, hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" shouted everybody.

"And may he long remain a gracious Herr to us Nigen-Braunborgers! Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!"

"And may he long live on our market-place, as our gracious prince and neighbor! Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!"

His Highness returned thanks in a few words, and walked along the rows, speaking to one here and another there, quite naturally, as if he were really an ordinary human being like the rest; and when he came to Kägebein, he descended so many steps from his royal throne, that he patted Kägebein on the shoulder, and said to him he had given him a great pleasure to-day, and he should always read in his book every evening at bed-time. And the poetic impulse came over Kägebein again, and he was about to present Dorimene as his bride, and petition for the office of Court-poet, but while he was feeling for the Kammerjungfer's hand, some one crowded before him, muttering, "The devil take you!" and, with a profound bow, he let himself be shoved aside. Behind this profound bow appeared the crafty old face of the Hofrath, and his Highness looked at him very graciously, and said:

"Good-day, my dear Hofrath, how goes it?"

The Hofrath let his head droop with an

air of the greatest reverence, and drawing down the corners of his mouth, replied:

"Badly, Serene Highness, very badly! Butter costs three groschens again, and only five eggs are to be had for a shilling; and money is so scarce; and then the displeasure of his Serene Highness, which I have unfortunately incurred —"

"Hm, hm," interrupted his Highness, good-naturedly, "come and see us to-morrow — we will take you into favor again. And as a proof of it, ask a favor of us now."

Now the favor which the Hofrath wanted was one which he could not ask in public. It was as good as promised him, if he would advance the money; but he must ask something, his Highness looked at him so graciously; he must ask something, Kägebein looked at him so pitifully; so he laid aside his own advantage, and gave vent to his good spirits in a jest.

"Serene Highness has so loaded me with favors, that I have nothing left to ask for," — here his Highness, with a gracious nod, was about to pass on; but Kägebein folded his hands so imploringly, that the Hofrath hastily added: "If, however, your Highness will turn your princely favor upon another very deserving subject, then, your Highness, make this poet your Court-poet!"

His Highness looked rather hurriedly at the poet — why not? He had all that pertained to a Court, but he had not as yet a Court-poet; it had never occurred to him to keep such a rare bird to sing for him; but then again, why not? He grasped his sword with his left hand and touched his little three-cornered hat with his right, in token that weighty affairs of state were engaging his thoughts, and asked: "What is he called?"

"Kägebein, Advocate Kägebein," stammered the poet, as if he stood before the gate of heaven, and St. Peter had demanded his passport.

His Highness advanced one foot a little, looked earnestly upon the surrounding company, and said, over Kägebein's bent shoulders: "I hereby appoint the Advocate Kägebein to be my Court-poet."

With that he was going to pass on, but that was not allowed him, — even a Prince has not only rights to exercise, but also duties to perform, — and his Highness must now receive the "faltering thanks" of the new Court-poet. Kägebein had fallen upon one knee before his Highness, — Korlin-Dorimene, in her capacity of bride, had sunk down in a courtesy behind him, — and he began to stammer:

* The word "fanfare" is thus rendered in the popular phrase.

"The highest joy have I received,"

and now buzzed through his head: conceived, believed, retrieved, reprieved, deceived, but he got no further; he stuck fast. Usually his Pegasus was all saddled and bridled; but at this moment, this crowning moment of his life, the infamous beast must balk. And it is remarkable, I have always noticed that all the poets, when they have reached the height of their ambition and become Court-poets, begin to stammer pitifully. It is melancholy, but it is true.

He would have stammered yet longer, if Rand had not interposed. The brave Kammerdiener bent down to his Highness's ear, and said: "Serene Highness, Schultsch —"

"What of Schultsch? Donkey! At this moment?"

"In Schultsch's tent Halsband is dancing — our Halsband, with his bride!"

"What? what?" cried his Highness, and turned hastily towards Schultsch's tent, just at the moment when Halsband, in his gay runner's uniform, danced forward in the circle with his Stining. His Highness quite forgot his new Apollo, when he beheld his Mercury, and in such a place! His wrath would have broken out immediately if Rand had not said, secretly:

"Softly, Serene Highness, softly! Not on that rascal's account, but on our account, and because of the people."

His Highness restrained himself, and went with slow, princely steps towards Schultsch's tent.

"Krischan," cried Schultsch, who thought this was a friendly visit, and wished to receive it in a becoming manner, "draw the cork from the bottle, and pour out!" and as Krischan — who was not easily thrown off his balance, even by princely favor and honor — did not stir, since he noticed his Highness' singularly earnest manner and the sharp glance he fixed upon the runner, she sprang forward and held out to his Highness a great tin mug of foaming beer, saying: "Thank God! Serene Highness comes to us, too. Well, if we are not —" but Rand pushed her back; his Highness went past her without taking the slightest notice, and walked directly up to the runner.

"Did we not send you to Berlin?"

Wilhelm Halsband had formed as correct a judgment of his master's demeanor as Baker Schultz, and read in his eye that the visit was meant for him. Stining had noticed his Highness, had then looked her

Wilhelm in the eye, and a fearful anxiety came over her; she tried to get away, but the runner held her hand tightly, and whispered to her: "Stand fast! Hold out! It must come, sometime!"

"Did we not send you to Berlin?" asked his Serene Highness again, with still greater emphasis, as Halsband, who was busy with Stining, did not answer immediately.

"Gracious Herr," said the runner, making a deep reverence, "I have been there; I have discharged the errand, and have the answer to my letter here."

With that, he was about to give his Highness the letter.

His Highness stood, for a moment, quite confounded. What! His runner had run forty miles in three days and a half, and must certainly have waited half a day for the answer! It made such an impression upon him, that he came near praising him before all the people; but his brave old Kammerdiener preserved him from such a blunder, by muttering, as if to himself: "That is very singular; had a letter, and did not deliver it!"

"Yes," said his Highness, "why did you not come to the palace and deliver the letter?"

"Serene Highness had appointed the time for to-morrow morning," said Halsband, very discreetly, and made another bow, but held fast his Stining, who was ready to sink into the earth with shame. "And then I saw Serene Highness's gondola on the lake, as I was crossing the upper meadow, and I thought I could deliver the letter here."

So far, this was very reasonable; but it did not suit Rand's purposes, and the Kammerdiener remarked scornfully, to himself: "And then he is dancing here!"

"Yes," said his Highness, angrily, "and then you are dancing here? Jumping about, with that person! — with that person there? What sort of a person is that?"

"Serene Highness," said Halsband, standing up steadily before his master, and looking him boldly in the face, "that is no person; that is an honest burgher's daughter, and she is my bride."

Rand twisted his eyes dreadfully at these words, and would have poured a little fresh oil upon the flame; but it was not needed — his Highness blazed up brightly enough without it.

"Bride? And you say that to me! — you say that to me!"

"Yes," said Halsband, throwing his arm about Stining to hold her up, for she looked

ready to faint. "And, Serene Highness, I must ask for my discharge, — I can no longer be runner."

"I will bride you! I'll discharge you!" cried his Highness. "Tear that person away from the fellow!" he cried to his lackeys, and it might have been done, but when the need is greatest, the help is nearest. Dürten Holzen had been drawing nearer to her sister during this disturbance, and now pressed between her and the lackeys, crying:

"Touch her if you dare! God have mercy on the man who lays a finger on my sister!" and with that she took her sister in her arms, and turned towards his Highness. "And if the Emperor himself stood here before me, he should not shame my sister! What has that child done? Because she is the runner's bride? Serene Highness, was not your own mother a bride?"

"What!" cried his Highness, falling back a step or two, "This to me? Use force!" he added, to his lackeys.

"Force! — Force against a couple of harmless women? And if you have such a spite against us, was not your own mother a woman?"

"Who is that? Who is that person?" asked his Highness, trembling with rage.

"Oh, that is Dürten Holzen," said Rand.

"Ah!" said his Highness. "That is the one who is going to marry the Conrector."

Ah, God bless her, poor Dürten! It seemed to her that every eye could see into her heart, and read what she had so carefully concealed there. Where was her courage to stand before kings and emperors? She had not courage to look her neighbors in the face. She stood there, glowing with shame, and had not strength to hold up her sister. Krischan Schultz sprang forward, and shoved himself with his broad shoulders between her and his Highness, and supported her, and would have taken her away, when a woman's voice from behind the crowd called: "Let me through! I must get there!" and a tin beer-mug hovered back and forth over the heads of the company, and Krischan cried: "No, don't let her through, neighbors! She cannot bridle her tongue."

And his Highness turned away and ordered that they should bring the runner into the gondola, and passed, with his servants, through the people, grim and silent, only Rand now and then muttered: "Auh! Auh!" for Schultsch had given him a dig in the ribs with her beer-mug, which had sent the strong-beer running down into

his shoes and stockings, and had made a face at him, which told him clearly that henceforth the beer would take that course, rather than down his throat. And his Highness crossed the lake, in his gondola, and the business had a great resemblance to the story of Wilhelm Tell, for Halsband was named Wilhelm, and was carried off, like the other Wilhelm, in a boat; but he did not spring out when they came to the bend nor shove off the gondola into the raging billows; for there were neither billows nor tempest, and his Highness was neither Landvogt nor Landdrost, — no, he was reigning Sovereign.

And along the shore walked the two poor maidens, who were ashamed to raise their eyes, or to meet the eyes of other people upon the ordinary road. They stole secretly through the alder-bushes, along the brink of the lake, and Stining cried quietly to herself, and Dürten looked pale and pressed her lips together. And her lips trembled, as if from sorrow or else from hatred, and her eyes shot such glances over the smooth lake, towards his Highness's gondola, as if they would bore holes in the boat, and let the whole company go to the bottom, who had brought this misery upon them, and with it Stining's unhappiness and her own disgrace.

CHAPTER XII.

What the Herr Conrector had to do at Nigen-Strelitz. — How Jochen Schlutow and Shoemaker Grabow's apprentice balanced clay pipes on their noses. — Too late! — Who is the fool? — How the Herr Conrector dis-coursed with his stomach. — Will she have me? — She will, and the Herr Conrector plays the violin. — His Serene Highness lies on Stining's bed, and Schultsch has to bridle her tongue; but she can get the news cried by the night-watchman.

EARLY the next morning Dürten Holzen went through the streets to the post-house, carrying the Herr Conrector's cloak, to bespeak a place for him in the mail-wagon; for this was the day on which he was summoned to appear at Nigen-Strelitz about the cane business. As she entered the post-office, Jochen Schlutow, the postilion, asked her: "Dürten, will he go with me on the box, or will he enter his name regularly with my brother?" The postilion's brother was the Herr Postmaster.

"Jochen," said Dürten, "how can you think that my Herr would ride on the box?"

"Well, if he chooses to play the dunce, it is nothing to me! But it would be much cheaper for him; and why then does he not ride with Hofrath Altmann and Kunst?"

They have ordered an extra this morning. Krischan Ramlow drives them."

"If my Herr wanted to ride extra," said Dürten, "he could take an extra for himself; he need not be dependent on the Hofrath and Kunst." With that she went in and engaged his place.

Punctually at six o'clock the Herr Conrector sat on the wooden seat of the open wagon, which was at that time the regular mail-equipage, and asked Postmaster Schlutow at what time they should reach Nigen-Strelitz: he must be there by twelve o'clock, for he had a law-suit.

"So you can," said the post-master; "you can go very well in this way; you will be there by eleven o'clock. Jochen, you must be there by eleven."

"We will see to it," said Jochen, and they started.

The Herr Conrector sat in the post-wagon, alone with his thoughts; and if their company was not very agreeable, he was at least contented that they did not tread on his toes or punch his ribs. But this pleasure was not to last long, for as they came out of the gate, there stood a maiden with a bandbox under her arm; a little further on, an old woman with a basket; then a young man with a knapsack, and an old man with a little box, and by every one Jochen Schlutow pulled up: "P-r-röh! Come, get up with you!" And by the time they came to the Tannen-Krug the wagon was well filled with "box" passengers, and they got off and did their duty by Jochen, and treated him. And so it went at every ale-house, and the ale-houses were numerous on this road.

The Conrector sat in deep thought. His neighbor across the street? Yes, that was all over with; the anchor which he had thrown out in that direction, with a view to matrimony, was torn up. And the law-suit? That must be decided to-day. Dürten had all along talked so cheerfully about not minding it in the least, that he had felt quite safe; but this morning she had not a word to say, she had been so still and constrained. There must have been a reason for it;—what ailed Dürten? Could she have thought that the business was going badly? And if it should, where was the money to come from? Who had money? Hofrath Altmann had money, and Kunst was well to do, but —

"Tereng! tereng! tereng!" blew a horn behind him, while with these troubled thoughts he was passing the time before the Red Krug where Jochen Schlutow and his box passengers were entertaining themselves. He looked around. Hofrath

Altmann and Kunst drove past in their extra post; Kunst glowered and laughed spitefully, and the Hofrath cried: "Conrector, don't sit too long before the Red Krug! Twelve o'clock is the last term." Then they drove on.

The Conrector was sufficiently provoked to turn him to other thoughts. He pulled out his watch. Good heavens! it was half after ten, and here they sat before the Red Krug! "Postilion! Jochen Schlutow!"

A "box passenger" looked out of the window.

"What is the matter?"

"Good heavens! it is half after ten, and here we are sitting before the Red Krug!"

"No, we are sitting inside!" laughed the passenger, and closed the window.

"Jochen Schlutow! Postilion!"

Another passenger laughed out, over the half-door: "Herr Conrector, get down! Here is sport,—Shoemaker Grabow's apprentice and Jochen Schlutow have wagered a bottle of brandy who can balance a clay pipe on his nose the longest."

"Thunder and lightning!" cried the Conrector, springing down and running into the room. There were Jochen Schlutow and the shoemaker's apprentice, balancing pipes on their noses, and it was not very clearly to be distinguished whether their swaying and staggering motions were due to the beer and brandy or to the pipes.

"What nonsense is this?" cried the Conrector. Crash! fell Jochen's pipe to the floor. "Are we going to Strelitz, or not?" asked the Conrector.

"Oh, we shall get there by-and-by," answered Jochen, rightfully angry.

"Yes; but too late. I must be there by twelve o'clock."

"It is none of my business," said Jochen.

"You are my brother's passenger, and these others are mine, and they have plenty of time."

"I will complain of you!" cried the Conrector, in great wrath.

"A good many have done that; but nothing ever came of it," said Jochen, as he stumbled out of the door. "But come along now!" he added, and when they were all seated, he drove slowly on. They had not gone more than fifty rods, however, when he turned off to the right, out of the road. "P-r-röh!"—and there they stood still.

"Why don't you drive on?" cried the Conrector.

"I cannot, I dare not," said Jochen. "Don't you see him? Don't you hear him? There he comes! That is the outrider

of the Schwerin Duke: he is coming to-day from Berlin, and going to Bramborg, and the post must get out of the way and lie still, out of respect to the Duke."

The outrider passed; the Duke passed; the carriages with the Court-servants passed, always with a considerable space between them, and not until the last had gone by could the post-wagon be set in motion again. The Conrector looked at his watch again and again; the pointer showed him more and more clearly his misfortune; but there was no help for it. At a quarter after twelve they stopped before the post-house at Nigen-Strelitz.

The Conrector threw his cloak over his shoulder, sprang from the wagon, and ran, as if his head were on fire, along the street, towards the Court-house. But on the way he was met by the Hofrath and Kunst, and the Hofrath called to him, from a distance: "Gone by default! Judgment entered! With costs!"

"And the cane is mine!" said Kunst, as they came nearer, and he surveyed his brother-in-law with a peculiar smile.

The Conrector stood confounded for a moment. The business which had so long tormented him was concluded, and to his injury; but now he knew where he was, and a feeling of rest came over him. He was not to blame for the embarrassment.

"The cane is not yours," said he, coldly and sternly to his brother-in-law; "the money is yours, and I shall find means to pay it. Good-day to you!" and he turned to go.

"Conrector, wait a minute!" cried the Hofrath.

"Brother-in-law, listen to me!" cried Kunst, and ran before him.

"Yes, Conrector, listen to us," said the Hofrath, coming up on the other side. "The whole affair has been nothing but a joke!"

"What?" asked the Conrector, looking at Kunst, cold as ice.

"Yes, it was a joke," said Kunst, hastily. "You see, the next morning after Christmas day, the Hofrath came in and rallied me because I had not got the cane, and I was provoked, and wagered him ten thalers and ten bottles of wine that I would get it away from you; and so I made out the account to tease you a little: but I would not have kept it, — I should have given it back to you."

"And so you have kept me in distress and anger for half a year, and this lawsuit hanging over me, just that you might make sport of me with your companions?" asked the Conrector, and his voice trem-

bled, as if he controlled himself with difficulty. "That is —"

"Don't, for God's sake!" interposed the Hofrath. "The thing is all over; Kunst has lost the wager, and now he must —"

"Yes, brother-in-law," interrupted Kunst, hastily, "we drove over with an extra on purpose, so that I might withdraw the complaint, and here it is," and he held out a legal document.

"And Kunst must pay the costs and his wager; and now, come, Conrector, the wine will taste good, and we will make a day of it," said the Hofrath; and he tried to take the Conrector's arm and lead him with them. But strange thoughts were working in the Conrector's mind. He twitched his arm away from the Hofrath, and stepping back a couple of paces, he said:

"So you have been playing me a trick? You have been making sport of me, as if I were a fool? And now you stand before me, like a couple of fools, and think to make good, with a glass of wine, all the wrong you have done me! I do not drink wine with such people!"

Then he passed on, and they stood there, not looking like the wisest people in the world, and it did not appear as if their merry day would amount to much.

The Conrector went directly out of the city by the way on which he had come, and the strange thoughts kept working in his mind; anger and indignation contended with the feeling of relief at being set free from a great perplexity. "Shameful!" said he to himself, "shameful, to make such a laughing-stock of me! What do such fellows care for bringing an honest man into trouble, if they can only have their joke? One is rich, the other makes a great deal of money: why cannot they leave a poor man to enjoy his hard earnings in peace? And to think what might have come of it! Here have I been robbed of my rest and almost of my senses, all this time, by this trumpery! No, no. It may have been so to them, but it was no trumpery to me. How should I have raised it on short notice? It would take me years to lay by so much! And what might have come of it, if I had been driven in my recklessness to propose to Kägebein's yellow treasure? I should be ashamed to think that I had sold myself for money, and that I must be supported in my old age by a rich wife! God bless me, I seem like a scoundrel to myself. Here am I, sound in soul and body, and is this the thanks I owe to the Lord, who has saved me from making such a fool

of myself, and leaving the ground on which I have stood, all my life, of honest labor and trust in God? Don't you think, Conrector Aepinus, it would have been a fine business, having such a rich wife? What! And you would let yourself be pensioned off, and sit all day looking out of the window, with a black cap and a long pipe, and see your scholars going by to school, and you have nothing more to do with them; and you would speak to a little rogue now and then, and find that they were forgetting, under the new Conrector, all that you had taught them? Oh, it makes me angry to think that I ever had such an idea in my head!"

Such a scolding and reasoning went on in his head and heart, as he plodded with energy through the Strelitz sand, in the midday heat; and it was not long before his stomach began to scold, and this poor, abused organ complained so loudly that the other two must hold their peace. "The devil knows what possesses you, to go trudging through the sand at this time of day, and in such hot weather. Usually you sit quietly in your chair, about this time, and we have comfort in each other, and nobody says a word, and we have pious and thankful thoughts towards God and towards Dürten; and now you go on giving up to those two, the head and the heart, and forget all about me! You should consider my claims; those others are not so important as I am, by a long way. No, Herr, I shall not stop, and if you do not attend to me directly, I will upset the gall into your liver, and then you may do more stupid tricks, and it will be long before you will be free from vexations." And the old stomach growled and grumbled so intelligibly that the Herr Conrector said angrily to himself:

"And there must I, in my stupidity, run away from that fine Nigen-Strelitz, where so many thousand people are comfortably eating their dinners, and suffer with hunger and thirst here on the highway, only to spite those two rascals, who are no doubt sitting over their wine and cracking their jokes at me! The devil take the whole concern! But, thank God!" he added quickly, "there is the Red Krug!"

And when, by the help of the landlady, he had arrived at a good understanding with his stomach, and had silenced its last grumblings with a couple of glasses of red wine, and at a much slower and more comfortable pace than before walked on in the lovely May weather, the Herr Conrector found himself in quite a different mood; and he looked with pleasure at the green

fields and sniffed the fragrance of the pines, and said to himself: "This is a beautiful world, after all, and one ought to be thankful to God for it; it is really a sin to indulge in such bad temper. Eh, well! one cannot help feeling vexed sometimes, when the school-boys play their stupid tricks, or such a couple of rascals make sport of an old man, or Dürten sends one a pair of breeches into church, but one should not yield to anger, and let it lead one out of the right way. Why should I complain? I am healthy, have all the work I can do, and can bear it well, there is no danger of tedium. I have always had enough, and I do not care for high living,—not that there would be any sin in living better, if one could afford it,—but the tongue is only a short end where it tastes good, as Saddler Fabe used to say; and the man was right—it does not signify. But old age! That must come, and will come, and then how lonely I shall be! Eh, so long as Dürten stays with me, I shall do very well, but if she—Oh, no! She has no thought of marrying, she has often said; and then who is there to marry Dürten Holzen? But she might leave my service; she actually did go, day before yesterday. Well, what if I made a sort of contract with her, that she should stay with me during my life and hers? I could give her a couple of thalers more wages; but that would be a shabby sort of contract—what would people say to it? Eh, what is it to me what people say? If I stand alone, and nobody troubles himself about me, I need trouble myself about nobody. But—hm! hm!" said he, falling into a quicker pace, as if to run away from his thoughts, "Conrector Aepinus, Cantor Aepinus, you are out of the right path again, you are going the wrong way. What? You think it is wrong in his Serene Highness now to release the runner from his service, and you want to treat a white, Christian, Nigen-Bramborg burgher's daughter as if she were a black, heathen slave? She shall sell herself to you for all her life, shall serve you with love and kindness, take care of you in your old age, bear with all your whims, and for all that you will offer her money? A white, Christian burgher's daughter of Nigen-Bramborg! And how Christian she is! She has a pious soul and a virtuous heart. And how white she is! So white and so red! How red! she turned when she tried to go out of the room day before yesterday, and I put my arm around her, and—preserve us! must I plague myself to-day with all my follies? Eh, what!" he cried, and tore his cloak

from his shoulders, and, throwing it down by the bank of the ditch, he seated himself upon it. "The thing must come to a conclusion!—but with reflection and consideration," he added, more quietly. And so he sat beside the ditch, and looked over towards Nigen-Bramborg, which lay before him in the evening glow, and thought and thought. "Come, I am no school-boy," said he, and started up, "I can do what I please." But he sat down again, saying, "Yes; but because I am no school-boy, I must first look at the business on all sides." And he looked it all over, and when he came to the end he began at the beginning again.

The sun was quite down, when he stood up and said to himself: "I am clear in my own mind. I cannot spare Dürten—I have felt it before, but I never knew it till to-day—she has grown into my heart. Yes, yes! It was different with my blessed Lotting; but thirty years and fifty make a difference,—properly speaking five-and-fifty, but in such an important matter a few years do not signify. The business will be a little cooler—it will be more, as they say at present, 'with the highest mutual respect.' Stuff and nonsense! If I wanted to marry for the 'highest mutual respect,' I might as well marry our good old Pastor Bollen. No, Dürten, my Dürten Holzen is in my eyes a lovely girl, and she is a brave girl and an intelligent girl, and she has comprehension. How easily she understood what I told her about electricity! I could help her on a little in many things: she is still young enough to learn. But what would people say? what would his Serene Highness say? Well, I should not trouble myself much about it; but everybody would say, 'He has married an uneducated person.' But I beg of you, for God's sake, what is education, really? Everybody whom one asks gives a different answer, according to his trade. One person thinks she is educated if she can deck herself out in the fashion; another, if she can dance a minuet; a third, if she can speak a little French; a fourth, if she can pour out tea and not upset the cups; but nobody thinks that the chief requisite, in a good education, is that the head be bright and clear, the will firm and good, and the heart warm and soft. And that is so with Dürten—it is so with my Dürten Holzen. Yes, it is true, she is often a little hasty, and breaks out a little; but I could cure her of that—she would get over it. She does everything that I wish; she lets herself be guided by me entirely."

By this time he had come to the Stargard gate, and he stopped suddenly and looked at the gate, as if he were the famous cow that looked at the new gate, and he said: "Yes, but if she will not have me?" And as he entered his house-door, his heart was asking, "If she will not have me?" It was twilight when the Conrector stepped into the passage. Dürten opened the door of her room. "Who? Good heavens! is that you, Herr? I thought you would not be back till evening, with the post."

"No, Dürten," said the Conrector, and stepped into Dürten's room, "that would have kept me too long, and I had a great anxiety to be at home again. The business with Kunst is all over."

Dürten said nothing.

"Are you not glad of it? And are you not glad that I am at home again?"

Dürten said nothing, but bent over a drawer and busied herself with its contents.

"Dürten," asked the Herr Conrector, "what does this mean? This morning when I went away, you were so silent that you scarcely said 'good-by' to me; and now you are so again, and can scarcely say 'welcome.'"

"Herr Conrector," said Dürten, raising herself, but looking away, "I am glad that all has turned out well, and I am glad that you have come back safe; but something troubles me, and I must tell you sooner or later. I must leave you."

The Conrector stood as if the lightning had struck him. "If she will not have you," echoed through his heart, and he could scarcely ask: "What does this mean, Dürten? Have you not forgiven the harsh words I gave to you day before yesterday?"

"That is long forgotten," said Dürten, with a deep sigh. "This is something quite different, and I cannot tell you what it is. If you had been at home to-day, however, you would have heard it from the boys on the street."

"What do you mean? You will leave my service, without giving any reason?"

"Have mercy on me, Herr!" said Dürten, and she turned towards him and clasped her hands on her breast, "I cannot tell you. I know you have the right to keep me; but have mercy on me—let me go!"

And though it was almost dark, such a deep sadness shone upon him from her eyes, that the old gentleman was quite touched; he went up to her, and threw his arm about her, and said:

"My dear, dear Dürten, what ails you? Tell me! I am your best friend."

"Yes, that you are; but for that very reason ——" and Dürten released herself from his arm. "I—I must get a light."

She pushed him aside, and lighted her lamp. The Conrector stood and rubbed his head, as if a very difficult passage in Greek had been given him to translate, and he could make no sense of it. "Tell me," said he at last, as the construction of his sentence still seemed too intricate for him, and he put his arm around Dürten again, and drew her down on the seat beside him, "tell me, am I to blame for your going away?"

"No," said Dürten, looking down.

"And you cannot tell me the reason?"

"No, Herr Conrector," said Dürten, and she looked at him imploringly, while the blood rose in her face, "I cannot tell you."

"Hm!" said the Conrector, and he got up and walked up and down the room, discussing the question silently with himself: "She cannot tell me, she says, and now shall I say it—but how? Good Heavens! If she will not have me? But I must know where I am," and he sat down again resolutely; threw one leg over the other,

leaned back a little, as he was accustomed to do at his desk in school, and began:

"Dürten Holzen, among the old Greeks and Romans, and among the Jews, too, that is to say the old Jews in the times of David and Solomon, the distinguished men——no, that isn't quite appropriate, and you wouldn't understand it, either; I must begin differently. You understand 'the Bible, and there it is written: 'It is not good for man to be alone;' and that is just as true of you as of me, and, if you leave me, don't you see, I shall be alone, and you will be alone."

"Herr, I cannot stay," said Dürten, and tried to rise.

"Dürten," said the Conrector, pulling her down again, "hear me out, first. You see, when I was coming back from Strelitz to-day,—well, I was angry at those two foolish fellows,—I will tell you about it, by-and-by,—and I thought how well you had advised me in the business, and what a brave and virtuous maiden you were, and how, in my eyes, you were a lovely maiden too. No, sit still, Dürten!" he cried, and threw his arm firmly around her, while he bent down to look in her face. "Then I thought to myself whether you would not like to be my wife?"

PALINDROME.—A word, verse, or sentence, that is the same when read backwards or forwards, as in the following

PALINDROMIC ENIGMA.

First find out a word that doth silence proclaim,	} Mum.
And that backwards and forwards is always the same;	
Then next you must find a feminine name	} Anna.
That backwards and forwards is always the same;	
An act or a writing on parchment whose name	} Deed.
Both backwards and forwards is always the same;	
A fruit that is rare whose botanical name	} Anana.
Read backwards and forwards is always the same;	
A note used in music which time doth proclaim,	} Minim.
And backwards and forwards is always the same;	
Their initials connected a title will frame	} MADAM
That is justly the due of the fair married dame,	
Which backwards and forwards is always the same.	

Notes and Queries.

THE annual destruction of human life in India by poisonous snakes, such as the cobra, the daboia viper, &c., is estimated by Mr. Fayer, Professor of Surgery at the Medical College in Calcutta, at nearly 20,000. It is an ascertained fact that in the course of 1869 no fewer than 11,000 deaths from blood-poisoning in this way occurred in Bengal, the Punjab, and Oude alone. Mr. Fayer is compelled to admit that none of the antidotes which are from time to time declared infallible are of any avail, and from experiments made upon fowls amputation within a few seconds of the bite is the sole remedy when the poison is likely to get into the blood. In order to discover an antidote for an animal poison, it would be necessary to find some means by which a liquid substance that finds its way into the circulation could be immediately followed by some other substance which would neutralize its effects. The gland in which the cobra carries its poison is placed at the back of the eye, and is about the size of an almond. Mr. Fayer, in the work which he has published on the subject, presses upon the Government the importance of offering still higher premiums for the destruction of poisonous snakes, with the cobra, as being the most deadly, placed at the head of the list.

Pall Mall Gazette.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

SEA NOVELS.—CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

THE past autumn has been rather unusually fertile in topics of naval interest. We have had a *Life of Captain Marryat*, the greatest of naval novelists. And we have had a controversy about the building of ironclads, which has once more served to show in what uncertainty the whole subject is involved: how difficult it is to know what an ironclad ought to be; or to conjecture, however vaguely, when we are likely to hit upon anything like a permanent type. It is by putting in juxtaposition such very different writings as Captain Marryat's novels, and Mr. Reed's letters to *The Times*, that we best see the change which has come over the Navy during a single generation. Both are excellent in their way; both engage the public attention, in spite of a considerable technical element. But the interest of Englishmen in the Navy, in Marryat's time, was altogether human and historical, whereas now it has become mainly mechanical and scientific. Everybody is confident—justly confident, say we—that the officers of the service are just as good men as their ancestors. But the service itself is in a period of transition, and is changing its whole material form month by month. The question, what varieties of personal character it presents, hardly excites curiosity. But how does the box turret surpass the cylindrical revolving turret? how many inches of iron plating will stop a 400-pound shot? what is the superiority of a twin screw? and what can an ironclad do under sail?—These are the characteristic and pressing inquiries of the actual period. It occurs to us, that while they are pending—and seeing that they are entirely matters for experts, and even a trifle dull—it occurs to us, we say, that a glance back at the old naval world, suggested by the biography of its best painter, will not be without refreshment to the general reader of the period. We are not of a sentimental turn, but we cannot help thinking that the general reader of nautical tastes will be in a bad way unless he courageously reverts to the masters of a past age. Dibdin's songs are almost as forgotten as Dibdin's singing. The nautical drama has perished in spite of T. P. Cooke's legacy; and a hornpipe will soon be as obsolete as a minuet. Where is the Greenwich pensioner, venerated by Cockneys?—that worthy who, by a curious coincidence, had always been in the very battle which most interested his hearers—who had contrived to be drafted

from Jervis's fleet, in which he had fought at St. Vincent (February, 1797), in time to fight under Duncan, at Camperdown (October same year), and yet to be back in the Mediterranean in time for the Nile, the year following? His Greenwich Palace—and alas! too, in some cases, his Greenwich wife—knows him no more, and his yarns are wasted on rural bumpkins, possibly grudging him his beer, in the obscure village where he moulders on his little pension. The loss, and with even more composure, the loss of T. P. Cooke himself, the well regulated mind can bear. But the good naval novelists—such men as Smollett, Marryat, Fenimore Cooper, Michael Scott, Herman Melville—some lesser ones, too, like Chamier and Glascock—these are men of a different kidney. Their novels give life to our history, and claim an honourable though modest rank in our literature.

Long before the time of the earliest of these writers, fitful glimpses of the British mariner are seen in old books. The character is as old as our race, the best part of which has lived within the smell of salt water ever since we have any memory of it. The Norseman, in a wolf-skin jacket, polishing his battle-axe as the vessel steered for the mouth of the Seine, was probably as good a seaman as has ever appeared since. The squadron which weathered a gale off the Spanish coast on its way to join King Richard at Marseilles, in 1190, must have been handled with skill as well as pluck, and did not owe its safety only to the blessed St. Thomas of Canterbury, who is well known to have appeared and said words of comfort over the raging sea. But the first portrait, we think, of an individual British tar in fiction, is the well-known Shipman of Chaucer, the Adam of all our novelists, no less than of all our poets:—

The hote sommer hadde made his hewe al brown;

And certainly he was a good felaw.

Ful many a draught of win he hadde draw
From Burdeaux-ward, while that the chapman
slepe.

Of nice conscience toke he no kepe.

Hardy he was and wise, I undertake:

With many a tempest hadde his berd be shake.

There is a family likeness between this worthy and all his successors since; and the remarkable expression of Clarendon, that "the seamen are a nation by themselves," shows how distinct a type they were at an early period. The naval officer

proper formed himself very gradually, the military and seafaring lines running parallel for a long time before they coalesced. And the earlier works of fiction in which seamen appear—*Gulliver's Travels* and *Robinson Crusoe*—deal with them as travellers rather than seamen. To the political object of Swift, and the moral object of Defoe, the nautical element was of little importance. A casual joke at a "tarpaulin" satisfied the wits of those times. No sea officer put his legs under the table of the Spectator Club, or steered the boat in which Belinda launched herself on the bosom of the silver Thames. When Congreve wanted to describe the lowest depth of ill-breeding, he described somebody as having come home polished like a skipper from a whaling cruise. And the monument to Sir Cloudesley Shovel, in Westminster Abbey, draws little from Addison but a reflection on the impropriety of adorning the good old seaman with a too elaborate wig. The Navy was still a young growing power, imperfectly organized, and imperfectly recognized: yet we shall do well to remember that it has never surpassed the service which beat the Dutch under the Commonwealth and the Spaniards under Elizabeth. Nay, by proper inquiry, we should find among the sea officers of those ages men who were not seamen only, nor skilful commanders only, but thinkers and discoverers, politicians and men of the world, such as Monson, Penn, Blake, Russell, and others.

Our naval fiction, however—the subject that more immediately concerns us—only dates from the period when the great-grandfathers of our present captains were on the look-out for wives. It was in the winter of 1740, when the fleet of Sir Chaloner Ogle was making ready to sail for the West Indies and the Spanish Main, that a young Scottish gentleman, Tobias Smollett, of the Smolletts of Bonhill in Dumbartonshire, very poor, very sarcastic, and very brilliant, but a kindly man by nature, withal, made his first studies of the maritime world of England. He had come to London with a tragedy—and little else—in his pockets; had failed to make any impression there upon patrons or publishers; and was now to employ the medical knowledge which he had gained at Glasgow, as a "surgeon's mate," in the service of his Majesty King George the Second. Like his national symbol, the thistle, he had a prickly wit and prickly temper, and also, like that symbol, a little purple crown of poetry, relieving the asperity with beauty. Sir Chaloner Ogle's

fleet made its way to the West Indies in the dead of winter, and arrived at Port Royal, Jamaica, on the 20th January, 1741. Here Admiral Vernon was waiting for it, to assist the Spanish War begun in 1739. This was the war satirically called the "Jenkins's Ear" War. It has undergone some revolutions of opinion. At first it was immensely popular. Later, it was repented of and condemned. Later still, it is seen to have been rendered necessary by the obstinate selfishness which made the Spaniards, though incapable of developing the South American trade themselves, intolerant of its development by higher races. Their *guarda-costas* had so behaved to English trading vessels, that the English were furious; and when Vernon took Porto Bello in December, 1739, he became suddenly the most popular man in the nation.

The rest of Vernon's performances in that war, with the disastrous result of the expedition against Carthage (March-April, 1741), is written in *Roderick Random*. That father of our sea novels is historical and biographical—*real*, therefore, in the best sense—from first to last. Roderick is Tobias Smollett himself. Roderick's grandfather is Smollett's own grandfather. We may be perfectly sure that Lieutenant Bowling, and Mackshane, the surgeon, Mr. Morgan, the surgeon's first mate, and the immortal Commodore Truncheon of another novel, were just as much on board that fleet as Sir Chaloner Ogle, Admiral Vernon, and Captain Knowles. Truthfulness is stamped on every line, and the rough, hard, brutal life—that a man bred in our present Navy looks back to with a kind of wonder, as to an antediluvian state of things—is seasoned with a humour the strong flavour of which is absolutely necessary to season materials themselves so coarse and dry. There is none of the romance of the sea in Smollett. It is downright Dutch painting of the inner life of a man-of-war that he gives us; and that from the point of view not of a seaman, but of a man of another profession placed among seamen by accident, and regarding them from the critical height of superior brains and education. What his domestic existence was in the position of surgeon's mate we may gather from the mess of those officers in an eighty-gun ship as described by Roderick Random:—

"We heard the boatswain pipe to dinner, and immediately the boy belonging to our mess ran to the locker, from whence he carried off a large wooden platter, and in a few minutes returned

with it full of boiled pease, crying ‘Scaldings’ all the way as he came. The cloth, consisting of a piece of an old sail, was instantly laid, covered with three plates, which, by the colour, I could with difficulty discern to be metal, and as many spoons of the same composition, two of which were curtailed in the handles, and the other abridged in the lip. Mr. Morgan himself enriched this mess with a lump of salt butter, scooped from an old gallipot, and a handful of onions shorn, with some pounded pepper. . . . My messmates eat heartily, and advised me to follow their example, as it was banyan day, and we could have no meat till next noon. . . . They told me that on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays the ship’s company had no allowance of meat, and that these meagre days were called banyan days.”

The medical officers were called to their duties in the following manner:—

“At a certain hour in the morning the boy of the mess went round all the decks, and, ringing a small hand bell, and in rhymes composed for the occasion, invited all those who had sores to repair before the mast, where one of the doctor’s mates attended with applications to dress them.”

Various refreshments now obsolete, such as “salmagundi” and “bumbo,” receive honourable mention from Roderick. And we may add, from other authority, that “grog” and sea novels came into the world at the same time. Admiral Vernon was the first officer to serve out the rum mixed with water in the form still used—a curious coincidence.

The most interesting naval character in *Roderick Random* is the hero’s maternal uncle, Lieutenant Bowling. In him Smollett seized at once, and fixed for ever, the old type of seaman—rough as a polar bear, brave, simple, kindly—and out of his element everywhere except afloat. Bowling has left his mark in many a sea novel, the key to his eccentricities being that he, and such as he, did really live more afloat than ashore; and in days when the shore life had not a fiftieth part of the close influence on the sea life which it has now. Hence, of course, his very language has little in common with that of other people—a peculiarity now seen nowhere except in stage sailors, of whom the world (as we have hinted already) has shown itself to be fairly tired—except, of course, in such exceptional cases as “Black-Eyed Susan,” written by a man of genius, who had himself been at sea. Bowling certainly carries the habit of professional speech as far as the limits of art will allow. At the death-bed of the mean old curmudgeon, Roderick Random’s grandfather, the lieutenant observes, “Yes, yes, he’s a-going; the land-

crabs will have him, I see that; his anchor’s a-peak, i’ faith.” And he startles the greedy relatives, after the old man’s death, with “Odd’s fish! now my dream is out, for all the world. I thought I stood upon the fore-castle, and saw a parcel of carrion crows foul of a dead shark that floated alongside, and the Devil perching upon our sprit-sail yard in the likeness of a blue bear, who, d’y’ee see, jumped overboard upon the carcase, and carried it to the bottom in his claws.” Yet the lieutenant is a good fellow, and of more tenderness than most men. Only his own sort of qualities are precisely the opposite of those of worldlings, and hypocrites; while sea life and war, and the hardening habits of the service, have made him indifferent to the social softening down of things, which, without amending hearts, refines manners. Bowling blurts out what his contemporary, Lord Chesterfield, might have equally said, but in a whisper and in an epigram. The frankness, which is still a marked characteristic of our naval officers, is only the freedom of the Bowling school strained, as it were, through three generations of increasing culture and amenity. The oak has got polished, and that is all; and there is a mighty difference between kinds of refinement, between polished oak and veneered deal.

Commodore Trunnion is, perhaps, more amusing than Bowling. He is not such a likeable man; and we are even left to doubt whether his wounds were all gained in action. But how irresistibly comic he is! His beating to windward in the lanes, his involuntary part in the fox-hunt—what capital specimens these are of that hearty natural comedy which is good not merely for the spirits and temper of the reader, but for his very lungs and digestion. Without disparaging the charm of subtle analysis of character, delicate tracing of sentiment, rare, choice ease of wit and irony—is it not good for us all, every now and then, to go back to those masters who honestly devote themselves to giving us downright fun? We laugh, inwardly, with the poetic and philosophical humourists: we laugh, outwardly, with Smollett, and those who resemble Smollett. There was no gentle tickling about his satire. It was all hard hitting, whether the subject be the brutal bullies, Dr. Mackshane and Captain Oakhum, or the loathsome fop, Captain Whiffle, radiant in silk, lace, and diamond buckles, who, when Random comes to bleed him, exclaims, “Hast thou ever blooded anybody but brutes?—But I need not ask thee, for thou wilt tell me a

most damnable lie." The reader to whom such subjects are new is surprised to find in Smollett a dandy glittering with gems, drenched with essences, and talking like the latest fashion of fool of quality, alongside the tarry veterans in check shirts, odorous only of pitch, tobacco, and rum. But the truth is, that this juxtaposition of opposite types was of very ancient date in the history of the Navy, and has only lately disappeared. There were good officers who were gentlemen, and there were good officers who were "tarpaulings." But the fools of each type supplied the comic material—such as the Whiffle we have just seen, of the one sort, or the Oakhum, to whose command he succeeds, of the other. Both were usually tyrants; but the best seaman of the two was rather the tyrant who smelt of tar than the tyrant who smelt of lavender water.

In painting these queer portraits, and showing their action upon the life of ships and squadrons, the naval novelist becomes a contributor to his country's naval history. What can the ordinary reader, indeed, make of naval history, generally, with its diagrams and technicalities—even of such excellent books as those of James, Captain Brenton, or Admiral Elkins? He must make preparatory studies if he really means to read them. But in a good sea novel, a sea fight is made living and intelligible, and the kind of men that the fighters were is brought home to him with a reality beyond the historian's reach. Hence, when Mr. Carlyle, in his great work on Frederick, has to touch on the Carthage expedition, he quotes *Roderick Random* as the best authority on the subject. Again, the working of the system by which the Navy has at different times been governed is admirably illustrated in such novels. What can be better, as a specimen of that mysterious power so well known down to our own day (when it is still strong) as interest, than the following speech made by poor old Lieutenant Bowling in hopeful mood? He thinks he can help Roderick:

"For," says Bowling, "the bundle of the Admiralty is my good friend; and he and one of the under-clerks are sworn brothers, and that under-clerk has a good deal to say with one of the upper-clerks, who is very well known to the Under-Secretary, who, upon his recommendation, I hope, will recommend my affair to the First Secretary; and he, again, will speak to one of the Lords in my behalf: so that, you see, I do not want friends to assist me on occasion."

No wonder that when Roderick next inquires after his good uncle at the "Union

Flag in Wapping" (fancy looking for a lieutenant in the Navy thereabouts in our day!), he finds that his "interest" has failed to get him anything, and that he has gone to sea as mate of a merchant ship. Here we have one of those touches of fiction which are also jets of light thrown on history. When the first man-of-war Nelson served in was paid off he was sent in a merchant ship to the West Indies, where he contracted such a dislike to the Navy that it was with difficulty that his uncle, Captain Suckling, could induce him to return to it. The master of that merchant ship, Rathbone, was an excellent seaman, and had risen to be what we now call a sub-lieutenant in the Navy, but had left it for Bowling's reasons. The influence of Rathbone had given to Nelson a bias which—had Captain Suckling not been his uncle, and a man of superior tact, to boot—might have turned away from the service him who beareth a name above every name in its glorious annals.

But we must now take leave of the "kindly Scot," who tells us that he had seen all the lakes in Europe, and preferred Loch Lomond to them all, and who rests at Leghorn, far away from the ancestral hearth which would have devolved to him if he had lived only a few years longer. The seamen whom he describes belonged to the generation which had been bred under Benbow and Shovel. The generation which succeeded them fought under the white flag of Rodney, or the blue flag of Keppel, in battles the memory of which has been eclipsed by the still more famous battles of the great war of the French Revolution. But it was not till the heroes of the latter struggle had passed away, or survived only as retired veterans, that the naval novel founded by Smollett reappeared in literature. It reappeared with a new distinctness of form. Smollett had created the *genre*, as it were, incidentally. His first object was to take a hero through a series of adventures, after the fashion of that most amusing of all great novels, *Gil Blas*. And having been at sea he drew from his experience with the freshness which nothing but experience can give. His shore novels are just as good as his sea novels; and he always viewed ship life from the stand-point of one who had been somewhat amused by it, somewhat disgusted by it, and was in no way interested in it except as an observer, whose vigorous sense (shown in many walks) was as remarkable as his robust humour. Captain Marryat, on the other hand, regarded his art with the eyes of a sea officer. The

broad arrow is visible — like a water-mark — on every page of his papers. His contemporary Fenimore Cooper differs from Smollett in the same kind of way, by looking on sea life as beautiful and interesting for its own sake; while he differs from Marryat in dwelling far less, and with less knowledge and detail, on the social and professional world of man-of-war existence.

We do not know that Cooper and Marryat had any influence upon each other; nor is the exact relative chronology of their books a matter of any importance. But it is natural — looking, as we do, on Marryat as the Lord High Admiral (to employ an appropriate figure) of all marine storytellers — that we should make him the standard of comparison by which to measure the class. We do not say that Marryat was a greater genius than Cooper. There are many on both sides of the Atlantic who would settle that question in Cooper's favour, on the strength of his Indian novels alone — novels highly praised by Carlyle, who cares little for fiction; and by Thackeray, himself a master in it. But with the Indian novels we have nothing to do here and now. And all we claim for Marryat is the superior importance of his nautical legacy to that of Cooper. He had every advantage over him in the race. Cooper served for some time, but Marryat devoted the best part of his life to service. And, without disparaging the American glories of the war of 1812, they will hardly be allowed to rival the body of tradition which the Englishman had to work upon. The earlier American glories of the War of Independence were not naval. Indeed, when Cooper, with a laudable desire to irradiate that struggle with a halo of romance, wrote his famous *Pilot*, he was obliged to concentrate the deepest interest on the figure of one who was only American (as he afterwards became Russian and French) officially, John Paul, who called himself Paul Jones. Except for his ideal appearance in the *Pilot*, the stout Galewegian has been unfortunate in literature. Formal naval history treats him as "a pirate" and "a renegade,"* and accuses him of something like mere plunder; while the novel by Allan Cunningham, of which he is the hero, is a very bad one.

The *Pilot* may be taken as a worthy sample of the maritime fiction of Cooper. "Long Tom Coffin" is a creation quite distinct from those of our side of the At-

lantic; for Cooper anticipated Hawthorne in seeking inspiration among native scenes, and treated his countrymen to home-brewed. Tom "was born while the boat was crossing Nantucket shoals," and loves the sea as "his native soil." He has been a whaler before being a man-of-war's man, and his favourite weapon continues to be a harpoon. When the U. S. schooner *Ariel* sees a dead whale being devoured by sharks, the sight makes Tom melancholy. "If I had the creatur' in Boston Bay, or on the Sandy Point of Munny-Moy, 't would be the making of me! But riches and honour are for the great and larned; and there's nothing left for Poor Tom Coffin to do but to veer and haul on his own rolling-tackle, that he may ride out the rest of the gale of life without springing any of his old spars.' 'How now, Long Tom!' cried his officer, 'these rocks and cliffs will shipwreck you on the shoals of poetry yet; you grow sentimentall!' 'Them rocks might wrack any vessel that struck them,' said the literal coxswain; 'and as for poetry, I wants none better than the good old song of "Captain Kid;" but it's enough to raise solemn thoughts in a Cape Poge Indian to see an eighty-barrel whale devoured by shirks; 'tis an awful waste of property! I've seen the death of two hundred of the creaturs, though it seems to keep the rations of poor old Tom as short as ever.'" Long Tom Coffin is the most marked character in the *Pilot* — perhaps, in all Cooper's books of the class. There lacks, however, in all of them the richness and variety of comedy which makes many scenes in Marryat as amusing as *Pickwick*. The pilot himself, Gray — Paul Jones passing *incognito* — has a kind of theatrical gloom about him which smells of the stage lamp. The English gentlemen and gentlewomen want naturalness, which is hardly wonderful. But where Fenimore Cooper is strongest, here and elsewhere, is in his description of marine scenery — seascape painting, if there be such a term. In the best of these, the ships seem to live, like the human beings on board them. You see the white foam froth on storm-tossed slate-coloured water. You hold your breath while the Yankee frigate is weathering the Devil's Grip on the Northumberland coast. This poetic power breathes through all Fenimore Cooper's tales — the *Red Rover* and the *Two Admirals*, not less than the *Pilot*. One scene in the *Two Admirals* has fixed itself in many memories. The officers who give the book its title are joined in friendship,

* *Battles of the British Navy*. By Joseph Allen, of Greenwich Hospital. A useful and trustworthy book, whose author is here, however, much too hard upon Paul Jones.

but divided in politics. One is a Whig, the other a Jacobite. But in a critical moment of a great action, when one of the two feels deserted, the bowsprit of his friend's ship pushes through the smoke. It is a brilliant artistic situation; a sparkling point of junction, where the moral and physical picturesque meet like a double star.

Nelson used to say, when people talked of the great Napoleon, that he wanted "to get Bony on a wind." So may we say of Cooper, that it is pleasantest to meet him in blue water—in natural unconventional life, just as among his Red Indians. There is something stilted in his polished characters and their talk. His style, too, is often prolix and fatiguing—a wordy style, without the familiar vivacity and easy vigour of that of Marryat. There is a curious anecdote illustrative of this. When Niebuhr was on his death-bed, but still able to read, light reading was recommended, and they brought him some novels of Cooper; but the old scholar, with the whole classical literature in his head, found "the verbiage," as he said, intolerable, and called for—a *Josephus*.

Yet, when every deduction is made, Fenimore Cooper remains the only naval novelist of that generation worthy of comparison with Captain Marryat, except one. The exception is remarkable in every way—we speak of Michael Scott, the author of *Tom Cringle's Log*, and *The Cruise of the "Midge."*

Michael Scott, like Cooper, owed nothing to his contemporary, Marryat. So little is on record about his history that we are unable to say whether he even served afloat, either in the Navy or the merchant service. He was a merchant in the West Indies. He returned, and settled in Glasgow. He introduced himself to *Blackwood's Magazine* by sending some most powerful sketches, the success of which encouraged him to re-write, connect, and re-form them into *Tom Cringle*. There was such an original force and glow about Tom that it attracted the attention of the venerable Coleridge, and it receives the high and rare meed of his praise in the *Table Talk*. Mr. Scott died in Glasgow, where, we believe, his family held a very good position, many years ago, and we have never been able to learn any more of him than that he lived in the West Indies and Glasgow, and was the author of *Tom Cringle's Log*. Great is the influence of hazard in the matter of biography! Three lines to this man of undoubted and origi-

nal genius, in an age when we have seen minor poets and small preachers embalmed in *Lives* big enough for Milton and Luther!

We fancy that Michael Scott made frequent cruises among the West Indian islands, and consorted much with the officers of our men-of-war on that hospitable station, some half a century ago. Internal evidence proves as much as this; and the experience of a man of genius goes a hundred times as far as that of ordinary men. Accordingly life is everywhere present in Michael Scott's delineations; nor are we annoyed by those absurd blunders which, in some sea songs and amateur descriptions, vex the ear of a naval man as keenly as a false quantity vexes the ear of a scholar. The episode called *The Cruise of the "Wave"* is as pretty a sea piece as a man could wish. You can imagine yourself looking at a Vandevelde, where the ripple of the water almost seems to stir the canvas, and you breathe a sigh of relief when the *Wave*, "resuming her superiority in light winds," has—escaped.

Michael Scott loved startling effects; loved to suspend an interest for anxious moments, before letting it break in ruin, or dissolve in harmlessness. This quality, as Marryat himself somewhere remarks, was effective to such a degree in the magazine form of writing, as almost to injure the author's books as books. But too much vigour and interest is a capital fault, the rather that Michael Scott's agitating stories were not produced like mechanical tricks, but reflected the real character of the lands and seas which he had roamed over and rested in. We have tropical scenery and tropical passions; a life of jollity, with Death waiting invisible at table in the livery of yellow Jack. Slavery, piracy, pestilence, jovialty, are all there in turns. But the men you meet are quite human and natural—not stage demons, but quaint humourists and oddities some of them, such as might easily have been found in Glasgow in that age, mixing the rum punch for which Glasgow was famous with limes that grew on their own West Indian estates. When Tom Cringle recovers from the fever crisis, his friend pulls down the window-blind, but not too quick for Tom to see a coffin which has been waiting for him on the balcony. In such a climate, and while the life led was more reckless than it is now, Death was viewed with something of that familiarity which lies near to contempt. And his Majesty returned it, for he thought noth-

ing of tapping planter or post-captain on the shoulder, as they were sitting over their sangaree. Of the old West Indian life, with its dangers and pleasures, its duels, cruises, flirtations, and hospitable homes in the picturesque mountains, Michael Scott will always remain the best and completest limner. Not even the exquisite fun and bright naval interest drawn by Marryat from that region of the world will outlive the pungent, and yet poetic vividness of the Glasgow merchant's stories.

The *Life and Letters of Captain Marryat*, published lately by his daughter, Mrs. Ross Church, has awakened much of the old interest which gathered round the novelist sea king—the Rollo of naval romance—from twenty-five to thirty years ago. Circumstances much to be regretted make the biography more meagre than one would like to see it. But it is very pleasant reading, thoroughly authentic, executed with the best taste and feeling, and upon the whole, enables us, with the assistance of our very old friends, the novels and other writings of Captain Marryat himself, to realize him to our imagination. One of the somewhat melancholy pleasures of middle age is to go deliberately through the novels which turned your head when you were a boy, and to see how you like them. Often the result of the experiment is to make you sorry you undertook it. But Marryat bears the test. To be sure, he no longer gives you a wild longing to breathe the free air of the ocean. You have long since reconciled yourself to the fact that your flag will never be seen flying from any mast-head, nor saluted with fifteen guns from any saluting battery. Perhaps, too, the physical changes of life indispose you to attempt ascending to a top, even by Lubber's Hole, much less by the futtock-shrouds. But you can thoroughly enjoy your *Marryat* without wondering at your old enthusiasm, and above all, without being ashamed of it. This man did you no harm with sensuality disguised as sentimentalism, or philosophy empty and gaudy as toy-bladders. He stirred your blood not by putting drugs into it, but as exercise stirs it, as fresh air stirs it. Patriotism, manliness, firm friendship, good faith, kindness—these are Marryat's "ideals"; and the scenes on which they appear are bathed in the jolliest humour—the humour of common life, and everyday sympathy, exhilarating as sunshine itself. His genius had that healthiness which has been so well pointed out by a great critic as the characteristic of

Sir Walter Scott. And he had this advantage over his illustrious predecessor, Smollett, that he did not drift away to sea by mere accident or misfortune, but chose the career for himself as the career after his own heart. Everything favoured him. He was of an honourable and opulent family, able to start him well in life; and having resolved with his whole energy to be started in the Navy, he began service as one of Cochrane's midshipmen. This was itself a miracle of luck; for it is by no means clear that Marryat would have taken so heartily to the profession if he had made his first acquaintance with it under the kind of captains of whom he has left satirical etchings.

Lord Cochrane, afterwards Earl of Dundonald, was at this time—1806—in his prime. He had missed the great general actions in his first years afloat, by being on the North American station, away from the seat of the war. But he hardly got even a small command before he was known all over the Mediterranean as an officer of a singular originality. There were plenty of fire-eaters to whom the grave and gentle Collingwood ("with a hundred pennants under him, from Lisbon to the Levant") used to give excellent advice when he despatched them on commands. But Cochrane combined with their extreme daring a scientific coolness and calculation which doubled its value while it neutralized its exaggerations. In 1801 he took a Spanish vessel of 300 men and 32 guns, in a gun-brig of 52 men and 14 guns. This brig was the *Speedy*, of which he tells us, in his *Autobiography*, that he could carry a whole broadside of her 4-pounders in his great-coat pockets. Afterwards, he distinguished himself in command of the *Pallas* frigate, and passed from her to the *Impériouse*, where he had Marryat for one of his youngsters, as we have said. It is pleasant to think of two of the most intellectual men in the Navy of their time in so near and important a relation. Marryat owed to Cochrane not his sea training only, but the model of some of his happiest creations as an artist. *Frank Mildmay* might be freely drawn upon for historical material by any biographer of Lord Dundonald; while the *Impériouse* herself is seen gliding like a phantom vessel through many of the novels; and we often fancy we are getting a glimpse of her old commander in the features of those high-spirited officers whom Marryat loved to draw.

The activity of Cochrane in the *Impériouse* was as wonderful as his genius. Mar-

ryat was "in fifty engagements" of one kind or another while he belonged to her. The frigates were, during the great war, the Uhlans of the fleet. They pressed on everywhere, burning powder under the enemy's nose, and keeping the communications open. We had them, at one time, within signalling distance of each other, from off Plymouth to off Brest. They were the great schools of adventure and of the romantic side of naval experience; for the line-of-battle ships passed years in wearisome blockades, trying to the digestion and the temper, though when their day *did* come, a general action had a splendour about it which illuminated everybody present, more or less for life. The most remarkable part, perhaps, of the history of the *Impérieuse* while Cochrane had her was her service on the Catalonian coast of Spain, assisting the Spaniards against the French invaders. We have jottings from Marryat's log during this campaign (for Cochrane's men were as good ashore as afloat) in Mrs. Ross Church's *Life*. Trinidad Castle, Rosas, was held by British seamen against French troops in a manner which drew warm praise from Lord Collingwood. And as Collingwood did justice to Cochrane, so did Cochrane to his officers. He made particular mention of Marryat in a despatch of that period—December, 1808—which was a capital balsam, we may be sure, for three wounds which the mid had received in the course of the operations.

Lord Cochrane left the *Impérieuse* early in 1809; but Marryat remained in her, and was in an explosion boat in the famous attack on the French fleet in Basque Roads that spring. We need not follow him, in detail, through the various cruises of the next few years; but we shall note them in succession, that the reader may have a clue to the scenes where the novelist made studies for his art, while the officer mastered his profession. We find him in the Low Countries (winter of 1809), the Mediterranean (1810), West Indies and North America (1811–12)—at which last date he was made a lieutenant—West Indies again (1813), and in 1815 he returned home in bad health, and was promoted to commander. The peace now consigned him, for a time, to half-pay, and studies of a scientific character. Trained in active service, distinguished for gallantry in war, tempest, and the saving of lives from drowning, he now began to show talents which do not necessarily accompany professional skill, but the first direction of which was in professional tracks. Hence his code

of signals, his wish to be employed in voyages of discovery and surveying, his election to the Royal Society. And now, too, began to fly about specimens of a talent which, in another and higher form was, a few years afterwards to delight many thousands. He had a notable knack at caricatures, and his humour with the pencil made a success before his humour with the pen.

Having married, in 1819, Catherine Shairp, of the good Scottish family of Shairp of Houston, he obtained, next year, the command of the *Beaver* sloop. He was at St. Helena when Napoleon died, and he made a sketch of the great Emperor as he lay dead on his camp-bed, which was engraved both in France and England. He brought the despatches announcing Napoleon's death home in the *Rosario*, to which he had exchanged from the *Beaver*. The *Rosario* was with the squadron which took the remains of Queen Caroline from Harwich to the Continent; and she then went cruising against the smugglers in the Channel. Silently pencilling the grave lineaments of Napoleon composed in the eternal stillness—hunting luggers between Portsmouth and the Start Point—what a variety of experience was here! And one sees very clearly, in studying Marryat's *Life*—as a natural complement of his books—that he was one of those men who throw themselves heartily into every occupation that comes in their way. There is a despatch of his on the measures to be taken against smuggling, where he goes into questions of tubs, revenue cutters, &c., with regular gusto. He liked to discuss the intellectual bearings of every branch of the very varied duties of the Navy; and at this time—1822—he published a pamphlet on *Impressment*, intended to show how it might be abolished. The subject was a sore one; and a cunning, clever man, with an eye to getting on in the service, would have given it "a wide berth," as the sea-phrase goes. But Captain Marryat was not that kind of man, being, in the first place, too honest, and, in the second place, too proud, for the ignoble kind of caution which belongs to inferior natures.

His active naval career was now drawing to a close. But he was first to distinguish himself in the Burmese War of 1823–1824, where he took part as commander of H. M. S. *Larne*. His wife accompanied him to the East Indies, where she remained at Madras while her husband joined the expedition at Rangoon. In May, 1824, the military forces from Calcutta, under Sir

Archibald Campbell, assembled at the mouth of the Rangoon river, in company with the *Liffey*, Commodore Grant, the *Larne*, the *Sophie*, and the rest of the squadron. Commodore Grant having gone away in ill health for change of air, Captain Marryat was in command when Rangoon town was taken. Then began a sad loss from cholera and fever, and Marryat suffered much from fever himself. But the work was carried on, in spite of the heat and the pestilential air from the swamps. Armed boats pierced the Irrawaddy. Stockades — toughest products of Oriental vegetation — were stormed, the Burmese boats and canoes were carried by boarding, the enemy jumping into the water and making for the jungle. In September the sailor's old malady — scurvy — broke out in the *Larne*, and she went away to Penang, being succeeded in the naval command by the *Arachne*, Captain Chads. From Penang Captain Marryat writes to his brother Samuel that his men have "in the course of five months undergone a severity of service almost unequalled." "I," he goes on, "have gained credit in the business, as the despatches of the Commander-in-Chief fully prove. But I do not think that I could have lasted much longer. I do not know whether the Admiralty will publish my despatches, *but, being no favourite there, probably not*; but I think — after having had the command of a fleet, armed and unarmed, of one hundred and twenty sail; after having succeeded in everything, and with the small number of men allowed to a sloop of war having done the duty of at least three or four frigates — that they must give me my promotion. This I am sure of, that any one in favour would be not only promoted, but made a C. B."

At this point of her pleasant loyal history Marryat's daughter tells a ghost story which, though of a type sufficiently familiar, is so circumstantially authenticated as to deserve special record. Marryat never again saw the brother to whom the letter we have quoted from was sent. Samuel Marryat died before he returned to England. But —

He used to relate how, when lying in his berth one night, and wide awake, Samuel entered his cabin, and, walking up to his side, said, "Fred, I am come to tell you that I am dead." So vivid was the impression made, that Captain Marryat leaped out of his berth, and, finding that the figure had vanished, wrote down the hour and day of its appearance. On reaching England after the war, the first letter put into his hand was to announce his brother's death,

which had taken place at the very time when he fancied he was present with him.

What does the reader say to this story — which we could match from the recollections of old shipmates and messmates now become ghosts, many of them — the good fellows — in their turn? "Remains of the Rangoon fever — an imaginative, affectionate, over-worked nature — half dreaming." "But the date?" "A coincidence!" No doubt, but *there* is precisely the mystery, which calling it a coincidence in no degree explains.

To return to the world of flesh and blood. Refreshed and comforted by her stay at Penang, the *Larne* returned to Rangoon, and was detached, with the *Sophie* sloop under her, to co-operate with troops in the Bassein river. Here, again, the captain did his duty, though we have no space to do justice to the work. In the spring of 1825, Commodore Grant died, and Marryat was appointed to the *Tees*. There was a mysterious delay in the confirmation of this appointment, by which as many as twenty-four officers who should have been his juniors obtained superiority over him. But having paid off the *Tees*; at home, in 1826, he was posted, and became post-captain and C.B. in 1827. A tender association belongs to the homeward voyage of the *Tees*. Our readers will remember the young hero of that admirable story — in the first class of his stories — *The King's Own*. It appears that the picture of him as a little boy of six — the perfection of childish beauty — dressed in mimic imitation of a man-of-war's man, was taken from Marryat's own little son, Willy, who came home with him in his ship from the East Indies. Poor Willy died at seven years of age, to the father's deep and lasting sorrow, but in the great national portrait gallery of our British fiction he has his own place.

Marryat was only once in command as a post-captain. He had the *Ariadne* from 1828 to 1830, and was employed in her on what is called "particular service," which is generally diplomatic work — a kind of duty more performed by naval men than is generally known. On board the *Ariadne* he finished his first novel, *Frank Mildmay*; or the *Naval Officer*, and also *The King's Own*, or most of it, as we gather from the opening of its forty-ninth chapter. *Frank Mildmay* is autobiography under a mask of fiction, that is to say, the sea adventures are the author's own, while the character of the hero pretends to no such reality. *Frank Mildmay* was published in 1829 and

The King's Own in 1830. They were immediately successful. Washington Irving, with his fine delicate intellect and kindly sympathetic nature, was one of the first to welcome the new writer. "You have a glorious field before you," he says, "and one in which you cannot have many competitors, as so very few unite the author to the sailor. I think the chivalry of the ocean quite a new region of fiction and romance, and to my taste one of the most captivating that could be explored." The period of Marryat's appearance was favourable to this prediction. Sir Walter Scott had made fiction at once noble and lovely, and the taste for it was become universal. Lord Lytton and Mr. Disraeli had only just begun to write, and, however brilliantly, not at all in a vein likely to interfere with the new naval man. Dickens and Thackeray had not begun, and were young men whose fame lay some years ahead. The traditions of the great war, meanwhile, were still recent and lively, and many of its old heroes were in active service and high commands; while many more were grumbling, unemployed (often with much justice), over their rum and water, but full of recollections which kept the old flame alive in a thousand English towns and villages. Here, then, was Marryat, in his thirty-eighth year, with twenty-three years of almost uninterrupted sea service at his back, and all the various knowledge which such a career implies in the case of a man of parts. For, some so-called literary critics, who, annoyed by his success, and galled by his independence and straight hard hitting, were occasionally insolent about "quarter-deck authors," did not understand the position. They knew no more how far a man-of-war was a school of culture than they knew how to put her about or to mark her lead-line. Yet, common sense might have shown them that the opportunities for studying character, geography, natural history, languages, manners, were endless in such a life; that the practice of wandering over the planet by the help of the sun, moon, and pole-star, the chronometer, nautical almanack, chart, and log, was itself a splendid discipline of the intelligence; and that the many quiet hours in the ordinary life of every ship gave the amplest time for reading and reflection. We ourselves well remember a sixteen-gun brig whose commander had a better library in his cabin than it has often been our fortune to see in the houses of literary, or even of reverend gentlemen. Nay, we undertake to maintain that there are not three men now living who write

more beautiful English than Lord Collingwood; or more lively, practical, expressive English than is to be found in the letters and despatches of Lord Nelson. "The Admiral," writes Nelson in one of his letters, "is chiefly employed in learning the fiddle, from which it results that the squadron is damnably out of tune." Could the position be better hit off than in this flake of sea-salt spray? We attribute the excellent writing of so many sea officers, such as Collingwood, Nelson, Brenton, Basil Hall, and Marryat himself, partly to the moral and intellectual training of the service, and partly also to the very important fact — that what books a man finds to read, who is fond of reading afloat, are pretty sure to be famous old models — good for brain, heart, and style. As for light reading, the best of it, whether in the shape of novels or periodicals, goes as regularly on board our squadrons as their quarter-casks of sherry or their fresh milk. And there are worse educations than — if you have a turn that way — reading Horace with a naval instructor, in sight of the Athens where Horace learned to write. Marryat had made good use, the reader may be sure, of his watch below.

Let us observe, too, another advantage Marryat had in equipping himself for the literary part of his career. A ship is a little world in itself, where a handful of officers form a kind of aristocracy, but an aristocracy constantly occupied with its people, their duties, troubles, and amusements, ruling them, advising them, sympathizing with them. The naval officer, then, a gentleman among gentlemen, as officer, is also a seaman among seamen, as officer likewise. He is not a man of narrow class and caste prejudices, however much he may value the *nobleza obliga* which Spanish hidalgos only talk about. Marryat is as much at home with Swinburne the quartermaster, Poor Jack, Jacob Faithful, and Old Tom, as with the haughty Captain Delmar, or the inflexible Captain M——. *Homo sum* is his motto, quite as much as that of Béranger or Dickens. We believe that this hearty humanity of his — this sympathy, which is the moral basis of all real humour, especially — had much to do with his popularity. All sorts and conditions of men took pleasure in his tales, strange as were the conditions of life — embracing the very technicalities occasionally — of a new element. He was a novelist of the sea, but, above all, of the sea from the point of observation of the service. All the odd characters bred under the flag — in a way of living into which

the ordinary life of mankind only entered as an episode occasionally when they happened to be paid off—came trooping at his call, as we may fancy them descending from Noah's Ark. *The King's Own* first showed the extent and variety of his powers—their manly vigour in serious, their free-and-easy fun in playful writing. The opening chapters on the mutiny of 1797, the cruise of the daring smuggler, in which the young hero Willy is forced to serve by accident, are full of a careless strength. But a masterpiece in that graver manner is the deliberate sacrifice by the stern Captain M—— of his frigate *Aspasia*, of himself, and of his ship's company, on a lee shore—solely that he may drive to ruin a French line-of-battle ship. It is a wonderful picture of the super-heroic devotion of the old service, and of the force which a master-spirit can exercise upon men trained to obedience and devotion. To make extracts would be to mutilate it. We would only note the gradual rising of the author's power with the rising of the danger—as the frigate goes plunging through tempest and lightning, nearer and nearer to the land with its roaring surf; but ever chasing the enemy, and, by judicious shots, preventing his raising the jury-mast, his only chance of salvation. At last, the “master” (navigating lieutenant) ventures to remonstrate, but the pitiless reasoning of Captain M—— is not shaken by him. The master, having conferred with the other officers, tries it again; and we find that we must give a fragment or two of their dialogue:

“I am afraid, sir, if we continue to stand on, we shall lose the frigate,” said he, respectfully touching his hat.

“Be it so,” replied Captain M——; “the enemy will lose a line-of-battle ship; our country will be the gainer when the account is balanced.”

The master urges that there are other considerations—the superior moral value of the English ship's company, and the English captain.

“Thank you for the compliment, which, as it is only feather-weight, I will allow to be thrown into the scale. But I do not agree with you. I consider war but as a game of chess, and will never hesitate to sacrifice a knight for a castle. Provided that castle is lost, Mr. Pearce, this little knight-errant shall bear her company.”

“Very good, sir,” replied Pearce, again touching his hat; “as master of this ship, I considered it my duty to state my opinion.”

“You have done your duty, Mr. Pearce, and I thank you for it; but I have also my duties to

perform. One of them is, not to allow the lives of one ship's company, however brave and well-disciplined, to interfere with the general interests of the country we contend for. When a man enters his Majesty's service, his life is no longer to be considered his own. . . . If we are lost, there will be no great difficulty in collecting another ship's company in old England, as brave and as good as this. Officers as experienced are anxiously waiting for employment; and the Admiralty will have no trouble in selecting and appointing as good, if not a better, captain.”

The crisis soon follows after this speech. The French ship rolls gunwale under; loses her last mast; strikes.

“Nothing can save her now, sir,” said the master.

“No,” replied the captain. “We have done our work, and must now try to save ourselves.”

But it is too late. And soon arrives a terrible scene. One of the men attempts to get a quarter-boat ready for lowering, in spite of the captain's orders. Captain M—— seizes a boarding pike, which flies straight at the man's heart, and sends him into the sea.

“My lads,” said Captain M——, emphatically addressing the men, who beheld the scene with dismay, “as long as one plank—ay, one tooth-pick—of this vessel swims, I command, and will be obeyed. . . . And now farewell, my brave fellows, for we are not likely to meet again.”

This—very imperfectly abridged here—is one of the most powerful dramatic scenes of Marryat. There are people, probably, who would think Captain M——'s conduct quixotic, and so forth; but, perhaps, that kind of obstinacy is obstinacy in the right direction. Upon the whole, we prefer it to the opposite extreme of the late Captain Sniffin Kraggles (an honourable and M.P., if we remember right), who is said to have steamed away, with undue zeal, from under the batteries at Sebastopol, and was heard to make the philosophical observation, that everybody could not bear “the pressure of the times.” Undoubtedly, one of the strong points of the old service was, that they thought little of danger of any kind, because, from boyhood upwards, they had been always at it.

The third of Marryat's novels was *Newton Forster*, which came out in the *Metro-politan Magazine*, the editorship of which he accepted in 1832. About 1830-1832, the captain appears to have thought—though frequently applying for commands—that he was destined to lead the life of a landsman. He had, at that time, a fortune

of his own, chiefly, it would appear, West Indian property; his novels were very well paid; and he bought an estate of a thousand acres in Norfolk. He did not, however, go to his place, Langham, in that county; but lived in London, edited, wrote, travelled on the Continent (still observing and writing), and was as busy, in a very different way, as he had ever been in the *Impérieuse* or the *Larne*. *Peter Simple*, the next book in order after *Newton Forster*, was the greatest hit he had yet made, and well it deserved to be so. The perpetual liveliness, and succession of adventures and incidents, the crowd of characters, at once as amusing as caricatures and as real as living people, delighted everybody. Indeed, the author was injured by the very opulence of his humour. Few saw how the development of the quiet, retired boy, mistaken for a dunce, was due to the man-of-war breeding he got—a study of its kind. As for the comedy of “Peter,” it was simply irresistible. Prudes themselves were half-choked in their pocket-handkerchiefs when they read how the dear little innocent lad, just out of his father’s parsonage, was addressed at Portsmouth by the most polite young ladies, “very nicely dressed.”

“Well, Reefer,” said the first of these (as Peter tells us) “how are you off for soap?” I was astonished at the question, and more so at the interest which she seemed to take in my affairs. I answered, “Thank you, I am very well off: I have four cakes of Windsor, and two bars of yellow for washing.” She laughed at my reply, and asked me whether I would walk home and take a bit of dinner with her. I was astonished at this polite offer, which my modesty induced me to ascribe more to my uniform than to my own merits. . . . I thought I might venture to offer her my arm. Just as we passed the admiral’s house, I perceived my captain walking with two of the admiral’s daughters. I was not a little proud to let him see that I had female acquaintances as well as he had; and as I passed him with the young lady under my protection, I took off my hat and made him a low bow. To my surprise, not only did he not return the salute, but he looked at me with a very stern countenance. I concluded that he was a very proud man, and did not wish the admiral’s daughters to suppose that he knew midshipmen by sight.

The freedom—a very innocent freedom, after all—of Captain Marryat’s playful moods, was only a part of his general frankness and sailor-like enjoyment of a laugh. Only very severe people shook their heads at it, or at the oaths of Mr. Chucks the boatswain, or at the riotous fun of the “Dignity Ball” at Barbadoes. Far deeper than what was extravagant

in such descriptions lay the essential morality of all his books—reverence for natural superiors, love of truth, friendship, valour, enterprise, and kindness towards the less fortunate. Youngsters everywhere, were mad about Marryat’s novels, and their charm brought spirited boys into the Navy very much as if they had been a kind of bounty.

The effect of these literary successes on the naval prospects of their author was not great. William the Fourth expressed some curiosity to see the author of *Peter Simple*, and, as a brother sailor (after a fashion) might have been expected to do something for a man eminently deserving of active employment, and, in spite of his new distinction and prosperity, very eager to get it. But it suddenly occurred to the monarch that this was the Marryat who had written against Impressment; and his hasty exclamation, “He shall have nothing!” was as fatal to Marryat’s prospects as to his own reputation. To be sure, “Silly Billy,” as he was irreverently called, had little reputation to lose. If anybody thinks that Captain Marryat, as a mere sailor, was wrong in feeling bitterly about a “sailor king” of this kind, he should turn to the *Life of Palmerston* by the late Lord Bulwer and Dalling, and see what Palmerston thought of his Majesty’s conduct as Lord High Admiral of England. “In August (1828),” our great statesman writes, “the Duke of Clarence resigned, or, rather, was turned out of the Admiralty. He managed to put himself quite in the wrong, and, in fact, was half mad.”* And he goes on with some instances of absurdity, which are amusing enough, but for which we have no room. The Admiralty seems to have inherited some prejudice against Marryat in successive Boards, for he could never get a ship, and his good-service pension was delayed in something like an indecent manner.

His fame, however, was assured. His indirect influence, even on Admiralties, was great; for suggestions which he threw out in work after work were gradually forced by general opinion upon our curious naval executive. When Marryat varied his labours by a run to the United States (1837–1839) he found himself hailed there as the “Wizard of the Sea.” The Yankees were a little shy of him at first, for he came not long after Mrs. Trollope, whom they accused of treating them unjustly, because the bazaar which she set

* *Lord Palmerston’s Journal* (1828), quoted in Book VI. of Lord Bulwer and Dalling.

up at Cincinnati had not fulfilled her expectations. But his frank and gentlemanly good humour — which always balanced his pride, and a certain resolution to have his own way, characteristic of the old service — disarmed Brother Jonathan. Only a few months ago, a distinguished officer of the United States Navy told the present writer that the influence of Marryat's books had been as telling upon the American as upon the English marine. The *Diary* which he published, of his travels in the States, is eminently readable, and one of our best books of the kind. Shrewdness seasoned with pleasantry is found there, as in everything that came from his fertile, free-flowing pen. His master-pieces are *Peter Simple*, *The King's Own*, *Jacob Faithful*, and *Midshipman Easy*. To the second rank belong *Percival Keene*, and *Japhet in search of a Father*. There is a third class, which we need not discuss. The good captain's family was large, and his habits liberal, and the temptation to write for money was strong. He had still, however, a profession in addition to the Navy and literature. He took latterly to farming his estate in Norfolk, and teaching the agriculturists their own business. But he succeeded about as well as a Norfolk squire would have succeeded in beating the *Ariadne* down from Portland Light to the Lizard, with a wind making it a "dead thrash" all the way. It is strange that sailors, who are so peculiarly severe upon outsiders meddling with their profession, should be so very ready to believe it easy to master the profession of everybody else! Yet it is also strange that their success very often astonishes those who begin by laughing at their experiments. At all events, no social duty was neglected by the speculative farmer. He is still affectionately remembered by the poor in the neighbourhood of his place, Langham, and he was a good friend and neighbour.

Marryat's last years were occasionally clouded by trouble. He had written too much, and the sale of his books fell off. The ruin of West Indian property hit him hard. His land, as may be supposed, never paid as an investment. Finally came one of those strokes of fate which make the strongest men reel. His eldest son, Frederick, a lieutenant in the Navy, of much promise, and of a type of character very like his father's, was lost in the steam-ship *Avenger*. This happened in 1847. Less than a year after — August 1848 — he himself passed away. His only surviving son, Frank, followed him to the grave in 1855. This was pleasant, good-looking Frank

Marryat of the *Vanguard*, and afterwards of the *Samarang*; whose cheerful laugh still rings faintly in our memory, as we remember it ringing when we last saw him racing his cutter against that of another line-of-battle ship, after helping a merchant vessel that had gone aground near Tenedos. Frank left the Navy, and went to California, about which he wrote a capital book of travels called *Mountain and Molehills*. But yellow fever undermined his constitution, and he sank in consumption still young. The novelist is now represented in the female line only.

Our object in this paper being to illustrate the naval novel as a genus, we do not think it necessary to go into a minute analysis of the characters and plots even of Marryat, the best specimen of that genus. Indeed, his is not a kind of creation which calls for such analysis. He deals with broad general nature, and with eccentric varieties of that nature. His books are full of the light of common day. His heroines are simple, faithful, good-looking lasses, made to be kissed and not to be dissected. His situations are generally dependent for effect on the interest arising from adventure, rather than on moral interest. Sometimes his tragedy degenerates into the melodramatic. Sometimes, too, his comedy verges on the grotesque, or has just a suggestion of being like game too long kept—a little "high." But his moral influence, we repeat, is sound as oak. He keeps always well to windward of corruption.

To attempt anything like a review of all the sea novels produced by those who would fain have been Marryat's rivals, but were only his imitators, would be an absurdity. The great mass of them, even of those that had considerable cleverness, are forgotten. Who now reads *Cavendish*, or its successors? Who cares for *Ratlin the Reefer*? Who knows whether *Top-Sail Sheet Blocks* was written by Captain Chamier, or Captain Glascock? These men had all more or less knowledge of nautical life, and good "pickings" might, no doubt, be found in them by a clever carver. But they want force, life, individuality. It is not enough to have seen what a man of genius has also seen, for we must allow for the range and depth of vision; indeed, these writers did Marryat some harm. They made the public weary of the class, till, at last, the announcement of a new *Cheeks the Marine*, or *Ben Buggins the Boatswain* produced only impatience and disgust. The very titles suggested conventional tars, unintelligible jargon, and the

blue fire and sham cutlasses of inferior theatres. Marryat will live, as Smollett has lived; but any writer aiming at a success, independent of Marryat and his (unworthy) school of imitators, must seize the spirit of the new service, as he seized, and they only tried to seize, the spirit of the old. The best novel of the admirable Herman Melville we take to be *The Whale*.

How far such a feat be possible, in days which have seen steam gradually superseding sailing, and our wooden walls slowly becoming walls where the wood is less important than the iron plating, is a large question; far too large a question to be opened at the fag-end of an essay already too long. Perhaps, the good-natured reader will let us try our hand at answering it some other day? We are in an age of "transition," as has been pretty often observed. Ages of transition, however, have their own good stories; and we shall wind up with one. Only the other day, we read in the newspapers the death of honest Jack Polwhele. Jack had seen the great steam revolution, but could never take to it, nor realize it. At last he got a command—a small vessel of the new school. Running up the Tagus, under sail, but with his fires all ready, Jack found himself going to knock against a vessel at anchor. He rushed wildly about—to back his main-topsail, to shorten sail, to do everything but what would have settled the matter at once—stop her with the engines. Bang came the collision! "Lord-a-mercy!" exclaimed Jack in a tone of terror. "What will the Commodore say? *I forgot I wor a steamer!*"

[We cannot publish this Article without an expression of our sincere regret for the death of its author, our old contributor, Mr. Jas. Hannay. He died suddenly on the night of the 8th of January, having corrected the proofs on the previous evening.]

From Macmillan's Magazine.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A BACHELOR.

CHAPTER I.

"I dream of a red-rose tree:
And which of its roses three
Is the dearest rose to me?"

I AM a rising barrister, with good connections, and some vague expectations; in other words, I am a fine young fellow with a rich old uncle in the background. When I mention this said uncle, I have observed that people generally brighten

and look interested; but I have the wit not to be always talking of him, and I take my amusement out of life, and am by no means a fool. In fact I am a popular man about London. I have rooms in the Albany, a stall at both opera-houses, a fourth of a forest and moor in Sutherlandshire, a rod on the best salmon river in Ireland, and the run of my uncle's stables. I had not long been practising at the Bar, when I received an invitation to dine at the Trevelyan's—old family friends, whom I had not seen for some years. When I was a boy, I generally spent the summer vacation at their house, because my uncle could not be troubled with me for so long a time; he housed me only during the short holidays. The Trevelyan girls and I used to spend the long July days in climbing trees, running races, fly-fishing, walking on stilts, and quarrelling; when at peace, we entrapped small birds, which we killed, cooked, and ate with entire satisfaction to ourselves. They are now grown-up young ladies, and have, no doubt, forgotten this wild-oat period of their lives.

"Come in a friendly way," said Judge Trevelyan to me, as he met me in court one day, as if my habitual proclivities were unfriendly. The family consists of the Judge, his wife, and three daughters. They have left the old Manor-house (the scene of our youthful escapades) and have settled conveniently near the Kensington Gardens, living the same life, I suppose, as at Nos. 6, 7, and 8, in the same square—breakfast at nine, lunch for the ladies, and dinner at eight, when papa brings home, perhaps, a young gentleman for the ladies' entertainment. This simple domestic existence is, perhaps, varied by outings to balls, dinners, and concerts. There is a great deal of family affection, innocence, and sincerity, but the programme is apt to be slightly monotonous to the visitor, who would fain have the ease of a little flirtation, *qui n'engage à rien*, without the surveillance of papas and mammas.

And then for a wife—well, why should I think of a wife, when I have made up my mind not to contemplate matrimony for the next dozen years at least? My wife, however, is to wear no false hair, no crinoline, no high-heeled boots, and yet she is to be—well, not like any one I have yet seen. Thinking on these things, I found myself at Kensington. "Lady Trevelyan at home?" I asked the solemn man in black. "Yes, sir." Then a blaze of light, a faint perfume of hothouse flowers, a door opened, and I found myself in one of the regular London drawing-rooms, the gen-

eral sombreness of which was relieved by touches of artistic taste. There were no grand books set at right angles on the table; it was heaped with newspapers, magazines, and Mudie's novels; on the writing-table there was a confusion of letters opened and unopened, a medley of papers, pens, and inkstains. I felt apprehensive that the girls might come in and pelt me with pillows, as in the old days. They ought at least to have made things look tidy, when they knew I was coming; surely they cannot have forgotten that I have an uncle! Enter mother and hostess—a grand, bland woman, who somehow puts me off my ease, perhaps because she is not like the typical London mamma. I admit frankly I am not generally shy, though I am a very modest man. I dine out, on an average, five times a week; and can break a dull pause by talking gracefully across the dinner-table. I have never found myself at a loss for saying something pleasant and placid to my young lady while descending with her to the dining-room; and am generally ready with some happy opening phrase at first greeting: not always, however, for on the present occasion I bow in a silent solemn way, which seems to rather amuse Lady Trevelyan.

"Dear me," she said, laughing low, and drawing me into the light of the fire, "you are not at all the grand young man I was led to expect; and so like your mother—she used to give herself great airs at school, but was most loveable in her rare shy fits."

I was still tightly holding the lady's hand in mine (such a dear, firm, liberal hand it was) when some one else entered the room.

"Come here, Cissy; this is your old playmate, now the able Mr. Vincent, who so eloquently argued for the culprit the other day by weeping and saying he was his only friend."

And Mamma laughed, and so did Cissy, and so did I. And then I looked at Miss Trevelyan, and noticed that she was not so pretty as she had promised to be. She is the eldest, and used to be my favourite. She always gave up to me in everything; and if I hurt her she did not cry out as the others did. Like her mother, she was wholly unembarrassed, looking me full in the face with her mild, steady eyes. If she had asked me how long ago it was since I had left school, I should neither have been astonished nor angry. A young lady of about ten years next entered the room, all legs and arms; she appeared as

if she were visibly growing out of a rather scanty dress.

"Shake hands with Mr. Vincent, Dunsey," said Mamma, looking provokingly satisfied with her unfledged offspring. Whereupon Dunsey lifted up a pair of beautiful blue eyes to mine, and reaching out her hand, gave me a most friendly shake.

"And this is Lady Anne—I suppose you remember her," added Mamma, as another slight, radiant figure appeared in the doorway.

"She is very much changed," I said, dazzled by the beauty of a half-forgotten face. She seemed no more the wild, wayward little thing I used to know, though with a shy grace peculiar to herself she met my glance with an amused scrutiny. Papa had evidently drawn for the benefit of the family a fancy sketch of me, which was too bad of him. I observed in her face the sensitive sudden changes as before, the same sweet uncertain curves of the coral lips, the open spaces between the rounded pearly teeth, but about the eyes there was a depth and tenderness of expression that was new to me. She looked all too delicate for life's rough ways, she was so slight, such a mere child—helpless, and yet there was about her helplessness a subdued tender triumph. Perhaps, however, the chief charm lay in an entire unconsciousness of self. As I resumed my seat, the room seemed suddenly to turn round, the fire came gradually nearer to me, and the ceiling threatened to press down upon my head, and then I went off into a helpless reverie—thinking of the evenings we used to have long ago at home, when I had a home, before my sister married, and was able to talk on subjects other than her baby's teething; when we used to tease Tom about his numerous flames. Tom is my scapegrace brother, whose name we do not mention now, because, being of an indolent and affectionate nature, he firstly could not find work in England, and, secondly, married an innkeeper's daughter, and went out with her to Australia. I often have letters from Polly, my sister-in-law, the gist of them being—"Tom and me are very well and happy, in which state I hope this will find you." These old remembrances came upon me when Sir John and Lady Trevelyan, Cissy, Lady Anne, and Dunsey were placidly discussing the latest news from the "Pall Mall," London cab fares, and a parcel that Papa had left behind in a railway carriage.

"So now, Papa, you must never scold

me about forgetting things. I get all my bad qualities from you," said Dunsey, perching herself upon the elbow of Papa's arm-chair. Lady Anne had turned her profile to me; I wanted to see her full face — should I ask her to move? How she would have laughed at me — she seemed so ready to laugh; and how aggravatingly happy and comfortable and independent they all were, and so indifferent to me, except perhaps the good, wise mother. Was it the heat of the fire, combined with a general sense of emptiness, that had so utterly damped my social charms, or had I really fallen suddenly in love with a beautiful face?

"For you, Miss Cissy," whispered a little old woman, slipping noiselessly into the room bearing a letter on a salver. Cissy seized it, patted the hand that held the tray, and looked gratefully up into the dim old eyes.

"I hope I see you well, Master Vincent."

"Quite well, thank you, Nurse," I answered, opening the door for her, as I recognized in her an old ally — one who had deftly patched my infantine trousers.

"I am famishing with hunger," whispered Dunsey, clutching at Nurse's dress; "when do you think dinner will be ready?"

"It is just coming up, dear."

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed the child devoutly.

Cissy's letter was crushed fast between two little hands, and surreptitiously deposited unopened in her pocket. A bright colour had come into her face, and her eyes looked deep and lustrous; I lost sight of the anxious lines about her brow, and saw only the rippling brown hair gleaming in the firelight. I expected Mamma to have made some inquiry about that letter — it was clearly her duty to do so; I felt inclined to insist upon it; but they were all too many for me, and Mamma, instead, contentedly turned her wedding-ring round and round her fair finger, like a self-absorbed bride.

At the dinner-table I found myself next to Dunsey. "Why do you call your sister Lady Anne?" I asked, suddenly turning upon her, and making her blush — which left me more at my ease.

"Because," replied she, wriggling uneasily on her chair, "when Papa was knighted long ago, she insisted upon the whole household calling her Lady Anne, and we forget now to call her anything else."

"And I suppose you are named Dunsey because you are a dunce?"

"Yes, — how did you guess that?" she faltered, her big eyes brimming with tears.

"It is self-evident, but I like dunces."

"Do you really?" she asked, making a dash at her eyelashes; "and do you like people whose writing resembles the mad scratchings of flies' legs? That is what Papa says mine is like."

"Very much," I answered fervently, trying in vain to intercept the sweet glances of Lady Anne as they fell lovingly upon the little sister's eager, upturned face.

"Sit straight, child," said Mamma severely; and Dunsey spoke no more.

After the ladies left the room, Judge Trevelyan and I discussed the need of ventilation in the law-courts. "The air is positively stifling," said the Judge, growing eloquent in the cause. I think he proceeded to explain a new plan of ventilation discovered in India, but I cannot give it *in extenso*, as I was at the time mentally purchasing for Dunsey a Mordant's gold pen-case, and a grand commonplace-book with lock and key.

I found, in the drawing-room, Lady Anne and her weird little sister sitting on the sofa, with a chessboard resting on their knees.

"Don't you think," I said, going up to Dunsey, "it is quite time for little girls to go to bed?"

"Oh dear, no," replied she, galloping up to look at the clock; "it is hardly nine, and I never go to bed till half-past — do I, Mamma?"

"No, dear," said Mamma; "come and sit here, Mr. Vincent. I have been thinking if you would like to have some of your mother's letters; I would give you all I possess — such bright, clever letters they are; I have kept them for many a long year," she continued, taking out from her work-table drawer a little packet of them tied up with faded pink ribbon.

I should have made an effort to read them then and there, but it was impossible with that terrible child, Dunsey, keeping up such a continual chatter.

"It is quite hopeless teaching you chess," she exclaimed to Lady Anne, laughing with happy triumph; "you don't remember the simplest moves, and you never think beforehand. Now why did you move your king there?" Cissy was writing, in a far corner, some diplomatic despatch.

"Is it ready?" asked the old nurse, putting her head in at the door.

"Yes, here it is; and you will be quite sure to give the letter your own very self, and see if he is really better, and ask what is the doctor's last opinion, and if he liked the jelly, and what he thinks of the third volume, and —"

"Yes, yes, that will do—how am I to remember all that?" grumbled the old woman, as she got herself away, with Dunsey gambolling before her.

"Perhaps your ladyship will have more success with me," I said, darting to the vacated seat on the sofa.

"I am afraid not, I am so slow," said Lady Anne, beginning to rearrange the board a little despondingly.

"When it rains at Burton Reach we play chess all day."

"And where is Burton Reach, and who are 'we'?" asked her ladyship.

"Don't you remember my uncle?"

"Ah, to be sure; a cross old man, who never would allow you sufficient pocket-money, and used to complain about your tailor's bills, though Papa always assured him you were a most careful little boy with your clothes. Now let us begin."

Our hands touched across the board, but she did not look up—she was intent upon the game, which she did not in the least understand. I edged myself nearer, and predetermined that she should win, but not too quickly; I wanted her to pay attention not only to the chessmen but to me. In the end she won, but did not triumph like Dunsey.

"And now for another game," I urged.

"No, no," said Mamma, looking up from her work, a little clouded and troubled; "Lady Anne has played enough."

"Very well, Mamma," said her ladyship, giving up the board good-humouredly; "we will all sit round the fire and talk of the good, the true, and the beautiful."

"That's a rich idea," exclaimed Papa, throwing aside his newspaper and taking off his spectacles. And so we all drew in.

How seldom it is one gets a long, uninterrupted talk, and how pleasant and how soul-satisfying it is! And when one is in love—in love for the first time, in love at first sight—how all-important it seems to get at once to her thoughts, tastes, and expressions of opinion. Lady Anne never directly addressed me, and yet, somehow, all she said I took to myself, and interpreted in my own way. Her family laughed at her and contradicted her, but still they turned to her as we turn to the bright, warm rays of the sun, and I basked in those rays like one who has been long in shadow. I took up a volume of poetry, and searched for some verses I knew of bearing upon our subject. I read them 'as an aside to Cissy; but I knew that Lady Anne was listening, and listening smiled.

CHAPTER II.

"Dis quel est l'amour véritable?
Celui qui respire en autrui.
Et l'amour le plus indomptable?
Celui qui fait le moins de bruit."

I DREAMED that night of Cissy and Dunsey; I awoke in the morning saying to myself "Lady Anne, Lady Anne." I tried to recall Cissy's and Dunsey's faces, but could not succeed; Lady Anne's always came before me—her voice, her looks, her manner of moving like some slowly-flitting cloud. I thought about her over my dismal breakfast; the rain poured in torrents, the streets looked gloomy and damp, the opposite windows blank, but I imagined myself in the country, breathing the perfume of roses, and I determined to write a novel, and the name of it should be "Lady Anne."

I arrived at my chambers earlier than my clerk had looked for me. He was, as usual, pale and melancholy. I felt inclined to apologize to him for disturbing him before his time.

"I have to leave early to-day," I said, hesitatingly.

He looked as if he had the whole law work of England on his shoulders, and treated me rather as his junior partner. As I looked at his straight sandy hair I wondered if he were in love with some suburban beauty; if so "that not impossible she" should tell him to anchor his collar securely below his cravat. But then, does she love him, and does he love her? and if then, what then? Dogged, gloomy youth, do you not know that all this—paper, pens, ink, dust, and parchment—is but a discordant accompaniment to "a melody rare and sweet"? If you want to take a holiday to Brixton you have only to ask for it, and I should shut up shop and wait—oh, so patiently!—for your return.

I worked hard for three hours; then when my overseer was not looking, took my hat and slipped away. I walked for some time as a man does who is too late for an engagement, made a purchase at the stationer's, and gained my lodgings a little out of breath. After a biscuit and a glass of sherry, I found myself whirling away in a hansom towards the Trevelyan's house.

"Ladies just going out," said solemn man in black.

"Perhaps they will see me," said I, pressing his hand.

"I will see, sir," said Solemnity, brightening.

"Dunsey, come here!" this to two legs disappearing up the stairs.

Bang came Dunsey, bounding down the flight of steps in two grand leaps.

"See!" said I, opening a parcel, "here is a pen, and a book to write in; and I do hope," I continued, severely, "that this may be an inducement to you to improve your handwriting."

I was agitated, but Dunsey was not in the least.

"And a lock and key to the book!" she cried, making a pirouette on one foot; "that is *too* delightful. I shall copy out all my valentines into it."

"Who sends you valentines?" I asked, testily.

"Oh, lots of people. Charlie Blake sends me one from Rugby, and I always have a beauty from Lady Anne—only, you know, I don't know it," she continued, winking and nodding her head; "it comes through the post, and has real dirty marks upon it, just like the others, and as it is scented deliciously, I keep it all the year round among my handkerchiefs. And then, you know, there is Cissy's—ahem!" Expressive pantomimic grimaces follow, explaining the case more clearly than words. "But it is only his own poetry, with no pictures. I think the verses very weak, though Cissy thinks them beautiful. She always reminds him when St. Valentine's Day occurs, or he would never remember it. He is so absent-minded and horrid, he never can recollect whether he has seen me or not, and generally shakes hands with me twice."

"And is Charlie Blake a master at Rugby?"

Dunsey burst out laughing. "Oh, dear no! he is just gone, and is only in the lower fourth. Talk of my handwriting! you should see his! All blots, and no full stops, and he uses slangy expressions that I don't understand, so as to make me think he is clever; but, as I tell him, I shall never believe in that till he is head of the sixth."

"I would not write to him if I were you."

"Oh, I would sooner do it than not."

"Well, now, dear, I think you had better go."

"Where?" asked Dunsey, raising her eyebrows.

"Why, to your lessons," I replied.

"I've done them long ago, and Mamma said I wasn't to practise because Lady Anne has a headache; but I will go and feed my birds if you like."

"Very well, and don't leave paper and

string lying about," said I, crushing the wrapper of the book into her little brown palm.

I had hardly seated myself, with my back to the light, when Lady Trevelyan entered, arrayed in her bonnet and shawl. I rose, and she seated herself directly in my chair, motioning me to one opposite.

"I am sorry to hear," said I precipitately, "that Lady Anne has a headache."

"My daughter is not very well to-day," said Mamma, a little stiffly.

Of course I should have said "Miss Trevelyan" instead of "Lady Anne." The sun blazed in upon me from the window, and Lady Trevelyan's eyes gazed pitilessly upon me from her dark corner. Here was a totally different woman from the easy, happy mamma of last night. It was to be war to the knife. Well, I too could fight. Who would not fight for Lady Anne? You poor weak mother, deeming yourself so strong, do you not know that if I do not win her some one else will? Do you think men have not eyes in their heads? They may start in life with a preconceived plan of celibacy, but it is always permitted them to alter their ideas when and where they will. If I could have brought in Burton Reach it might, perhaps, have gone easier with me, but I felt myself unable to lead up gradually to the subject.

"She is not out, I suppose?"

"No, she has not gone out."

And then Mamma allowed a pause. I had come so full of hopeful love, and had been altogether too abrupt, and now I felt stranded, out of tune, and imbecile. I had better take my hat, and make my escape. I was thinking what I should say next, when I walked Lady Anne.

"I am so glad to see you," said I, starting up as she entered.

"I felt so much better, Mamma, that I thought I would come down," said her ladyship, looking as I thought, recklessly into her mother's troubled face.

What was poor Mamma to do? I was sorry for her, which was good-natured on my part, for she had not sympathized with me. She began to talk in a vague way on politics, and asked my opinion on the great Tichborne trial. I said at first I really believed the Claimant was the right man, and then that I thought him an arrant impostor, and again I was quite willing to be converted either way. In fact, I was absorbed and perplexed at the changes in Lady Anne's fair face. How she flushed and paled by turns! A soothing sense of complacency began to steal

over me. I sat further into my chair, and played with a paper-knife, which provokingly snapt in two. I put the ends of it in my pocket, meaning, not to have it mended, but to keep it as a memento, and present Lady Anne with a magnificent new one. Should I—or should I not, rather—punish Lady Trevelyan, and not look near them for a month? Lady Anne with a headache is not so beautiful as Lady Anne without one, though her looks touched me with a strange thrill. There are dark circles round her eyes, and the roses on her lips have vanished. I see how it is: Mamma thinks her swan can do better, but her ladyship remembers our childhood together, or has perhaps thought over Burton Reach; or no doubt Dunsey has told her about the commonplace-book, for a sure way of touching a girl's heart is to make love to the baby of the house. After our first greeting was over she sat stiffly on the edge of the sofa. All her ease of manner had deserted her; when she spoke she addressed herself to her mother in a soft, anxious, conciliatory manner.

"It is four o'clock, Mamma," she said once, in an apologetic way.

I thought of adding that "there were milestones on the Dover road," but as Lady Trevelyan was looking severely at me I refrained.

Two minutes after four another visitor was announced—Mr. Dobinson, an old chum of mine; that is to say, we were at college together, and, if I remember rightly, I rather avoided a very close acquaintance with him, which I must own, he never thrust upon me. It was not because I did not like the man, but simply that he was poor, plodding, and provincial. We shook hands warmly, however, and I asked him (as I always do) if he had seen Leslie lately, and he replied, as usual, "Not very lately." He looked surprised, amused, and—pitiful.

"I am glad to see you have taken up the Education Question," said Lady Trevelyan, pointing to a magazine on the table. "Your article greatly interested me; you come down with 'such prompt cheery thud of glove on ground.'"

"I am very glad you like it; you rarely give me praise."

"Nonsense," returned she, "praise is the last thing you care about."

"Not from you," he answered, giving her a quick, grateful look.

And then in the most objectionably deliberate manner the monster set to poking the fire. I seized the coal-box, and he gave way, leaving the stoking to me.

"How is the head?" he asked, abruptly, turning to Lady Anne, as if he had only then noticed her presence.

"Better," she answered, smilingly, and then began to talk in her low treble to me.

He turned again to the fire, with a patient, complacent air that irritated me. He is one of those men who never speak unless they have something to say, an idiosyncrasy which, in general society, is embarrassing, to say the least of it. I, on the contrary, am valiant in throwing myself headlong into all breaches; to me a silence is oppressive, to him it is a pleasant breathing space, a restful, dreamy intermission.

"My paper-knife," said Lady Anne, holding out her hand for it, pleadingly.

"It is broken," I said.

"Never mind, it is all the same to me," still holding out her hand.

"Good-by," I said, taking it tenderly in mine. She looked unhappy. "I will bring the knife back to-morrow." Still she looked dissatisfied. "Are you very angry with me for breaking it?"

"Very angry," she answered, blushing and smiling.

"*A demain*," I said, looking into her eyes.

"*Au revoir*," she replied, a little impatiently.

Lady Trevelyan came with me into the hall, and then went upstairs. I found I had forgotten my glove, so went back for it into the drawing-room. In the firelight stood George Dobinson and Lady Anne. Her head was resting on his shoulder, his arm was round her waist. "My own darling Annie," he was saying, in a low, caressing voice. He turned round as I entered, shielding her from my view, with a sunny smile illuminating the plain features of his face. So great was the transfiguration that I hardly recognized him as the same man who had stirred the fire in such a dull, business-like way. I could have borne my disappointment better, I think, if my sudden appearance had startled or frightened him.

"I beg pardon," I said, "I came for my glove," and drew back without looking for it.

"Found it, sir?" asked the man, with a simper, as he opened the door for me.

"All right," I said, trying to look unconcerned.

So that bright ray of sunshine is all for him—for George Dobinson! To think of such a beautiful creature throwing herself away on a quixotic Radical, an embryo revolutionist, a Jack-of-all-trades! He

writes scrap articles, goes in for new railroads in far countries, for future sea-tunnellings, is in the tea-trade, and is always losing money in the barque *Betsy Jane*, or the wheal *Mary Anne*. Oh, Lady Anne! Lady Anne! how you have thrown away your cards! You had the game all in your own hands, and you have crowned Dobinson and checkmated me! Why, it is like your chess-playing—you don't know the simplest moves, and you never think beforehand. With your beauty and your grace, and that tender humorous flashing of your blue-grey eyes, you might have married any one—you might have married *me*. Well, thank heaven, I am a modest man, and Dobinson is decidedly pushing—though I must admit that the few who know him intimately would entirely refute such an insinuation, and would enlarge upon his simple, self-forgetful life. He is one of those who will stop in the race for wealth to lend a hand to a friend in need—who will pour in oil and wine to those lying fallen and wounded by the roadside, silently, as one who does not let his right hand know what his left hand doeth. Of course, if I were in distress, I should go at once to George Dobinson; but then I am not in distress, and have a sensitive horror of being waylaid by a man who walks about town in a wideawake and a worn coat.

On returning home from my club, I found my lost glove, and a note of invitation to dinner from my rival. As I wound up my watch at night, I remembered the paper-cutter in my waistcoat pocket—a tortoiseshell one, with a raised monogram on it: wound about in white and blue were the letters A. T. and G. D. I had the two ends riveted together, and sent, with a bouquet of white roses, to Lady Anne.

CHAPTER III.

"I choose her for herself;
If she and I are pleased,
What's that to you?"

"Comment, disait-il,
Sans philtre subtil
Enchantez les belles?
Aimez, disait-elle."

A GREAT grief has fallen upon the Trevelyan family: Cissy's betrothed has died. He was recovering from fever, and getting on well, when a sudden relapse came, from which he rallied for a time, then lost strength, and sank slowly out of life, with Cissy's hand in his, and her name upon his lips.

"She makes no complaint," said Lady

Trevelyan, to me, when I called to inquire; "she sheds no tears, but her life seems to have ebbed with his life; she is but a shadow of her former self."

I met Dunsey in the Gardens, rolling her hoop as if for dear life, round and round the blackened elm-tree boles. Nurse was vainly endeavouring to keep pace with her.

"How are you, Dunsey?" I asked, through the railings.

"I'm quite well, but Cissy—Cissy!"—and the child pulled out a damp ball of a handkerchief to apply to her tear-stained little face, and then attacked her hoop again, seemingly bent on accomplishing some self-imposed penance.

"We are but sadly, Master Vincent," said Nurse, covering Dunsey's retreat. "It was a great shock to us; he had been going on so well, and the wedding-day was fixed. She feels stunned now and dazed; the worst is yet to come."

"Let us hope, Nurse, she will bear up."

"Bear up, indeed! what I want is for her to break down—it would be more natural like. She is one of those who bear up a great deal too much."

I had not known Cissy's *fiancé*, but this sorrow which had come to the Trevellyans seemed to bridge over the chasm of years, and the old feeling of loyal affection that I had for them all as a boy, came back again in full force. I forgot my private vexations, and recovered, as other men recover, from my first disappointment in love, determining not to singe my wings again in a hurry.

In fact there is now no temptation for such self-martyrdom. Lady Anne has flown from the nest, Dunsey is at school, and Cissy never appears to recognize me as a distinct fact, though I am her mother's right hand, used and abused by her as a petted eldest son. Silver hairs have mixed themselves among Cissy's brown curls, and her form and face seem to have shrunk in size. She spends a great deal of her time among the poor. I, who would fain avoid the poor, find it very easy and convenient to do my charity through her. She gives me a written account of what she spends, and is very business-like and clear-headed—admirable qualities in woman, otherwise it might become a dangerous pastime, this balancing of accounts.

I have heard to-day that Dunsey is coming home from her school in Germany. She and I have kept up a regular correspondence; her writing is still scratchy, and her spelling at times original, but not-

withstanding these grave faults her letters are charming. She treats me like "an old religious uncle." I am not sure whether I like it, or not; but at present perhaps it is better to keep her to it. Begin by making her respect me, and then work up gently. Yes, in every way it is safest, for a charming letter-writer may turn out disappointing in other respects.

To-night I am to dine at the Trevelyan's; the Dobinsons are to be there, and Charlie Blake and I are asked to meet the young lady.

Of course Charlie left Rugby before attaining the sixth form, and, as a sequence, was ignominiously plucked at Oxford. He has, unfortunately for him, no rich uncle in the background, and is now eating his slow dinners at the Temple with what appetite he may.

I have returned after a very pleasant evening, and am duly fascinated. Dunsey has grown into a fine young woman, with a frank face, a soft voice, a winning manner, and a thrilling laugh. She has a slight lisp, of which she is uncomfortably conscious. (I shall tell her some day that she would be nothing without it.) There is an eager, graceful awkwardness about her that is strangely attractive. She took my two hands in hers, and thanked me for all I had done for her—for my admonitions, instructions, and good advice.

"It was so good of you," she said, lifting up her soft blue eyes gratefully to mine.

"You have a great deal to learn yet," I said, bewitched.

"Indeed, I have," she echoed, in a melancholy way.

As I held her hand in mine, I pondered within myself whether it would not be well to drop at once the character of "religious uncle." Since I have returned home I have arrived at the calm conclusion that in a year or two Dunsey will be perfect; there is too much of the school-girl about her at present—her health is perhaps a little too rude. I wonder if I should recommend Lady Trevelyan to send her for a year to Paris. Let me see—Dunsey in Paris—ah, no, how completely it would tarnish her freshness. Who knows, some day I may take her there myself, and show to her all the wonders of it for the first time.

She and Charlie had evidently very little to say to one another. I noticed that he got bullied more or less by the whole family; even the kind-hearted Dobinson snubbed him, but at the same time has succeeded in obtaining for him some pretty stiff work to occupy his leisure hours, for

which the poor boy seems astonishingly grateful.

Some days after this family gathering, I wrote to Dunsey, inviting them all to the opera.

"May Charlie come too?" she asked, in her shaky, shocking handwriting.

"No room," I answered, laconically, on a postal card.

Charlie called at my club an hour afterwards. "Look here, old fellow," he said, taking me by the button-hole, in an eager, enthusiastic way; "I want you to come after the opera to supper at my rooms."

"I can't possibly do that."

"The Trevelyan's are to be there."

"In that case, of course, I shall come,"

I said, as if I were an inevitable brother, whose duty was to be ever on guard.

"That's right," cried he, giving me a little tap on the back. "I shall be in the pit," he went on, "where I can see you, and I shall have a brougham waiting for Dunsey at the corner of the street, and will leave you the care of the rest of the party."

"Thank you; is there anything else I can do for you?" I asked, laughing sarcastically.

"Dunsey and I are engaged, you know," said he, in a grave, explanatory tone.

I looked aghast.

"I did the deed in Germany—went over on purpose; it has been a long affair on my side. All my schoolbooks are marked with her initials."

My first impulse was to box his ears soundly for him; but as I looked into his good young face, I changed my mind, and ended by congratulating him, asking, in the usual way, how it all happened.

"Well," he began, delighted at the prospect of talking uninterruptedly, "it was not all plain sailing, as you may believe."

"Of course not," said I; "the course of true love never did, &c."

"It was not exactly that—we have never had a quarrel; but, you know, when I arrived at her school we sat on two chairs opposite each other, with a governess dividing us, and conversed about the weather, and the wealth of the German language. Imagine such a position! I asked if I might take her out for a walk. Of course not—unheard-of proposition. I said I was a friend of the family, a near relation, an inspector of schools, a Government official, a person of importance—all to no purpose. I telegraphed to Lady Trevelyan, 'May I take her for a walk?' Permission granted. The next day I again besieged the convent walls, armed with my

telegram, and we sallied forth triumphantly. Ah, what a day it was, all sunshine and breeze, with the bluest of skies, and the greenest of grass. Dunsey's first thought, however, was to make for a *speise haus*, and I can tell you I was proud of the amount she ate.

"‘I awake so hungry,’ she said, filling her pockets with the remnants of our repast. And then we sat under the trees, and listened to the band, and afterwards set off running down a hill, into a pine wood, where we shouted and laughed at the pitch of our voices. When she was completely exhausted, I made my proposal, and we returned to the convent in the twilight.

"‘You have been a preposterously long walk,’ exclaimed the lady of the establishment; but Dunsey fell upon her neck, and kissing her, asked her if it was not the very first time she had ever been naughty. The good lady relented, but expressed a hope that my visit would not be repeated.”

As Charlie stopped speaking, I became conscious that my mind had wandered a little during the latter part of his narrative. In fact, I was wishing I too had gone to visit Dunsey's school, while making a summer tour through Germany; I was close to the place, and did think of her, but decided in favour of a young Russian bride, whose luggage was booked for a more picturesque and convenient resting-place.

"I proposed in a most original manner," finished Charlie, turning knowingly on his heel.

Men in love are certainly very ridiculous. Of course he meant me to ask him how he did it, but I was feeling depressed, and did not in the least care to hear. Why should I be listening, like a family lawyer, to this young fellow's love story? And why should I remark that I thought Dunsey far too young to know her own mind?

Charlie fired up at once: "I don't at all agree with you; a girl is never too young to know that."

"Well, well," I said, good-naturedly, "the upshot of it all is, I suppose, that I am to take care of the old people, while you look after the young one?"

"If you would not mind," said Charlie, looking up as if he would like to kiss me.

"I am only sorry my opera-box is so small. But I can change places with you part of the time," I added, as I bade him adieu, feeling that I was indeed a religious uncle, and worthy to be canonized as a saint. Lady Trevelyan thinks differently however, for when I asked her how it is I

am not, as other men are, lucky in love, she laughed a little scornfully, and said I had a great deal to learn yet.

"You must begin by loving, you know."

"But surely I am ready."

"You must be more than that," she said, with bland decision.

CHAPTER IV.

"Lo, with her calm eyes there she met me and knew nothing of it, —

Stood unexpected, unconscious."

"There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd."

As I pondered over Lady Trevelyan's words, I wondered if she meant anything particular — if, in fact, she was thinking of her daughter Cissy. Now I confess, I have never for a moment thought of Cissy. We are very good friends, simply that, and nothing more. I would do anything for Lady Trevelyan; I would do a great deal for Miss Trevelyan, for I like and reverence her, only I cannot imagine her the lady of Burton Reach. However, it is, I know, an immense thing to be mated to a thoroughly good woman, for in this world a good woman is as difficult to find as a good man. Most of us want to be good, and some of us try to be good, "but hard, hard, hard is it only not to tumble." Weighted with these reflections, I was making my way home to my dreary, dusty, musty lodgings, taking a short cut through a by-street, in the gloom of the evening, when I came upon the subject of my meditations. Cissy Trevelyan was walking alone, dressed in sombre grey, with a little basket on her arm, and her skirt tucked up over her delicate little ankles. She had paused before an open coach-house door, where a ragged little urchin was sitting on the edge of a barrow, with a baby on his knee; the boy's curly head was bent over the little one, kissing its rosy cheeks with all a child's passionate lovingness. Cissy stood still to watch them for a moment; her pale cheeks had flushed. I saw that her eyes were full of tears; they were not speaking eyes, like Lady Anne's, nor were they the azure blue of Dunsey's, but as they met mine, a little startled, there came upon me a profound and tender compassion for this young girl, the strong current of whose love had been so suddenly checked. I felt it would be good for me even to be second in her affections. I was ready at that moment to give up all my brightest dreams of life, all my worldly aspirations, all my selfish ways and moods, if by so doing I could lighten the burden of her life.

"Don't you get very tired of this sort of thing?" I asked, drawing her hand within my arm.

"Tired of what sort of thing?" she asked.

"Tired of being with low, vulgar people, and seeing nothing but want and wretchedness."

"Because they are poor, they need not necessarily be low and vulgar; it seems to me that they lead much more unselfish lives than the rich do — lives dedicated to others. We cumber ourselves with artificial duties, and waste the strength and the sympathy that might be more practically given to help our fellow-beings."

"You surely would not have us all turn district visitors?" I asked, in a tragic tone.

Cissy laughed low and musically.

"Don't be frightened; I certainly should not elect you one; it is not only those who live in crowded courts, or back alleys, that need sympathy, help, and encouragement. We are far too apt to overlook the 'poor in spirit,' and occupy ourselves with more tangible, more interesting difficulties."

"Yes, that is true; I always feel as if it would be easier to me to plunge into deep water to save a person from drowning, or lead victoriously a charge of cavalry on to certain death, than to perform the monotonous round of little daily self-sacrifices that don't seem to tell either in this world or the world to come."

"Hush," said Cissy, "don't talk nonsense; you are now doing yourself injustice."

"I will take you a new way home," I said, meaning to make a little circuit. I was feeling wonderfully happy and light-hearted; it was the first time Cissy had ever told me that I had done myself injustice. I had momentary flashing visions — not of walking with her through the exhausted evening atmosphere of the London streets, but of riding with her through the wash of air on the Roman Campagna, or sitting by her side under the canopy of a Venetian gondola, while gliding through a straight streak of moonlight; or, more comfortable and convenient still, getting my uncle to lend us Burton Reach for a month, with the option of staying on two months if — if we did not get very tired of it.

"I am quite convinced that you are working too hard — that you are wearing yourself out, Cissy," I said, feeling that we were nearing home, and that I was wasting the time in dreaming.

"No, I am not; people only wear out when they have nothing to do."

"Nonsense, my dear; men drop down daily from overwork."

"Well, we can only die once, and surely it is good to die in harness."

"But does this work make you happy?"

"Happiness is not what I expect, though it comes sometimes when one least looks for it, that is to say, peace comes; the only true happiness is to utilize oneself, and not to save oneself for the life to come."

"But you have known other happiness?"

"Yes, and I have had to pay very dearly for it, as one does for great joys. When our own hearts have been rent it is then we can fully realize all the unalleviated, unspoken misery there is in the world: I mean, how many there are who have to work out the long days in shadow instead of sunshine."

There was a long pause, and then I said —

"Cissy, I would like to make you happy; I could forget all that has gone before, if you could love me and be my wife."

"Your wife!" she said, turning pale.

"Yes, my wife."

"How can you," she cried, in a low, unsteady voice, "forget the past? Do you not know that I am his — his — his; that he is constantly near to me; that he is dearer, far dearer to me than ever; that all that I attempt to do, or dream of doing, is through the might of my love for him?"

"Forgive me, Cissy," I said, looking down with kindling admiration into her sweet, sorrowful little face.

"Ah, forgive me," she went on, once more placing her tremulous little hand within my arm; "you have been such a good friend to me, do not let us quarrel. We will forget all this, and let it be as though we had not spoken; I shall never leave Mamma and Papa."

"But you would have left them for him?"

"Yes, I would have left mother and father, all and everything, for his sake. A woman can do that for one, and for one only, once in a lifetime, but it is too difficult a thing for me to do twice; it is impossible when one has loved once, as I have loved, ever to do so again — it would be mere imitation of the reality that is no more."

We were at her door — she did not ask me in; but as she went upstairs I passed into the drawing-room. I found Lady Trevelyan sitting idly in the firelight, waiting

for her husband. As I came in she turned round quickly, letting her fire-screen fall from her hands, with the happy expectant smile of a young girl. "Ah, is it you?" she exclaimed, in a disappointed tone, "I thought it was Papa!"

"I walked home with Cissy," I said.

"That was very good of your lordship."

"Don't laugh at me, Lady Trevelyan, I am miserable; I made a fool of myself, and Cissy has refused me."

"Now, Vincent, how could you do such a silly, senseless thing?"

"I don't see why it should be such a silly, senseless thing."

"Why, you neither of you are the least in love."

"I reverence her more than any woman I know."

"*L'amitié est une froide compagne pour aider à supporter les maux immenses que l'amour a fait accepter.*"

"Don't quote French to me," I said, in an irritated tone.

Lady Trevelyan rose up, and, laying her fair soft hands soothingly on my shoulders, kissed me, as a mother kisses her spoilt child.

"I wish I had another daughter for you," she said.

"If you had she would not take me."

"She certainly would not take you if she did not care for you."

"But why should she not care for me?"

"Why *should* she care for you?"

"Because — because — well, I am not a bad man; I should be very good to her."

"You are certainly not a bad man, and would, no doubt, be very good to your wife; but these not uncommon qualifications will never alone obtain for you the love of a woman who would make life a blessing to you."

"You are very hard upon me."

"And yet it is true what I say of you — take as example your love for Cissy."

"Yes," I eagerly interrupted, "take that as an example. Am I not willing to lay all my worldly goods at her feet, look over what has passed, and dedicate myself to her happiness?"

"That was not the way the Judge wooed and won me."

"I don't pretend to know what the by-gone ways of wooing and winning were."

"I can remember, because they were so simple. A man in love did not express himself *willing* to lay his worldly goods at the feet of his chosen lady; nor did he enlarge upon the self-sacrifice of his personal dedication to her future happiness — he

asked only the rich reward of her love in return for his own."

"Cissy and I might have grown into all that in time; why should you throw me over before testing me — trying me, at any rate?"

"We have known you all your life, Vincent —"

"That means to say that you *have* tested me," I interrupted in a sombre tone.

"Love — true love — does not come easily," went on Lady Trevelyan, unheeding my interruption; "there is always suffering, but the suffering is easy to bear, if the love that lightens it is real and not imaginary."

My reply was checked by the entrance of the Judge.

"You are the very man I want," he said, as he gave me a hearty handshake. "Stay and dine with us, and then give me your help with these papers."

"Not this evening," I objected, looking from the papers towards Lady Trevelyan with unhappy eyes.

"Stay and help the Judge," said her ladyship, in her low, mild tone of authority. And so, of course, I obeyed. Cissy did not seem in the least surprised to see me again. She behaved perfectly; and I was far happier beside her than I would have been brooding by myself over my unlucky star. The Judge and I remained up until the small hours.

"I am quite ashamed of myself for making use of you in this way," said he, yawning wearily when our work was finished.

"I am so glad to be of use to you," I replied, sorry that my part of it was over, for with it everything seemed over for me.

"Cissy said we should find some refreshments in the other room," he went on, rising and stretching himself; "come, let us see what is prepared for us."

A bright cheering fire blazed in the dining-room, and a shaded lamp stood in the centre of the dinner-table, upon which were placed various dishes of delicate meats, and bottles of the choicest wines. "We deserve this, don't we?" said the Judge, rubbing his hands. And then he went on to tell his best stories, his varied experiences, his youthful struggles and successes. "Ay, ay! youth is *the* time, if we only know it," he said. "You have it all before you — everything to come — how I envy you!"

"I suppose in old age we forget all our disappointments," I said, a little drearily.

"It is perhaps the disappointments of youth that make the ripeness of old age,"

were the last words of the Judge, as he shut me out into the misty morning air.

So I am still a bachelor, and likely to remain one, unless Cissy relents. Lady Anne has taught her children to call me Uncle; and although I have entirely ceased to take the same interest as formerly in Dunsey's intellectual development, she has nevertheless made me godfather to her son and heir. The godmother is Cissy. My uncle has died, and, in a sudden freak of old age, has made Tom his sole inheritor; he and Polly have accordingly left Australia, and are established at Burton Reach, where they have made themselves very popular in the neighbourhood. I often go and stay there from Saturday to Monday, and am received by Polly as if I were the Prince of Wales.

"I don't think any other man but yourself would have borne such a disappointment in so sweet a way," said Polly to me one day.

"What do you mean?" I asked, wondering how she could have heard of Cissy.

"Why, Tom and me coming into all the money!"

"I am rather glad than otherwise," I answered, indifferently.

"I daresay you have had worse troubles," went on Polly, looking up at me sympathizingly with her kind, shrewd eyes; "I hope you are not fretting about a woman."

"Yes, I am, Polly."

"And she won't take you because you've lost the money!—if that is the case, you are well rid of her," said my little-sister, flushing in her quick way.

"That is not the case, however; I proposed to her long ago."

"Did you now?" said Polly, calming down. "Well, if I were you I would ask her again—women are so queer. I should not wonder if she took you, now that you have no expectations."

"I have given up all hope."

"Never give up hope!—try again," said Polly.

From Fraser's Magazine.

WITTENBERG AND COLOGNE.

THE fifth Œcumenical Council had been held at the Lateran Church and brought to a conclusion amidst general acclamations. Never in the history of the Church had there been greater reason for congratulation than on the present occasion. The power of the successor of St. Peter had

been declared and vindicated as supreme, not only in spiritual matters but also in things temporal. The enemy of the Pope, Louis XII., with his defiant motto, "*Perdam Babylonis nomen*," was dead, and his successor had concluded a concordat with the Papal Power. As the members passed the threshold of that old church, said to have been built by Constantine, at the end of their twelfth meeting on the 16th of March, 1517, who could have predicted that seven months later, on the 31st of October, an arrow from a little town of Germany would wound the Western Church to the very core, and change the triumphant Queen, ruling in solitary grandeur over the nations, into a *Mater dolorosa* "weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted for her children, because they were not"? For on that 16th day of March the sky was clear and without any traces of clouds, and Leo X. was all but an Elijah; and the one protesting voice was drowned amidst the general hubbub of ecclesiastics, though that voice came from the venerable Sorbonne, whose history dates from the days of Alcuin, and which has occupied all along a position in the history of Europe unparalleled by any other school or university.

On the last day of October, 1517, a young Augustine monk, professor at the newly founded University of Wittenberg, hitherto known for nothing else but his hatred of Aristoteles and the scholastic philosophy ("I am longing," he wrote, "to tear the Greek mask from off the face of that comedian, who has made such a fool of the Church, and to expose him in all his nakedness"), affixed a paper with 95 theses against the abuse of indulgences to the door of the church of the castle. "Ho, ho," said a pious monk after he had read them, "he is the man, he will do it—we have waited for him." In a few days they were known all over Germany; in a few weeks they had spread all over the Continent; some time afterwards they were sold in the streets of Jerusalem; the Reformation, as it is called, had commenced.

Martin Luther was a religious genius. There are times in the history of nations, when the moral or religious questions which form the substratum of the social and political fabric are brought by an irresistible impulse to the surface. Such a moment called in Scripture language the "fulness of the time," had come in the sixteenth century. The revival of learning, the awakening on all sides of centrifugal forces, contributed to the rapid spread of

the movement when once inaugurated, but they were not its origin or cause. The restlessness which had seized the intellectual and political world did not make itself felt in the moral world except in Germany. For the German race is the embodiment of a great moral idea; their nature leaves them no rest till they have penetrated into the origin of things, till they have investigated their essence. Luther was the greatest German that ever lived, because he realized more than any one the moral idea. A genius is ever the offspring, as used to be said, of a god and one of the daughters of men — of heavenly and earthly powers. Luther was a child of his age; the wants and aspirations of the times were, so to speak, concentrated in his person; he articulated the word that had lain quivering, seeking in vain for utterance, on the lips of thousands and millions. But above all he was a German: his subjectivity, his boldness in speculation, his intense moral earnestness, his indomitable energy and perseverance when once roused, characterized him as a descendant of the men that had brought old Rome to the verge of destruction. And being a genius, and not merely a man of talent, he had that divine afflatus, that intense enthusiasm, that Holy Spirit, which is ever the life-giving and life-preserving principle, and the very absence of which is in itself death.

Looked at in this light it is not astonishing that the Mediæval Church should have collapsed like a house of sand built on the sea-shore by the hands of little children. The Church of the Middle Ages had been the grandest Church ever seen. Christianity, as its Founder intended it, was to be the religion for the world; the Church, which is the embodiment of Christianity, strove to be the Church for the world. That was a grand ideal. The Catholic Church was the light of the Middle Ages, the salt which kept the world from corruption. At the time of the Reformation the Church had ceased to be the bearer of the intellectual idea — she was no longer a light; but the great reason of her fall was that she had ceased to be the salt of the world. The Church must be the highest embodiment of the moral idea — if she is not this she is nothing. At the time of the Reformation her theology, her practices, her life, were utterly immoral; faithful to the traditions of Imperial, Pagan Rome, she had become nothing but the embodiment of brute force, which can only be maintained at the point of the bayonet, or by keeping men

and women in a state of degradation. Hence Papal Rome trembled to her foundations; she had become one great lie, and the hurricane that swept over Europe gave her shock after shock.

This moral idea, as seen in the life of Luther, makes the great charm, the intense power, the exceeding fascination of his name. What are they to us, the theological formulas in which the next century attempted to stereotype and to justify his movement, or, in other words, to undo the Reformation? Does the Church of the nineteenth century stand or fall by the dogmas of the German Reformer of the sixteenth century? What is it to us that he made great mistakes, that he was oft exceedingly intolerant, that his Reformation partook greatly of the character of a political revolution? What is it to us that he gave to the State the power of which he had deprived the Pope? The grandeur of his Reformation is, that it was a movement coming from the heart, not from the head; a cry of holy indignation, not of cool reasoning; a movement of love, not of calculation. Spare us the discussion about the material and formal principles of the Reformation, but show us that man crouching in his cell, and finding no word wherewith to express the famine of his soul; praying, wrestling, suffering, dying as verily a death as any of the old martyrs; rising from his grave as he comes in contact with the living Christ, and going on his way devoting every word and work of his life to the service of his Lord. On this moral basis, the absence of which is the only heresy, shall not the Reformation — that is, the historic evolution of the Church — be at length proceeded with?

Colbert said, "*Rome reculera ou elle cessera d'être chrétienne.*" She has not done so; she has shrunk from all reforms, and she stands at this moment before the eyes of Europe as the most rationalistic — taking the word in its real sense — and revolutionary Church of Christendom. The *coups d'Eglise* are numerous, and they are far from being *coups de maître*. She has startled Europe by the publication of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, and still more lately by the promulgation of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility.

All England has applauded to the echo the indignant protest wrung from the lips of faithful Catholics, which found their expression first at Munich, and afterwards at Cologne. The true Protestants amongst us are only too delighted when the Roman Church is in any way made out to be Babylon; some of us dream of a reconcilia-

tion between the several branches of the Church Catholic, whilst others hail the Congress at Cologne as a reaction against the spirit of intolerant dogmatism and moral stagnation, and an honest attempt at reformation. Like the Sorbonne, the University of Munich lifts up its protest; once more the School attempts to regenerate the Church.

It is not necessary to enter into the history of this movement, and space will not allow us to make more than a few remarks. The Von Moltke of the movement and its other leaders are well known, thanks to the exertions of numerous correspondents. It is curious that the second meeting, which was convened for the purpose of consolidating the movement, should have been held at a time when men's thoughts naturally revert to the sixteenth century. It is curious, too, to find German Protestants not only present at the deliberations, but lifting up their voices, and giving advice and encouragement. The awakening of German Nationality has had most likely something to do with this. The mighty impulse that made men forget the feuds and strifes of centuries, and join hand in hand for the defence of a common Fatherland against a common foe, may have been at work to inspire the hope that the theological hatreds and ecclesiastical divisions of past centuries may some day be buried in oblivion, and the United Fatherland have one bond the more in a United Church. If the Old Catholic Reformation can effect such a union, it will have supplied the element in which Luther's Reformation signally failed, viz. catholicity.

The movement of Munich priests presents, however, rather a contrast to that of Wittenberg. The resolutions at Cologne and the theses of Wittenberg have little in common. There is no doubt great moral earnestness amongst the leaders, but the movement is chiefly of an intellectual, theological character, and the atmosphere in which it lives is that of the class-room. The exceedingly conservative character of the movement, the moderation of its leaders, the intense care of avoiding anything like revolution or schism, the lawyer-like method in which business is transacted, the chief place given in the programme to organization—all these things distinguish it from the movement of Luther, and seem at first to open up fair prospects of success. But this seems doubtful when we look at the matter more closely. That the Old Catholics will not influence the Church of Rome is evident from the history of

other similar movements. Though they may say with Bossuet, "Sainte Eglise romaine, mère des églises et de tous les fidèles, Eglise choisie de Dieu pour unir ses enfants dans la même foi et dans la même charité, nous tiendrons toujours à ton unité par le fond de nos entrailles," they will always be looked upon as schismatics, and will have to console themselves with saying, "Non schisma fecimus sed patimur." There remains, then, the alternative, to follow the example of the Old Catholics of Holland, a body of noble men who have kept aloof after having confined their protest to three points, and who are without influence upon Roman Catholics or Protestants, or to go on with vigorous reformation, that is to draw nearer to Protestantism, which is revolution. But of course the nearer the Old Catholics get to Protestantism, the more difficult it will be to conciliate the German Roman Catholics.

Moderate men are of some use in the world, but in a great crisis they are useless. The Church of Rome by her latest development is drawing near to a crisis; the Churches of the Reformation having proved signal failures are coming fast to a crisis. At such a moment we want an Elijah, not an Elisha; a Boanerges, not a Barnabas. Such a one will no doubt arise, when the fulness of time is come. Meanwhile we shall see, most likely, a good many reactions in the Romish Church, and more or less vigorous reformatory movements. But they will be powerless to avert the revolution which threatens us from all sides. "Hurrah, the dead ride quickly," says Lenore—dead beliefs, creeds, confessions, systems, churches pass out of sight.

What then remains? The centre of the Reformation, Christ; the spirit of the Reformation, devotion. Truth remains, *ἀκρίβειαν γενέσασα*, moving on calmly and patiently, subduing the world. She has conquered; she is victorious. Let us have patience; she is eternal.

A. S.

From The Spectator.
THE APPROACHING TRANSIT OF VENUS.

AN important natural phenomenon will occur before long, and there is some fear that this country—though the Government has been very liberal—will suffer serious discredit from the manner in which the phenomenon is to be observed. There is

still time, though not a day to spare, to avoid this result; and it is chiefly with the hope of commending the matter to the attention of all who can help to avert national discredit that we submit the facts of the case to general attention, while time still remains for action.

It is known to most of those who read these lines that on December 8, 1874, and again on December 6, 1882, the planet Venus will cross the Sun's face, and that no like phenomenon will occur after 1882 until the year 2004. It chances, moreover, that in one respect the transit of 1874 presents an opportunity which will not occur during the transit of 1882, so that for 130 years astronomers will be without the means of remedying any omission which may be made in the case of the transit now near at hand. It is to this opportunity that what we now have to say specially relates.

Without entering into any scientific details, it may be stated that the importance of a transit of Venus, in an astronomical sense, depends on the fact that as seen from the top or northern parts of the earth, Venus is projected lower down on the sun's face than as seen from southern stations. And the great object of astronomers when a transit is to take place is to set observers far to the North, and far to the South, in order that the observed displacement may be as great as possible. In December, of course, the Arctic regions are turned away from the sun, so that no observers need be sent there; but the Antarctic regions are then enjoying their nightless summer, and there, if possible, observers should be sent. Moreover, if this is to be done, our country, with its colonies near the Antarctic seas, is beyond all question the proper country to undertake the task.

Accordingly for many years the question has been discussed. No less than sixteen years ago it was announced that so far as Antarctic voyages were concerned attention might be limited to the transit of 1882. There seemed to be ample time, as well for preparation as for such preliminary reconnaissances as might appear necessary. In 1864 these statements were renewed more positively; and at last, in 1868, geographers and Arctic seamen were invited to give information as to suitable Antarctic stations, or rather as to the accessibility of those Antarctic stations which had been described as astronomically suitable. The geographers and Arctic seamen responded to the appeal. There were gatherings at the rooms of the Astro-

nomical Society and of the Geographical Society; it was announced that Possession Island or Coulman Island, near the precipitous shore-line of Victoria Land, would be a suitable station; the necessary preparations were discussed and almost agreed upon, when, — when it was found that a slight mistake had been made. It was the transit of 1874, not that of 1882, which should have been prepared for by reconnaissances in Antarctic regions. It was shown unmistakably that whatever astronomical observations could be made in 1882, could be made to much greater advantage in 1874; that whereas the sun would only be five or six degrees above the horizon at the critical moment of the ingress of Venus on the Sun's face in 1882 he will be more than twenty-five degrees above the horizon both at her ingress and egress in 1874; that, in fine, as respects all the essential conditions of the problem, "some one had blundered."

A somewhat singular result followed. The author of this correction was almost unknown to the astronomical world (three years before he had been altogether unknown). It was otherwise with the author of the mistake. Ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would have formed but one conclusion on the subject, if the correction had been quietly ignored. This, however, was not what actually took place. A contest (though a feeble one) was maintained over unimportant details; a statement was made that the researches in which the mistakes occur were only preliminary and rough; the suggested Antarctic voyages dropped out of notice; other mistakes, and especially the complete neglect of certain valuable stations in Northern India, were silently corrected. And most persons entertained the belief that the author of the correction, having discovered a mare's nest, wished only to have the discovery forgotten.

Now, at length, however (we may say at the last moment, when the difficulties of Antarctic voyaging are considered, nay, we may almost say, when it is too late), it begins to be recognized that the mistakes pointed out had a very real existence. Every one knows now that Antarctic voyages will not be made in 1882. It is also known that, whether the erroneous preliminary inquiries were only rough first approximations or not, no others have since been made by British astronomers, except those very inquiries by which the errors in question were discovered (and certain corroborative researches published in the *Nautical Almanac* for 1874); and

the inquiry is naturally made, If Antarctic voyages were supposed to be worth making for the over-valued transit of 1882, are they to be neglected for the earlier transit now shown to have a greater value even than that of 1882 had been supposed to have? This is a question very seriously affecting the scientific credit of this country. There has been, or let us hope we may still say, there is a certain opportunity, in which the whole scientific world has an interest. This opportunity is the only one of the kind since the year 1769, and until the year 2004. To this country specially falls the duty of seizing the opportunity,—the opportunity, namely, of making absolutely the most effective observations for the determination of the sun's distance possible during an interval of two hundred and thirty-five years. What will be said and thought of the science of this country, if, hereafter, it must be recorded that the opportunity was missed through an astronomical blunder, and that when the blunder was indicated four precious years were allowed to elapse, during which nothing was done to replace an impracticable scheme by one which could very readily have been accomplished? Twelve years of error followed by four years of apathy,—surely if the remembrance of these things can be removed by an energetic effort, the effort is worth making. Let us see what is wanting.

If the work had been begun four years ago, the thing to be done would have been to make reconnaissances for a wintering station near Enderby Land (on the Antarctic Circle, and due south of the Crozets). For that is where the very best astronomical results would be obtained. It is probably too late for this. There remains, however, Possession Island, near Victoria Land, in south latitude 72° and east longitude 71° . This chances to be the station which was agreed upon as the best for observing the transit of 1882. It is true that the astronomical authority who had made the mistakes above mentioned had indicated as a suitable station a spot on a precipitous and most dangerous shore-line, where Sir James Ross had not found the slightest sign of an opening. But setting that opinion aside, the geographers and Arctic seamen (amongst them one at least who had accompanied Ross in his Antarctic voyages) agreed that Possession Island was the only available place. It was shown that this station could be

readily reached, that a landing could be made (Ross landed a party there in 1842), that with good huts a party could winter there, and that meteorological chances would be favourable. Nothing was said about the sun's elevation at the critical moments of the ingress and egress of Venus. It was the troublesome person we have spoken of above who first pointed out that the sun would only be five degrees above the horizon of Possession Island when Venus entered upon his disc. This was a fatal difficulty, because the leading practical authorities had decided that a solar elevation of ten degrees was the very least which would permit of sufficiently accurate observation of the phenomena presented as Venus enters upon the solar disc. Now, as respects the transit of 1874, the sun's elevation at this very station will be twenty-five degrees (about the elevation of the sun at noon, in the middle of February in London), when Venus enters on his disc, and thirty-eight degrees when Venus leaves his disc. All the other astronomical circumstances are also most favourable.

The great difficulty is that, owing in the first place to the unfortunate mistake above-mentioned, and in the second to the fact that no effort has been made to retrieve matters since the mistake was pointed out, it is now barely possible to get an expedition suitably furnished forth in time to reach Possession Island in January, 1874. This is essential, because navigation is not open in Antarctic Seas so early as December 8, and accordingly an observing party must winter in Possession Island. Nevertheless, there is still a chance of retrieving matters, if sufficient energy be displayed in good time. It seems hopeless to look for action on the part of the astronomical authority whose influence would be most powerful, since such action would be the admission of mistakes which had been long entertained, and have been followed by an inexplicable apathy. But the facts are now patent; the scientific honour of our country is at stake, the way to save it is plain and straightforward: difficulties and dangers have not hitherto deterred our countrymen in such matters; and it cannot surely be feared that in so critical a case the mere cost of the required expedition will stand in the way. *If an expedition from this country cannot be managed, one should be sent from Australia or New Zealand.*

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SONG OF THE SEASONS.

GAUNT Winter flinging flakes of snow,
 Deep burdening field and wood and hill;
 Dim days, dark nights, slow trailing fogs,
 And bleakened air severe and chill.
 And swift the seasons circling run —
 And still they change till all is done.

Young Spring with promise in her eyes,
 And fragrant breath from dewy mouth,
 And magic touches for the nooks
 Of budding flowers when wind is south.
 And swift the seasons circling run —
 And so they change till all is done.

Then Summer stands erect and tall,
 With early sunrise for the lawn,
 Thick foliaged woods and glittering seas,
 And loud bird chirpings in the dawn.
 And swift the seasons circling run —
 And so they change till all is done.

Brown Autumn, quiet with ripe fruits,
 And haggards stacked with harvest gold,
 And fiery flushes for the leaves,
 And silent cloud-skies soft outrolled.
 And so the seasons circling run —
 And still they change till all is done.

Swift speeds our Life from less to more.
 The child, the man, the work, the rest,
 The sobering mind, the ripening soul,
 Till yonder all is bright and blest.
 For so the seasons circling run —
 And swift they change till all is done.

Yes, yonder — if indeed the orb
 Of life revolves round central Light,
 For ever true to central force
 And steadfast, come the balm or blight.
 And so indeed the seasons run —
 And last is best when all is done.

Chambers' Journal.

PHANTOMS.

I.

A SENSE of weariness
 Gathering strength as the sad years creep by,
 Creates grim cares from which I fain would fly,
 And makes life pleasureless.
 I am the victim of a phantom sprite
 That ever jeereth in the warm sunlight
 Between the splendour of the skies and me.
 My day is twin to night,
 Things that I know exist I cannot see,
 And wizard Fancy working in his cell
 Peoples my path with shadows and sombre
 shapes of hell.

II.

Hope with her "flattering tale"
 Comes at glad intervals to my rapt ear,

Murmuring messages I love to hear,
 A little streak of golden sunlight falls
 Merrily upon hamlets, pleasantly over halls.
 I hear the sweep of the fisherman's oar,
 And I see his wife as she stands at the door,
 Shading her eyes the better to pursue
 Over the waters blue
 His liquid passage to the gleaming shore.
 Then cometh kindly dew
 Under my eyelids, and my pulses glow.
 But fadeth soon away this fairy show,
 And the thin shadow of a dying year
 Grooms out upon my gaze over a waste of snow.

III.

The stars that once were friendly eyes to me
 Have lost their beauty and their power to please.
 I am as one athirst who walks by seas
 With not a spring for leagues along the sand.
 I wander grasped by an invisible hand,
 That loves to lead me into dangerous places.
 Where is the happiness of human faces?
 That wondrous light of love which I could see,
 Dancing, a child upon my mother's knee,
 Or later when I strayed by mountain rills,
 Laughing and talking with a friend who sleeps,
 Cold amidst Highland hills
 Glossy with winter frosts and white where snow
 lies deep.

IV.

Shadows that come and go,
 With scarce an interval of light between,
 Lie dark across the earth even in her virgin
 green,
 Where Spring walks scattering through the vale
 primroses,
 And to the song of birds inclines her ear of
 snow.
 Yet is not hope extinct within my breast.
 Once from the cold hard rock did waters flow,
 Smote into music by the wand of Moses:
 I will be firm and patient, true and kind;
 Perchance some gentle hand may yet unbind
 The painful fillets from my throbbing brow
 A voice melodious soothe my heart to rest.
 A loving tongue bid me rejoice and smile.
 Oh that my fancy fools me not! Meanwhile
 I sit where others smile a cheerless guest.

R. C. F. HANNAY.

Dublin University Magazine.

CORRECTION. — In number 1498 of THE LIVING AGE, we printed an article entitled "Instinct Demoralized," and credited it to the *Dublin University Magazine*, where we found it. Since then we have learned that the article originally appeared in *Putnam's Magazine* for May, 1868, and was from the pen of Mr. Myron B. Benton of Leedsville, N. Y. We therefore take pleasure in now giving the proper credit to the article. — *Ed.*

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE ISSUES RAISED BY THE PROTESTANT
SYNOD OF FRANCE.

Few more remarkable events have occurred in an age so remarkable in many respects as ours, than the assembling of the Protestants of France in synod at Paris. The object for which they met was one of surpassing interest. We all remember how momentous the act was universally felt to be when Parliament addressed itself to the task of disestablishing the Irish Church and providing an organization for its future existence. A deep consciousness spread over the whole English nation that a graver question could scarcely ever occupy the attention of the Legislature. But the problem which lay before the French Protestants at Paris was still more arduous, and the difficulty of dealing with it far more formidable. The Irish Church came before a body whose character, authority, and recognized power had endured for centuries, and were open to no challenge from any quarter. The Parliament of England was the constituted sovereign power of the nation: their right to deal with any public question was indisputable. The position of the French Protestants, was quite other than that of the House of Commons to which the Government presented their disestablishing and reconstructing Bill. When they met at Paris, every point was open to dispute. They did not know the nature itself of the very Synod which they were supposed to form. Their relation to each other and to the State had all to be determined. Some declared that they were nothing more than a consultative body, and had begged M. Thiers, when he gave them leave to meet, to declare that such only was their character. He refused to decide for them their relations to each other; it was for the Protestants themselves to determine what their Synod was. But most wonderful of all was the purpose for which they had gathered together. They met for no less an object than to found and construct a Church. But even these words fail to indicate the unlimited magnitude of their mission. Other founders of Churches have been summoned to provide organizations that should give effect to some well-defined

and previously-ascertained principle. They worked to embody a definite conviction in a social structure. The truth which animated them lay clearly before their minds. The task imposed upon them was simply to select such a common action as should enforce its power amongst their associated brethren. But at Paris the far deeper preliminary question had to be first determined—shall there be a Church at all? The issue, as the debates rolled on, became nothing smaller than this. Some of the principles advocated with the greatest energy would have converted the Protestants of France into separate congregations, with practically no union whatever to bind them together into one society. And this result was desired, not on the ground held by English Independents, that congregations severally detached constitute the most effective machinery for promoting a common aim and the advancement of a common religion, but with the express design of conferring on each pastor the unrestricted liberty of giving any description of Christianity which he chose. Church organization of any kind, other than the proposal to allow every minister to teach what he liked, played an utterly insignificant part in these debates.

The result of this general position has been a most powerful discussion on first principles. Not only the primary elements of all religious communion, but, still more, the very essence itself of the Christian religion, have been expressed with a fulness and a clearness of reasoning which very few deliberative assemblies, if any, have ever exhibited. Several eminent journals have expressed the impression left on their minds that, both as to form and substance, no parliamentary debate in any country was ever characterized by such thoroughness and depth of investigation. The issues raised profoundly interest every Christian throughout the world. They were two in number: first, What is the minimum of belief indispensable for membership even of a Church constituted on the widest basis of toleration? and, secondly, What is, and what is not, the Christian religion? who are, and who are not, entitled to call themselves Christians? These questions were looked at in their utmost

breadth, and it is they which bestow such great importance on the proceedings of the Synod. Their range sweeps far beyond the limits of French Protestantism. They are emphatically the main questions of our age. They are discussed in every part of the civilized world. Endless issues in philosophy, in literature, in social and national organization, in the most inward life of men, turn on the solutions which these questions receive. The French Protestant Synod debated a problem for which every Christian communion, whatever be its form or name, is bound, under the actual conditions of modern thought, to have a clearly-conceived and distinctly-expressed answer. Is Christianity a religion or a philosophy? and if it is a religion, in what does its essence consist? What is the *differentia*, the characteristic and radically-dividing distinction, between the two? That answer, in its main element, must be common for all Christians. Every Christian was virtually represented in the great debate of Paris.

The position of the French Protestant Synod was extremely peculiar. It met as the lineal continuator of an ancient body; and yet, in substance, the work it was summoned to perform was nothing short of the construction of a Church. Its presence in the *Temple du Saint Esprit* proclaimed a history which had come down to the very hour of its meeting: it was the descendant of ancient Synods; it was the child of fathers who had formed a mighty religious organization that had shaken the power of Catholicism in France to its foundations. It had been convened under rules framed in bygone days, and in the name of the Huguenot Church of France; and yet the grand issue it was called upon to solve was whether Protestantism should have a Church in France, and what that Church should be. The Protestantism of the Huguenots had exhibited a vitality which had been proof against the fiercest assaults of the strongest and most powerful of external foes. Neither the treachery of Catherine de Medici, nor the warriors of the League, nor the betrayal of Henry of Navarre, nor the *dragonnades* of the great King, had been able to subdue it. The Revocation of the Edict of Nantes drove

many of its members to foreign shores; but a seed was left which no persecution could extirpate. It was forbidden to meet in public assembly by the decree of Louis XIV.; but its hold on the hearts of its children was indestructible. Nevertheless, it had not passed unscathed through the struggle. Disorganization, almost amounting to anarchy, had weakened its action both on its members and its country. A more insidious and more formidable enemy had worked havoc amongst its ranks. The low tone of religious feeling which had marked the nation in the eighteenth century had invaded the minds of its teachers. Religious fervour had decayed, and doctrine had been sublimed away into conceptions in which the traces of Christian thoughts had been almost too faint to be discerned. Rationalism had penetrated into many of its most important centres; Christian aspiration had grown feeble; the authority of the foundation on which it had been erected, the word of Holy Scripture, had waxed weak; and the very name of a creed had become distasteful. But the reviving warmth of Christian piety in the nineteenth century gradually penetrated the coldness of French Protestantism. Belief gathered strength and fervour in many localities. Pastors distinguished by religious zeal and intellectual gifts won hearts chilled with indifference to earnestness and religious life. The sympathy of foreign brethren cheered their courage; and the instinctive desire of all Christians to be united to each other in a living association was awakened in the hearts of many with such force as to impel them to seek of the Government of M. Thiers that liberty of Church government of which they had been so long deprived.

No Protestant Synod had been seen in France for more than two hundred years. Like the Convocation of the Church of England, the French Synod had been subjected to silence by the power of the State. But that silence produced very different effects in France and in England. The Church of England possessed, outside of Convocation, legislative and administrative machinery capable of maintaining the associated life of a Christian

Church: without a Synod, the French Protestants had nothing but local and individual organizations. Foremost amongst those who saw the disastrous results of such a chaos, and felt keenly the desire for the recovery of Church union, was M. Guizot; a man who, during a long and illustrious career, had always been distinguished by the most profound and sincere interest in religious matters. Since the fall of the Empire, the passion for religious liberty, for the most unshackled freedom to practise any religion which a man might choose, had become intense in France; and why should not the Republic restore rights of religious liberty which a bigoted and persecuting despotism had taken away? Under the influence, it is presumed, of M. Guizot, M. Thiers sanctioned by a public decree the reassembling of the Protestant Synod. Its members — lay and clerical — were elected by the consistories in conformity with the old regulations; and the Synod held its first meeting on the 6th of June of last year.

At its very opening a critical question presented itself which revealed a very serious discordance of views amongst its members. What was the nature of the Synod? Was it a governing or only a consultative body? What were the powers of the majority over the minority? How far could it bind pastors and congregations to obey the decrees it might put forth on the organization and administration of the Protestant Church? These questions were keenly contested. Not a few pastors and consistories had opposed the convening of the Synod. They had petitioned the Government against adopting such a measure. They had enjoyed complete independence; they disliked the thought of being governed by a central authority, and greatly mistrusted the kind of government they would have to obey. As M. Gaufres afterwards remarked in the Synod, for two hundred years every one had been free to preach according to his conscience. But the President of the French Government persisted in his intention of allowing the Synod to meet. He would observe strict impartiality towards all. If the Synod resulted in one organized Church, he would acknowl-

edge it; if schism broke it up into two the Republic would recognize both Churches. If M. Thiers was animated by the feeling that the Protestant Huguenots had a natural right of administering their own affairs, and providing for those daily wants which every society experiences, he could give no other reply. Besides, the relation of the State to the Huguenot Church was quite different from that of Parliament to the Church of England. The State claimed no right whatever of interfering with its management; it simply recognized it as one of the religious bodies of the country, and gave pecuniary aid to its pastors as it did to Jews and to other religious communions. When M. Thiers was appealed to, to pronounce the Synod to be merely a consultative and advice-giving body, he declared it was the business of the Synod itself to decide on its own nature and powers; all he had to do was to act as the sentinel of the law. Accordingly the Synod overruled all objections against its constituent rights, and acted throughout as a sovereign assembly.

The two parties into which the Synod, as every other deliberative assembly, was divided, now stood out in the sharpest conceivable contrast with each other; and, after French fashion, each side had two subdivisions — thus forming two extremes and two centres. They were designated by the names of Orthodox and Liberals. These terms are complete misnomers, and very misleading. Orthodox is a word opposed to heretic: both expressions imply the reception of a common authority, whether Scripture or any other, differing only in the interpretation each assigns to the utterances of that authority. But this was in no wise the position of the Orthodox towards the Liberals. The term Liberal so far correctly expressed the main principle of their party, that they claimed to be free, to be exempt from all obligation to any authority, to be fully entitled to form any conception they liked of the Christian religion, and to preach it as Christianity. This principle of the opposition party in the Synod widely exceeded the sense attached to the expression Liberal in the political world. It

included not only the idea of liberality, of toleration, of a natural equity which does justice to the fair rights of others, but also the absence of all limitation, the right of every member of the Protestant Church to frame at pleasure any interpretation he chose of the meaning of the Christian religion, and to adopt it; and this as co-ordinate and coequal members of one common ecclesiastical institution. On the one hand, they did not wish to take up the Voluntary principle: they did not desire to separate themselves from the Protestant Church recognized by the State, to abandon support from the funds of the State, and to form single and independent congregations, each with a Christianity of its own. They sought to be a part of the Protestant Church, and yet to be as free as Voluntaries to set up any scheme of Christianity that suited their ideas on religion. Nor did they leave the extent to which they intended to push this liberty in any way obscure. They took up a position in the debate which was singularly clear. It covered the widest conceivable space short of Atheism. There was no room for misunderstanding; the issue was thoroughly understood by both sides. No one complained that his meaning and his aims were not rightly comprehended. The battle was obscured by no cloud of misconception. The view taken by one side was directly contradicted by the other. The struggle was fought with the most sharply defined antagonism, but no one said that he had been misunderstood. The dividing-line was clearly and rightly drawn by M. Guizot. "As for me, I am a Christian: I know what my symbol is. There are men sitting by my side who do not accept the Christian religion. They have a sincere belief in God. I shall be careful not to deny that these men have a religion. Let them form a Deistical Church: I shall be glad of it: but assuredly the difference is great between them and Christians." The issue was perfectly plain: the definition of Christianity was at stake. It was no contest between bigoted and Liberal Christianity, between ecclesiastical conservatism and toleration, between a hard and fast line of dogma framed in an unenlightened past and the wider charity of modern thought. The question was, What is, and what is not, the Christian religion? The word Liberal manifestly failed to describe the position of the Left: to deny a mode of thinking is not to take a liberal view of it.

The Orthodox party in the Synod has been accused in England of having dis-

played a marvellous incapacity to understand the Liberals. These latter are described as men who are ever seeking the truth, who refuse to be the slaves of formularies composed in distant ages, who deny that truth can be bound up in definitions, who do not place their faith in histories, or traditions, or doctrinal speculations, but go at once to the practical facts of a new life and the power of spiritual contact with the Gospel. If these had been the extreme limits of the Liberal position, if the liberty they contended for had aimed at nothing further, then, no doubt, the Orthodox misunderstood and misrepresented the mind of the Liberals, and the debate could be justly charged with having turned on a false issue. But those who dwell on the blindness and unintelligence of the Orthodox, themselves admit that the language of the Liberals sometimes requires explanation, and that upon their own confession, their dogmatic belief is indefinitely variable. We fear that the want of perception is to be imputed rather to the English critic than to the French Christian. The Liberals urged the views here ascribed to them, but they said a great deal more. When the right is claimed for every minister of a Christian Church to form and preach any opinion about Jesus Christ that he chooses, to regard Him as an ordinary man, to accept or reject His teaching by the light of human reason, and thus to place religious opinion on the foundation of pure Deism, it is at once obvious that something far other in kind than a Church more or less dogmatic, more or less tolerant, is at stake. The Liberals, by their formal proposal to embody authoritatively in the Protestant Church views which were simply theistic and nothing more—views which were clearly enunciated and not repudiated by the Liberal party—raised the inevitable question, Whether Deism was Christianity? The Liberals, as our narrative will show, denounced with great vigour the opinions of the Orthodox as erroneous and mischievous. They, moreover, reproached them with obtuseness in not comprehending the character and range of the Liberal programme. They were too eager to have their claim of unlimited opinion recognized in all its breadth, to suffer it to be obscured by misapprehension.

The Synod laid the foundation of its action, as well as set forth the authority which it claimed, by adopting the following resolution, proposed by M. Pernessin, a layman:—

"L'Assemblée, considérant que le présent Synode a été convoqué et s'est réuni aux termes des lois et décrets qui ont réglé le régime de l'Eglise Réformée de France depuis son rétablissement; considérant que la convocation et l'élection au dit Synode général reconnaissent et consacrent les libertés et l'autonomie de l'Eglise Réformée de France en matière religieuse; considérant que les élections au présent Synode général ont été faites en pleine liberté, avec le concours de toutes les autorités religieuses appelées à y prendre part, et que ce droit de l'Eglise Réformée de France à modifier, s'il y a lieu, son régime intérieur religieux, notamment son système électoral, quant à ses synodes futurs, reste entier et pleinement réservé, passe à l'ordre du jour."

The Synod thus proclaimed itself to be the direct successor of the legislative body of the ancient Protestant Church of France, and to be invested with the same full power of legislating and governing as is possessed by the British Parliament or any other constitutional association. The Liberals who deprecated the restoration of the Synod might now have withdrawn into Voluntarism, had they chosen to do so; by retaining their seats they recognized the power of the majority to bind the minority.

The character and powers of the Synod being now determined, the great battle began on June 13th. The issue was pointedly defined in two manifestoes which the contending parties had laid upon the table. The Orthodox proposed action, the Liberals stood on a simple defensive. The one were dissatisfied with the anarchy which prevailed among the Protestants, to the great trouble of private consciences, and with a distressing uncertainty as to what the Church did and did not hold; the others defended the liberty which each congregation and pastor enjoyed to form their own creeds and to teach them. The Orthodox took up their position on the cardinal principle, that the Church is a religious society held together by a common faith; the others maintained that the Church can exist without common beliefs, and that every individual minister has an inherent right to frame his own symbol, his own creed, for himself. This is not the old question which has troubled the Christian Church during the long line of ages, whether any particular doctrine is essential either to Church associations or to Christianity itself—whether, as is debated in our own day, any ecclesiastical communion or party is too broad or too narrow; but this rather, whether the Church has any doctrine whatever, whether it has a single religious tenet, without

which it would cease to be a Christian society or church. As we have already remarked, this is a question which possesses paramount importance for every Christian in the world of every denomination. Every Christian is concerned in the vital inquiry, What is a Christian Church? Every member of every form of Church, the broadest churchman alive, was covered by the position occupied by the Liberals, that men who had nothing in common but a belief in God and a pious feeling towards Him were all entitled to be regarded as Christian, and might all be included in one common ecclesiastical organization.

The first move was made by those who had a positive object to attain—by the Orthodox. "The Synod has met," said M. Guizot, "to determine the beliefs of our Church. There are essential beliefs which constitute a Church." This assertion the Liberals met by a direct negative—a negative of the principle put forth. Christianity, they maintained, does not consist in beliefs. "We differ," interrupted M. Colani, one of the foremost leaders of the Liberals, an ex-professor of Strasburg, and who has renounced his office of pastor: "you place Christianity in certain beliefs; we place it in the heart. In my eyes, a man is a Christian who, although a sinner, has a joyous confidence in God." He might have encountered M. Guizot with the undeniable truth, that a formal declaration of faith, a creed, is not an indispensable condition of a Christian Church; he might have referred to Churches which are held together by a common liturgy or form of prayer, and probably he would have commanded the assent of some members of the Right Centre, who might have preferred to declare their belief by the import of their prayers rather than by a formal confession of faith. But this would have been only an evasion of the real question at issue, for a prayer declares a belief as effectually as a creed. A prayer addressed to Jesus Christ at once acknowledges Him to be capable of hearing and answering prayers, and a vast belief is contained in the acknowledgment. M. Colani manfully resolved to go down to the very roots of the whole matter; and it is this vigorous penetration to the lowest depths of the nature of the Christian religion and a Christian Church, which confers such surpassing interest on the debates of this French Synod. Thus M. Colani, at the very outset, denied that any specifically Christian belief was necessary to the Christian religion, and laid down limits of Church association which would gather in

every religiously-minded Deist, and give him the name of Christian. And thus he drew the correct proposition from M. Guizot — a proposition as much philosophical as religious — that religion is composed of two essential elements, an act of the intellect and an emotion of the soul. The opening of the very first debate placed the definition of the Christian religion in the very centre of the battle-field.

On the 13th of June, M. Bois, pastor of Montauban, moved the adoption of a Confession of Faith by the Synod as the standard of the Church's belief. "Along with its fathers and its martyrs, as they spake in the Confession of la Rochelle, in company with all the Churches of the Reformation in their symbols, the Protestant Church of France proclaims the sovereign authority of Holy Scripture in matters of faith, and salvation by faith in Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son of God; who died for our offences and rose again for our justification. It preserves and maintains, as the basis of its teaching, its worship, and its discipline, the great Christian facts which are expressed in its religious solemnities and in its liturgies, more especially in the Confession of Sins, the Apostles' Creed, and the Liturgy of the Holy Communion." Most truly did M. Vaugiraud observe of this proposal, that it sought to declare the faith of the Church on terms and conditions which would allow it to extend its limits up to the point where infidelity began. M. Bois maintained "that there cannot be a Church without a common faith. A man is not born a Christian; he becomes one by a positive act on his part. There need not be a uniform faith, but certain truths must be accepted. Silence was not permissible. They did not pretend to be infallible in their statements of the faith; they were not engaged in the work of a council; what one Synod pronounced, another might modify. Two tendencies of thought were often spoken of; alas! the reality was two diametrically opposite views. On the one side there was a supernatural revelation, on the other a simple utterance of the human conscience; on the one, Jesus Christ, only begotten Son of God, perfectly holy, infallible as to religious truth, who died to save men, and rose again; on the other, Jesus of Nazareth — that is, a mere man, the best of all men, be it so, but who partook of the ideas and even the errors of His age, who had His weaknesses and His illusions, who died, and remained in the tomb. In all honesty, are these two tendencies? No; it is not a shade of opinion which the initiators of

this movement have found; it is a revolution which they have accomplished. They have the consciousness of having done this; they have founded, I will not say a Church, but a new religion; and — thing wonderful and without example — a religion without dogma, without anything supernatural, without prayer — I mean prayer which God answers; for I do not call that prayer which is nothing but the soul falling back upon itself. It is a new religion which they bring us; and the question which we are occupied with to-day is this, Does the Reformed Church of France wish to change its religion, or does it desire to give the rights of citizenship to the new religion, with the faculty of ejecting the old?" Long and vivid applause followed these words from the Right and Centre benches.

This was very plain speaking. The description given of the Liberals, or rather of the ground they occupied, was the most outspoken imaginable. Their principle was declared in the most precise terms to be, that pure Deists were Christians, and as such were as fully entitled to be members of the Christian Church as the loftiest believer in traditional dogma. There was not a touch of offensiveness in the tone of the speaker; the declaration was made as a practical and scientific statement of a principle at issue, apart from all personality. Was it repudiated by the Liberals? Here at the very outset their position and aim were plainly defined; did they remonstrate at misdescription, or complain of being misunderstood? Nothing of the kind. On a preceding day M. Athanase Cocquerel had interrupted M. Guizot with the question, whether he was included amongst those whose opinions M. Guizot had characterized as anti-Christian? But this was only a statement of the very point at issue, whether the holders of such opinions were or were not Christians? it was no repudiation of the opinions themselves. No protest whatever arose in the debate against the description given by M. Bois of the general position of the Liberals — it was accepted as correct; and the battle turned on the question, Whether such opinions were tenable within a Christian Church — whether those who held them could be members as Christians of a Christian Church? The Right proposed a Confession of Faith for the Church which excluded these opinions; the Liberals resisted that proposition, on the basis that opinions which contradicted that Confession did not place men outside of the pale of Christianity.

The first line of defence taken up by the

Liberals was an appeal to consequences if their party were defeated: schism would ensue, the Church would be broken up, and great mischief would result to the cause of the Christian religion. They reproached the Right with desiring schism. The Right very easily replied that they did not aim at schism, they did not seek the expulsion of their opponents; but the Protestant Church, they contended, had become a mass of confusion, and was infested with views and teachings which were repugnant to Christianity. These they must eject at all hazards if the Church was to be saved from dissolution; and if schism were the consequence, they would accept schism rather than the authorized retention of anti-Christian opinions that overthrew the essence itself of the Christian religion. In truth, the appeal to schism was a mere threat, and a threat out of place. The principles in conflict were too grave and too directly antagonistic to allow fear of external consequences to have any reality in the debate.

The Left now retreated on a second position. They deprecated all imposition of dogma. Dogma had been the curse of the Church for centuries: it had expelled men of the most eminent piety from the Christian society; it had dishonoured and profoundly injured religion by the most revolting persecutions; it had placed religion in the intellect instead of in the heart. Dogma, too, was but intellectual reasoning — deductions from Scripture, generally narrow, ill-considered, and erroneous. Dogma had failed to secure uniformity of belief; wherefore then encumber the Protestant Church with an obsolete, ineffective, and unscriptural machinery? It had bred insincerity and hypocrisy amongst the clergy, thus sapping the morality of the teachers of religion. "By imposing a creed," exclaimed M. Pécaut, one of the very foremost chiefs of the Left, "you will reap lying." Had the Liberals confined themselves to arguments of this nature, it can scarcely be doubted that they would have won the day. There were not a few members of the Right Centre who combined a strong dislike of dogma with the sincerest adhesion to the inmost truths of Christianity. It is incontestable that dogma has often sorely defaced the fair form of Christian piety. Dogma, indeed, can never be got rid of, even by the most latitudinarian of religionists, for no religion is conceivable without dogma. That there is a God, is involved in the very idea itself of religion; yet this proposition is the greatest of all dogmas. But though Chris-

tianity contains dogmas without which it could not exist, it has not been expounded in the dogmatic form. Dogma is necessarily involved in revelation. The moral truths and the facts of revelation contain dogma; but it is not put out formally in Scripture in a scientific, intellectual form. It was inevitable that the intellectual construction of dogma should go forward; but the process has been undeniably pushed to excess. It has been too minute, aiming at too numerous and too precise definitions, and travelling far beyond the bounds of all attainable knowledge. In the pursuit of the determination of dogma, recourse was necessarily had to the philosophical and metaphysical ideas of the day; and by this means a large human element was imported into Confessions of Faith, that was inevitably subject to change, and even discredit. Thus the doctrine of Transubstantiation was built up out of a physical theory, which ascribed to matter a mysterious thing called substance. No man of science of our time believes in such a substance, or would found any doctrine, religious or other, upon it. The existence of this large infusion of earthy clay in the precious gold of necessary dogma is profoundly felt by Christians of every class. Then, unhappily, in proportion as the definitions travelled into extreme minuteness, the disposition to exact belief in every syllable they contained grew stronger and more intolerant. The spiritual element was wellnigh stifled in the intellectual. Assent was required to propositions so detailed and multitudinous that they exceeded the powers of the human faculties to know anything about them. Metaphysics and logic set to work on revelation, and derived from it deductions which the apostles, were they alive, would be amazed to learn were contained in their teaching.

Reaction was sure to set in, and its tide is now flowing with great force. Men have widely learnt to feel that

"Thousands have reached heaven who never
knew
Where lay the difference 'twixt the false and
true."

The appropriation of the spiritual essence of Christianity is distinguished from the adoption of intellectual formulas. Confessions of Faith abounding in philosophical theories are growingly disliked as conditions of church communion. The feeling is fast gathering strength that men may be equally good Christians, and yet differ widely on theological dogma. By many a liturgy is held to be the best, the surest,

and the most abiding bond of church-membership. A liturgy is pervaded by dogma. A God who is Creator and Judge, a Christ who died to save, and, though dead, can hear and answer prayer, are dogmas of the greatest breadth and depth; but dogma in a liturgy as in Scripture is practical in form, not philosophical. It expresses relations of faith, and says nothing about ontology; it addresses itself to the spirit, and leaves room for intellectual divergence. Here, then, the Liberals in the French Synod had a second chance of victory. They came from congregations which were isolated units. They might, whilst declining a formal Confession of Faith, have placed the demand for union on the ground of a common liturgy. They did indeed repel dogma as the test of church-membership. They dwelt on its narrowing and proscribing influences. They pointed to the Roman Catholic Church as the home of dogma, as the consistent and logical teacher of dogma. But they were Protestants, and Protestants had been driven away from the Catholic communion by the never-ceasing evolution of dogma. The Catholics had formed dogma out of the intellectual conceptions of each age, and thus stereotyped error, and ultimately reduced Christian thought to slavery. They stood on the eternal principle of Protestants, the right of free inquiry. The Christian religion did not aim at suppressing thought. This was the conception formed of it by Catholics. Protestantism was built on the directly opposite principle. Free inquiry had overthrown vast accumulations of dogma in the Roman Church. It was by free inquiry, and not by dogmas, such as were formulated by M. Bois, that the French Protestants were to live. So the Liberals argued; but the appeal to free inquiry was foreign to the question at issue—a mere attempt of the Liberals to throw dust in the eyes of their adversaries. Free inquiry was not the direct negative of dogma. The Right stood on free inquiry quite as truly as the Liberals. The aim of the latter was not to defend free inquiry, which was never attacked, but, under cover of this principle, to establish that every result of free inquiry was tenable within the Christian Church; that every pastor and every congregation might adopt any opinions they pleased about the Christian religion, and continue members of the Christian society. To resist such a demand was not to repudiate free inquiry. Free inquiry is a method, an instrument, the universal instrument, for discovering religious as all other truth, and its ultimate

tribunal is private judgment. Protestantism recognizes both these principles for its foundation. If the debate in the Synod had turned on the principles of Protestantism, as against the principles of the Roman Catholic Church, the Liberals would have had an unassailable position in declaring that they held their belief on conviction, and not on the utterance of an infallible Pope or Church. The antagonism of the two parties would then have been real and direct. But the Right was not divided from the Left by rejecting free inquiry. Both parties accepted free inquiry and private judgment as the basis of belief; only the one held that free inquiry brought out certain conclusions—the other denied their correctness. Nor did the Orthodox, by taking the traditions, the belief, the history and lives of Christians during many ages, into account, violate free inquiry. They treated them as evidence to be examined and weighed. They acknowledged the entire right, a right equal to their own to be Christians, of men to be Deists upon free inquiry. What they repelled was the right of Deists to be members of the French Protestant or of any other Christian Church. The Liberals fought for the right of every pastor, without forfeiting his character as a Christian or a clergyman, to accept any conclusions whatever from free inquiry in interpreting the meaning of Christianity, even to the extent of denying everything in it, except its morality; the Orthodox replied that a society which included such a divergence of opinion would be as chaotic and unintelligible as a school of philosophy which comprised materialists and spiritualists amongst its members. "M. Pécaut," exclaimed M. Bastie, the President of the Synod, "defends a new conception of religious society. The principle of union for him lies not in belief, but in a community of aspirations, memories, and moral ideas. This, I say, is chimerical; it is contrary to the very nature of our being. The objective elements of religion exist no longer for you. There is nothing left but individual feeling." "The teaching of Socrates and Cicero might be taught in the Church," added M. Dhombres, "by the side of Scripture, on your system."

The discussion speedily plunged into greater depths. "We do believe," exclaimed the Liberal M. Clamagérac, "in the resurrection of Jesus Christ; only you believe in a material, we in a spiritual, resurrection of Christ." "We preach," cried M. Fontanès, "the resurrection in the original sense of the Greek word—

the rising of the soul to a higher life. St. Paul did not believe in the material resurrection of Jesus Christ. He said that if Christ had not been brought up in the higher life, he would have been still in Sheol,—that if Christ had not entered into higher life, there was no higher life at all." M. Colani, ex-professor of Strasburg:—"You say, 'rose for our justification.' What does that mean? It is St. Paul's expression. St. Paul is not always clear. Our fathers bequeathed to us two things: a school of theology, which is ruined; and a school of sanctification and austere life, which it is our business to build up. We keep Easter, because we see in it the triumph of Jesus Christ over death, without believing that His body left the tomb. And who can celebrate Pentecost better than we who are spiritualists? We appeal from you to Jesus Himself: not to Jesus glorified, for we know Him not; but to Jesus our brother, who pardoned sinners without atonement, who refused miracles to those who asked him for them."

Upon this M. Jalabert distinguished the Left Centre from the Left. "We recognize Christianity as a divine revelation, the product of an intervention of God in the history of humanity, and not merely as the highest effort of the human reason. Jesus Christ is for us more than a man. On the other hand, we do not believe in the Trinity, nor in atonement by blood. The Left Centre believes in the supernatural, though free to examine any particular miracle. We believe in the resurrection of Christ's body, nor do we admit that a minister is subject to his own conscience alone. The Left believes in spiritual miracles wrought by the Spirit of God in souls. They are like the disciples before the Lord's death."

M. Etienne Cocquerel stood upon a very different principle. "There is but one single authority—the private conscience of each man. That alone can say whether Paul or James is right."

Wider liberty of thought cannot be conceived than that claimed in this language. Never in the history of any religious society had the demand for comprehension been pushed to such an extreme. A Confession of Faith for the Church was resisted, avowedly on the ground that there was no faith to confess. Every man on these principles might have a faith of his own making, and yet be included in one common Church. Authority there was none, none except each man's notion of what was true or false; for the right not only to interpret Scripture as he chose, but

also to pronounce every statement made in Scripture, whether of fact or teaching, erroneous, was reserved in turn for every individual member of the Church. But the extravagance of their demand damaged the Liberals. Had they confined themselves to the assertion, that by the consent of all, the literal inspiration of every word of Scripture must be abandoned—that no one accepted every statement it contained—and that, consequently, a standard of authority other than the actual words of the Bible must be appealed to in judging particular passages,—the Evangelical party would have been placed under some embarrassment. Not a few points were cited in which the actual utterances of Scripture were given up by believers as irreconcilable with sound exegesis. But there was an enormous interval between resisting a declaration of the authority of Scripture on the ground that by it a man might feel bound by words which no one accepted, and a rejection that proclaimed that Scripture was no authority whatever. The retort which the Liberals made—Why impose Scripture upon us, when you do not regard it yourselves?—might have been difficult to answer in precise terms; but it was perfectly easy to point out that to reject Scripture altogether—a thing distinctly claimed as a right for every Liberal—was to give up the Christian religion entirely. To draw up an accurate definition of the inspiration existing in the Bible might be adjudged a hard task; but logic made short work of it in showing that Christianity was completely swept away when its sole ultimate foundation, the record given of its facts by its teachers, was entirely overthrown. It was the doing of the Liberals themselves that the issue took the form of Scripture or the Christianity constructed by each man for himself.

M. Dhombres, in reply, reached the very centre of the Liberal position. The Liberals had interpreted spiritually the Christian facts: "*Spiritualiser ce n'est pas vaporiser*," rejoined M. Dhombres. "When a fact is explained in such a manner as to make it disappear, that process is no longer called the taking a spiritual view of it." "To suppress a fact," M. Vaugiraud urged, "is not to interpret it." Here came on M. Pernessin, a layman: "You say that religion is a sentiment; but how many men are there who do not share our beliefs, who have Christian sentiments, and do Christian deeds? They exist in freemasonry, and in many forms of religion.

Would you infer from this that you would throw open your pulpit to a man who put the masonic triangle in the place of the Cross? M. Cocquerel has told us that theological sermons do not convert. This is often so: but let him remember that it is not by speaking of aspirations, of an unlimited ideal, of divine effluences, that consciences are awakened. I once heard an Easter sermon divided under three heads. 1. The resurrection of nations; 2. The resurrection of ideas; 3. The resurrection of nature in spring. Let us not deceive ourselves, that which constitutes the force of Catholicism is, that through all its errors it has preserved Jesus Christ." Then argued M. Guizot: "The authority of Scripture and the conscience of each individual man alone constitute authority for him. Let us have a clear conception of what these ideas mean. We hear much in these days of the spirit of association; but every society has its conditions. There can be none without a common belief and a common end. Free-traders and Protectionists could not form a common society: they both aim at the prosperity of the country, but they proceed on contradictory principles. Pantheism, which I have always regarded as a learned materialism, has invaded us from Germany. The creation of certain schools has been eminently anti-Christian, and we have had the grief of having accomplices of these academies amongst us. The hand of fellowship has been held out to them, and efforts made to introduce them into the Church; can we regard such persons as allies?" Grave words truly, and full of meaning; words that deserve at the present hour to be as well weighed in England as in any other country. Finally, M. Bois summed up the issue before the vote: "The question which divides us is this,—Is there, or is there not—yes or no—a supernatural revelation of God? Has God created, loved, and saved us by His Son? If so, is this compatible with its contradictory? If Christianity is a supernatural revelation of God, it is not the supreme effort of the human reason. There are no shades or degrees here; the proposition is either wholly true or wholly false."

The Synod adopted the motion of M. Bois by a majority of 61 against 45; and the French Protestant Church thereby made a confession of its faith—a declaration of what it holds to be true—and constituted that confession as the principle of its association.

On July 3d a second and complementary

step was made by M. Cambfort, who moved that every pastor at his ordination should declare his adhesion to this Confession of Faith adopted by the Church. The position already acquired by pastors should be respected, but watchful care should be taken that the faith of the Church should not be attacked in the religious instruction given. This last clause was omitted from the motion—a proposal made by a committee imposing the duty on the Synod of watching over religious instruction having, after a short but warm debate, been adopted.

Then followed a repetition of the struggle, a second battle on the same ground, only the personal element of the individual pastor's feeling here occupied the foremost place. The danger of schism and its mischief were again pressed. The best minds were the most difficult to satisfy, and they would be driven out of the Church. The Church would retain pastors who had no will and received impressions like wax. Hypocrisy would abound. "But," replied M. Dhombres, "the Protestants of the sixteenth century were the most unsubduable spirits of their age; and it is not in countries with determined beliefs that characters without vitality have been found." "And," continued M. Babut, "we commemorate Christian facts at our great festivals: can we allow that they should be treated as legends—that one should read liturgies without believing them? If we were to suffer this, I do not say that we should not be Christians; but I say that we should not be honest and respectable." "But," rejoined Colonel Denfert, the celebrated defender of Belfort, "I ought to change my faith when I like: still more a pastor, because he studies these questions more. The only rule is, that the pastor should be in harmony with the congregation in which he teaches." "That is," retorted M. Lasserre, "we ultimately arrive at Robinson Crusoe in his island." "You set up," said M. Delmas, "an omnipotent pastor in an enslaved Church. He might be a Jew, who sees in God a father, and in Jesus a sage—perhaps the greatest of sages." M. Bois wound up the debate by a quotation from a posthumous paper of Professor Talaquier, on whom M. Pécaut, the great leader of the Left, had written an article, which M. Bois praised as being perhaps the best that had come from his pen. M. Talaquier had been eminent for moderation and wholly disinclined to theological strife. No man had had a greater respect for the liberty of thinking

of others. In this paper, entitled, "Who can become Pastors?" M. Talaquier, after repelling the imposition of dogmatic and disciplinary formularies, which had suited a different age and a different situation, then asked: "Does this mean that the ministry is given up to every opinion? — that every one can enter without scruple, provided only that he retains the names of Christ, of the Gospel, of Redemption, whatever may be the meaning that these terms may have for him? Does it mean that on this principle a Fourierist or an Icarian, a Hegelian or a Friend of Light, has right to seize on the pulpits of our churches and our academies? This is not a question of ecclesiastical discipline, but a question of conscience and of honour. What comes forth from every system is this, that a dispensation breaking forth the general course of nature and of providence, a divine intervention, constitutes the very substance of the Gospel. The supernatural clings to the very entrails of Christianity, and when this conviction is wanting, it is impossible to enter the ministry without a breach of conscience and of honour."

The Synod voted the motion by a majority of 62 against 39. On the reading of the minute on a subsequent day, a very characteristic scene occurred. M. Martin Paschoud explained, that in accepting the word "revealed" he had not understood it in a supernatural sense; he took it in the sense of the poet —

"Tout ce que le globe enserme,
Révèle un Dieu créateur."

"There are no great and little miracles," he added. "Everything is a revelation of God, because everything is His work."

Thus ended this most memorable discussion. Grandly did it bear out the remark of M. Guizot. "I have been present for more than sixty years at many parliamentary struggles, in which the first orators of France were engaged. I have never seen any which had a more elevated or a more dignified character, or which was more remarkable for form and substance." The ability and thoroughness which distinguished it throughout, invest it with surpassing interest for all Christians. The issue concerned every man who calls himself a Christian, for it was the definition of that name. Is Christianity pure Deism? that, in all its breadth, was the question that had to be solved; and no one can say that it was not thoroughly grappled with. There was no reticence on either side; no fear of the criticism of the

world; the men were absolutely in earnest; and everything which concerned the argument was uttered in entire fulness on both sides. Hence the grandeur and importance of the judgment which was pronounced; and remarkable it is in the highest degree, that a deliberate assertion of the divine and supernatural character of the Christian religion was made in a public assembly upon an unrestricted argument by an open vote against opponents of great vigour and in strong sympathy with some of the most intellectual and sceptical ideas of the nineteenth century, by a body of Christians who were generally supposed to be cold and unbelieving rationalists. Justice has not yet been done in England to the philosophical power of the discussion and the splendour of the result.

There were, as we have seen, two issues before the Assembly. The first, whether men who held such diverse opinions about the preaching of the Christian religion could be comprehended in one single society, was easily disposed of. The Liberals contended virtually for anarchy, for a form of association without reality — for the impossible. But the second issue soon superseded the first. A Church was an association of Christians; Who must be regarded as not Christians, and thereby altogether out of the pale of the inquiry whether they could be included in a Christian Church? The Synod affirmed the supernatural character of the Christian revelation; they excluded pure Deists — that is, men who acknowledged no higher source of religious truth than the conclusions reached by the highest reason under its most moral, and, if the word be desired, most spiritual aspect. In pronouncing such a decision, the Synod could only affirm the proposition, they could not prove it. That was a function which was not imposed upon them, and which they could not have discharged. Their task was entirely practical. Shall Deists, who may deny every alleged Christian fact, reject every asserted miracle, and by interpretation eliminate from Christianity every element which was different in kind from those found in philosophical schools, be accepted as fellow-members of the French Protestant Church? They determined this question in the negative. But there remains the still larger one for us, Was the Synod right in reason when they affirmed the supernatural character of Christianity, as constituting its *differentia*, its true and necessary essence? We answer, with M. Talaquier, that miracle is planted in the very entrails of Christianity. Without

miracle the Christian religion is gone. It is reduced to a philosophy; its teaching has then the same source and the same authority as all other philosophical utterances. The light of reason becomes the sole authority, not only for opinion, but for fact. The Christian religion rests on a claim which is the direct contradictory of the ground of assent put forth by all philosophy. Christianity asserts that it possesses special and specific information on matters of the utmost conceivable importance to man. Deny the possession of information, and you place Christianity at once upon the same ground as all other religions, all other philosophies. It then knows no more than what the voice of reason says, and its beliefs may be legitimately contradicted and pronounced errors by all who declare that the voice of reason says just the opposite things. Christianity says, I know as a matter of historical fact; reason says, You know as I do, and in no other way: you belong to me; you are only one of my many children. Thus Christianity says that it knows there is a world to come, a life after death, because one who rose literally from the dead, after having been actually put to death, has given information about this future reality. Reason says, There may be, or there may not be, a future life. Many of my cleverest sons affirm that there is; a still greater number have said that there is not. It is a speculative opinion, about which I have no knowledge. Christianity adds that this future life will begin — so it is informed — with a judgment on the conduct pursued in this life. But in that judgment it will be condemned, unless a Saviour is found; and it announces the existence of such a Saviour, and the terms on which salvation may be attained. These claim to be facts made certain by specific information, and reason is entitled to ask, What is this special information which you say you possess? It would be no reply for Christians to answer that the light of conscience and of the mind gives the assurance, for then reason would justly deny that any information whatever existed, and, with this claim to information, all title of Christianity to be anything more than common philosophy would utterly vanish also.

A quite other answer, then, must be given than revelations of the human mind, however cultivated and refined; and that answer must be that the information was authenticated by miracle; for no other answer that would save Christianity from knowing nothing more than reason does is conceivable. Clearly the existence of

miracle must be proved; the refusal to believe in the existence of miracle till it is proved is irresistible. With miracle we know that a future life, a judgment to come, and a Saviour, are realities; but without miracle these vast realities melt away into mist and nothingness. On the existence of miracle, therefore, everything depends. Jesus Christ Himself placed His religion on this very ground. He repeatedly appealed to His works as the proof that He had been sent to men in a special and peculiar sense by God. Above all, He perilled His claims on His own resurrection from the dead. But upon this some eminent men of science reply that miracle is impossible. They not only deny that no miracle is sustained by adequate evidence; they maintain beyond this, that by the nature of the universe, no evidence can ever establish a miracle, for it would be an attempt to prove the impossible. This answer is decisive of the existence of the Christian religion, if it is sound; all examination of evidence for miracle would be a pure absurdity and waste of labour. The demurrer, therefore, of these scientific eminences must be met; and we assert deliberately that it is met by Christians with the utmost ease. Physical science has not advanced the millionth part of a step in showing miracle to be impossible. Science is only an accurate record of the processes of nature; its laws are only generalizations of its observations, and one of its observations is the uniformity of natural sequence. Science has not travelled one step beyond this uniformity. Now it is one thing to say that nature always moves along the same path, and another to say further that that path never can be changed. The uniformity on which science stands is absolutely necessary for the Christian's argument. The denial of the possibility of miracle, therefore, is a mere barren assertion of nature's uniformity — a doctrine necessary for and admitted by both sides. The issue begins only when the proposition is brought forward, that this uniformity has been broken; and manifestly it is no reply to urge that because it has not been broken before, it cannot have been broken later. A scientific law is not a declaration of inherent necessity, but only of observed fact. There is no greater or more universal law in science than the law of gravity; but what astronomer would assert that there can be no other law of gravity than the inverse square of the distance? The asserters of miracle would be greatly embarrassed if the uniformity of nature's action was

shown not to exist; but an argument which cites no inherent necessity, but only observed sequence, can never touch the Christian's affirmation that a change did occur on a given occasion.

Science, indeed, might enter a plea which would destroy the Christian religion. It might take its stand on pure Atheism, announcing that materialism was the sole force of the universe. This objection would be fatal, because it would introduce not only actual but necessary sequence in the events of nature. If will is swept away out of existence, an intelligent God, acting for an end willed, would be wanting to the Christian evidence, which then would manifestly break down. Absolute materialism is the sole ground which would prove a miracle to be impossible; and what Christians would have to do against such an assertion would be to demand the proof of materialism. The world is a far way off from that as yet. Christianity is not yet summoned to show cause why it should not be pronounced a delusion, because a God capable of adapting means to ends, and of authenticating a message by special credentials, has been demonstrated to be a necessary fiction.

But there are men, and they are to be found in England, who, avowedly treating Christianity as a mere philosophy, as an outcome of natural religious feeling, nevertheless distinctly claim to be called Christians. They justify the demand, like the French Liberals, on the spiritual excellence of Christianity, the nobleness and elevation of its ideal, its vast power to civilize, the goodness of the character it tends to produce. They insist on their right to the name of Christians as other men style themselves Platonists or Hegelians. Viewed in the abstract, and as designating what does not pretend to be anything more than a particular school of philosophy, the right to use such a name could be resisted. If they would term themselves Neo-Christians, no objection could be taken. What they were would then be plainly understood. But the matter wears a totally different aspect when considered in relation to the historical use of the name of Christian by the professors of a specific religion during a long series of ages, and over the whole of the civilized world. The danger of confounding two systems of thought directly contradictory in their essence is immense, and the mischief would be enormous. To repel this invasion by a radically different body of thinkers of a name which has, in the known understanding of mankind been ap-

propriated by others, is a necessity of the most vital kind for the believers in revelation. That the new men admire and follow Christian philosophy is no defence of their use of the name. Every society which suffers ideas contrary to its principles to be associated with its name destroys itself. The new philosophers may affirm that belief in miracles does not matter, that goodness is everything, that spiritual excellence is the true salvation of man, and that nothing in Jesus Christ has any importance except His moral teaching; and their right to maintain these opinions as the true ones is incontestable on philosophical ground. But the Christian believers in revelation are bound under penalty of their own extinction, to say that these men are not Christians. To admit as a fellow-religionist a man who declares that Christ was an ordinary man, tainted with error as other mortals—that the existence of a future state is an open question—that no Saviour, except as a moral teacher, is needed—or that men have no reason for shaping their lives or guiding their feelings with any reference to a judgment to come,—would be at once to proclaim that, even in the estimation of the Christians themselves, these great beliefs have no real importance, are questions utterly indifferent in themselves. The Christian who admits that the denier of these things may be a Christian with as much truth as himself, declares that Christianity is not an acceptance of facts and knowledge, but a system of speculative opinion. His consent to the assignment of the name to philosophers, would render it impossible for him to assert that his religion stands on fact and information. Christianity would pass altogether into the philosophic region,—in other words, it would be extinguished. The process of extinction would be the more rapid if the followers of a philosophical Christ not only were recognized as fellow-Christians by their brethren who affirmed supernatural revelation, but also were allowed to be members of the same organized Church. We have seen what the French Protestants thought of such fellowship. But on the other hand, it must be fully conceded that the French Liberals made no claim which was incompatible with honour and self-respect. They announced their views fairly, and then asked for such a construction of the Church as would permit any minister to be and to teach what he chose. The case would be quite different if they had been required to adopt a common liturgy. The Orthodox party never hinted

at such a requirement. To have proposed it would have been an insult to their opponents. A Christian who treated every fact and belief which claimed to be supernatural as false, who thought miracles to be impossible or doubtful, or who held Jesus Christ to have never risen from the dead in any real sense, but to be still, like all other departed men, in the tomb, and then addresses public prayers to such a Christ which he would scorn to offer to any other dead man, would be a revolting and distressing spectacle. He could escape the charge of dishonesty and total want of self-respect only by the supposition that he regarded the words he used as indifferent and of no meaning; still, he would know that those who heard him, and for whose sake it was that he used those words, would understand him to be uttering them in the same sense with themselves. Such a position would be profoundly immoral—destructive of all as-

sociation, whether lay or religious, from the utter distrust in the existence of sincerity and of honour which it would create. An avenging Pascal never fastened a more withering brand of untruth on any Jesuit than that which the feeling of every man of honour would inflict on a person capable of so disreputable a proceeding. And if to avert such an infamy the disbelief in the reality of the act or the meaning of the words were not concealed, would such a person, we ask, dare to say to those with whom he worshipped, in explicit terms,—I am going to pray with you to Jesus Christ, but I believe He is dead, and does not hear me? Honour might be saved by such a declaration, but would it be possible for any body of men to associate itself with such a proceeding? Would they endure that their prayers to a Christ whom they worshipped as God should be uttered by a man who proclaimed that he was speaking to ashes?

ACCORDING to the correspondent of the *New York Herald*, an ingenious plan has been adopted by Prof. Agassiz's expedition for determining how far the submarine regions are pervious to light. A plate prepared for photographic purposes is enclosed in a case so contrived as to be covered by a revolving lid in the space of forty minutes. The apparatus is sunk to the required depth, and at the expiration of the period stated is drawn up and developed in the ordinary way. It is said that evidence has thus been obtained of the operation of the actinic rays at much greater depths than hitherto supposed possible.

ing. Execrable, isn't it? No living owl ever rested in that position. And the eyes are fully a third larger than any owl ever possessed." At this moment the stuffed bird raised one foot and solemnly blinked at his critic, who said very little more respecting stuffed owls that afternoon. *London Standard*, Pall Mall Gazette.

DR. EUGENE ROBERT, in *Les Mondes* for January 9, ascribes the disappearance of the fallen leaves of autumn to multitudes of earth-worms, which drag them into their underground galleries by means of the crooked hairy appendages with which their foremost rings are provided.

At a lecture delivered the other day at Boston by Dr. Willett, the lecturer mentioned a disagreeable incident which occurred to him respecting an owl. It seems that Dr. Willett is a connoisseur in bird stuffing, and is in the habit of criticising other people's bird stuffing severely. Walking one day with a gentleman he stopped at a window where a gigantic owl was exhibited. "You see," said the Doctor to his friend, "that there is a magnificent bird utterly ruined by unskilful stuffing. Notice the mount-

Books. — "These are teachers who instruct us without rod or ferula, without severe expressions or anger, without food or money. When we come to them they are not asleep; when we inquire for them they do not secrete themselves; when we mistake them they do not complain; if we are ignorant they do not despise us."

Philobiblos.

HIS LITTLE SERENE HIGHNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "DORCHLAUCHTING" OF
FRITZ REUTER.

DURTEN had leaned back as the Conrector bent forward; with every word he spoke she turned her face further away, and put out both hands, as if to ward off something dreadful; now she sprang up and laid both hands across her breast, and stood there, pale as death, and cried, "Herr, Herr, I had shame and disgrace enough to bear already! Herr, Herr, I did not deserve that from you!"

"Dürten," said the Conrector, and he grasped her hands, which she again stretched out as if to push him away, in his own, and pressed them, "my dear Dürten, I mean well by you."

"No, no!" she cried, snatching away her hands and covering them over her eyes, from which tears were starting, "I was in everybody's mouth already; and now this, too!"

"Dürten," said the Conrector, drawing himself up considerably taller than usual, "am I not an honest, reasonable man? Am I a young, thoughtless scamp, to make sport of a good girl? I take you as my Christian wedded wife, — that is to say," he added, rather anxiously, "if you will have me?"

Dürten let her hands fall and looked at him with a doubtful anxiety, as if a beautiful, comforting word, which had echoed through her quiet life and hopes, were not true, and would presently show itself a lie.

"You will not, and you cannot," she said, and would have gone; but the Conrector caught her and drew her down on his knee and kissed her: "I will and I can; but will you, Dürten?" — and he kissed her again. — "will you?"

She hid her face on his breast, and he asked once more, "Will you, Dürten?"

"Yes, yes!" she answered, from the depths of her heart; and she sprang up and tore herself loose, and rushed out of the room and up the stairway to her little attic, as if the fiend were after her. She bolted the door, and threw herself on her knees: "Lead us not into temptation!" She would pray, she would give thanks, she would give earnest thanks; and it kept darting through her head that it was all a delusion, that it could not be so, that she must awake from the dream, which without sense or reason she had dreamed so long. She the Herr Conrector's wife? "Lead us not into temptation!" It could not be, it was not possible; it seemed to her as if all the world stood around and laughed in her face. And yet! He had

said so himself, and he was so brave and so honorable, never in his life had a lie passed his lips; she had looked up to him as he stood so far above her, and now he had stretched out his hand to draw her up to himself, and she should share in all that he was and all that he had! She could not believe it, she could not comprehend it. And yet she must believe it, for she heard him walking up and down the passage, playing on his violin, playing lively airs on his violin. Yes, she must believe it, and the tears started from her eyes, and she prayed and gave thanks out of a full heart; and the quarrel of day before yesterday came into her mind, and all the little squabbles she had had with him when he had not agreed with her, and she did penance for them with hot tears; she must alter herself, alter herself entirely!

The Herr Conrector had set Dürten's lamp in the passage, and brought his violin; and now he walked up and down, playing joyously, as if the music were an echo of his soul; for he felt as free as a bird, — he had come to a conclusion; "to the right conclusion," he said to himself. All which had oppressed him was taken off, all which had been dark lay clear before him, stretching out into the distance in bright sunshine. And it seemed, at first, that his old violin was startled at so much being demanded from her, for she knew, indeed, that he was merry sometimes, but never so merry as this. She could not understand it, and she stammered at first, just like Dürten; but now he was in harmony with her, just as with Dürten, and now she had got into full swing, and it was as merry and as jubilant in the old Conrector-house as if to-day were a wedding-day.

As he came again to the street-door, in his walking up and down, the door opened, and Stining started back at sight of such lively performances, and the Herr Conrector stood in the open door, and played, — what did he care for the world? — and he played his tune to the end, and then took the violin down from his chin and laughed.

"What? Are you afraid, Stining? Come in, child, — we are very merry here."

"So I see," said Stining; "but where is Dürten?"

"I don't know," said the Conrector, "but she will come soon," and he looked as merry and confident, as if he had the whole world by the string, and need only pull and it must dance.

"Herr," said Stining, rendered anxious by the Conrector's behavior, "she has not gone away yet?"

"What the devil!" cried he, "gone away? No, she is to stay here, stay here for ever! But what is the matter?" said he, becoming more rational, "you look so excited!"

"Good heavens! Herr, do you not know?"

"I know nothing — I have but just now come home; but I do know something too, and that —"

"Have you not heard of the accident?"

"What accident?"

"How his Serene Highness was so badly injured?"

"What? what?" cried the Conrector, in his deepest bass, grasping Stining by the shoulder. "Injured? Our Herr?"

"Yes, but the doctor says, — thank God! — that it is not so bad, the fright did the most of it."

"What is it?" asked the Conrector, in a lighter tone, "tell me!"

"Yes, you see, Herr, — but, good gracious! where can Dürten be?"

Just then Dürten came quietly down the stairs, — "Good evening, Stining!" — and went into the Herr Conrector's room, lighted the lamp, and sat down silently in the corner, between the stove and the clock.

"Only think of it, Dürten," said the Conrector, "our Serene Highness has met with an accident."

"Yes," said Stining, "it might have been a bad one. This afternoon, about two o'clock, the young Schwerin Duke was expected, and Serene Highness had ridden out as far as the Tannen-Krug to meet him. And when the Schweriner came, he got down from his carriage and got in with our old Herr, and Jochen Bahnhasse wanted to show the Schweriner's coachman what he could do; and he raced his horses, and they came running through the gate at the top of their speed, and Wilhelm and Fleischfreter running before; and as they came to our corner, — I was standing right in the door, — he turned very short round the corner, and the carriage caught in the old deep gutter, and the axle of the hind wheel broke, and there it lies. And the young Schwerin Duke shot out of the coach across the street, and the three lackeys behind flew into the gutter, so that I think they must have broken their arms and legs, — well, Niklas did have an arm broken, — but the young Duke was quickly on his feet again, and as I came running up, he cried, 'Look after the Duke!' Dear heart, our old Herr lay there pale as death, and the blood running down his cheeks, for he had bruised his head badly

against the window-frame; and when the Duke and I lifted him up he fainted away. And the Duke gave orders he should be taken into the house, and Rand came and took hold with one of the lackeys and the Duke and me, and we carried him into our house and laid him on my bed."

"On your bed?" asked Dürten.

"Yes, Dürten," said Stining. "I know he treated us both shamefully yesterday, but —"

"Oh, I don't mean that; I only mean, how is it possible that his Serene Highness should lie on your bed?"

"Yes," said the Conrector, "necessity knows no law."

"Yes, the Duke said something like that, and he sent for a doctor; and when Doctor Hempel came, he opened a vein and said it was not exactly dangerous, it was from the fright, but he must have rest, and his head must be bathed with vinegar and water; and I fortunately had some vinegar, and I bathed it, and after awhile he became very weak and fell into a soft sleep, and then the young Duke turned them all out, and I sat there with him alone."

"You with the young Duke, alone in your room?" asked Dürten.

"Yes; I was going out, but he would not let me, and said I must stay; I had such a light hand, he said."

"Stining, Stining!" said the Conrector, threatening with his finger. "He certainly said more; he certainly said you were such a pretty little maiden!"

"Oh, Herr Conrector!" said Stining, blushing.

"Well, well," said the Conrector, "he is known as a lively young gentleman, and very fond of the ladies."

"Oh, Herr," said Dürten, shaking her head as if she must rebuke such a light-minded speech, "a Duke and my sister Stining!"

"Everything happens, Dürten. But how did it go on?" asked the Conrector.

"Well, he slept very quietly until about half-past five, and then he waked and was bright and clear, and Doctor Hempel said now he could be taken away; and then they brought a sedan-chair, and carried him in it to the palace. Yes, and as the Duke took him under the arm to lead him out, he looked around wildly in the room, and asked where he was.

"'With this little maiden,' said the Duke; 'and she helped carry in the dear Herr Cousin,' said he, 'and she has taken care of you like a daughter,' said he. And then his Serene Highness took a long look

at me, and said, 'I must have seen you. Well,' said he, 'come to the palace to-morrow and ask me a favor.'

"Good heavens!" cried Dürten, "and you never tell it till now!"

"I could not, sooner; for when he was gone, all the neighbors came, and I must tell it all over and over again, and you know what father is: it was a great honor for him, and he kept bringing people in, to show them the place where his Serene Highness had lain; and when at last I was coming here, then Wilhelm came."

"Oh, I didn't mean that," said Dürten. "I meant about the favor. That is the great thing, and by that means——"

"Good evening!" cried a voice in the passage. "Good gracious! Are you all asleep, Dürten, and the doors standing open?"

Dürten opened the room door. "Who is there?"

"Who else but me? I ran in the back way. I could not——" and Schultsch made her appearance. "Good heavens! Herr Conrector, are you back again? I thought you were in Strelitz. 'You shall see,' said I to Krischan, 'he will not come back to-night with the post, for he will not ride with Kunst, and possibly they have put him in prison.' 'Eh, what?' said Krischan, 'how you talk!' And so I came over on the spur of the moment, and—you will excuse me—with my old apron on. I have been busy all day, setting things to rights, and, Dürten, that is the reason I haven't been over before. Oh, yes, I made a few groschens in the Wood; but it does not pay for the trouble, the packing and unpacking, and then the vexations,—for instance, Dürten, yesterday with his Serene Highness!"

"Frau Schultz," cried Dürten, springing up in keen distress, "you will not?"

"Eh, what am I saying? I am no child; but I should have been so angry, in your place. 'Krischan,' said I, 'if I were Dürten Holzen, you should see!' 'Yes,' said he, 'we should see pretty doings,' said he, 'you poured the strong-beer all over Rand's white stockings,' said he, 'and the flies were standing on them, thick as your fist,' said he, 'and Dürten is more sensible than you are.'"

"Frau Schultz," interrupted the Herr Conrector quickly, as she left him a moment's time, "what is this? What has his Serene Highness to do with my Dürten?"

Dürten was in great distress, and tried to get away; but Schultsch stood square in the doorway. "Herr Conrector, 'What

I wot not makes me not hot,' and if you knew it, you would be hot enough; but not a word! I shall not say a word!"

"Dürten," asked the Conrector, earnestly,—for it shot through his mind that this might have some connection with Dürten's wish to leave him,— "what happened out in the Wood? How did his Highness vex you?"

Stining sprang forward. "Herr Conrector, it was about me and Halsband!" and she told her own disgrace in order to save her sister, and let Dürten get off, and closed with the account of Halsband being thrown into the boat.

"Yes," said Schultsch, "and Serene Highness would have had him thrown into the dungeon again; but he didn't do it, because he couldn't spare him, on account of the reception of the Schwerin Duke—a fine reception! almost breaking his neck! Pity that Rand didn't get his share; for, only think, Herr Conrector, this morning, when I was thinking no harm and came into the room about my business, there sat that old serpent of a Kammerdiener behind the table again, with a bottle of strong beer, insinuating himself into Krischan's favor; but I gave him a piece of my mind. 'You and your Serene Highness ought to be ashamed of yourselves,' said I, 'for disgracing a couple of respectable burgher's daughters in that way; and you have lost one of them her good place, for she cannot stay with the Herr Conrector any longer,' said I. And, Dürten, you cannot stay here any longer."

Dürten was a resolute maiden, but when all this was dragged out before the Conrector's eyes, she grew very weak. She turned pale as death, and raised her hands imploringly to Schultsch.

"Frau Schultz, I beg of you——"

"No, Dürten," said Schultsch, with great dignity, "no begging and beseeching will help you; you must go. I am an old woman, and not likely to talk much about it; but everybody knows it, and I knew your blessed mother well enough, and if she stood here, she would certainly say, 'Frau Schultz is right; Dürten must go; for she would make the Herr Conrector talked about if she didn't.'"

"Good heavens!" cried the Conrector, rushing up to Schultsch, "what stupid nonsense is this? Why should people talk about me? Why should Dürten go?"

"God preserve us, Herr Conrector!" said Schultsch, starting back, "I said nothing; I did not say a word; but when Serene Highness said, in my booth in the

Wood, before all the people, that Dürten would positively marry you, then —”

“Stuff and nonsense!” cried the Conrector, going up to Dürten, who had sunk into a chair and covered her face with her hands, “Dürten will not marry me—I will marry Dürten. Dürten, my dear Dürten, let people talk! We need make no secret of it; what I do, I always do openly; and everybody may know that you are my bride, and that you shall be my wife.”

Stining began to weep bitterly when she heard these words. Schultsch stood for a moment confounded, and whatever her Krischan might say, her mouth was bridled, although it was wide open, and her eyes stared wildly around; but when she saw the Conrector giving Dürten a kiss, she believed that he was making sport of her and trying to fool her. She put her hands on her sides, threw her head back, and said, “Yes, I know very well. You think I am such a fool you can make game of me; but if I am not so learned as you, I know that you will only hurt Dürten by such jests. And what I have said I have said; and I shall say nothing, and now I can go.”

“Frau Schultz,” said the Conrector, “it is solemn earnest, and the whole world may know it, and you can tell them. Dürten, isn’t it earnest?”

And Dürten leaned towards him, saying, “Yes, yes; but I cannot believe it myself.” And Stining ran up to her sister, and kissed and embraced her, and Schultsch made a venturesome attempt to whirl round on her heels, but got only half way, and clapped her hands, and cried:

“And you tell me this at eleven o’clock at night, when everybody is asleep! when there is nobody in our tap-room! And I must sleep to-night, with all this on my mind, and nobody to tell it to! Good heavens! Krischan may possibly be awake still. Good night, — I have no time to spare, — good-night!”

“Good-night!” laughed the Conrector behind her. “You can tell it to the night-watchman; he can trumpet it.”

When she was gone they began to talk and to ask questions — and Dürten kept saying “Herr Conrector” and “Sie,” and when the Herr Conrector punished her with a kiss for not calling him “Du,” she said “Herr Conrector” and “Du;” but she could not yet leave off the “Herr Conrector;” her reverence for him lay too deep in her heart. And when Stining, after much questioning, came out with the story of how his Serene Highness had

treated Dürten so shamefully in the Wood, the Herr Conrector placed himself before Dürten, and said impressively, “If he has brought disgrace upon you, he shall remove it, I promise you.”

And Stining was so merry, on Dürten’s account, and joked her, and leaned over to the Conrector and whispered, “Serene Highness was not so far wrong; she has borne you in her heart this long time.”

And Dürten heard it, and turned fiery red: “Stining, Stining! You talk like a foolish child.”

But Stining laughed, and said, “Children and fools speak the truth. The fools, who could have known nothing at all about it, have spoken it, and I, who have known it all along, may speak of it now.”

Dürten surrendered, but got up, saying that it was bed-time. The Herr Conrector made objections, but Dürten said:

“No, Herr Conrector, you are —”

And the Herr Conrector would have punished her with a kiss; but Dürten slipped through under his arms:

“Thou art weary also.” And they were gone.

And out at the back door, Dürten said, “Stining, you sleep here to-night, and I will go to father.”

“But, Dürten —”

“No, Stining, the world has its rights; to-morrow we will talk the matter over again. Good-night!”

CHAPTER XIII.

Hofrath Altmann gets his Serene Highness in a tight place. — His Serene Highness indulges in a singular amusement. — What sort of man Friedrich Franz was. — Baker Schultz makes excuses for his baking-apron, and old Cooper Holzen sits on the same chair with his Highness. — How the Herr Court-poet Kagebein gives our Serene Highness a great pleasure. — What Friedrich Franz can do, he does. — The Conrector and Dürten, and the runner and Stining also give his Serene Highness a great pleasure. — A blessed day for betrothals. — The world turns over, and what lies underneath must come uppermost. — Old Cooper Holzen drinks real wine, at which Dürten is greatly alarmed. — “Unser Ausgang segne Gott, Unser Eingang, gleicher-massen” and that is the end of the story.

WHEN his Serene Highness returned from the Wood, he was strongly inclined to throw the runner into prison again, as Schultsch had narrated; but he reflected that he could not spare him, on account of the reception. There were also many other things which must be attended to, that he might entertain his distinguished guest in a becoming manner; and the first requisite, of course, was money. Rand was sent out, therefore, to search for the Hofrath, and finally returned with him.

The Hofrath was this evening far more ceremonious in his manner than usual, for he was generally very much at his ease with his Highness, — too much at his ease, people said; but whether it was that he had drunk too much punch in Kunst's booth, and did not wish it to be observed, or that he was afraid that his Highness would turn his jest into earnest, and really let him fall into disfavor, or that he believed himself likely, by such a demeanor, to drive a more profitable bargain for his interest, or that he had something else in his head, — how should I know? Enough, he stood there, stiff as a pole, and bowed like a clasp knife.

His Highness was very gracious towards him, and finally asked him, seeing that he did not relax from his stern demeanor, what was the matter? The Hofrath drew down his mouth, elevated his shoulders and his eyebrows, as if the burden which lay upon him were too heavy for his failing strength, and said the hard times, and the disfavor of his Serene Highness, — these were what oppressed him.

The hard times, said his Highness, could not oppress him, he knew that; and as for the disfavor, he had removed it; he had told him expressly he should ask a favor, and he had done so.

"And I thank your Serene Highness for it, with the deepest reverence," said the Hofrath, with another clasp-knife bow; "but the favor which I would most humbly beseech is not one which I could mention before all the world."

"Well, then, ask it now!" said his Highness graciously.

"Yes," said the Hofrath, with much turning and twisting, "it is rumored in the city that I have fallen into disfavor on account of my contemplated marriage; and my wife that is to be, she sits the whole day and cries, till it would move a stone to pity; and if it goes on like that, it may happen that she will have nothing more to do with me."

"Let her go, then; you are better without her."

"Yes, your Serene Highness, it is very easy for your Serene Highness to say that; but she has a good bit of money, and if I am to raise money, I must fall back on her for it."

"Hm, hm," said his Highness. "You know I am not much in favor of having those about me marry; but — but — then take her!"

"Yes; that will do, if your Serene Highness will remove the disfavor, and give her a proof of it by allowing me to present

her to you; then you could say to her, yourself, that your favor should always shine upon us."

"Well, for aill I care! Then you can bring your sweetheart here — at some convenient opportunity."

"Yes," said the Hofrath, "and at the same convenient opportunity I can also bring the money that Rand was speaking to me about."

"The devil you can!" cried his Highness. "I must have the money to-morrow."

"Yes, Serene Highness," said the Hofrath, looking much distressed, "but I cannot raise it; for until she is sure of your favor she will not give up her papers, and I must go to Strelitz first, for there is no money to be had here. And if I should go to-morrow, then day after to-morrow I could present my future wife to your Highness."

"Oh, how wise you are!" cried his Highness. "I expect a visit from the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin."

"Yes, Serene Highness," said the Hofrath, looking with one eye rather slyly and not very respectfully at the princely Herr, as he ran about the room in his vexation, "I meant with the money too."

"Well, then come! Come, for the devil's sake, with your charmer!" cried his Highness; and he ran out of the room, and scolded about in his apartments, while he saw that everything was prepared for the reception of his Herr Cousin. But this did not last long, for he put himself into high good humor by a singular amusement which occurred to him; namely, squirting water with a syringe, through the keyhole, on the women folks who were scrubbing the floor.

We have now discovered what was Hofrath Altmann's most important reason for going with Kunst to Strelitz, and Stining has truly related the accident which his Highness met with on the next afternoon; so that we need merely mention that his Highness, when he was taken to the palace, although still a little weak, but yet sound at the heart, lay on his sofa, and gradually so far recovered that he listened kindly to Friedrich Franz's merry talk, and even laughed at his jokes.

Friedrich Franz of Mecklenburg-Schwerin was a young, lively gentleman of much wit and intelligence, which he retained even to extreme old age; so that many good stories about him are still in circulation in the country, which show that he understood well how, by a few timely words, to make himself beloved by those

about him and in his realm. In reference to his government, there were weak places to be found here and there; but the Mechlénburgers have long forgotten them, and when one speaks of him, the old people, who remember him, grow younger as the pleasant recollections rise before them. I also knew him, and, through the kindness of a couple of ladies, I received a present of a meerschäum pipe-head which he himself formerly smoked; and whenever I feel a little out of spirits, I screw on the head, and with the smoke rise before me all sorts of cheerful recollections of old Mechlénburg and the old times when Friedrich Franz ruled, and there was not such strife and contention in the land. He was a little, slender, neat-looking man at this time, and his body was as vivacious as his spirits. In this respect his Serene Highness could scarcely compare with him; and in other respects he was the exact opposite of his Serene Highness—he was extremely fond of the ladies.

When Friedrich Franz arose, the next morning, and inquired after the health of his Serene Highness, he was informed that his Highness had slept very well, and was making his toilet. The Schwerin Duke walked out of doors, a little way from the palace, and amused himself in contemplating the Rathhaus; and as he was sauntering up and down, Baker Schultz came up with his baking-apron on, and said, "Begging your pardon, could you tell me where Rand is?"

"The Kammerdiener?"

"Yes; I want to ask him how it is with Serene Highness."

"Well, my good friend, very well! The Duke has slept well, and is now getting up."

And old Cooper Holzen, who had seen the young Duke in his house yesterday, came up and asked, "Herr Serene Highness, how is our Serene Highness?"

"He is quite well, my good old friend. Tell me, are you not the old man into whose house we carried the Duke yesterday?"

"Yes, Serene Highness, I am the one."

"Then greet your pretty daughter, and tell her she must come to-day and ask for her favor. I should like to see her once more."

"Neighbor," said Baker Schultz, pulling the cooper by the coat-tails, "who is that you were speaking with?"

"Eh?" whispered the old cooper, and smote himself on the breast, "that is the Schwerin Duke."

"You will excuse me, most gracious Herr," said the baker, aloud, with the best

bow he was capable of making, "for speaking to you in my baking-apron."

"No harm done," said Friedrich Franz. "Well, good morning, good people!" and he returned to the palace.

"Neighbor," said Baker Schultz to the cooper, "I don't know what to think of it, for my old woman was fairly wild last evening; is it true, what she said—but if you know nothing about it, don't be alarmed!—is it true that the Conrector is going to marry your Dürten?"

"Schultz," said the old cooper, who was quite dazzled by the honors which had rained into his kettle since yesterday, "Schultz, why should not Dürten marry the Conrector, when Serene Highness himself has lain on my Stining's bed, and the Schwerin Duke talks to me like a friend?" and with that he looked at the baker, as if Schultz were a boy compared to him.

"Neighbor," said Schultz, quietly, "you must excuse me, but you were always a great fool, and now you seem to be quite cracked;" and he was turning away, when the new Court-poet, Kägebein, came up to them and inquired after the health of his Serene Highness.

"You must ask my neighbor Holzen," said Schultz, "for, since yesterday afternoon, he sits in the same chair with his Serene Highness."

And Kägebein turned to the cooper, and others came and made inquiries, and old Holzen stood there like a turkey among ducks, and said, "Thank you very much, friends; go home in peace! The Schweriner has himself told: Serene Highness is quite well."

Then he went away and considered the question whether his Stining should not ask, as a favor, for his old house and yard and garden, and whether, as father-in-law, when his Dürten should marry the Conrector and Cantor, he ought not to have some little title himself.

The company in the market-place was now increased by the addition of Hofrath Altmann, who came out of the palace and related that he had spoken with his Highness, at his levee; "and," he added to Kägebein, but loud enough for other people to hear, "within an hour I am to have the honor of presenting my future wife to his Serene Highness."

"Impossible!" cried the Court-poet. "Tell me, my dear friend, what do you mean? How would it do, if I should go to return thanks for my title, or to offer congratulations on his happy recovery this morning, and unite with this a humble presentation of my promised Dorimene?"

"Korlin Soltmann?" cried the Hofrath, startled at the audacity of the poet in proposing to present a lady to his Serene Highness in such will-he nill-he fashion; but his love of a joke soon got the upper hand, and he clapped Kägebein on the shoulder, and cried, "That is a good idea! Do it! Give the old gentleman a great pleasure! But, look here,—I must go first, and you come afterwards; for it wouldn't suit me to have you go first with your poetry, when I must follow in plain prose!"

Kägebein promised not to anticipate the Hofrath, and they parted in high good humor.

His Serene Highness had really got up, feeling quite well and cheerful. The Hofrath had been at his levee, and had brought the money. His Highness had signed the papers with a light heart, and now he was in such a frolicsome mood, and felt as if he could run about merrily all day with his beloved Herr Cousin, and be a match for him in every respect; but—but—Serene Highness, that will not do! Rand, the brave old Kammerdiener Rand, exercised his judgment; and it was necessary, for the stronger and merrier his Highness became, so much the more softly and lightly must Rand walk, and when his Highness was in low spirits, Rand sat on his high horse. He must needs depress his gracious Herr a little, in order to appear in a better light himself before the Schwerin company.

"Serene Highness," said he, when he was alone with his master,—and he placed himself before him, and looked at him with stern impressiveness, as if his duty as an old, faithful servant required him to see that everything was done properly,— "what shall be done with Halsband? If it pleases you to have him dancing round, under your very nose,—for all I care! And we shall not need him to-day, and he might as well be put in the dungeon; but—for all I care!"

"Why shall we not need him to-day?" asked his Highness, rather crossly.

"Why, we shall not drive out, to-day. I should think we had enough of it yesterday; though if people choose to break their bones, it is nothing to me!"

"Hold your tongue!" cried his Highness, with a good deal more vexation. "We must leave that to our beloved Herr Cousin."

"Yes, we can do that, we can be tossed out by the mares again,—for all I care; it will be a very pleasant amusement, especially in the storm, which seems to be

gathering by degrees;" and the careful old man elevated his eyebrows, and looked thoughtfully at the heavens.

"What?" asked his Highness anxiously. "Do you think we shall have a thunder-storm?"

"Eh, what do I know? Johann Strasen said, day before yesterday, on the lake, we should get one to-day; and the Hofrath said, this morning, it was very sultry."

"Ah, the Hofrath! What does he know?"

"How should I know what he knows?" said Rand, and pretended to be going, but turned back suddenly. "But what I wanted to ask—is it true, that he is going to present his sweetheart to Serene Highness this morning? And am I to let in women-folks here?"

"Yes, you donkey!" cried his Highness, whose patience was exhausted.

"It never happened so before," said Rand, taking hold of the door-handle.

"If I command it, it shall happen! I am master! And if I let women come in here, they shall come in!"

"Well," said Rand, "for all I care!" and he went off, having succeeded in working up his Highness into a state of vexation and anxious unrest, as satisfactory as he could desire.

Friedrich Franz now came in and greeted the old gentleman in a friendly way, and the old Herr allowed himself, for the moment, to be cheered up a little by the lively young Herr, and they took their breakfast together. And Friedrich Franz took occasion to remark that the Herr Cousin had very good subjects, who seemed to regard him with great affection, for there were quite a crowd of them standing outside, before the palace, to inquire after the health of his Highness.

Oh, yes, said his Highness, the subjects were well enough, that is to say, the men folks; but the women folks were always making him trouble,—there was always something the matter, and they were the plague of his life.

"Now, Herr-Cousin," said the Duke of Schwerin, "the young women I have seen this morning on the market-place pleased me very much,—but New-Brandenburg has the reputation, all over the country, of having the prettiest girls to show,—and that pretty child, who nursed you so tenderly after the accident yesterday,—*parole d'honneur!*—she might set up for a distinguished beauty, anywhere."

"I did not notice her, particularly," said his Highness rather snappishly; "I never trouble myself about such things."

"Ah," said Friedrich Franz, "the Herr Cousin will soon open his eyes, when the little, soft, white dove flutters in."

"How?" asked his Highness, in astonishment, for he had entirely forgotten Stining, "flutter in here? here, in my palace?"

"Herr Cousin promised her a favor."

"Then we did it in our uncomprehending ignorance!" exclaimed his Highness, very angry with himself. "God preserve us! Is *she* coming here to-day, too?"

"Serene Highness," said Rand, entering.

"What do you want?" cried his Highness, advancing upon him hastily and angrily. Rand would gladly have tormented him a little for this hasty temper; but the presence of the Schwerin Duke left him no opportunity; he merely said, in a very humble and melancholy way, "Ah, Serene Highness, I was only going to say, we shall have a thunder-storm to-day."

"Lieber Gott!" cried his Highness, his heat quite cooling down, "that too!"

"Yes, and then the Hofrath is out there with —"

"Eh, what? Let them in, for the devil's sake, that we may have it over with!"

Rand departed, and Friedrich Franz inquired, "What is it, then?"

"Eh, what should it be?" said his Highness, with evident vexation, — "another woman!"

Here the Hofrath entered; not quite so much at his ease as formerly, nor yet so stiff as the day before, when he was required to raise money; and he spoke High German, and on his arm he had a pretty little woman, in the prime of life, somewhere between thirty and fifty, who had made herself very neat, and courtesied with the deepest reverence before his Highness, as if she understood very well on what terms she was admitted.

"The high favor —" began the Hofrath, with his deepest bow.

"Yes, it is all right, it is very good," interrupted his Highness, still a little out of humor, but yet favorably impressed by their deferential respect.

"They are going to be married," said he, briefly, to the Duke.

"So, so?" said the latter, and went up gayly to the pair. "Let me congratulate you on your new marriage."

"New marriage!" interposed his Highness, rather spitefully; "it is his fourth! They have good courage! Well, well," he added, turning to the Hofrath, "it is all very well, very fine!"

"With the deepest gratitude and respect," began the Hofrath again, with another bow, "I venture to express the hope that we may see your Serene Highness at our wedding."

"What? What? We? *We* at a wedding!"

"I should not wait to be asked twice," interposed Friedrich Franz, cheerfully, "and I should claim the first dance with the fair bride!"

The bride courtesied, and the Hofrath bowed, and said, "The distinguished favor with which Serene Highness has regarded me, and his kindness this morning, when I had the happiness to be present at his levee —"

"Yes, it is all good, very good," interrupted his Highness, for he feared that the Hofrath might let out that he had brought him money; and because he might find him again quite indispensable, he continued, "Well, we will see; if it is possible, I will come."

Then the presentation was over, and the happy pair courtesied and bowed themselves out of the door.

THE PINE.

THE mountain owns its oread, and the stream
Its naiad; lo, the dryad of the pine!

How stern and lofty! sorrow how divine
Its murmurings speak: but let the lightning
shine

Around it, and the storm hold fearful reign,
Lo, the proud warrior! with what calm disdain
He braves the utmost fury! all forgot
His sorrow, for great souls remember not

Their trials when great troubles come; they call
The poised soul up; and great hearts do not
bow

To tempests, but with calm, uplifted brow
Dare the wild worst; dark, stormy troubles fall
Upon the strong to try them; weakness bends;
Strength grows more strong, and vain the storm
its fury spends.

Dublin University Magazine.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

ÆNEAS SYLVIUS PICCOLOMINI,
POPE PIUS II.

PART II.

IN spite of the tortuous nature of his political actions and the blots upon his private character, Æneas was in no sense a vicious man. It is true that, while he was struggling upwards, he felt it impossible to avoid many false situations in public matters, and he was determined that no false shame should prevent him in his endeavours after success. In private life he made no profession of being better than his neighbours. "Continence might suit a philosopher," he exclaimed, "but was unfit for a poet;" but his conscience had hindered him from taking Orders till advancing years had cooled his passions, and this was in those days a rare concession to morality. The culture which Æneas had gained from his studies gave him a delicacy of mind and sensitiveness of perception, which saved him from coarse and open offences against current social decorum. He had done many things which probably he wished he had been spared the necessity of doing; but poverty sharpened his wits till they regarded strict honesty as clumsy blundering, and his ambition, which had all its own work to do, neglected, in the pressure of business, the sharp distinctions to which more grovelling minds have time to attend. His letters show a delightful *naïveté* in stating his real position and disclosing his intentions. These letters he deliberately allowed to come down to posterity, and in this he certainly is a strong instance of the great power of candour. Every man, however much he had to conceal, however much he might shrink before judgment, would still stand out better in the eyes of posterity if they could see his real motives than if they were only left to guess at them. As we read Æneas's letters we may laugh sometimes at his vanity, or feel indignant at his effrontery, or despise his self-seeking, while we admire his cleverness; but, as we read on, we tend to feel a greater liking for him personally. How many men who have been so successful dare leave behind them so clear a record of their doings? How many politicians (and it is as a politician that Æneas must be judged) would care that all the correspondence should descend to posterity, in which they hunted for places, or violently upheld opinions which they afterwards renounced? Yet in the case of Æneas these are the materials we possess, — materials which he took no pains to suppress or garble.

Moreover, Æneas lived in an age of tortuous policy and wonderful success. He himself was present at the siege of Milan, when the condottier-general, Francesco Sforza, suddenly turned his arms against the Commonwealth, whose hiring he was, and, after subjecting the people to all the horrors of a protracted siege, still managed so well that he was finally hailed by their acclamations Duke of Milan, and ruled them securely till his death. It was a time in which the policy of which Machiavelli is the passive analyst was unconsciously developing. In Æneas we see this policy in its most insinuating, most graceful, most spontaneous form. He disarmed opposition by kindness and suavity, by perfect inoffensiveness of character, just as surely as did Cæsar Borja by the assassin's dagger and the poisoned cup. Æneas and Cæsar Borja equally had success as their object; but Æneas succeeded by never making a foe, Cæsar Borja hoped to succeed by never leaving one alive.

This is the key to the character of Æneas: he represented the cultivated and enfranchized spirit of the Renaissance, as guided by a skilful hand through the mazes of politics. He began by having a perfectly open mind. The Renaissance had taught him and all its early disciples a contempt for the ideas of the Middle Ages, and an entire want of sympathy with them. Yet this contempt they dared not too openly express, so they revenged themselves by uncontrolled vagaries, in which they either pulled down or propped up parts of the old structure as their fancy or interest led them. So it was with Æneas. The man of culture, he held, must perform with ability and decorum the duties of any office to which he is called; must use as skilfully as he can the advantages, and even disadvantages, of his position. In this there was no hypocrisy, no consciousness of meanness, no particle of dissimulation. His opinions in his youth were floating, because the world lay before him and he wished to keep an open mind, so as to be able to turn his talents to the best account: as life advanced, the vague possibilities which youth had held before his eyes fell away one by one and were abandoned, the future became year by year more limited and more defined; and so, side by side with the actual facts of life, his convictions formed themselves, and his opinions and life fitted themselves into one another with wondrous suppleness. From looseness of life Æneas passed to moral respectability, when the force of temptations ceased; from indifference to religious

forms he passed to a priesthood of unimpeachable orthodoxy, when he saw that orthodoxy was going to prevail; from adherence to the liberal and reforming opinions of Basle he passed to a rigid ecclesiastical conservatism, and as Pope anathematized the opinions which in his youth he had skilfully advocated. He did so because his position had changed; the same opinions did not befit the young adventurer and the man of secure fame; the conditions that surrounded him were different, how could his opinions or desires remain the same?

In this point of view Æneas was quite consistent: he had succeeded, but that was no reason why he should wish others to succeed. As Cardinal he urged upon the Pope the desirability of settling a disputed election to the bishopric of Regensburg in favour of a nephew of the Duke of Bavaria, although he had only slight claim to a capitular election and was under the canonical age; his election would be more expedient, and would give greater prestige to the Papacy, whose object must be to ally itself with princes. No sentimental reminiscences of his own early days misled Æneas to lend a hand to a struggling brother. He is even very proud of this exploit, as indeed he was of most things in which he had a hand; but to this triumph of his principles he calls special attention, and says that it "marvellously increased his reputation among the Cardinals."

This capacity for making the best of circumstances, this genuine and perfectly unconscious power of self-adaptation to any condition, was quite natural in that day. The revival of the learning of the ancients disgusted the student with the notions of his own day, while antiquity gave no real ideas to enable him to reconstruct his life under the circumstances in which it had to be spent. The culture of the Renaissance was consequently merely concerned with form, and very little with contents. The facts of life were given from without; the cultivated mind was not concerned with them; the utmost it could do was to try and make them accord with ancient precedent—to rob them, if possible, of their repulsive, ungraceful, or indecorous aspect. Even in the Council of Basle the pious Cardinal of Arles stirred the assembled Fathers to take courage and depose Eugenius, by quoting the examples of self-devotion given by Curtius, Leonidas, Theramenes, Codrus, and Socrates.

The consideration of this cultivated versatility of disposition, which was the natural result of Æneas's studies and was

quickenied by his ambition and vanity, is necessary for the consistent understanding of his character. The majority of his biographers wish to draw a distinction between his early life and his pontificate, and are willing to imagine that his zeal for a Crusade was the means of raising him into a nobler sphere of personal unselfishness; some even go so far as to argue, that one who was so admirable as Pope must have been equally admirable in his younger days, and so wish to read his earlier writings in the light of his edifying death, and refer all his slippery actions to a sincere desire for the good of Christendom. To me, Æneas Sylvius seems consistent throughout. He is a cultivated man, adapting himself gracefully to his surroundings; his opinions, both moral and religious, develop themselves spontaneously, so as to accord with the position which his talents are winning for him—a position which is day by day rising higher and higher, and so making greater demands upon his better nature, and freeing him more and more from the lower requirements of self-interest.

Æneas, then, when he was made Pope, showed a sincere desire to discharge faithfully and well the duties of that office; to discharge them, moreover, in a becoming way, and, above all things, to earn a title to the remembrance of posterity. His ambition was always saved by his vanity from degenerating into mere selfishness, and the vulgar desire to gain benefits and position for himself was always subordinate to the anxiety to make for himself a name and leave a mark upon his times. The times were, unluckily, such as it was impossible to leave a mark upon. Europe could no longer be regarded as united; it consisted of a number of States struggling to a consciousness of their nationality, and at present confused both in their separate aims and in their mutual relations. It was scarcely possible for a Pope to make any impression on Europe such as Pius found it, but it is always possible to leave a name and found a renown by an appeal to a great idea, even when its time has passed away.

This reason alone, if others had been wanting, would have led a Pope of the ambition of Pius II. to identify himself closely with the idea of a Crusade. It had been talked of by the last three Popes: Calixtus had made it his chief object: it was the only aim for which a Pope could hope to unite Europe, the only cry which had any chance of meeting with universal recognition. The Papacy was an object

of suspicion to the national Churches, whose open rebellion had just been with difficulty subdued; in ecclesiastical matters it had no chance of obtaining general hearing, nor could it hope to interfere successfully in the political complications of Europe. But the fall of Constantinople had given a shock to all; the rapid advance of the Turks might well cause general alarm. Opposition to them from motives of European policy, if not from motives of religion, was the only hope for any undertaking on a large enough scale to afford Pius any chance of distinction. Moreover, his fame was already connected with the Crusade; already his eloquence had been heard in Italy and in Germany calling upon all to join the holy cause; his reputation as an orator rested on this foundation, and happily in this matter his present policy did not require a repudiation of the past.

It is in association with the crusading spirit that Pius is generally judged: he is regarded as the last enthusiast of a noble idea—as one who warred nobly, though unsuccessfully, against the selfishness of his time; and when he found the contest hopeless, died almost a martyr to his mistaken yet generous zeal. Yet if we examine the facts of Pius' pontificate we see no signs of overwhelming haste, no traces of any self-sacrifice in essential points, no abandonment even of small matters of Papal policy, to further the end which he professed to hold supreme. It is true that immediately after his accession Pius announced his intention of holding a Congress at Mantua; but when he tore himself away from Rome, amid the tears of the populace, who regretted the loss of the pecuniary advantages they derived from the presence of the Papal Court, he still made no haste to reach Mantua, but spent eight months on the way, lingering fondly in his native Siena, and adorning his birthplace, Corsignano, which changed its name to Pienza in his honour. He professed a desire to pacify Italy, that it might aim at nothing but a Crusade, but the extent of his desire may be judged by his views about the reconciliation of Sigismund Malatesta of Rimini and Piccinino: "Not sufficiently understanding whether war or peace between them would conduce more to the welfare of the Church—since it was plain that Piccinino could not rest quiet, and it was probable that, if he were relieved from war with Sigismund, he would turn his arms against the Church—the Pope judged that it was the will of God that peace could not be concluded."

Nor did Pius endeavour to free himself from complications, that he might give himself unreservedly to the great cause he had undertaken. At his accession he found the kingdom of Naples claimed by René of Anjou, in opposition to Ferdinand, an illegitimate son of King Alfonso, who had just died. Calixtus had pronounced against Ferdinand, wishing to hand over Naples to one of the Borjas, his nephews. Pius, partly to avoid difficulties, partly with the Italian antipathy to the French, at once recognized Ferdinand. So far he had acted wisely, and had done nothing inconsistent with his great aim. The claim of Ferdinand was a good one, and the Pope might recognize whom he thought fit. But Pius did much more: he entered into a treaty with Ferdinand, and identified himself and the Papal policy with Ferdinand's party; and this he did from no higher motive than nepotism, from which all the culture which Pius possessed did not succeed in saving him. He wished to get a hold on Ferdinand, and secure a principality in the kingdom of Naples for Antonio Todeschini, son of his sister Laodamia—a young man in no way remarkable, and who in his early days had caused his uncle trouble, and wrung from him a letter of good advice:—"Everything in which you now delight—youth, health, beauty, pleasures—will pass away. Wisdom alone, if once we receive her, accompanies us to our death, and after death makes another life blessed." From the care which Pius now takes of Antonio, we are bound to conclude that he profited by these admonitions. Pius raised troops and money to help Ferdinand and to gain a principedom for Antonio as a dowry of Ferdinand's daughter. No doubt there were motives of Papal and of Italian policy also which made the idea of an Angevin King of Naples distasteful to the Pope; but the leading motive of his strong partisanship of Ferdinand seems to have been this amiable concern for his relations. From the point of view of his crusading projects it was most impolitic, for it alienated France from the Papacy, and gave an additional reason for the refusal to take part in the expedition, or to allow the Pope to collect revenues within the French territories. True, the French had another reason to give; they were at war with England, and could not afford to detach any of their forces. Pius answered, that he was making a similar demand from the English, and if both sides sent an equal contingent the decrease of strength would be proportional, and they might continue

their war with undiminished forces. Surely this *naïveté* must be ironical.

Similarly, if we look at the other European powers, we see that Pius did not take steps towards their pacification, and did not behave towards them in a way to encourage them to enter upon a crusade. In Germany he quarrels with the Archbishop Diether of Mainz, because he has not paid the enormous sum of 20,500 ducats, due to the Papal treasury as fees on installation. When Diether tried to evade the payment, the Pope set up a rival, who maintained his claims by force of arms. The dispute widened into civil war, which for four years devastated the Rhine provinces. Equally unhappy was Pius in his dealings with Eastern Germany, where, during the whole of his pontificate, he was engaged in a bitter conflict with Sigismund, Duke of Austria, for whom, as a young man, Æneas had written love-letters and some educational treatises. England, engaged in the Wars of the Roses, Pius regarded as almost beneath his notice. He mentions that Henry VI. had sent some lords of rank and dignity on an embassy to the Congress at Mantua, but they had refused to come, and only two priests appeared before him. Pius adds, with a strange ignorance of English forms, that their credentials bore the subscription of no witnesses — the King was so deserted that he had to witness his letters himself, writing “*Teste rege,*” and appending the great seal. It seems strange that the Papal Curia did not know the ordinary form of an English state paper. But Pius “despised so poor an embassy from so great a King, and did not admit them to a second audience.”

We do not see in the papal eloquence, any more than in the papal policy, any burning enthusiasm for a Crusade. His speech at Mantua is polished and laboured, yet not of the kind to thrill an excited multitude with wild zeal or fill the air with shouts of “*Deos lo volt!*” Life, he says, is short after all, and troublesome; death comes from small causes, as we see in the case of the poet Anacreon: let us earn in war against the Turks a glorious immortality, “where the soul, freed from the chain of the body, will not recover, as Plato thought, universal knowledge, but will rather, as Aristotle and our doctors hold, attain it.” His speech, however, was much admired; but it was followed by a long address from the Greek Cardinal Bessarion, which showed, as Pius remarked with some complacency, how inferior was Greek eloquence to Latin. The whole

Congress at Mantua was a failure: no one except Philip, Duke of Burgundy, who promised to lead 6,000 men, made a genuine offer of aid to the Pope.

The Crusades were looked upon by the European nations in general as means for raising money, which the Papacy spent on its own purposes; and the conduct of Pius in the war of the Neapolitan succession did not tend to allay their suspicions. The war continued for five years, in the course of which the papal revenues were almost entirely exhausted, and Pius did not even hesitate to summon to his aid the brave Scanderbeg, whose presence was so sorely needed in Greece to hinder the northward progress of the Turks. We grieve to find the Albanian hero leading for a few months 800 of his troops to help the Pope in Naples; a useless aid, because the hardy mountaineers were unused to warfare in the open field, and in the luxury of Italy degenerated into a disorderly rabble. Scanderbeg retired without having effected anything; but his presence in Italy is an instance of the mischief done by the empty talk about Crusades in which Europe at this period indulged. The gallant bands, who were inspired by strong national feeling to resist the Turks, were being deluded by false hopes, and prevented by the promise of a large expedition from carrying out, so sturdily as they would otherwise have done, their own little efforts of resistance and defence.

Europe, in fact, did not believe in a Crusade, although it had an uneasy feeling that a Crusade was both right and wise: the various nations recognized the duty and expedience of it, but deferred the performance till a more convenient season. Pope Pius talked more than any one else, as befitted a Pope, but did not show any greater desire than any other prince to sacrifice his own interests, however trifling, to the great end which he eloquently advocated. In speaking, it is true, he was not sparing of himself — miracles almost were wrought to enable him to harangue more conveniently. On one occasion he spoke for three hours, he says, and was listened to with breathless attention; and “although he laboured under a very severe cough, yet he was aided during his speech by Divine help, and never coughed at all or showed the least difficulty.” Another time, though suffering from the gout, “though languid, overcome by pain, pale, and anxious, he could at first scarcely speak at all — when he warmed with eloquence his pain departed, words rushed to his lips, and he delivered

a speech of three hours' length which was listened to with the greatest attention by all." But this speaking availed little when contrasted with the acts of Pius. He spent his energies and money in the Neapolitan war, thereby openly quarrelling with France; while in Germany he fomented dissension instead of promoting peace. The glory of his death has thrown these considerations into the background, but they were present to the eyes, and influenced the judgments, of his contemporaries.

Pius was, at the same time, quite in earnest about the Crusade; but not with the earnestness of deep conviction or self-devotion. He wished it might come about under his presidency, but he could not sacrifice his nephew's prospects to a shadowy hope. He had urged the duty on others, — till they showed signs of fulfilling it, he need not sacrifice the interests of the Holy See. So Pius sounded the note for a Crusade, and waited for six years to see what would happen. He had conducted with credit the Mantua congress, and this was some gain meanwhile.

We cannot follow Pius through all the acts of his pontificate, but all of them were guided by the same care for scrupulous external decorum, and the same dexterous balancing of the claims and advantages of present profit and future renown. The attention which Pius pays to decorum, as befitted a man of culture, is seen in his long description of the festival which he celebrated on the occasion of receiving from Greece the head of the Apostle St. Andrew; he met the sacred relic outside the city and conducted it within the walls, amid a crowd which was edified by his behaviour. "The wondrous order and dignity of the procession of priests riveted the attention of all — chanting with palms in their hands, they advanced through the throng an escort to the Pope, with slow steps and serious countenance." Tears are shed at the moving discourse of Pius; a Latin hymn in Sapphic stanzas composed by Campanus is sung in honour of the Apostle and the Pope. Then the relic was deposited in the Church of S. Luca, where the Pope also spent the night; the next day it was to be carried to St. Peter's: he tells us his anxiety about the weather, lest the rain should spoil the procession; and when the sun shone out in the morning, then rushed into his grateful mind the lines —

"Nocte pluit tota, redeunt spectacula mane:
Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet."

He tells us how, to improve the spectacle, he remorselessly ordered that the Cardinals should go on foot. "It was a great sight, and full of devotion, to see these venerable men walking through the slippery streets, palms in their hands, their grey hairs covered by white mitres, clad in priestly robes, their eyes fixed on the ground in silent prayer; and many, who before could never advance more than a hundred yards without their horses, accomplished, on this day, two miles, and that in the mud and laden with their priestly garments."

Again, on the festival of Corpus Domini, celebrated at Viterbo, the Cardinals vied with one another in the grandeur of their shows, knowing that the Pope was a man of taste, and wishing to please him. One device of the Cardinal of Teano was especially praised: a great square through which the procession was to pass was covered over with blue and white drapery, and adorned with arches wreathed with ivy and flowers, and with eighteen columns, on which sat eighteen boys dressed like angels, who formed a quire to sing a greeting to the Pope. In the middle of the square was a representation of the Holy Sepulchre with the soldiers asleep around it; as the Pope drew near an angel was let down by a rope through the curtain, saluted the Pope "with heavenly voice and gesture," and sang a hymn announcing the Resurrection. Then a small cannon was fired, the soldiers awoke and rubbed their eyes; the tomb opened, a figure stepped out "carrying in his hand the Banner of the Cross adorned with a diadem, and announcing to the people, in Italian verse, the accomplishment of their salvation." Further on, in the square before the Cathedral was acted the Assumption of the Virgin; heaven was represented on the housetops, where the Cardinal of Santi Quattro Coronati had not shrunk from the extremest realism: "God sitting in majesty, and bands of holy angels, and blazing stars, and the joys of the glory above, were wondrously represented." All this, to its minutest details, Pius tells us: he was pleased with a successful appearance in public. Like a man of taste, he wished that everything should be well done, and that a proper decorum should distinguish everything that surrounded him.

Sometimes, indeed, this decorum was sadly interfered with; and Pius was keenly sensitive to its breach. Much as he might wish, in the splendour of the Papacy, to forget his antecedents and behave with

that propriety which only the untoward circumstances of his early days had made him ever lay aside, still there were some who were not so ready to forget; especially one Gregory Heimberg, an honest German, who had no belief in the Italian refinements of Æneas, and who had sturdily upheld the independence of the German Church against Æneas's machinations so long as he could. Gregory could not forgive his old foe, though he had become Pope; he was determined to show him that even a blunt German was not altogether defenceless, but could use his opportunity when it came. Æneas has left us an amusing account of Gregory's rude German manners in Rome, where he had gone on an embassy for the German electors to Eugenius, and Æneas had managed to get in advance of him. "Gregory used to walk after sunset, sweltering in the heat, in a manner disrespectful both to the Romans and his own office — with his boots loose about his heels, his hat in his hand, his breast uncovered, waving his arms, cursing Eugenius and the Romans and the Curia, heaping imprecations on the stifling heat." Æneas had laughed at him then, but practice had taught Gregory something better than mere rage, and he came to Mantua to pay Pope Pius off for the tricks that Æneas had played. As ambassador of Albert of Austria, he made a speech before the assembly. He need not, he said, praise his master, as the renowned Æneas had frequently done so himself, — Æneas, who had so often gone as ambassador, and had gained by his speeches the highest glory; he who was no orator could only do his duty, and that with dry words and harsh speech, without any windy sentences or rhetorical finery. Pius winced, but Gregory went on, speaking no word in praise of the Pope, and quoting Terence, who was not regarded as a proper author for the Papal ear. Not long after, Gregory, in another speech which he made as Sigismund's ambassador, reminded Pius of his intimacy with Sigismund as a boy, and his kindness in writing love-letters for him, "which your Holiness was good enough to translate from Italian into German." Gregory was remorseless; and Pius was painfully aware that he was being laughed at. It must have given him some satisfaction afterwards to pronounce sentence of excommunication on both Sigismund and Gregory for their resistance to Nicolas of Cusa, Bishop of Brixen.

But it was not often that Pius met with such treatment; his affability disarmed

hostility, and he delighted, as Pope, to ramble about Italy and enjoy the simple homage of the rustics. He could not stay at Rome and lead an uneventful life surrounded by all the equipments of Papal etiquette; he liked to travel and see new places, and learn the history of the various towns he saw; he liked the country, and he enjoyed change of air; his life had been too adventurous, hitherto, to allow him to sink into an old age of mere ceremonial decorum. So in spite of the murmurs of the people of Rome, Pius used to wander forth attended by a few Cardinals, with whom he might transact the necessary Papal business, and would enjoy the cool breezes of the hills, or refresh his aching frame by sailing up the Tiber, or would settle at the baths of Viterbo, or draw towards the neighbourhood of his native Siena. He would delight in eating a simple meal by the side of a fountain, or would rest while his servants, with much shouting and bustle, would beat the stream for fish; and great was his satisfaction when the peasants of the neighbourhood, hearing of his presence, flocked to beg his blessing and bring gifts of fruit and bread; nor did he, when the rude herdsman offered him milk in the wooden bowl well dirtied by continual use, refuse the gift, but drank it with a smile of kindness, and handed it on to the nearest Cardinal.

In his delight in a holiday, and his appreciation of the picturesque in natural scenery, Pius is far in advance of the ordinary sentiment of his time; and in fact is purely modern. He describes the view out of his bedroom window, and the places at which he used to halt for food, in the same way as a modern traveller writing to his friends at home. Here is an extract from his journal: "The Pope advanced from Fabrica to Soriano through roads which were most delightful; for the greater part of the fields were yellow with the flowers of the broom, the rest, covered with shrubs and flowers of every kind, shone with purple, white, or a thousand other hues. It was the month of May, and everything was green; the woods were smiling and ringing with the songs of birds. . . . In Viterbo, the Pope used every day to go out before daybreak into the fields, to enjoy the pleasant air before the day grew hot, and look at the green crops and the flowering flax which, in its colour, imitated the heavens." Passages like this meet us at every page, showing the keen pleasure that Pius took in change of place, his ready observation of the picturesque, and his delight in the beauties of nature.

His diligence was indeed inexhaustible; although he possessed this relish for a holiday, and although he was so broken down in health that he had always to be carried in a litter, he never neglected either the duties of his office or his devotion to literary pursuits. It is indeed wonderful how persistently he retained his freshness, how easily his mind could receive an impulse, and how laboriously he would follow out a line of study even in the midst of pressing business. The most learned of his works is a *Treatise on the Geography of Asia*, which shows great research, as well as accuracy of knowledge, and truthfulness of conception of the general bearings of geography, and the utility of its study. This work was commenced in 1461, in the height of his Neapolitan war; it arose from a chance conversation between Pius and his general, Frederic of Urbino, who was escorting him from Rome to Tivoli. "The Pope was pleased with the flashing of the arms and the trappings of the horses and men; for what is more beautiful than the ordered line of a camp? The sun was shining on the shields; the breast-plates and crests reflected a wondrous splendour; each band of soldiers showed like a forest of spears. Frederic, who was a man of great reading, began to ask the Pope if the heroes of antiquity were armed like men of the present day. The Pope said that all our present arms, and many others as well, were mentioned by Homer and Virgil." The talk then turned to the Trojan war, which Frederic disparaged, while the Pope maintained its importance; then they discussed the extent and boundaries of Asia Minor, about which they could not agree. "So the Pope, finding a little leisure at Tivoli, wrote a description of Asia drawn from Ptolemy, Strabo, Pliny, Quintus Curtius, Julius Solinus, Pomponius Mela, and other ancient authors, choosing such points as seemed requisite for the full understanding of the matter." Nor was this all: for in the preface to the "Asia," Pius tells us his intention (it was partially fulfilled) of writing a geography of the world, with a sketch of the previous history of every country, and a full account of the important events which had occurred in each in his own time. He knows that this literary work will not escape a malignant interpretation. "How comes it, many will say, that the Pope has so much leisure as to spend, in writing books, the time which belongs to the Christian people?" To this Pius answers, what authors since his time have not ceased to answer to their critics: "Let him who despises

our writings, read them before he condemn. They contain much from which he may learn; nor is the time spent in their production taken away from public business; but we have deprived our old age of the rest which is its due, that we might record the events of our time which deserve remembrance. Our labours are carried on by night, and we consume in writing the greater part of the hours that are due to sleep. It may be urged that the time would be better spent in vigils and prayers, as it had been by many of his predecessors;" but Pius honestly owns that his culture has outlived the gloomy rites of mediæval ascetism. "We confess that others might have spent their vigils better, but we must give some indulgence to our mind, whose delight lies in midnight studies."

In all other points we are similarly struck with the capacity which Pius shows for taking an interest in everything he sees: twice in his commentaries does he describe with great relish some athletic sports, of which he had been a spectator. It is true he feels it beneath the Papal dignity to acknowledge the interest he felt, and on both occasions, after most graphic descriptions of the races, he adds that the Pope was not present, but was engaged with the Cardinals on business at the time. He describes, however, in exactly similar language, a theological controversy held in his presence; a strife had broken out between the Minorites and the Dominicans on the tremendous question whether the Blood of Christ shed on the ground during the Passion, were worthy of reverence and worship. The strife had waxed high between the two rival Orders, till at last the question was referred to the Pope. For three days the disputants argued before the Consistory. Pius may be pardoned for looking upon the proceedings as a kind of mental and even bodily gymnastic. "It was beautiful and delightful to hear the eminent talents of these most learned men contend in argument, and to see now one and now another press to the front. They strove, as became the majesty of their judges, with moderation and eagerness; but so severe and sharp was the conflict, that, though it was the depth of winter, and everything was stiff with frost, the sweat dropped from them — such was their ardour for victory." Pius does not profess any interest for the question itself, but he details at length the arguments on each side, and watched its alternations with the same delight as he had seen the foot-races at Pienza.

Thus in his Neapolitan war, in discharging the duties of his office, and in mental relaxation by wanderings in search of new interests, Pius passed the years 1460-64. His health had at first been bad, and grew worse; he could not use his feet, and had always to be carried in a litter; he was a martyr to gout, and suffered dreadfully from stone; he was old before his years; his face showed the marks of the perpetual pains he endured, but he had learned self-control, and would contrive to talk or speak even when suffering most acute agony, and his suffering was known only by the contortion of the muscles of his face, or the twitching of his lips, "although oftentimes he suffered such agonies that there was nothing, except his voice, which could show that he remained alive."* Life, he saw, could not last long, and the question grew more pressing every year, — with what fame would his name go down to posterity?

This was a thought always present with him; he was keenly sensitive to public opinion, and showed himself always most anxious to leave a worthy remembrance of himself to after ages. But Pius was too acute to mistake the shouts of his own generation for fame, or to think that a reputation could be conferred by the literary panegyrics so common in his days; he had written too many himself, and knew their real value. Hence he never showed himself a patron of literary men; the acclamations of needy men of letters, which hailed his accession to the Papacy, very soon calmed down when their elaborate eulogiums were but coldly received, and the gifts which they expected failed to appear. Greater still was the consternation when it was rumoured that the Pope actually set up for being a critic, and laughed at the bombastic productions that poured in on every side; it was known that he had said that orators and poets ought to be supreme, or they ought not to exist. He pulled in pieces the epigrams which were sent him; and an impromptu of his was commonly quoted† —

"Take, poets, for your verses verse again :

My purpose stands to mend, not buy your strain."

Even Francesco Filelfo, in spite of his great reputation and his early connection with the Pope, found that his offer to be a new Homer and write the *Odyssey* of Pius' Crusade, was not accepted with the favour, or rewarded with the liberality,

which he conceived to be his due; after begging in the most abject manner from Pius, he changed his tactics, and wrote the most scurrilous and disgusting libels against him.

Pius knew that his fame could be established only by his exploits; and so as he saw his life wane, he recurred with greater zeal to his project of a Crusade. He wrote a remarkable letter to Mahomet II., the conqueror of Constantinople, in which he set before him the advantages of Christianity, and explained at length its doctrines; he urged the Sultan to be converted; he proved to him historically, that he had no right to the possessions which he had lately conquered; but, if he would only be baptized, this flaw in his title might be remedied; the Pope would acknowledge him Emperor of the Greeks and of the East, and would establish him in one of the highest positions in Christendom. The letter has been often quoted, but its real significance seems to me to have been strangely overlooked; it is not mere rhetorical bombast or empty verbiage — it is a genuine, though, perhaps, not very hopeful appeal to the old Imperial principle which Pius hoped might still be lingering in the East. He had seen the Greek Emperor reconcile himself with Eugenius to gain help against the advancing Turks. Now the Turks had conquered; but by gaining a place in Europe they might become amenable to European ideas. Pius did not understand Islam and its strength; he did not appreciate — how could he? — the difference between the fiery Turks who had captured Constantinople, and the Teutons who of old had broken up the Empire of the West. He still thought there was a chance that the Papacy might repeat its bloodless triumphs of the eighth century, and that the barbarians of the East might be persuaded, or overawed, to bow before the dignity of the Roman Pontiff. The hope was vain, and perhaps was not very seriously entertained; but the hope of combining Europe against the Turks Pius soon learned to be equally vain.

The expedition so long deferred was at length undertaken. Europe heard with incredulous wonder that the Pope intended to accompany the Crusaders in person; the various powers of Europe gave answers more or less plausible to his proposals, but none of them sent any troops. Pius waited, and became more impatient and more hopeless of any help. At length he determined to allay all doubts of his good faith (for the word of the Pope was

* Campanus. "Vita Pii"

† "Discite, pro numeris, numeros sperare poetas; Mutare est animus carmina, non emere."

now, alas! by no means accepted as true); the princes of Europe should see that he was in earnest — “perchance when they see their master and father, the Vicar of Christ, an old man and sick, advancing to the war, they will feel shame to linger at home; they will take arms and embrace with brave hearts the defence of the holy religion. If this does not arouse Christians to battle, we know not what will — this means, at all events, we will try.” So the infirm old Pope, though his sufferings were aggravated by symptoms of an approaching fever, set out from Rome, June 14, 1464, to go to Ancona and wait till Christendom gathered enthusiastically round his banner. It was a dangerous experiment, and most unwise; neither Pius himself nor his predecessors had established any hold upon the affections of Europe. This appeal to the personal influence of the Papacy was an entire failure — only a few, and they a mere disorderly rabble, assembled at Ancona to await the Pope; and they, when the Pope was delayed on his journey by the increase of his fever, began to disband; and as Pius neared Ancona, his doctors drew the curtains round his litter, that he might not have his pain increased by seeing the crowds with their faces set from the city. Pius reached Ancona on the 18th of July, and lived just long enough to realize how entirely his plan had failed. His death has shed a halo almost of martyrdom over the entire attempt. There is something very touching to us who review the facts in an after age, in the spectacle of the Pope being carried on his death-bed to attempt an undertaking of vital importance for European civilization, and to attempt it single-handed with chivalrous zeal, because all the princes of Europe were absorbed in petty jealousies and selfish schemes, and had no thought for the common good. Yet it was fortunate for Pius that he died when he did; had he lived long enough to retire unsuccessfully, his proceedings would have been greeted with a shout of laughter, and the Papacy would have lost its prestige even more than it did under Clement VII. It was reserved for a later time, that the Papacy should make itself ridiculous in the eyes of Europe; but Pius brought it perilously near such a position.

As it was, however, the bedridden Pope

lived three weeks at Ancona sinking gradually, and preparing for his end; his last hours show us the same strange confusion of littleness and grandeur, of simplicity and affectation, of selfishness and goodness which marks his entire life. After crying like a child over the thought that when he was gone there would be no one to look after his nephews — for he knew too well the fate of Papal favourites — he died with his arm round the neck of his friend, the Cardinal of Pavia, and his last words were, “Do good, my son, and pray God for me.”

The briefest record of Pope Pius's career is the clearest summary of his character. He was, in a pre-eminent degree, a product of his times, whose excellences and whose failures he mirrors accurately, both in his life and writings. They were times when a genuine enthusiasm for knowledge was widely spread; but the knowledge of antiquity, when obtained, was remote from the common interests of daily life, and was opposed, both in its principles and conclusions, to the Christian basis on which mediæval life had been built. Hence the learning of the Renaissance could not become a source of national thought, and so of national life, but only of individual culture. This culture Pius II. possessed in a remarkable degree, and was susceptible of its slightest warnings, without being rendered by it over-sensitive and unfit for the coarser struggles of practical life. On the contrary, his culture was to him a source of strength in action, giving him a keen insight into human character, freeing him from ordinary scruples, enabling him to re-construct his plan of life when necessary, with such promptitude that there was no waste of energy and no place for remorse; teaching him to make the best of himself, and adapt himself to circumstances as they occurred; to aim at self-gratification not merely in the lower, but in the higher sense of obtaining power, influence, position, dignity; to form opinions not from internal necessity or conviction, but as a convenient padding to lessen the wear and tear of daily life; to gratify refined literary tastes and intellectual interests by a dainty use of the actual facts and surroundings of his position; to mix refinement with morality so that self-respect was never injured, but rather grew with every new success. M. CREIGHTON.

From The St. James Magazine.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

A TALE BY MM. ECKMANN-CHATRIAN, AUTHORS
OF "THE CONSCRIPT," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.

FROM that day forward until the end of winter I was principally occupied with the classification of my plants and insects. I discovered that a large number were missing, but at least their empty spaces were assigned to them on my boards and in my herbal. I had but to go out botanizing, and anticipated the pleasure awaiting me in early spring, when I meant to beat about the hill, woods, and valley until I had completed my collection.

I noticed too about this time that my children entered into my pursuits, and were interested in the study of nature. Every evening they would come and look on while I was at work, and helped me lay out the dry leaves without breaking them; a process which requires a light touch. I gave them all the explanations suited to their age, which they listened to with their eyes wide open. Juliette, especially, was quick at comprehension; but Paul did not forget so soon; he had the memory of things which proceeds from reflection; Juliette had the memory of names, which she could say off without stopping.

This has since led me to a conviction that nothing would be better for children than the study of plants, and of all those things one comes across in the fields, farms, and gardens. Everything in this sphere is new to them; they are more struck with vegetation than we are, and what is learnt in childhood is never forgotten. Could a more useful study be imagined? Are not all the natural sciences, physics, chemistry, medicine, more or less connected with it? The human mind itself could not take in a more profitable, more solid, or a healthier kind of food.

Meanwhile my wife thought of nothing but her cow; she had cleaned its shed and managed so well that the provender could fall straight from the loft above into the animal's trough. The animal alone was wanting when arrangements were completed, and God knows all the trouble Marie-Barbe took to secure one to her liking.

Every Wednesday morning, when Elias the Jew went by, she was to be seen on the look-out at her kitchen window, and as soon as she perceived him she ran across the dining-room, saying,—

"Here he comes! It is he; Elias is at the end of the street."

The old Jew, in his greasy blouse and worn sheepskin cap, wearing a rope instead of a belt round his loins, and with his short stick hanging from a bit of leather to his wrist, was received as grandly as if he had been an ambassador.

Marie-Barbe would run for the brandy-bottle and loaf to set before him, and he would sit down to both, saying, as he winked with his ferret eyes,—

"I have got something for you at last, Madame Florent."

Unfortunately Marie-Barbe required so many extraordinary qualities combined in one cow, that I would often find her in close conference with the Jew when morning lessons were over. At length the old fox, who very probably could have found a cow long ago, if he had chosen, but who, on seeing my wife's enthusiasm, thought it enjoyable to get a crust and something comfortable as long as he could gratis, one morning brought us a handsome coffee-coloured animal, in magnificent condition, with two white marks on its forehead; altogether it was a splendid cow.

Marie-Barbe had seen it coming along towards our house from a distance, and ran down. I soon heard her unguarded exclamations of delight—a show of feeling so unlike her usual self whenever a bargain was to be struck—and it occurred to me that Elias would not fail to make something out of them; but my wife was beside herself. The idea of having the fine cow in our shed, and of leading it through the village to drink at the fountain, drove all her prudence out of her.

"Come down, Florent!" she called.

I did so, and looked at the cow Elias led by a rope caught round its horns. I walked round it, and in spite of my wife's joyful cries, for she was determined I should share her views, I was not slow to observe that the cow was at least eight years old, that she had not calved so recently as Elias maintained, but that in every other respect she was well-formed and fleshy, a very natural consequence when food, instead of giving milk, gives fat—a very bad sign indeed.

Marie-Barbe, on finding I was not fully satisfied, felt almost angry.

"Allons," said she, "say what you think. Does not our cow please you?"

"Well, I think," replied I, "that if an artist wanted to paint a fine cow in a landscape, such an animal as this, with a fine head, broad back, and stately mien, would just be a model cow; but she wouldn't do for a farmer."

"Not do!" cried my wife. "Is this not a fine cow?"

"A cow for people who want milk, cream, butter, and cheese should be of a very different sort. They should look for a round, full make; big head, lean ribs, and the hoof, instead of all that firmness and gloss on it, should be almost as soft as if the animal walked in slippers. I admit she would not look so well as a cow standing on long legs and having a long neck, which she gracefully turns from right to left when scratching her back with her shiny, long horns; but such a one as I say would be more useful and answer the purpose much better."

"Well, I declare!" cried my wife, "any one, to hear you speak, would think you understand all about cattle. This is a very good and fine cow. Pray, Elias, do not listen to my husband; he knows nothing about cows—he is always in the schoolroom—how can he?"

"I perceive Monsieur Florent is no connoisseur," said the Jew, drawing through his nose and smiling in his grey beard. "He has read all that in books."

"Perfectly true," I replied.

"Now didn't I say so?" said Elias, nodding and laughing. "I was sure he had. Now listen to me, Monsieur Florent; I will answer for that cow. She has just calved, and is not five years old; she will give you eight quarts of milk per day; and consider, she has never been in a shed so well ventilated and clean as yours all her life, neither has she always had all the fodder she could have got through, nor has she been cared for as she will be here."

"I am sure she has not," said Marie-Barbe. "She never has been so well off."

"No doubt about it, madame," went on Elias, "and that is why I say that instead of eight quarts of milk she is likely to give ten a day. You can take her in perfect confidence; I answer for her."

"There now!" cried Marie-Barbe. "Do you hear, Florent?"

"Yes," replied I, "if Monsieur Elias answers for her."

"On my conscience I do," said Elias, placing his hand on his bosom.

"As he answers for her," I went on, "we will draw up an agreement between us, and put our names to it."

My wife turned quite red. She looked as if it were doing the Jew a great insult to doubt his word, and Elias exclaimed,—

"I have sold cattle about this place for the last fifty years, and have never yet been asked to put my name to any paper!"

"A beginning has to be made to everything in one's lifetime," said I.

"You know, Elias," put in my wife, in some confusion, "that my husband is secretary at the Mairie, and he is fond of writing everything down."

"Maybe, madame, but it is an uncommon thing to do; it is against the rules."

"The rule for any man of common sense," said I, "is to see business matters clear before him. I am quite willing to believe what you say of this cow; but as you are so certain about her, and willing to answer for her, why should you refuse to put it down in black and white? I pay my money down in hard cash; you know it is good coin, that it has every desirable quality. On the other hand, do you put down all the qualities desirable in a cow. It is but plain justice, and cannot injure you in any way."

Elias had nothing to answer.

"Well, I don't mind; but I say it is an unprecedented thing."

He tied the cow up to a ring at the gate, and we went to my top room, where I took a note of all the qualities of the cow, her age, the time of year she had calved, the quantity of milk she could supply per day, and, in one word, everything about her.

After this Elias put his name to the document, as he could not do otherwise. I then counted out one hundred and twenty francs for the cow, and five over for journeys backwards and forwards, the Jew handing me a receipt.

"You see," said I, "it has not taken ten minutes to settle, and we have it all in business order."

"We have," he replied, putting as good a face as possible on the matter; "but for all that, it was a very useless formality; however, as it makes you feel easy. . . When people are straightforward it does not much signify. . . You understand."

"I understand perfectly, and feel quite easy; we all like to keep to our habits, you know."

My wife was perfectly happy. She had taken a bottle of kirsch from the cupboard and filled two small glasses; Elias emptied his at one mouthful, then took his knotty stick from the corner and departed, wishing us good-bye. We followed close down on his heels, my wife, the children, and myself, and saw the cow led to her shed. The trough was full, but she would not eat directly. Elias said it was because she had had a long walk and was tired, that she would soon begin, and we were sure to have four quarts of milk in the evening.

I pretended to believe him, and he left.

Marie-Barbe was so pleased, she quite forgot to scold me for having appeared to doubt the good faith of so honest a Jew, and it being just school-time, I took Paul and Juliette in with me.

The cow surely did give us four quarts of milk that evening, at which I was not in the least surprised, for it was probable Elias had not had her milked the day before she set out, this being a way with the Jews. My wife was triumphant. I told her to wait until she saw what would happen next, and thereupon we sought rest.

The next day we found the cow had had a fair appetite. She gave us two quarts of milk in the morning, two in the evening, and she did so for a whole week, in spite of all Marie-Barbe's care of her. On the eighth day I cut a new pen, and wrote Elias word that he was to come and fetch his cow; that at the same time he was to bring us another one, the present animal only supplying us with four quarts of milk a day. I further informed him he was to be quick, and that we expected to see him on the morrow.

Elias came, but without any cow; he looked, and held to what he had said at the very first, pretending to believe the hay was of a very inferior quality. My wife had left us alone, so I told him flatly that the hay was the best to be had; that his cow was an old one; that she had not calved for some time, and was spent out. He knew all this as well as I did.

"Just as you like," he said at last, "I will bring you another to-morrow."

"We will see," I replied.

He brought us a second cow the following day, but she was older than the other, ate a good deal more, and gave less milk.

Marie-Barbe was in a state of consternation, and I was working myself up to a certain pitch of indignation which had to be stopped by another letter to Elias. I told him this time that if he went on taking me for a donkey, and if he did not bring me a young cow, possessing all the qualities stated in our agreement, I should be compelled to summon him before the justice of peace for the execution of his promise, and payment of damages in proportion to the losses caused by delay. I gave him two days to make up his mind, determined not to see all our hay eaten up by good-for-nothing old cows.

The letter left by the carrier that evening.

The next day at 10 A.M. Elias was at our house with a little highland cow that had a big head, long horns which were somewhat wide apart, sharp eyes, a barrel-shaped

stomach and not particularly straight short legs.

At one glance I saw we had what we wanted.

"Lucky-handed at last!" I cried. "Come back in a fortnight, Monsieur Elias, and if——"

"I shall not have to come back at all," he said; "it is the best cow to be had in the mountains, and you will not want to change. Nevertheless it was not right of you, Monsieur Florent, to make me sign that agreement. Every one is liable to error, and exposed to imposition. I thought each cow I brought you was a good one, and I have only been unlucky, that's all."

"However, you are lucky at last," I said; "there's nothing like perseverance."

Thereupon he left, and I still believe our small document helped the Jew's luck. If the peasantry would always act in this way, Jews would always have the good luck to keep their promises. It is not so considerable a matter, after all, to put things down on a slip of paper, signed by contracting parties. It gives no trouble; but here is where the difficulty lies; people must know how to write, and the reverend Jesuit fathers object to any one doing that but themselves, saying children should not be sent to school nor care for the good of this world; and thus it is the Jews make such large profits as well as other people besides.

No sooner had Elias left the house than the new cow ate with hearty appetite, and we had four quarts of creamy milk the next morning, the same quantity at night; and thus it went on for years.

My wife now saw how correct I had been in this transaction, and became, if possible, more submissive than before. She did nothing without consulting me beforehand, and then her joy at having milk, butter and cheese, without being obliged to go out and buy every thing, made her perfectly good-humoured.

It is certain that nothing in small households can be compared to having one's own cow, for, independently of the milk, there is another great consideration—which is manure, the very best of all for agricultural purposes.

CHAPTER VII.

I do not suppose it was possible for any one to be so happy as we were at this period of our lives, especially when the spring set in and I could take Paul with me on my Thursday afternoon rambles. It was quite a pleasure to look at his glowing sun-burnt face as he climbed up

the heath-covered heights, jumping about like a young kid, and turning to cry out: "Father, here's the great *pireus sylvestris*!" and "Here's the pearl-grey *luciole* of Monsieur Linnaeus; open your box as quick as you can, father. What a collection we are making to-day!"

He was as overjoyed and elated as myself. Then it was a rich year for everybody besides; plenty of barley, wheat, oats, and hay, notwithstanding the dryness; no scarcity of potatoes either. The general aspect of Chaumes would have been that of calm prosperity had it not been for those unfortunate Rantzaus, who could not agree, and who, if possible, were more spitefully disposed towards each other than before.

The following circumstances added bitterness to their bad feelings.

Towards autumn, their two children returned from Phalsburg and Molsheim for the holidays. The very day after their arrival the whole village knew that Mademoiselle Louise had carried off all the convent prizes, and that George had gained nothing at all at his college.

It was unfortunately true, and I was very sorry for it, as I loved them both equally well, and foresaw that their parents would be all the more jealous and envious.

Our neighbours' wives (a set of gossips, always to be seen losing their time chattering at the doors of their huts) went in a long string to see Louise's books and wreaths. They talked of nothing else, and Monsieur Jean's vanity was greatly flattered by their admiration. When they came flocking in he would show it by saying in a pleasant way, "There the prizes are — on the chest of drawers."

Now and then he lifted the curtain, to see what was going on at Monsieur Jacques' house, whose door remained closed. No one exactly knew; but it was easy to guess how vexed he felt.

My wife wanted to call on Monsieur Jean, like the others, but I told her to do nothing of the kind; that it was not proper to show so much eagerness and crowd round people in good fortune; that I did not like it, and that Monsieur Jacques would not like it either, if we showed more attention to Louise than to George.

Everything appeared calm on the surface, but two days later Louise paid us a visit. She was in high glee, told us all about the lady abbess, the advice given her by Sister Placida, &c., &c., and described her father's joy when he heard her name called out for the fifth time in the

presence of the most distinguished people of Alsace and the Vosges.

I listened to it all in quiet joy, for Louise really was a nice girl, and a pupil any master could feel proud of; but when I asked about George, and saw her nod and smile as she answered, "Oh, he has gained nothing at all, Monsieur Florent, not a single prize!" I felt deeply grieved, and yet I did not reprove her.

My wife was admiring the beautiful books, in which were handsome illustrations of saints with flaming hearts; but I could not sit still, and as I walked up and down, I perceived George, in his college uniform with a sky-blue collar, coming our way, his head hung in deep melancholy.

"I am very much pleased with your great success, my dear," said I to Louise, when I saw George was coming our way; "but there is some one below who wants to speak to me," and thereupon I went down-stairs, leaving her with Marie-Barbe.

I found her cousin in the entrance, and embraced him all the more warmly as I found him looking pale and unhappy.

"Let us go into the garden, George," said I; "we will have a talk under the apple-trees, and be quite alone."

He followed me; when I asked him if it really was true he had not had a single prize, the poor boy burst into tears; and this show of feeling in him moved me more than I can tell.

"What reason can you give for this, my lad? You are by no means backward, and have always done your best. I cannot understand how it is that you have not had a single prize."

"It is because I was put in a division with boys who had had a year's Latin."

"Could you not have caught them up?"

"Oh, they were so much on before me!"

It is a great mistake to put boys in a class with scholars of superior attainments. It should not be allowed: the younger ones are discouraged and their elders kept back.

"It does not much matter, after all," I exclaimed. "You will be even with all of them next year. Your Cousin Louise has gained prizes, but it does not prove anything, for in girls' schools books are given with a view to secure the return of pupils for the following half-year; in colleges it is different; but do not grieve about it. Was your father so very dissatisfied with you?"

"Indeed he was. Aunt Catharine fortunately pacified him a little when we called on her as we came back through Lutzelbourg. He was vexed and angry."

"Your Aunt Catharine is an excellent woman, of much common sense," I replied. "She was quite right in her endeavour to reason with your father, whose anger is unjust. Prizes, I repeat, prove nothing; great lazy fellows are sometimes lucky enough to gain one or two, while more active and more persevering lads are sent away unrewarded. In all things look to the end. I say you have had bad luck, George, and that's all; for I know you well, and I am sure you did your best."

"I really did, Monsieur Florent."

"Well, that is the principal thing. The rest is not of much importance. So many idiots have good luck!"

I went on in this way trying to comfort him.

"I am much obliged to you, Monsieur Florent," said George, after a pause. "Would you mind giving me lessons during the holidays?"

"Don't you mean to enjoy yourself and rest a little?"

"No. I must work hard. I have to gain as many prizes as Louise next year."

This resolution increased my good opinion of the lad.

"Come to the school-house every evening after seven; we will look over your arithmetic together, and the rudiments of geometry. I cannot, unfortunately, teach you your Latin, for I do not know a single word; but you can rely on me for history, geometry, and grammar. In these I can help you on."

"It is very kind of you indeed," he said; "I suppose I need not mention terms?"

"No; I like boys who are fond of study."

"But you know my father will be so pleased; you would only have to ask——"

"It's all right, George; don't trouble yourself about that. The oftener you come the more satisfied I shall be."

He embraced me again and left, saying he was going to ask the curé to teach him his Latin. I was distressed to see the boy so anxious and so grieved about what had been no fault of his, for how, at the age of ten, could he compete with grown scholars? Moreover, his good will and energy were very gratifying.

His lessons began that same evening; he came every day after seven, and went to the curé every morning.

I never knew a lad show such perseverance; the consequence was he made wonderful progress. There is nothing like firm will after all.

My predictions concerning Monsieur Jacques were soon verified. One fine day all who owed him money, and whose wives

had gone to see Mdlle. Louise's prizes, received an order to pay their arrears within the space of twenty-four hours. As Monsieur Jacques' debtors were very numerous, there was a rush of supplicants to his house, all begging he would wait until their corn was threshed, their other products harvested, and their potatoes pulled up. He was not to be moved, however, but walked up and down, with his hands crossed behind him and his beaked nose projecting over his grizzly beard, saying,—

"I want my money. Pay; those who don't will have Bailiff Dévoges after them in a week."

The poor people were half distracted.

When we heard what was going on I had but to look at Marie-Barbe. She understood I knew what I was about when I forbade her to go to Monsieur Jean's; and that it was much wiser to hold back in social dealings with people of such dangerous dispositions. Monsieur Jacques carried things with such a high hand that he dismissed several woodcutters who had been in his employment for years.

"This settles your account; here," he said, giving them their wages; "go and seek work elsewhere."

"But why, Monsieur Rantzau, please, why?"

"I have no explanations to give you."

"But where in the name of heaven are we to find work now, Monsieur Rantzau?"

"Go to Monsieur Jean; I dare say he has plenty."

They now understood the cause of their dismissal, and no sooner reached their homes than they fell to beating their wives, whose cries and wails were heard through the walls all over the village. This seemed to satisfy Monsieur Jacques, who, two or three days later, unexpectedly sent all these men word that they could return to their work again. He took them all back; but their poor wives, who were covered with bruises, gave up wanting to call on Monsieur Jean to see the prizes won by Mademoiselle Louise.

Monsieur Jean, guessing the cause of the whole affair, made arrangements with the majority of his brother's debtors, taking up their bills and giving them work; but Monsieur Jacques, from that time forward, never lent a sou to any who had not followed the example of his woodcutters.

"Go to Monsieur Jean," he said to all applicants, "he has plenty of money for you. I should be a fool indeed if I lent to my enemies. Good day," he would add, opening the door and showing them out.

A little time before the holidays were

over I met him going to the timber-yards with his measure under his arm. He nodded and asked how his son was getting on.

"Very satisfactorily," I replied; "he is a good lad and will make his way in the world, for he is full of persevering energy, and not without natural ability."

"You really do think so, Monsieur Florent?"

"I am certain of what I say. That affair about the prizes is not of the least consequence. George was put in a class with boys of fourteen and fifteen. How could he fight it out with them? It was out of the question. If you want him to bring prizes home you must leave him in that same class for two years: he will outdo the younger ones, but make no progress at all."

"You are quite right, Monsieur Florent. No, no, I will snap my fingers at prizes if my son gets on. I wish him to learn and know something in this world." Saying this, he turned, and I went my own way, but he called me back, crying,—

"Monsieur Florent!"

I looked round.

"By-the-by, the teaching—the lessons, you know, are at twenty francs per month."

"I expect nothing of the kind, Monsieur Jacques; I like George, and give him lessons out of a friendly sort of feeling, and because I am greatly interested in him."

"I quite understand that, Monsieur Florent; you are a good man, and a clever man, but that is the very reason why you should be properly paid."

He held out his hand, and my surprise can be imagined when I felt two twenty-franc pieces in my palm—rare occurrences indeed in our village. I was quite confused.

"And that is not all," he said; "if ever you are in want of anything come openly to me. *Allons*, farewell."

I had not time to thank him before he was gone.

Marie-Barbe, on hearing this, took Monsieur Jacques' part instantly; she said he was a very different sort of man from Monsieur Jean, and richer at least by half.

"That is no business of ours," I replied; "put this money in the basket at the bottom of the cupboard. We have now enough for our winter potatoes, and very pleasant it is; but, mark my words, we must hold our tongues, for Monsieur Jean is mayor of this commune, and if he did but fancy you thought him not so well off as his brother, or less generous, he would

be in a pretty state of mind, and I might lose my situation."

She understood my reasoning, to which there was nothing to object, and wisely sat either knitting or spinning while I gave George his lessons. When the holidays were over he returned to college, and Louise to the ladies' establishment at Molsheim.

The winter which followed was very severe. It was in 1829. No one could remember a harder winter since 1812, the year of the retreat in Russia. Lumps of ice were taken out of wine which froze in the cellars, leaving what remained of the liquor stronger than before. Fortunately, the harvest had been splendid, so every one kept indoors. Notwithstanding, there were a great many deaths: the aged and the young complained of a pain in their sides, then they spat blood, and as the doctor was never fetched until the very last moment—a habit with our peasantry—he always came too late.

Madame Picot, who was a Rantau by birth, and sister to Jean and Jacques, died, after a short attack of this kind, at the end of December. She was a most kind-hearted woman; and the peasantry, who loved her dearly, called her "good Madame Catharine." Her death, which took place at Lutzelbourg, and in the heart of winter, caused universal sorrow.

Many of our villagers went to the funeral; and I shall never forget that the evening before, having been sent for to the Mairie when school was over, I there found Monsieur Jean lying with his face on the parochial register and his two hands joined above his bald head. This hard-hearted man was weeping like an infant, and saying, in a broken voice,—

"Oh! poor Catherine—poor sister! God above! shall I never see her again?—it is all over!"

He groaned so very deeply that I, who had thought a good deal of his sister, felt sorely grieved. I took my usual seat, thinking, within myself,—

"Well, after all, Monsieur Jean must have a good heart—he loved his sister."

This lasted about five minutes, the fire roaring in the big stove meanwhile; finally, Monsieur Jean rose and said,—

"Monsieur Florent, as a friend of the family, and as secretary at the Mairie, I have sent for you in order to beg you to stand by me in my melancholy circumstances. The most honourable and respectable people of the village will be present at the sad funeral ceremony tomorrow. I have selected you among

others to attend me personally. Will you do me the favour?"

"Monsieur le Maire," I replied, "I shall do myself that honour. It is but a mark of respect due to the memory of one who will be deeply regretted by all who have known her."

"Very true," said he; "I knew you would not refuse. We shall have to rise early and leave in my sleigh. Have you a good warm cloak?"

"I have, Monsieur le Maire."

"Then do not leave it behind; it is bitterly cold; we shall have two sheepskins for our feet. So it is settled? To-morrow at six, by daybreak?"

"You can depend on me. I shall be ready."

Monsieur Jean then pressed my two hands, and, again groaning, said, "Thank you! Ah, my poor Louise, what will you say to this, when you hear you have lost so good an aunt? so excellent a — so worthy a woman! Scoundrels and rogues don't die — they remain; the good only depart!"

He was thinking of his brother Jacques. When I perceived that his wicked feelings were getting the upperhand again, and that in this disposition he was likely to tell me a good deal more than I cared to hear — things that later he would repent having said, and for having heard which he would bear me ill-will — I interrupted him, to observe that it was supper-time, and that my wife was waiting for me.

"Go, by all means; since this terrible trial has befallen me, I have not known where to go."

He fell on a chair in front of the stove and threw a huge log on the fire. I departed.

On my return home I told Marie-Barbe that Monsieur Jean had asked me to go to Lutzelbourg with him the next day. We ate our supper in silence, and when the children had gone to bed Marie-Barbe helped me to take my Sunday clothes out of the press; a clean shirt, woollen socks, my felt hat, and my cloak. Then I looked at the children, who were sound asleep under their thick warm blanket drawn right up to their noses. When everything was laid out on a chair we went to bed, talking of the cold, and how bitter it would be before daylight, and how I should best provide against it in the morning. I was still asleep when the tinkling of sleigh-bells awoke me. I jumped up, thinking it was already Monsieur Jean, but the noise grew fainter as the sleigh went on, and I made up my mind it must be Monsieur Jacques

in advance of us. However, I struck a light and dressed. A quarter of an hour later Monsieur Jean's sleigh came our way: it stopped, and I opened the window.

"Is that you, Monsieur le Maire?"

"It is! Don't forget any of your wraps."

I quickly closed the window and went down, telling Marie-Barbe, who was half asleep, not to forget to put the lamp out; then, pulling up my coat-collar, I groped through our narrow entrance in the dark.

"Here is your seat," said Monsieur Jean, making room for me by his side; "cover your legs up tight with this skin." He did not have to tell me so twice. The horses then galloped off to the monotonous sound of the sleigh-bells. Monsieur Jean drove, holding the reins and whip in his hands, which were covered with fur mittens that went up to his elbows. The horses were also covered with sheepskin rugs. Nothing was visible but a white road stretching before us; the only sounds heard from afar were the bells of Monsieur Jacques' sleigh, much ahead of ours; the stars shone dimly on the horizon, the daylight was very indistinct for a long time behind the dark line of mountains. Now and then one of the two horses, which was a more mettlesome beast than the other, would raise his hind legs and neigh, as if to stimulate his companion in harness, but the latter kept trotting on at the same steady pace.

Monsieur Jean and myself had our noses and ears closely muffled up, neither of us feeling inclined to talk. In the course of two hours we neared the first forest inn at Bourdonnais and saw some of the Dâbo peasantry, men and women, walking in a long line, one behind another, in a narrow way traced through the snow at the edge of the horse-road. They wore coarse blue coats, with wide sleeves of old-fashioned cut, and pelerines with hoods over their ears. They were all going to the funeral — a great proof of the respect in which Madame Picot was held, for these good people had come from some distance in the bitterest of seasons to show how they lamented her loss. On hearing our bells they looked back to see who was coming, and when they recognized Monsieur Jean Rantzau they lifted their hats. We replied to their civility in the same manner.

Towards nine we came to the bend of the valley, and saw just facing us a number of small houses stretched along the ice-bound river, an old pointed spire, and the ruins of the château on a hill. Monsieur Jean now spoke for the first time, in a low, hollow voice: —

"There, yonder, stands Catharine's house." He pointed with the end of his whip to the left, not far from the church, which was situated in a slanting street already full of people.

We crossed a small bridge and stopped in front of Madame Picot's house-entrance, under which stood the coffin, covered with a white cloth pall, surrounded by numbers of burning tapers. The people of Lutzelbourg and those of the environs sprinkled drops of holy water over the coffin as they passed to enter the large hall on the ground floor.

A servant came out to take Monsieur Jean's whip and reins; he had not a thought for the horses, but rushed into the house. As he went by the coffin he cast one glance at it, then lifted up his joined hands, crying,—

"My God! O my God!"

I followed him. Long tables were laid all down the room as far as the kitchen, which was at the back; glasses and bottles of wine stood by each plate. Five or six of Monsieur Jean's oldest acquaintance came forward to shake hands and embrace him. Almost at the same instant the bells began to toll in the valley. Every one can remember their lugubrious sound during that period of terrible grief which is caused by eternal partings. The deceased was just being carried from the old house in which she had through long years done so much good. Sobs were heard while the melancholy bells still tolled on, one after the other, and their slow, regular tones were like moans for the departed.

The curé and his officiating *chantres* had meanwhile gathered outside; mourners were falling in rank, the nearest relations walking nearest the coffin. First came Monsieur Picot, the husband of the deceased, in inexpressible anguish; then came the two brothers, Jean and Jacques Rantzau. They did not look at each other; each held one hand up to his face and a large hat in the other. When the opening prayers were over and psalm-singing commenced the undertakers lifted the coffin.

The way was led very slowly.

All I can remember is, that I walked in the foremost ranks, for the sight of these two brothers, side by side, behind their dead sister, neither exchanging a look or a word, threw me in a troubled state of mind. I could notice nothing but this extraordinary circumstance, and now I can scarcely remember the number of masses that were said and sung. The coffin was placed in the centre of the aisle; around it rose high wooden candelabra bearing

lighted tapers, and there were six skulls to remind us of the sad end of humanity—the same for all, without any exception. High and low masses went on for a long time. The church was stone cold; the windows glazed with white frost; the crowd of attendants immense; and yet I kept my eyes all the time fixed on Jean and Jacques, whether standing or kneeling.

When the service was over all went out in the churchyard, where the soil was white with snow. The *de profundis* was then chanted, to which psalm the responses rose behind in a low hum. All prayed, though everybody was in a hurry to get it over as soon as possible for the cold was excessive.

Not until the gravedigger and his help had looped their ropes round the coffin to sink it slowly down in the hollow grave, not until these ropes had been pulled up again without their burden, not until big lumps of earth, as hard as rock, had fallen with a thud on the lid of the coffin, did the two brothers look up to face each other. But they said not a word.

A few friends and relatives, who gathered round them and poor Monsieur Picot, succeeded in drawing them away from the spot. The rest of us followed miscellaneously.

Bidden guests returned to the house; many who were not bidden did likewise, taking their places at the table in front of whole quarters of beef, dishes of cabbage, sausage, and bacon. Here did the big eaters of the country now fall to, caring for nobody and nothing but their stomachs.

It shocked me greatly to behold the two brothers sitting side by side at the head of the table. Neither of them ate anything: Monsieur Jacques sipped a little wine from time to time, but kept looking down, rapt in sombre thought; Jean sat with his arms crossed, looking at his plate; he did not, however, seem to know what he was looking at. The noise of glasses and forks could alone be heard, but one or two old friends of the family were talking apart in a low voice. Suddenly Monsieur Picot rose to speak, his good, honest face reddening with emotion and his eyes swimming with tears.

"Jean!—Jacques!" he cried: "you have lost the sister you both so dearly loved. If the poor soul had been able to reconcile you in her lifetime it would have been a great comfort to her in this world, and a pure joy to her in the other. Up to her last breath she spoke of you—she would have wished to see you together by

her bedside, like two good brothers — she called you! Will you not embrace each other for her sake? Your old friends here present are desirous to see you do this. In the midst of our great sorrow it would be a comfort. Come, Jacques — Jean — I speak for Catharine, for myself, and for all of us!"

He stretched his arms out towards them: many sobbed. The two brothers instantly rose and held each other in a close embrace, groaning meanwhile in a fearful manner. I have since thought that they perhaps would have been firmly reconciled had it not been for the host of tipplers and eaters present, who, with their mouths and stomachs full, began to thump, and clap, and shout, —

"Here goes! That's something like! Give each other a kiss! That's the thing, to be sure!"

The whole house shook, and the din awoke the two brothers to the reality of their position. As if starting from a dream, they looked round and contemplated the noisy brawlers. It was a disgrace; a desecration of the house of death!

Such feeds as these are looked forward to for years and years by the unmannered rabble. "Such-or-such a one will soon die," they say, "and we shall come in for a treat at the cost of his or her heirs."

I say these wakes are an abomination; but what is to be done to prevent them? They are an old custom that has taken firm root, and can be traced back to the remotest ages, a period preceding the Advent of our Lord. In this manner did the ancients eat and drink in the woods at the death of a chief; so, from father to son the custom has to continue, I suppose.

The indignation of Jacques at length knew no bounds; his bushy eyebrows met threateningly, and, with a thundering voice, he called out, —

"I am going to leave this house." He would have added something more — he would have made them hold their tongues and stop the shouting, but out of respect for the other company, probably, he mastered himself, said nothing else, and walked out of the room.

I was also most indignant with the low set. Monsieur Jean resumed his seat and remained thus for a few moments, as white as snow, shaking from head to foot.

"Take a glass of wine." I urged, holding a glass. He drank a little and thanked me. Monsieur Jacques was already heard driving off in his sleigh; Monsieur Picot,

who had followed him out, now returned in great consternation to find his best friends looking down in deep silence; but the eaters and drinkers kept on, celebrating the reconciliation of the two brothers, and not losing a mouthful meanwhile.

I never saw people feed as they did at this funeral. It was as clear as possible that half these abominable rascals would have liked a relative or dear friend to die every fortnight for the sake of a feast. What cannot be altered, however, has to be left alone, and in such cases the least said the better.

About fifteen minutes after Monsieur Jacques' departure Monsieur Jean made me a sign, and we left. He himself put the horses to, and when everything was in proper order we turned towards the village, which we reached at six, without having said a syllable of what had taken place at Lutzelbourg.

From The Contemporary Review.
FROUDE AND CALVIN.*

It is a startling and incongruous conjunction in the theological sphere. The men are both unusually distinguished in their respective ages, both are stars, and stars of the first magnitude, but they move in diametrically opposite spheres — wide as the poles asunder. East and west, north and south, do not indicate a more thorough and irreconcilable antithesis than "The Nemesis of Faith" and Calvin's "Institutes of the Christian Religion." One is forced to cast about to discover, if it be possible, what could have attracted or entrapped a man so unequivocally pronounced elsewhere, into a flagrant self-contradiction. Had the northern air, the keen religious atmosphere, surcharged with Calvinism, which envelops, not St. Andrew's alone, but Scotland in its entire length and breadth, touched and turned the brain of the athletic doubter? Be it as it may, here is *pro tanto* an avowed vindication and glorification of Calvin and Calvinism by one who is deemed to stand at the extreme opposite pole from both. No doubt the lecturer knew well the ground on which he stood, and was thoroughly alive to the proclivities and prejudices of his audience, and had manifestly prepared himself to minister to the ear words good and true, so far as they went,

* *Calvinism*. An Address delivered at St. Andrews, by J. A. FROUDE, Esq., M. A., Rector of the University, March 17, 1871. London: Longmans.

but without touching a single essential point belonging to his selected theme. A more perfect example of the play of "Hamlet," with the part of *Hamlet* left out, it would be hard to find. In the book of "The Judges," there is an account of a certain Manoah and his wife, to whom an angel appeared. This celestial visitor proceeded to erect an altar, and to offer sacrifice upon it, and we read that "the angel of the Lord did wondrously, and Manoah and his wife looked on." Perhaps the lecturer at St. Andrew's did wondrously, but beyond all question his chosen subject stood by and looked on.

But there are "tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything," and J. A. Froude, Esq., has placed himself in the highest order of optimists, and is able to find a core of good even in the flinty and ungenial soil of Calvinism. Of necessity this could not be accomplished save at an immense expense, and the lecturer is obliged to ignore all that is peculiar to the Calvinistic system, and to lay his hand only on such points as are in no way distinctive, but are common to Calvinism with many other diverse modes of religious thought. It is a cheap and easy course, but scrupulously honest, for the lecturer to glorify Calvinism as the foe of lies and falsities. It is so in some directions, but it rouses a just indignation when we reflect that this one-sided theologian omits to reveal that in other directions it is the fountain of darker and more atrocious lies and falsities than perhaps any human system of thought besides.

The first and fundamental article of Calvinism is eternal, universal predestination—eternal redemption and eternal reprobation: a certain fixed number of human beings are foredoomed to perdition, and another certain fixed number are predestinated to salvation, any change, even in a solitary instance, throughout eternity being impossible. One desiderates very naturally some strong evidence that these terrible conclusions are actually accepted by any sound mind, but the evidence is forthcoming and is irresistible. The Westminster Confession of Faith, a thoroughly Calvinistic creed, which most of the evangelical churches accept, with more or fewer modifications, thus declares:—Chap. iii. 3. "By the decree of God, for the manifestation of His glory, some men and angels are predestinated unto everlasting life, and others fore-ordained to everlasting death. 4. These angels and men thus predestinated and fore-ordained,

are particularly and unchangeably designed, and their number is so certain and definite, that it cannot be either increased or diminished. 5. Those of mankind that are predestinated unto life, God, before the foundation of the world was laid, according to His eternal and immutable purpose and the secret counsel and good pleasure of His will, hath chosen in Christ unto everlasting glory out of His free grace and love, without any foresight of faith or good works, or perseverance in either of them or any other thing in the creature, as conditions or causes, moving Him thereunto and all to the praise of His glorious grace. . . . 7. The rest of mankind, God was pleased, according to the unsearchable counsel of His own will, whereby he extendeth or withholdeth mercy, as He pleaseth, for the glory of His sovereign power over his creatures, to pass by and to ordain them to dishonour and wrath, for their sin, to the praise of His glorious justice."

Whatever exception may be taken to these blasphemous human utterances, there can be no question as to their unequivocal meaning. The men who drew up and consented to these articles of belief, manifestly betrayed no hesitation or misgiving whatever; on the contrary, they seem assured that, somehow, they had got access to the eternal secrets of God's mind, and were able to read them like an open book, and were empowered to pronounce authoritatively on their unalterable meaning. Will it be credited that there is not a shred, not a tittle, to indicate the existence of such eternal decrees? We are entitled to ask, where are they, who has discovered them, who has seen them, or has had access to them in any sense? They may exist or they may not, but who has found them, and where? Above all, who has been empowered to open, to read, and to reveal them? They are simply non-existent, so far as men are concerned. The impious presumption of first imagining the existence of such decrees, then of asserting their existence as an ascertained fact, and then of imposing the belief in them on all and sundry, is not to be measured.

Had there been more of reverent reticence, and more of modesty and tenderness of statement, the world would have been less shocked and embittered. But Calvin, good and godly as he undoubtedly was, was hard, stern, and cold. Fortified by isolated passages and phrases in the Bible capable of a very different interpretation, he has put into words a conception

of the Great Father almost more revolting than can be found in the Pagan world, ancient or modern. The God of Calvinism, the Being whom some Christians, misinterpreting certain sacred words, have set up for the adoration of mankind, whatever else He be, is not the eternal fountain of justice and of love. Innumerable beings who never asked existence at His hand, and had no part whatever in that existence, He created and foredoomed to eternal perdition. This is Calvinism, and this, with little or no modification, is adopted by multitudes of Christian people, and most of all through the length and breadth of Scotland.

Eternal, universal predestination manifestly throws back the entire of human agency on the Almighty. Everything that transpires on earth, good or bad, is as really divine as if no mediate agency had intervened. It was a logical necessity of Calvin's system, that human free will should be utterly given up. If the course of every single life, and the whole course of all human agency on earth be, as Calvin assumed, eternally fore-ordained, then, free will existing, a single outbreak of this force might at any moment upset the wisest pre-arrangements and introduce interminable anarchy. Calvin's clear, cold eye detected this possible outcome, and he at once abandoned the notion of free agency in creatures. There is one sole agent in the universe—only one—the Great God. He may employ the hands and the minds of his creatures, but it is He, and He only, that is the real actor. He has instruments through whose medium He accomplishes his purposes, but the mind and the hands that guide and use the instruments are His, directly and wholly His.

If all the grandest and all the pettiest outcomes of what seems to be human agency are eternally pre-determined by God, men are not actors at all in any true sense. They are degraded to mere puppets, appearing or disappearing, moving or at rest, acting in this direction or in that, simply in virtue of a decree of which they are ignorant, and which they can neither evade nor resist. Neither praise nor blame, neither virtue nor vice can belong to them. They are not agents at all, they are mere instruments through which another acts, and whether it be for good or for evil is no concern, and certainly no crime of theirs. The whole responsibility of whatever is transacted on earth belongs to the Great Being. Every lie, every cruelty, every injustice, every im-

purity attaches wholly and only to God. It belongs to men not at all, for the strongest of all reasons; this, namely, that they are compelled, however unconsciously, by a force which they cannot escape. Necessity is laid upon them. They yield to the eternal predestination of God, of which they are ignorant, but which rules and must rule them absolutely, will they or will they not.

There is more truth than is often recognized in the aphorism, that each man is the creator of the God whom he worships. Given the man, his nature, his character, and his life, you could pronounce with a close approach to certainty what his God must be. Calvin's God is most painfully Calvin himself, only exaggerated and worsened. The man, serious and devout, was by nature stern, rigid, severe, logical, not intuitional or emotional at all. The syllogism was his guide to all truth, the premises, major and minor, and the copula, were his instruments. And yet withal the astounding fact is, that his entire system is based on a pure assumption. He starts from a principle which may or may not be true, but which is neither more nor less than a mere begging of the question. That principle is eternal, universal predestination. A modest man, one profoundly reverent, conscious of his limited powers, and overawed by the conception of an infinite, eternal, uncreated Being would have shrunk back from pronouncing on the underlying plans and purposes of a vast universe. But there was no shrinking with the Great Reformer. He met the tremendous problem with perfect confidence. As if he had been present at the council of Eternity, as if he had seen and heard and understood all that was transacted, he, without a misgiving, publishes to the world God's eternal decrees. But they are his, not God's; the outcome of his mind and spirit, not God's. They are baseless imaginations, without a shred of proof or ground. How he formed the conviction that there were such eternal decrees it is not hard to imagine. Had Calvin been intrusted with the creation of a world, he, with his hard, cold, and rigid nature, would have played the tyrant with all his rebellious subjects, but would have exalted and honoured those who fell in with his plans and upheld his authority. And such as he himself was, his God must be, loving to the good, but merciless and ruthless to the bad.

It is a tremendous conception that all human things, good or evil, beneficent or disastrous, great or small, the feelings,

desires, thoughts, words, and acts of all men, are eternally pre-determined for them, and cannot of necessity be other than they actually are. In one obvious respect it is palpably true, that whatever is must have been, considering all the circumstances, and especially the free agency of men. But it is quite another thing to imagine that the certainty which God foresees He also makes inevitable by an eternal decree. In this case God is the only real actor, and man is a mere irresponsible instrument. In the other case, man is the conscious, voluntary cause and creator of all that springs out of his free choice, and God simply recognizes the patent fact of this agency. To which of these alternative cases, had they been put before him, Calvin would have attached himself might have been predicted beforehand from his marked idiosyncrasy.

Imagine the dark problem of the universe before him. Fearlessly he attempts its solution, but in his own spirit, and from the ground of his own principles and character. God is sovereign, amenable to none. His will is supreme as it is absolutely irresistible. But Calvin forgets that the Sovereign of the universe is responsible to Himself, if to none else, and is under the law of His own Being — the law of righteousness and love. Calvin's idea of God's sovereignty is neither more nor less than this, that God has a right to do with His own as He pleases. True, most true, but that which pleases Him is always righteous and loving. With the view of exalting Divine sovereignty, Calvin represents God as determining from eternity to create myriads of beings for everlasting holiness and happiness, and myriads, more numerous, for everlasting sin and misery. Irrespective of character, or rather with a character which is pre-destined for them, and which they can neither escape nor change, myriads are fitted for salvation and myriads more are fitted for perdition. But this is Calvin, not God — the product of a cold, stern, ruthless human soul, not the will of the loving Father of spirits.

None will question, that the great God must have foreseen the whole consequences of the creation of free intelligent beings. But foresight and pre-ordination are essentially distinct. Pre-ordination causes and necessitates the actual result perforce, but foresight only supposes that the result is known and is certain, be the grounds of that certainty what they may. Hence foresight cannot be, in any sense, causative — it is a consequent, not a cause; the consequent of that to the production of which

it may have contributed and can contribute nothing. But Calvin cannot rest with mere foreknowledge, and demands and proclaims universal eternal predestination. There can be no chance, no casualty, he argues, in the government of a wise and Almighty Being. Nor can there be, in the judgment of any who have true and lofty conceptions of the Ruler of the universe. But in order to escape from casualty or chance, we are not compelled to plunge into the mystery of eternal decrees. Divine foreknowledge embraces the vast actual future, without the possibility of mistake, but it does not and cannot create the events which yet it takes in. On the contrary, it is only because these events are certain, and seen to be certain on their own grounds, be they what they may, that they can be foreknown. But Calvin must have much more than this. His God must be an absolute if not an arbitrary Ruler. All that transpires in time must be ordained and immovable from eternity. There must be nothing left to any created will, else the Supreme Ruler may be baffled and defeated by every being He has formed. True, but is not this the patent, undeniable fact, all over the world? The proclaimed, the known will of God, is suffered to be resisted and set at nought, every hour, even by those who strive the most to be obedient and submissive. But no — Calvin proclaims that that which appears to be resistance and defiance is real, though unknown submission to eternal decrees. The announced will of God is one thing, the real actual intent of God is quite another and opposite thing. There is a secret decree, overriding and nullifying the announced will. "Thou shalt not kill," is the positive command, but the secret decree is thou, and thou, and thou, art foredoomed to kill and murder. And there is no possibility of evasion or escape, for the decrees of God are unalterable as they are eternal. All murders, impurities, blasphemies, cruelties, vices of every kind, — these are eternally predestined, and must issue forth without the possibility of failure. They belong to the pre-ordained and inevitable order of the world.

We can but stand aghast at this terrific result. God becomes the one grand transgressor and fount of transgressions, eternally ordaining myriads of his creatures to the vilest and most nefarious courses in this life, and to the most horrible punishments hereafter. All the past, and all the present, and all the future are alike of God, determined immovably by his will and by his fixed decree. It is undeniable

that, if this were true, responsibility would be lifted off wholly from creatures, and thrown entirely on the Almighty. Theirs might be the hand that perpetrated a deed, and theirs the lips that uttered a word, but the real, determining, responsible agent would be God alone. They would be mere instruments in His hand, unconscious, and therefore innocent instruments of His will.

It is no small relief to be able to ask Calvin and those who agree with him, where are these eternal decrees of which you discourse so profoundly? In simple, sober earnest, they are literally nowhere, save in the mere imagination of those who uphold their existence. And if this be so, if these decrees are a sheer figment, and a very dark and ruthless figment, it required no common audacity, not to say impiety, and no common want of human feeling, for Calvin gratuitously to imagine their existence, and then to proclaim the horrible idea, as a fact, to the world. We stand here in presence of an act of human presumption, impossible to be transcended or even equalled. A man—a good and holy man, without doubt—sets himself to search into the thoughts and purposes of the Eternal God. He fancies himself in the place of God, tries to go back in thought to the unbeginning eternity, and then and there he ventures to decide and pronounce what it would be wise and right and best for God to plan and to do. But the fatal, the insuperable difficulty is that the everlasting past has no voice. No intelligible sound can be heard forth from it in any direction; all is mere wicked assumption. Nevertheless Calvin ponders the awful problem, harder than the riddle of the Sphinx, he conjectures and speculates, and at last satisfies himself that he knows the entire vast scheme of creation and providence, and all the deepest purposes and intentions of the Creator. But his impious presumption is terribly punished. The God whom he represents is immeasurably more odious and detestable than the worst of his sinful creatures. He not only punishes those who deserve punishment, but he creates myriads of beings, predestining them to be wicked and to be tortured for ever in the fires of perdition. And this is held, and held tenaciously by multitudes, as among the surest verities of Christianity. We ask, and are entitled to ask, on what basis does it stand? None, absolutely none. It has no basis, it is mere pure assumption, assumption besides of the most dishonouring and daring kind. It supposes that a man—no matter how gifted and pious—gained access to

the councils of eternity, and was empowered to reveal and expound them. Such, at least, was Calvin's conviction; and, without a shred of evidence, without the faintest whisper from the voiceless past, he fills up the eternal void with his own monstrous fancies: for be it kept in mind, they are mere pure fancies, and not creditable to either his head or his heart. Even the Popish dogma of purgatory has far more of verisimilitude than Calvin's decree of damnation. If there be no truth set forth in human words, which on one side or other does not tend to error, it is not less certain that there is no human error which has not some grain of truth at the bottom of it. The idea of a purificatory discipline in the future world is based on the strongest grounds. Who, among even the purest and noblest of men—who, in dying, could be capable of entering into a region of perfect holiness? Not one. The idea of perfect holiness and of being perfected in holiness, by a momentary change of place at death, is too incongruous to be entertained. The process of purification may be marvellously accelerated by new influences and in a new sphere, but surely we cannot, as if by a jerk, pass into perfect purity from amidst all the imperfections and errors and sins of earth. It is simply impossible. Moral purification is, and must be, a gradual process, a process which may be more or less rapid, but which cannot be accomplished by a mere act of power. But the question is whether the purifying process in the future state shall be brought to bear on all, or only on some. With Calvin, this is no question. His judgment is fixed that the human soul here on earth possessed of faith in God in Christ, shall at death pass at once to the glory of heaven, but the soul destitute of this faith shall at once be consigned to everlasting punishment. With indignation and with horror we reject the idea. Shall we imagine that the incalculable myriads, age after age, who, without fault of theirs, have never even heard the name of the blessed Redeemer, must perish for ever, and that because of an ignorance for which they were in no way to blame. Because this world is manifestly a place of probation, multitudes seem to imagine that probation will not be extended beyond it. On the contrary, it is much more reasonable to think that the loving Father of souls will continue to pursue them with His mercy even more directly and powerfully than before, when their condition and their experience must render them more susceptible and submissive.

The ultimate question is, Who is to triumph — God or the devil? Which is the stronger power — good or evil? So far as appearances in this world go, the triumph of evil has often been made manifest, and Calvin's dogma of perdition seems to amount to a moral necessity. But no, the discipline of earth may seem to have failed, but it has not failed, cannot fail. If God "will have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth," His will, unfulfilled here, must be meant to be gloriously accomplished in the world to come. It seems utterly unlikely that the Great Being should for ever abandon those on whom so much providential and gracious influence had been bestowed on earth. What means that influence, if not that God will perform and perfect what He has begun, if not here, then hereafter?

It is quite true, that where the tree falls there it will lie, and that exactly where death leaves us, there precisely eternity will find us. The mere sudden change of place, itself, can never create a moral and spiritual transformation. But it is not difficult to imagine the stupendous effect of being introduced to new and holy forms of being, and to influences of a nature and of a force we cannot now estimate. Disembodied spirits, escaping from the falsities and dreams of earth, shall pass into naked reality. Themselves, for the first time in their existence, thoroughly disclosed, not to their own eyes alone, but to universal and minute inspection, all idea of evasion or deception will be abandoned. Transparency, severe sincerity, and simplicity, must be the law of the kingdom of light. And the kingdom of light is, by the same token, the kingdom of love, over which reigns the God of light and love.

The curse of Calvinism is the figment of eternal reprobation, and the root of the curse is the denial of free will.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

A SLIP IN THE FENS.

[The following part of this story, and that which appeared in No. 1500 of THE LIVING AGE, were accidentally transposed.]

"WELL, so you left us to ourselves!" she said with an intelligent smile, as Elsie came slowly up the path.

"Yes, mother; I thought I might as well set the ferns to rights, since we couldn't get our nice Sunday evening together."

"That was just as well. There was no call for you to stop and listen to her non-

sense. Now, Rettie, you go on quickly, that's a good child! I put the little ones to bed more than half an hour ago, and your evening and morning song isn't alike, you know."

Rettie said nothing, but went up to her grandfather and wished him good-night; he put his hand on her head, muttering in a soft tone, "Good girl, good girl!"

"The little one isn't going to grieve, is she?" Elsie whispered, as the soft arm was pressed round her neck for the nightly kiss. She turned away quickly, and Elsie heard a stifled sob as the child darted upstairs.

Very soon after, the others also had separated for the night, leaving the front door unlocked for the young men, who were always a little later on the Sunday evening. Elsie began at once to put her few things in readiness to go away. One of the first she took out was a card box, which she looked at, but did not open; then she folded round it a pair of stockings, each separately, making a square parcel, which she put in the middle of a bundle handkerchief, that was spread out on the chair near the window. She went on with her arrangements, but now and then she stood thinking; often looking back on the parcel lying on the chair. Suddenly, she left off and went to the door, opened it as gently as possible, and tapped lightly at her mother's room. She found her looking out of the window, still enjoying the cool air. "I thought I'd come and say good-night once more, mother, as it's the last night."

"Bless the child! what's come to her? Surely you're not sorry you're going, Elsie?"

"Oh, no; but — I thought I'd come in again."

"Oh, that's all, is it? for I wouldn't have the child go against her will," she said, fondly stroking her hair. "Well, good-night, and God bless you, my own," she added, as she kissed her and sent her off, "and make haste and get into bed, or you won't be very brisk to-morrow," she called after her, as she was leaving the room.

When she went back she moved about, still collecting her things, and loitering over them. At intervals she bent over the sleeping child, whose low breath gave life to the stillness, which was in harmony with her own rest. This was no blank, but a pause, alive with memories and hushed with hopes; for the visit in which Claude Lillingstone had made so favourable an impression on Mrs. Reade had not been his last to the fens. He had come again a

few days later; and although he had not shown himself at the cottage, he had seen Elsie very often on pretext of getting ferns. Mrs. Reade knew that more than one set had been prepared for him; but she did not know that Lillingstone was with Elsie while she gathered them; for the right time for the promised "explanation" had not yet come. He had acted in this as he had done all through his life in other things. His father and an aunt into whose charge he had been given when he was first sent home from India, had a fixed notion that "the dear boy had very superior abilities, and would make a figure in the world some day." This belief — being of their own origination — was strong, and their patience enduring; for they were still waiting for proofs of his genius. Days, months, and years had succeeded each other, and "the bright, intelligent boy," as afterwards "the gifted and charming young man, on whom our hopes are centred," had always found some engrossing pursuit to fill up the present, and postpone any real work to an indefinite time, which was never to be very far distant. So he was but following the bent of his old habit now, when, having given unwonted solidity to the expectations of his friends by staying up at Cambridge during the long vacation, he allowed himself to be diverted from his purpose by the accidental meeting with Elsie. At first he did not speak to her of his rich relations, fearing to wound her by the suggestion of a difference between them; but later, when his idle, listless moods, and the time wasted in the fens, began to tell on his reading, his dependent nature craved sympathy; and Elsie's want of education placed it so completely out of her power to question him inconveniently about the details of his work, that, at last, he told her of his position and his anxieties without any restraint. It was an awkward plight to describe. He was in awe of his father; but beyond him there was his own little world which had hitherto been favourable to him. These friends admired and flattered him, and it was but a small part of their anticipations that he should take a high degree — men of less capacity than they attributed to him yearly did this. But this slight thing he knew he could *not* do. If he were plucked these congenial people would no longer be favourable, and his conventional career would be done. He was bitter against them beforehand, and his thoughts turned to Elsie. She would be sorry, but she would be true; and he gained courage from the certainty. Perhaps, in the end,

it might have been better for him to have failed, and to have been separated from these people: he might be more successful. How that should be it was too much for him to say now, for he would have to get through a great deal of general reading before he could be sure which way his talents inclined; that he would eventually marry Elsie, however, he had quite decided by this time, but he had not told her of his decision yet; meanwhile, he used the excitement of uncertainty to fix himself more firmly in her mind.

As for Elsie, she had attached but little importance to their earlier interviews; but now, he had so woven himself into her affection that she did not dare to dwell on what her life would be if he passed out of it. Of late, at times when the cottage was quiet and everything at rest, thoughts came to her mind that seemed like sounds of music vibrating in unison with her life; in contrast with which the monotony of the old times seemed almost unbearable to her. When he gave her his full confidence, the revelation of weakness it contained was a great shock to her; for she, in her ignorance, had always thought that "the training gentlefolks went through gave them strength of mind." This disappointment set her wondering about the truth of another notion, equally prevalent among the poor, that the "gentry are hardened by luxury, and have less feeling than common people." But she passed by her own pain, and set herself earnestly to induce him to persevere in his work, promising herself that she would no longer be an excuse for his wasting more time in the fens. Then he assured her that he might just as well spend his time in coming out to see her, as in straining his eyes over books when his thoughts did not follow them. Later, he hit on a plan which would keep him in the right mood for working — he would take a lodging at Mrs. Gaithorne's that he might be near Elsie; he would see her oftener, and work would then be a pleasure to him. The advantages of this plan were not quite so plain to Elsie; but she hoped there might be some reality in it which she could not understand, and perhaps she entered into it all the more cheerfully, that she was not insensible to the pleasure of seeing him more often. Then, on the strength of the great industry he should practise as soon as he had settled at the farm, he decided on giving up the interval to the thorough enjoyment of a preparatory holiday, in the course of which he had another happy inspiration.

While he was making his arrangements

with Mrs. Gaithorne, she had said that she should be obliged to have more help in the house; and afterwards it occurred to him that, if he could induce Elsie to supply that help, his little scheme would be perfect. This he had been ingenious enough to manage without exciting suspicion in Mrs. Gaithorne, and he had put it to Elsie in such a way that it seemed only right for her to agree to it. So it came to pass that she was making her final preparations for leaving her home, with some excitement in her anticipations; but these anticipations did not reach beyond the few weeks Lillingstone would be there. Though she was practical in most matters, she had not used her foresight here; but, deceiving herself, she followed him as he drifted along without questioning whither she was being led.

She had now finished her packing; she went to the window, and, pushing the lattice as far as it would open, looked out on the fens. They were bathed in a fairy light that enchanted them into beauty. A mist hung low, hiding the bareness of the marsh; and through it, the lodes that looked so dreary by day, glanced like silver threads in its calm radiance of opal lights. It stretched away to the distant, unknown fen, bearing the same radiance, lying in the same repose, till it lost itself in the horizon, and melted into the blue where there were stars.

CHAPTER VI.

ELSIE set out for the farm early the following afternoon. Her cheeks were still burning with the feverishness of her first sleepless night; and the excitement which had idealized the prosaic work of the morning, gave an elasticity to her step, and made familiar things seem strange. Her mother was proud of her bright, fresh face, as she parted from her a little beyond their own gate. Rettie wanted to go farther to carry the bundle, but Elsie thought how solitary the walk home would be, and remembering the tears of last night, refused to take her on the plea of the child being wanted at home. She had taught the little ones to expect great things of Rettie, yet, when she looked back after passing the peat stacks, she saw them peeping after her wistfully, though their grandmother had returned to the cottage.

Now she was alone with the one idea that possessed her: "she would be near 'Mr. Claude,' she would see him every day, and, may be, she might really help him, after all." It seemed too strange to be true; and as she walked along the accus-

tomed path by the wild reeds, and then over the dry fen,—the trembling plank, the sleepy bullocks, all the well-known objects of the old way, seemed to be looking at her out of her past life, and to startle her with their vivid reality.

An unsteady wind chased the light clouds over the sun, giving an unnatural life to the fens, a sense of wild aerial movement, that blended itself with her fantasies; so she passed on mechanically through the grove of aspens, then into the long sunny road that led to the farm.

This was a happy, thriving place. It stood in a meadow which stretched out sunny and green towards the river, and was bordered on one side by the road, and on the other by an elm hedge, which separated Mrs. Gaithorne's wheat-fields from her granaries. A well-worn cart road led up to the house,—a long, narrow building, the irregular result of many afterthoughts; its low tiled roof chronicled these additions. On the left of it, a group of tall elms overshadowed the one-sided little garden. In the centre of the front, clusters of roses enlivened the porch; and on either side of it, lively little windows peeped out from under them. Two of these belonged to Mrs. Gaithorne's own little parlour, where the curly-tailed dogs on the chimney-piece seemed to repeat the smile she always had for her friends. The little strip of flower garden in front was enclosed by a railed fence, that came up from the elm-trees and shut it in, making a square on this side of the porch. Then the bare walls rose from the grass; for here were the kitchens, and this end of the house boasted no useless ornament: it looked clear, and clean, and fresh, only a solitary nasturtium climbed round the kitchen door, which was passed by few whose sleeves were not tucked up for active work. This door looked out upon the farm-yard, and was connected with the dairy by a red brick path. The small space between this and the wheat-field was crowded with buildings as irregular as the house itself, for they had been added one by one when they were wanted, and many of them were the remains of ruins adapted to farm use.

The farm was too small to employ many servants, so Mrs. Gaithorne looked after everything herself in good old-fashioned style, and it was an ill-favoured stock that did not thrive under her care. All about her wore a comfortable look, for it went sorely against her to put restraint on anything. Even her garden was somewhat overrun, and the orchard-trees that filled the left side of the meadow must have

been pruned past recognition, before they could lay any claim to cultivation.

As Elsie manœuvred herself and her bundle through the narrow turn-stile, she disturbed the geese that had nestled down in its commodious circle; they got up reluctantly, looking at her sideways, and went off uttering some guttural expostulation, but they were too lazy and well-fed to make an effective resistance. Not so the young heifers that stood together on a mound to the left, who, though they had no reason to be aggrieved by her entrance, pushed their damp noses through the low branches of the apple-trees, to reconnoitre her movements, and to deliberate on them. Elsie heard talking in the farm-yard, and stopped to listen, but she went on again, not recognizing Mrs. Gaithorne's voice. This irregularity condemned her in the eyes of the heifers, for they descended from their height slowly, in a compact body, the bravest of them slightly in advance, making warlike demonstrations that seemed to be restrained only by curiosity. They were at that doubtful age which forces one to balance their intentions against their powers of mischief, in the coolest calculation consistent with personal activity. However, they did not appear very formidable to Elsie, who felt almost at home there. She walked on steadily, and they gradually fell behind, forming a half circle, their heads low, sniffing the ground. But when she drew near the house with an assurance that proved her right of intimacy, they scampered back to their play-place on the mound, flourishing their tails, and throwing up their heels, with a frivolity that contradicted the threatening appearance they had just made.

Mrs. Gaithorne was coming up the path that led to the kitchen. Elsie heard her say to the boy who was washing it down with a besom, "Now, Jim, if you can't put a little more will into your work, you won't get finished before supper. And if *you* think it's likely that I'm always going to look up the eggs myself, you're mistaken, I can tell you;" and she held towards him reproachfully the basket which she had just filled.

The boy opened his mouth in speechless remonstrance.

"There now, go on, don't stand staring," and she walked on quickly to join Elsie, whom she had just perceived. "Come in, my dear," she said, as she preceded her into the kitchen, and set down the eggs and a great jug of milk. "You've heard me giving it to Jim, though, to tell the truth, he's not such a bad boy, as boys go; but

they're none o' them the worse for a little looking up, that's my way o' thinking."

Elsie smiled, but Mrs. Gaithorne did not notice it; for, as she spoke, her eye glanced critically over the rosy bricks, the fair deal table, and the bright grate, filled with fresh laurels that set off the shiny rows of cooking contrivances over the mantel-shelf.

"That's right, take a minute's rest; you've had a hot walk, and there'll be plenty for you to do presently, for if ever any one came at the nick o' time, *you* did;" and she took off her black silk bonnet, the strings of which were fastened in a bow on the top that they might not impede her movements, and hung it behind the door. Then she came and sat near Elsie, who had already made herself comfortable on the window seat. "It's well for me, as I said this morning, and indeed I've said it ever since, that I've got you to come to me instead of Mary Jane; for what I'd have done with *her*, and all those fine folks about, I don't know. She'd have been under their feet all day long, doing more harm than good; and as for the old gentleman, he's that fidgety, and frisky in his temper, that he'd be ready to pitch her out o' doors, as soon as look at her, that he would."

Elsie was puzzled. "What old gentleman?" she asked.

"Old Mr. Lillingstone, to be sure; oh! I forgot, I hadn't told you he's coming. They're *all* coming, the whole lot of 'em. Young Mr. Claude's father, and his aunt, and two cousins of his,—no, one of them isn't a cousin, though—and goodness knows how many gentlemen; one thing I know, I can't house them all, and that I said from the first, so I sent down to the Watsons to tell them to get two beds ready. How many more will come, God only knows, for I'm put to, when I find how that they expect everything to be got ready in a minute, for it was past ten o'clock when I got Mr. Claude's letter, and here have I been slaving all day long, not a minute to look round me; and if they'd only let me know two days before, I'd have made it all as trim and comfortable as possible. They must take it as it is now; I can't help it, that's what I say."

Elsie had sufficiently recovered from this unwelcome surprise to be pleasant to Mrs. Gaithorne. "I'm sure you needn't mind not knowing it before, Mrs. Gaithorne; you always keep things so nice they can't help being comfortable. Now what can I do?" and she got up.

Her friend smiled in deprecation of the compliment, but she did not disclaim it.

"Well, you see, there's some things, that let the Queen come, I must see to myself, and cows is a thing that can't be put off, specially in these times; they're almost enough o' themselves to prevent one thinking of anything else. Now come upstairs with me, and I'll show you where I'm going to put them." They went up the oak-panelled staircase, and through a dark passage, to a large square room with white dimity furniture hangings. Not only the bed, but chairs, boxes, and a heavy arm-chair near the fire-place, were draped in white, making the room look still, and pale, and cold, as if many people had died in it.

"I'm going to put Mrs. Grey in here," said Mrs. Gaithorne, shutting one of the windows, "because she's delicate. This gets the morning sun, and she'll like to have the garden to look out upon. You see the sheets on the bed; they were only down from the fire just before you came in. They shan't say my place is damp, whatever else they may find to say of it. You'll make the beds, the very first thing, as soon as I've shown you about; then you'll come down to help me. What I want you to do, Elsie, will be mostly to wait upon them, for what with cooking and that to mind, I can't be running after them all day long."

"You give me easy work," said Elsie, trying hard to feel an interest in it.

"Easy work," echoed Mrs. Gaithorne, turning quickly round as she was leaving the room; "that's because you don't know nothing about it. Mrs. Grey of herself is enough to keep a whole regiment going. She's sister-in-law to the old gentleman, and has been out in India so long that the life's burnt out of her, and what there is left wants looking after, *you'll* not be long in finding out. Then there's the strange young lady; I've got a notion it's Mr. Claude's, you know," and she nodded intelligently at Elsie. "If she's like most of 'em, she'll have airs enough for a dozen; it's true Miss Grey won't give extra trouble. I could always get on well with *her*; and as for the gentlemen, they *are* gentlemen, and won't bother you much; but you'll find enough to do, never *you* fear."

Elsie kept her reflections to herself; she had got red, and then pale, but not sufficiently to arrest Mrs. Gaithorne's attention, pre-occupied as it was, and she felt heartily thankful for the garrulity that so helped her friend's blindness. She followed Mrs. Gaithorne into the next room, a bright, cheerful little nest over the porch, where the roses outside peeped into the windows, and greeted the less favoured ones that hung in festoons on the walls.

"This is Mr. Claude's room," Mrs. Gaithorne said, with pride in the look of prettiness and comfort she had given it; "but he said in his letter that he'll put up with anything so long as I make the others comfortable, so he'll have to sleep in the large attic till they're gone, and the young ladies must have this."

They now crossed the passage, which was lighted only by a long, narrow window that looked out upon the farm-yard at the back of the house, and came to the red room, where the moreen that seemed to fill and choke it, looked to the full as stiff and formal as the most conventional "old gentleman" could desire; then they looked into the little dressing-closet next to it, which was to be Elsie's for the time; after this there remained but Mr. Claude's attic, "where," said Mrs. Gaithorne, "he'll have nothing to complain of for a day or two, except the heat, and that nobody can help; tiles is tiles, and will get hot in the sun." Then she said she had already stayed too long talking; and went down-stairs, leaving Elsie to her work and her thoughts. It is true she had not time to indulge them, but the weight of them hung heavy on her mind; and as she hurried from one room to the other, she could not help asking herself what all this meant. "Why had not Claude told her of this on Saturday? He *must* have known it. Had he asked these people down to show her how much she was below him, and to laugh at her for her faith in him? No, that was out of the question; it was mean of her to have such a thought; she despised herself for it, and yet—there was the young lady—*who* was *she*? He had pretended to despise young ladies. Bah! it was no use thinking of it; she would wait and see." Yet she did think of it, and her eyes and cheeks were bright with thinking of it, when Mrs. Gaithorne called to her from the landing, "Do the Baileys down your way know how bad their brother is?"

"Is he very bad?" Elsie asked, putting her head out of the white room; "they told us he was a little better yesterday."

"So he was; but this morning they had to fetch the doctor, and he says he'll come again to-morrow; so as I'm going to send Simpkin 'cross fen to Stannard's to-night, I'll tell him to look in as he passes by and tell them; they mightn't come up o' themselves if they think he's better—and there's something I forgot to tell you," she said, looking down a tiny staircase that turned in so small a shaft it seemed designed expressly to try people's agility.

The door which Mrs. Gaithorne now held open generally kept it out of sight, as well as the entrance to Mrs. Gaithorne's own room, which from the landing side was only to be gained by one of those perilous corner steps in which our ancestors seem to have taken so much delight. "We must use these stairs while they are here, as I want to leave them the front of the house to themselves as much as possible. I'm getting on very well with my work, so I'll come up presently and help you to finish the rooms; I don't think it will be long before they'll be here." And she disappeared down the rickety stairs, shutting the door behind her.

A little later and the preparations were complete; but Mrs. Gaithorne still hovered about, putting a finishing touch to things that were already right, when, as she passed one of the windows, she called to Elsie, "Come and see if this doesn't look as if what I said was true." Elsie looked out and saw Claude and a young lady on horseback coming through the meadow gate. "Well, I hope they'll be happy," said Mrs. Gaithorne, with a little vexation in her tone; "but she looks too skittish to take *my* fancy: they're waiting about for the others, I suppose, since they don't go on to the stables, so I'll go down, and you can call out to me when you see the rest coming." And she left Elsie to make her own observations.

Claude's companion was pretty, or she was thought so, by people in whose opinion a skin of an unchanging yellow-white covers all defects of feature and atones for total want of expression. Her shoulders showed the beginning of a clumsy figure, but she had tried to correct this by a judicious contraction round the waist, and the result of her efforts was fully revealed by a close-fitting drab tweed habit. She wore a drab hat of a different shade, with a faint blue feather and trailing ends of ribbon; her hair was light and dry-looking, and she had a small piping voice. As they came in sight of the door she looked up at Claude with a little laugh of mock triumph.

"There; I told you we should be here first. Now you must confess you were wrong about the distance."

"No," said Claude, turning towards her, to keep his face from the window, where he had already seen Elsie. "I don't yield that point, but I own I did not calculate on your taking those little dykes so well, the first day you were mounted, and it is that short cut that gave us the advantage over the road travellers."

"But they were big dykes," she said,

shaking her head at him playfully. She was always smiling or laughing, for she had small, regular teeth. "If you speak of them this evening as little ones, I shall be quite angry with you."

"I am not likely to underrate the performances of my own pupil," he answered in what Elsie recognized as a pleasant tone of voice.

They were still fidgetting about, uncertain whether to dismount or not, when Miss Langdale exclaimed, "Here they are!" and pointed down the road to a carriage some distance off.

"By Jove! Yes; and if that isn't the governor on the box! Cambridge has turned his head; one would think he was in the full glory of his second year," and he laughed, the irreverent laugh of youth. "You are too satirical," said Miss Langdale, appealingly, and with a smile full of admiration.

"He does not handle them badly, though," Claude added critically, as he watched the handsome bays fretting through the narrow gate which opened from the road. "We may as well go to meet them."

Miss Langdale was delighted — a first appearance on horseback was an opportunity for display not lightly to be thrown away. There are seasons when the gods are merciless in withholding the gift of a clear vision.

"The governor" was a stiff old gentleman. Stiff, and old, and a gentleman. His neckcloth was so like the good old stock, that his throat had no suspicion of modern change. Indeed his whole being was set against change in any form whatever. He was stiff in dictating to everybody — stiff in letting no one dictate to him — stiff in his notions of duty — stiff in his taking of pleasure; and as he sat on the box with one foot forward, and his frock coat buttoned up to the chin, he looked like the old engravings of "The Regent in his Park Phaeton." Just now, this stiffness pressed on Claude with a weight he had never felt before. As he thought of Elsie, so unprepared for the arrival of all these strangers, so ignorant of the world they represented, he cursed himself for a fool that he had not managed somehow to get her out of the way while they were there.

However, his father did not give him much time for self-reproach; he greeted his son with a merry laugh at his surprise. "I got you out of the way before we started, because I knew you would be frightening your aunt with a description of my infirmities, till she would have been

too nervous to trust herself with me. I daresay you think it is time for me to lay down the reins altogether; so I thought I'd show you I am of a different opinion." Then to Claude's companion, "I hope my son has acquitted himself of his charge as well as I have of mine."

She looked radiant under his notice, but whatever she was eager to say about "a most delightful ride" was lost as the old gentleman drove faster towards the house.

"The pupil" was not equal to the pace. Claude called after them, "Where's Dobbree?"

"Couldn't come," shouted Bordale; "sent a note just before we started;" and the carriage drew up before the garden-gate, where Mrs. Gaithorne was standing to receive them; she had found time to put on her best cap with the lavender bows.

Mr. Lillingstone anticipated her welcome with a cordiality weighted by some pomposity of tone, "Well, Mrs. Gaithorne, I am glad to find you settled in this pretty farm. Time treats you so well, that if we trusted to your face, we should forget how many years have passed since you were with us."

"Yes, sir, there's been many changes since then," and she sighed; her sigh was in sympathy with the lavender bows.

"Oh!" said Mr. Lillingstone, hurriedly, "changes! yes, many changes." He may have been helped to this reflection by the gouty difficulties that impeded his descent from the box. "By the bye, Claude tells me that your stock is free from the plague, so far; I hope you will continue to be more fortunate in that respect than your neighbours."

She had hardly time to acknowledge this civility, for Miss Grey had already alighted. Luard and Bordale were talking to the two who had just ridden up, and Mrs. Grey was waiting to be helped out. She wore a fur cloak, which covered more than one Cashmere shawl, and reached to an eider down quilt that filled the bottom of the carriage. Luard stretched out his long arm to remove some of these wraps, and Bordale having taken her parasol, her scent-bottle, and her flame-coloured novel, stood obsequiously watching that her toe should fall on the right step. Mr. Lillingstone, feeling that he represented the chivalry of the old school, and by virtue of this, was the only one qualified to be her cavalier, took off his doeskin glove, and offered her his hand with formal deference. With this help she reached the ground safely, her skirts

trailing after her, bringing in their wake the crimson quilt. "Claude," she said, looking at her nephew with an expression of appealing lassitude, "you will see that my *duvet* is taken to my own room at once," and she turned out of the little circle leaning on Mr. Lillingstone's arm, with the air of a queen leaving a feast, conscious that its spirit departs with her.

Elsie had watched all this from behind Mrs. Gaithorne; she had seen Claude's searching look round the doorway when he rode up; and it pained her that his first instinct was to avoid meeting her eyes. "However," she thought, "she would give him one more chance if she could;" and when Mrs. Grey gave Claude this rather inappropriate command, she walked out quietly and took up the quilt; but there was no recognition in the "thank you!" with which he acknowledged that she had helped him out of a difficulty, and she went in with her burden feeling almost convinced that he had brought this mortification on her purposely.

Mrs. Gaithorne now came to the door to take in more parcels.

Claude said to her, hurriedly, "I hope you will be able to have something ready soon, — tea, — anything; you know my aunt."

Mrs. Gaithorne thought she did; but she only said that as tea would not be ready for an hour, she should ask her to try some of her cowslip wine; and she went off to see about it.

"I always dread scenes with Aunt Caroline," Claude said to Miss Langdale in his most worldly tone. "These fen people are so stupid, half of them idiots, I believe, that I fear you will all be exposed to a great deal of inconvenience among them."

"Oh, no, indeed!" said Miss Langdale sweetly. "You are too hard on these poor things; we can't expect much from them, and the picnic life I look forward to is just what I like."

This Claude had never doubted. "I hope you may not be disappointed in it," he answered, rather drily, though with a pleasant smile; he, too, had good teeth. "And now, if you will get down, I will lead your horse to the stable, as I see no one about here ready to take them." Bordale came up to help her, while Luard stood apart, looking amused.

"But I may ride down too, may I not? I should so much like to see the stables."

"I don't think you would find much to interest you in Watson's stables," persisted Claude, who wanted leisure to think

over his present dilemma; but the fair Laura was not to be shaken off so easily; she had already turned her horse's head, and he was obliged to follow. Bordale gave him an intelligent look, as he drew his arm through Luard's, and led him off to show him some curious old ruins, that, he said, were well worth seeing.

Elsie was making vain efforts to give the young ladies' room a less crowded look, when she saw Claude and "the young lady" riding down towards the stables. She had heard what he had said about the fen people, and she knew where he had gained his information about the idiots. Nothing seemed too bad to be possible now. "It made her blood boil to hear that foolish girl make excuses for her own folk, who were truer and better than these grand people." She longed to be at home again, where they all loved her;—"but she must go down at once to help; she must not mind Mrs. Gaithorne's talking about them; she must only try not to get red; and, when she is in the parlour, she must look the same as usual." When she went downstairs she was still asking herself, "What was as usual? *How* did she use to look?" Poor Elsie had not yet found an answer, when she heard Miss Langdale's voice again near the front door.

"It seems almost a pity to go in, does it not?"

"Yes, the fens always look their best in the evening; but I must go in to my duties as host—unless, indeed, *you* consent to help me, and play hostess."

Elsie thought she detected something almost mocking in Claude's light, careless tone—it certainly was not the same he used to her, and the difference pleased her.

Miss Langdale did not seem to perceive this, for she paused on the door-step and said, looking archly into his eyes: "Oh no, Mr. Lillingstone; I should be quite frightened to undertake such a task, after you have shown yourself so exacting as you were just now."

He made no reply, for his eyes met Elsie's as they were studying him. He would have liked to say something to give her a clue to this—and yet, his manner must appear natural to Miss Langdale;—what was right for one must be wrong for the other; he felt he could not do it—so he took off his cap wearily, and said with an abruptness quite foreign to him, as he sat down in the hall-chair, "The maid will show you to your room."

Miss Langdale showed as much surprise

as she felt, but he took no notice of it; he was busy with the buckle of his stirrup; and she was obliged to follow Elsie.

Claude looked after them till Elsie turned the corner of the stairs; then, when he saw how miserable she looked, he put his cap on again quickly, thrust his hands into his pockets, and, in defiance of social obligations, walked briskly down towards the orchard. He was glad to get out of sight of that pitiful face. "Yet," he kept on repeating to himself, "it was not his fault." There had been a delay in the post. When he returned from Wicken on Saturday evening, he found on his table a few lines from his father, written on the back of an envelope, expressing some surprise that Claude had not met them at the station. "They had taken rooms at the — Hotel."

Claude went to see them at once, and received full explanation of the letter which should have prepared him for their arrival. This did not reach him till the Sunday morning. It was as follows:—

"DEAR CLAUDE,—I think you have done a wise thing in going to the Farm. We have made a party—your Aunt Caroline, Mildred, her friend Miss Langdale, and myself—to go down to the Macneills for a few weeks. We had the news of your decision just as we were making our plans, and the ladies thought it a charming idea to stop on the way and explore your retreat. I opposed them at first, because I thought it would unsettle you; but they insisted it could do no harm, as it would be before you had got into your work. So I yielded, and we intend going down by the three o'clock train on Saturday. We shall be able to show them some of the colleges on Sunday between services; and the next day we shall install you in your new quarters. Give Mrs. Gaithorne notice that we are coming—also that Dobree may join us. We shall not interrupt you for more than two or three days."

He had had no means of letting Elsie know of this; neither did it occur to him at first that it was of much importance to her. His first thought had been for himself. He was vexed and annoyed that they were coming; he did not want them just now, for there were numberless ways in which Elsie might compromise him. He had been so self-absorbed until now, that her gloomy face half surprised him. He knew she was proud, and that it would offend her if she thought she had been entrapped into an unwilling service. Then, as he walked on, by a sudden illumination he seemed to see what she would think of Miss Langdale's manner to him. "He must remove the impression at once;"

and he turned back towards the house again. "He must speak to her before the evening began, for then it would be worse than ever—that silly girl would make them both conspicuous; the other fellows would be laughing, and Bordale making a fool of himself as usual; while Elsie being quite at a loss, would think the very worst of it. But a word with her would set it all right, for she had faith in him."

Things looked a little brighter, as he passed before the kitchen window with an assumed air of carelessness. Here he saw Mrs. Gaithorne cutting bread and butter. He walked round to the front, and into the dining-room, where he heard the rattling of plates. Here was Elsie at last, and he went in quickly—but here, too, was Bordale, relating some "tremendous joke" to Luard."

"Hollo, old fellow!" he exclaimed, when he saw Lillingstone; "quite the master of the house, seeing everything in order before he entertains his guests, with the grace natural to him."

Claude pretended to look for something he could not find, and went upstairs. As he shut the door of his room, he heard Bordale, loud as ever, in answer to something Luard had said of him—

"Dull? Quite natural—oppressed by the cares of a family, of course."

From The British Quarterly Review.
A CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS A THEORY OF
POETRY.

THERE are many things, the nature of which we know somewhat vaguely by instinct or intuition, while their rationale of scientific basis remains unknown; and a characteristic dimness is attached to all our ultimate ideas, simply because they are final, and analysis cannot resolve them into simpler elements. What are time, space, substance, force, causation, beauty? As St. Augustine said of one of these, "If not asked, I know; if you ask me, I know not"—expressing aphoristically the truth that all our knowledge recedes into mystery, and arises out of the inexplicable. But human curiosity, which gives rise to science, seeks an explanation of whatsoever exists; and all inquiry, if pushed beyond the superficial collection and register of facts, lands the inquirer in philosophy.

Of the three great departments of philosophy, intellectual, ethical, and esthetic (or that of knowledge, of morals, and of taste), the two former have yielded

results which are admittedly more definite and satisfactory than the latter. A complete theory of art is still amongst the desiderata in speculative research. Even in its subordinate sections, where the inquiry has been limited to points of comparative detail—such as the nature of poetry, the first principles of music, or the essence of architectural law—whether from the nature of the theme, or from the miscellaneousness of the facts whence the theories have been drawn, we miss the rigour of scientific accuracy. Nor is this to be wondered at. The region which they traverse, and of which they seek to furnish the intellectual chart, is much more ethereal and delicate than that of ethics or of mental philosophy. To men in general, there is an obviousness in the dictates of the moral law which does not belong to the judgments of the esthetic faculty.

It would be impossible, within the limits of a brief article, to discuss the whole of this wide and difficult subject. Confining ourselves to one sub-section of the great "hierarchy of the arts," we propose a theory as to the nature and origin of *poetry*, which may perhaps cast a ray of light on the intricacies of the problem.

The definitions of poetry advanced by critics, and by poets themselves, are numerous and distracting in their variety. But the accumulation of these (no matter how opposite or even contradictory to each other they may be) presents no obstacle to a true philosophy of art. Every theory springs from a root of truth, however *outré* and distorted the stem may be. Nor is it difficult to account for the many inadequate definitions which exist. They have arisen on the one hand from the limited area whence the theorist has gleaned his facts; and on the other, from the exigencies of some hypothesis assumed at starting, which has led its author to ignore certain necessary data, or to misread others. Every adequate theory must contain the intellectual essence (so to say) of the phenomena with which it deals; and a true theory of poetry is simply the scientific interpretation of the very miscellaneous features which poetic literature presents. Hence it must be absolutely catholic in its recognition of all the facts of poetic production. It must not be the theory of the lyric, or of the epic, or of the drama, but of that common element out of which all these arise, and of which they are the manifestations.

And this is precisely one difficulty in the way of the scientific theorist. He must discover some universal element—a prin-

ciple definite and precise, yet elastic and relevant to all the varied forms which imaginative literature has assumed in the past. His knowledge ought to be great, his critical tact greater, and his power of generalization greatest of all.

Another source of his difficulty is the widely different senses in which the word poetry is used, not only in common speech, but also in philosophical discussion. Scarcely two writers make use of it in exactly the same signification. Now it denotes the mere "art of versification," apart from its subject matter; again it is regarded in its root or origin in the soul of the poet, apart from its outward form. Now the product, and again the process of production is referred to. Sometimes the term denotes the vague spirit, or subtile essence of Nature, or of the various arts. Thus we hear of the poetry of science, of music, or of human life. There is a vagueness, to some minds delicious, to others altogether distracting, in this irregularity in the popular use of the word. We desire to get beneath the confusion, and to ascertain, if possible, the essential nature of the thing itself, or its generic character and relations.

At the outset of our inquiry some very obvious distinctions present themselves. We must not confound the poetic faculty or instinct in the mind of the poet with the result of its operation, in the poetic product or the construction of imaginative forms. The one is the root, whence the other, as a many-branched tree, arises. The root is underground, as it were, in the soul of the poet; the branch alone becomes visible to others in the creation of poems. But this poetic faculty is no special endowment of the more gifted seers or men of genius. The poet's soul is not of a radically different structure from that of other men. His temperament, the balance of his powers, and the calibre of some of them, may be different. But the peculiar talent which constitutes him a poet, in addition to the imaginative faculty which all possess, less or more, is the capacity of representing, in fit language of rhythmic forms, that insight or feeling with which his own spirit has been pre-eminently filled. It is the power of translating thought and emotion from their inarticulate and latent state into the forms of articulate speech, whether these be metrical or not.

Again, we must distinguish between the scientific and the poetic imagination. It is not mere insight into the secrets of nature or of humanity that constitutes a man

a poet (though all true poets are *seers*); for the end and aim of science is also to explore those secrets, and to register the results of the exploration. Nor is it sufficient to fall back on the etymology of the word, which signifies "maker" or "creative artist." The constructor of a steam engine is also a maker, though what he produces is usually (it may be erroneously) regarded as most prosaic. And the mind which originates a philosophy or consolidates a nationality, is a maker as truly as the writer of a tragedy or the composer of a song. The poet is thus manifestly a creator of a particular order. His sphere is not a limited one; for he deals with the whole area of nature and the entire keyboard of humanity. But he surveys his area in a special mood of mind, and registers the notes he hears in a manner peculiar to himself. The world which presents itself to his eye is the same as that in which the truth-seeker and the moralist move. But he sees it under a different guise. The characteristic to which he primarily looks, and the apprehension of which moves him to utterance, is that of beauty, in one or other of its manifold forms. But beauty never presents itself to his eye in absolute perfection; and it is the presence of its opposite alongside, or intermingled with it, and marring this perfection, that gives rise to the poetic passion. The perception of the latter element producing uneasiness, leads to an idealization of the real as it exists around us in its actual concrete forms—whether in nature or in character, in historic incident, or individual life. But this is to anticipate.

It may be convenient, before going farther, to recall some of the more famous definitions of poetry advanced by philosophers or critics. We shall not, however, attempt anything approaching to an exhaustive catalogue, even of the more important ones.

Aristotle taught that its essence consisted in the imitation (*mimesis*) of nature, corresponding to the pre-Raphaelitism of the Realist school of painters; and in this he has had a large following, notably, amongst recent writers, H. Taine. Our British Lord Bacon, with deeper insight in this direction than his Greek predecessor, placed its essence in imagination, or the idealization of nature; and he, too, is the founder of a school. It has been defined as "the natural language of excited feeling, intense and inspired;" and as "a work of the imagination wrought into form by art;" a suggestive definition is that which

represents it as "the indirect expression of that which cannot be expressed directly." Still more suggestive is that recently advanced by a writer in one of our ablest weekly journals of criticism—"Poetry is the protest of the emotions against the dominion of the intellect;" and the various schools of poetry have been thus described:—Greek poetry, as "the protest of free-will against the domination of fate or necessity;" Jewish poetry, "as the passionate outbreak of human love, devotion and trust, against the restraints of mere outward law;" Dante's poetry, as "the protest of human instincts against ecclesiastical tyranny;" Chaucer's against "the iron monotony of mediæval life;" Shakespeare's, as "the general assertion of the right of man to be as various and as wonderful a creature as God had made him, which was the fit accompaniment of that new spring-time of human thought and enterprise, the revival of learning, and the discovery of the New World." And in the modern poetry of Coleridge, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson, and Browning, there is detected the same remonstrance of the human spirit against external pressure, against the despotism of nature, and even the yoke of mere science or knowledge. This is a much more valuable contribution to a true theory than Keble's, who, in his Oxford Lectures, considered it as "a vent for overcharged feeling or a full imagination, when the mind is overpowered and requires relief;" or that of Sir Francis Doyle, who traces it to "dissatisfaction with what is present and close at hand;" which is, he says, "one of nature's silent promises to the heart, one stimulus to the advancement of the race, one source of the abiding greatness of man." Shelley himself, one of our greatest poets, in a remarkably beautiful essay "in defence of poetry," is as signally deficient in clearness of definition. "To be a poet," he says, "is to apprehend the true and the beautiful, in a word the good, which exists in the relation between existence and perception, and between perception and expression." Again, he says, "poetry expresses those arrangements of language which are created by that imperial faculty, whose throne is curtained within the invisible nature of man." This is nearly as unsatisfactory as the deliverance of a recent ambitious writer, that poetry is "the record of pleasure, intended to produce pleasure." Wordsworth's essays on this subject (like all that he ever wrote) are worthy of thoughtful pondering; though his theory, erring through a

restriction of the sphere of imagination, stands in marked contrast to his own practice of the art. It would be easy to multiply definitions; but those we have given sufficiently illustrate the drift of speculation and of criticism on the subject.

In now seeking a solution of the problem from a fresh point of view, we find two laws governing all our intellectual processes, the adequate recognition of which may perhaps afford a key to the true nature of poetry. They are these. First, all our knowledge is, in one sense, a knowledge of differences and contrasts. We neither know nor can know anything except in its contrast with something unlike it. We are conscious of self only in contrast with what is not self; matter in its contrast with mind; good as opposed to evil; beauty in its opposition to ugliness; the infinite intelligence in its antithesis with the finite. The fact of opposition, of difference, or contrariety, thus conditions all our knowledge. Secondly, in the free and unimpeded energy of the faculties, apprehending the objects to which they stand related, there is ever an attendant joy. As Aristotle pointed out, and Sir William Hamilton illustrated in detail, pleasure is the concomitant or reflex of the free action of the human faculties.

Taking, then, these two simple and ultimate laws with us, let us realize our position in the surrounding universe. With both the outward and inward eye we gaze around us. Our faculties apprehend a multitude of objects which arrest and detain them, which engross and stimulate their action. There are lights, colours, forms, motions, sounds; and the objects of nature are beheld by us clothed with the raiment of the beautiful. In the apprehension of this, if the energy of our faculties is free and unimpeded, there is pleasure. But associated with the beautiful, we discern the presence of a counter element, that, viz., of the ugly or deformed. The imaginative faculties are arrested in their freedom by the presence of this alien element; and in proportion to the pleasure which arose from their unimpeded action is the pain which springs from their arrest. The human spirit tends evermore towards the beautiful, has a natural affinity with it, and its perception awakens a joyous activity of the powers. But the deformed or the inharmonious also surrounds it, repressing its action. Our yearning for the beautiful is sometimes keen in proportion to our experience of the ugly or the deformed; and our enjoyment of the former is never unalloyed. We always

feel that the beauty we behold in nature, or in humanity, might be more perfect than it is; and we constantly detect these notes of discord in the midst of harmony, which betray the presence of its opposite.

“That type of perfect in the mind,
In nature we can nowhere find.”

Now the uneasiness which this breeds originates a desire and an effort to escape from the presence of the inharmonious, and to get into the presence and under the influence of the beautiful. We desire to subdue the deformed by the lovely. Instinctively, without ever thinking of this as the rationale of our act, we strive to rid ourselves of the uneasiness produced by that element with which the human spirit is in natural and abiding conflict, and which arrests its freedom. And it is precisely in this effort to reach the beautiful, through conscious or unconscious hindrances, that poetry has its birth. We perceive, in the mingled phenomena of the universe, beauty marred by deformity. Instinctively, we rise towards the beautiful, urged on by the stimulus — whether gentle or severe — of its opposite, with its uncongeniality, and hindrance to the free action of our esthetic nature; and the very effort thus to rise is the spring of the poetic impulse.

Suppose we inhabited a world “of beauty all compact,” from which every discordant element was absent, we might rest in the passive contemplation of its loveliness, but we should be without poetry. There is some truth in the extreme position of Vinet, that poetry is due to man’s fall from perfection. Being the record of our yearning for perfection, it could not exist in a perfect world. If every object in nature, if every fact and element in life presented us with harmony, the poet’s vocation would cease. The human faculties would no longer be creative. They could not reach after the ideal; for the ideal and the real would be identical. Imagination’s highest effort would be a transcript of what is, not the creation of what might be, and of a nobler than that which is. The poet would be merely the historian of past types of beauty, and the recorder of its present forms; and all that varied interest, passionate enthusiasm, and nameless spell which now allures him in his quest for the ideal, would vanish in the prosaic chronicle of facts. But, with deformity subtly intermingled with beauty in the universe that now is, — surrounded as we are with discords, material and moral, in the midst of harmony, — the imagination feels a constant spur to effect, in the interests of the

beautiful, a reconciliation of the things opposed. Thus, poetry may be roughly said to *pursue beauty as marred by deformity*; and the intensity of the pursuit marks the intensity of the poetic character. The highest poet is he who aims most earnestly at the perfection of the beautiful in the poetic reconciliation of the discords of the universe. Towards this all-embracing universal beauty he strains his energies. In his products, the creations of his faculty in this high quest, there must always be the blending of the real with the ideal, or rather, the leavening of the former with the latter. He deals with the real as he finds it — beauty blent with ugliness, discord in the midst of harmony, sorrow in the heart of joy, good commingled with evil; and he strives to idealize it, to transfigure the reality, and to harmonize the discord, by means of his poetic idealization. Standing on the level and prosaic earth of the actual, he breathes the higher air of the ideal. Etherialized by it, and borne on subtle wing into the region of a higher harmony, he discerns the remote reconciliation which men who only breathe the air of the actual never know and cannot comprehend. Thence inspired, he descends again to the sphere of the actual, and proclaims the “open secret” to his fellows.

But in this disclosure to his fellows he makes use of an instrument which distinguishes the poet, as an interpreter, from others in the artist fraternity. That medium is *language* shaped into metrical or musical form; it is the branch or stem which springs from the root of poetry in the poet’s soul.

There might be the most delicate appreciation of the beautiful in the mind of the seer, without any embodiment of the results of that appreciation in art, *i.e.*, without the creation of poems. Sympathy with every phase of esthetic loveliness might exist, without its taking shape and clothing itself in a communicable form; *i.e.*, it might remain *personal* to the seer himself, and not being registered for others, would never become an inheritance of the race. But in its silent birthplace this seed of poetry runs the risk of decay. It must rise from its seed-bed if it is to be abiding and not fugitive; and the imaginative genius usually proclaims its presence by the facility with which its possessor (who is otherwise the mute contemplator of the beautiful) reveals his insight to others through his mastery of language. Written language is to the poet what the notes of the gamut are to the musician, and his pigments are to the painter, his marble to the

sculptor, and stone, wood, &c., to the architect. All these are the media of thought and feeling; but language immeasurably transcends them all in its power of rendering the minutest shades of spiritual meaning. It is the garment in which mind is most fitly clothed, and through which it is made most intelligible. This instrument which the poet wields is, in one sense, the most curious of all existences. Being the vocal expression of thought uttered by corporeal organs, or its written expression appealing to the sense of sight, it is half material; being the symbol of ideas, and the index of feeling, it is half spiritual. It is the vehicle of emotion, and the record of intelligence. And with it the poet records in permanent forms the visions of his inner eye, and makes them *glow* with the life of the imagination. Much of the charm of his words is due to the power of metrical language in shrouding the bare conceptions of the intellect in a luminous veil, so as to transfigure and glorify them. It at once defines the vaguer aspirations which tend towards the infinite, and bringing them home to the earth, condensing them into clear expression, it supplies a voice to that dumb wonder which the glory of the universe calls forth. Thus a single line of poetry often contains more concentrated thought than a dozen pages of prose; while the thought is etherealized, and ascends till it loses itself in the infinite and the divine.

We may see still further into the origin of poetry if we compare that instinct which gives rise to it with the impulse which leads to the study of the laws of nature, and originates the sciences. One whose spirit lies open to the teachings of the outer world, surrounded by manifold and mysterious phenomena, finds arising within him a twofold impulse. The first of these leads him to investigate the processes of nature, to explore all hidden recesses, that he may know more and more accurately *what is*. The other leads him to recombine what he has seen in fresh imaginative forms, to reproduce what he has already beheld, or to create new artificial products similar to these. In the former case he finds himself under the dominion of law. His investigations are not only within its domain, they are directed to the discovery of yet wider and wider laws. He is in the presence of nature, and into her farthest recess he fain would penetrate, if possible, to wrest her secret from the shrine. But as he continues his research he comes upon innumerable *arcana*, the mysteries of which stir his wonder. These

secrets baffle him, and arrest his powers. But as he again looks forth upon the universe, he sees the raiment of the beautiful around those very phenomena into the heart of which he could not pierce. The glory of nature at once overawes his spirit, and quickens his silent wonder into admiration, till gradually it breaks into a song. He perceives that this universe, which he cannot fathom, is in constant motion, in alternate ebb and flow. The rhythm of nature's inscrutable force moves his spirit to rhythmic utterance. The perception of mystery baffling his faculties of knowledge brings with it a certain pain or uneasiness; while the discernment of the beautiful covering or surrounding this very mystery awakens pleasure. There is a *smile* which the poet sees in the heart of the universe, into which the mere thinker cannot penetrate. And whenever this is discerned, the calm contemplation of science, with its dry light, is exchanged for a movement more or less impassioned, ending in an outburst of rapture and vocal song. While the poet "muses, the fire burns; then speaks he with his tongue." It is when the tide of emotion is at the flood, the waters of the great outer universe urging it from behind, that he is roused to freest and fullest utterance. None of the allied arts awaken the same glowing ardour of imaginative passion. Poetry, in short, is what Bettina named the music of Beethoven, "intellectual wine."

But nature, thus potent and genial in its influence, does not create the poetic fire. It only evokes it from the depths of the human spirit to which it has made appeal. Nor, on the other hand, does the poet project his own subjectivity upon nature, covering it with an ideal robe of glory that has been altogether wrought within himself. He is, before all things else, a *seer*. There is a "pre-established harmony" between the power within, "the vision and the faculty divine," and the recognized and interpreted beauty without. These two act and re-act upon each other. If nature simply set her *seal* upon the poet, and created within him all that he is thereafter able to body forth, his finest productions would be simply photographic. But her function is to elicit and develop those imaginative powers which are able in their full maturity to transcend herself. There is an exquisite harmony between man and nature, between the most delicate emotions of the one, and the forms, colours, and changes of the other; so that its symbols are the fittest language in which human feeling can be expressed. Poetry thus

mediates between man and nature. It is a bridge connecting the material and the spiritual spheres; the physical universe being a storehouse of analogies which mirror forth to us the secrets of humanity, and that humanity giving back a reflection of nature's silent processes. It is an obvious but little-noticed fact that the most luminous descriptions of the inner world of emotion are invariably in terms fetched from the outer realm of nature, and also that we borrow from the human in endeavouring to interpret nature. All languages contain the evidence of this principle, embedded as fossil remains in their structure, proving it to be universal.

Whether, therefore, we think of *lyrical* poetry as the expression of a single jet of feeling, or the embodiment of one passion; of *epic* poetry as the concentrated story of an age or generation, picturesque and full of moving incidents and changes; of the *drama*, as the tragic struggle of individuals against untoward destiny; of *comedy*, as a portrayal of the ludicrous elements which enter into all existence; of the *elegy*, as the memorial song of regret and lamentation over the unfinished; or of *narrative* and *descriptive* poetry, as an attempt to interpret some human incident, or give the meaning of some mood of nature — the essence of all is fundamentally the same. It is essentially a re-presentation of what has been, a new embodiment hinting of some deeper secret hidden underneath; and evermore it pursues the perfect ideal, through the maze, the imperfection, or the discord of the actual world. It is the shallowest theory of art, which confines it to a transcript or imitation of what is, — the mere copy or mimicry of the actual. Always based upon the real, it is the idealization or exaltation of it. It is (as the Greek term hints) a creation; a fashioning which is a re-fashioning from elements already present in the universe. But the range of the poet's art, as reproducer and interpreter, is almost boundless. He can create imaginative pictures which have no real existence and never could have any; not because they fall beneath the actual, but because they transcend it.

In the exercise of this power of imagination, he may even realize his relation to the Supreme Spirit of the universe, for the creative power of the Infinite has its shadowy adumbration in the creature. He can create nothing new, but he makes use of all existing material, as he fashions, un-makes, re-fashions, idealizes. In the purely scientific region, the investigator employs analysis as well as synthesis: and the

former is a necessary pre-requisite to the latter. But the poet is always synthetic. He is at once discoverer, architect, and builder. He finds throughout the vast area of nature magnificent storehouses of imagery expressing thought and feeling, through which his spirit wanders brooding, till it becomes vocal, — having found their fit embodiment in language. But in order to this, there must be high imaginative insight. It is, this, more than anything else, — the possession of intellectual second-sight, — which constitutes a man a poet. He has a clearer, finer, and more delicate vision than other men; while his soul is moved to rhythmic strains by the gentle stimuli of which we have spoken. His mental glance is such that, having seen, he must tell the vision abroad.

He must also possess what we may call *selective power*, in the choice of his materials. Almost everything in nature might become the subject of a poem; but a severe fastidiousness is essential to poetic unity. A rigid spirit of exclusiveness, with the instinct to reject materials which crowd in from the fertile regions of nature and humanity, is the test of the true artist. "In what he leaves unsaid," wrote Schiller, "I discover the master of style." All nature is fair, but there are moods of nature brighter and fairer than her common ones. There are moods in which she is obstinate and almost dumb, and will not yield up her secret to the investigator. And the poet must not only select an object which he can shape into an ideal whole, but in endeavouring to grasp the symbolism of nature, he must seize the moment when she seems to be giving forth the very burden of her secret. It is in this that we see the esthetic tact, or finer spiritual touch of such a soul as Wordsworth's.

It is scarcely possible to exaggerate the value of poetic culture in elevating the individual as well as educating humanity, especially in an age in which the purely scientific impulse is making such gigantic strides, and in which, according to the teaching of some of its most accomplished leaders, it is threatening to narrow the domain of poetry until it reigns itself supreme. It is well that amongst those scientific guides we have some who (like Samuel Brown in the last generation) recognize the "*scientific uses* of the imagination." For it may easily be shown that imagination, instead of misleading the student of nature, is the great pioneer in the discovery of her laws; and that, when inductive research and generalization have reached their last results, imagination has

still its office, soaring above the processes of law into that region of sublimest mystery in which its winged power is ultimately lost. Poetry is also, in its highest types, the best counteractive to materialism. It brings man into contact with nature's freshest life and unwearied processes, and it reveals the exhaustless latent treasures of the human spirit. It is thus (as it has well been called) "the safety-valve of the heart." It lifts its votaries, and even its sympathizers, to a higher atmosphere than they are wont to breathe. It calls us out of ourselves, frees us from morbid egotism, by bringing the vast powers of the universe and of humanity before our gaze. Its noblest function is to guide the worshipper beyond the confines of the seen and temporal. It may even help the perplexed student of nature, who sees nothing in the universe but a network of adamantine law, cold, silent, and obscure, to regard it also as a *Temple* in which he may worship. The poet leads us into the heart of that sphere which some physicists proclaim to be a region of impenetrable darkness; but to him it is the real *wonderland*—a region girt, it is true, at its circumference with a fringe of solemn mystery, but at its centre, radiant with the light of intelligence. The frontiers may be dim, but the shrine is luminous. It is much if the poet help to teach us that the world in which we live is not only a home for present residence, and a school for transient discipline, but also a temple for perpetual praise.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

HEREDITARY ABDICATION.

KING AMADEUS of Spain has but followed what seems to be the inevitable traditionary fate of his family. In the annals of the House of Savoy a natural demise of the crown—that is, by death—seems to be almost the exception. Amadeus VIII., first duke of the name, Voltaire's "Bizarre Amédeé," appears to have set the example. He threw up his duchy merely because he grew tired of it, for his career had been a successful one; established himself in a comfortable retreat on the Lake of Geneva, with a court of jolly companions, came out again to be made Pope under the title of Felix V. (whether he was the particular Pontiff who became celebrated in German song as "leading a life divine" and "drinking the best of Rhenish wine," we cannot tell); resigned

the Papacy in a couple of years, and died quietly in his bed as a private gentleman. Emanuel Philibert, greatest of the dukes, a soldier and a statesman of celebrity, abdicated in 1575 in favour of his son. Victor Emanuel, first King of Sardinia, abdicated in like manner in favour of his son, in 1730. But he did not digest his resignation so quietly as his predecessors had done. He wanted to come back, incited thereto by an ambitious woman of inferior rank whom he had married and created Countess de Spino. Profiting by the opportunity of his son's casual absence from Turin he started from Chambery, over the Mont Cenis, for his capital, in order to ascend the throne again. The young king, warned by an intriguing confessor, set out for the same point at once, on horseback, across the pass of Saint Bernard. The rivals, son and father, fairly raced for it. The son won by a neck. He got into Turin, and his father and mother-in-law could hear the discharge of artillery which greeted his arrival, just as they reached the Castle of Rivoli. Then they knew that the game was up. A "Roi-revenant" is by no means a popular character with courtiers or subjects. Victor Emanuel had to abdicate once more, and this time in earnest; his lady was shut up in a convent.

In 1802, Charles Emanuel the Second went through the form of abdication; it is not easy to see why, except to maintain the family usage, since the French republic had seized just then on all his Continental possessions. He went into a Jesuit establishment and died there. Victor Emanuel the Second abdicated in 1821, from sheer fright at a constitution which seemed to be impending. Of Charles Albert, known in his youth as Prince de Carignan, in his later days as the "Sword of Italy," the memory is yet fresh among us. Never did any leader more deliberately, or more courageously, sacrifice himself for a cause which he knew to be desperate, but to which his own defeat might yet communicate a more persistent vitality. He fought the battle of Novara against advice, without generals, and without hope. He looked for a bullet with all the quiet valour of his chivalrous race, but the bullet came not. He, too, abdicated and died. "He was hardly fifty-two, and of a strong constitution: but he had lived for his work, and his work having failed, he had no reason for living longer. Life and hope withdrew from him together." The young Amadeus has now added one more name to the long list of his progenitors

who have renounced thrones. His grandfather himself—to compare small things with great, for the contingencies were of a very different order—could not have contended more honestly or more bravely against the embarrassments of an untenable position.

From The Spectator.

THE SPANISH REPUBLIC.

THE Republic in Spain, besides suffering from a multitude of smaller obstacles, has to overcome two most serious and immediate dangers. One is the possible disobedience of the Army, and the other is the deep fissure between the Federalists and Unitarians in the ranks of the party itself. The temper of the Army, though uncertain, is believed to be hostile, some of its leaders being convinced that the regal form of government is essential to Spain, others being bound to the Pretenders by ancient pledges, and others being unwilling to surrender the supremacy their caste has so long enjoyed. The Army has governed Spain for a generation, and so complete is its conviction that it can still govern it, that it may make the attempt at any moment and with any degree of audacity,—a chance which drives the Ministry to consider very revolutionary steps. They must either conciliate the Army, or destroy the Army, or supersede the Army, and either alternative is beset with almost insuperable difficulties. Conciliation as understood in Spain—that is, the raining-down of promotions—is contrary to the Republican theory of government, a mere extension of the old vicious circle. Destruction—that is, the abolition of conscription and grant of unlimited furlough to all soldiers now in the ranks—would leave all power in the hands of the populace, would surrender Cuba to the Volunteers, and would make of every officer a deadly foe. Supersession is the only course, and supersession implies the arming of the populace in the great cities, who are very turbulent, very much distressed, and full of exasperation at the “oppressions” of the great employers of labour. Arming them is most dangerous work—as was shown in 1869—yet it appears to be unavoidable, and has, according to some of the latest accounts, already begun. If it can be avoided—if, that is, the Army makes up its mind to accept the Republic, all will thus far be well; but if it cannot, civil war may rage in every town of Spain,

and more especially in the towns not controllable by the fleet. That civil war would discredit the Republic both in France and Spain.

Even this danger, however, is not so great as the one arising from the split within the Republican ranks. The great majority of that party—twenty to one, it is said—are Federalists, that is, men who wish to import either the American or the Swiss Constitution almost as it stands, leave the provinces to govern themselves even in matters of criminal legislation, and grant large municipal privileges to the cities and communes of the interior. The desire for local liberty is very strong even among the peasantry, it is stronger still among the artisans, and it is strongest of all among the clergy, who would in the rural districts rapidly regain their ascendancy, and perhaps their revenues. Some Carlists make as great a point of localism as the Federalists, while the cities have repeatedly declared it to be their *sine qua non*. All the strong Republicans, in fact, who sent up sixty members where their opponents sent three, and all who would tolerate the Republic if successful, sway heavily towards this side. To Englishmen, looking at the scene from the outside and penetrated with experiences of America and Switzerland, there seems no sound reason why such a system should not be attempted. The provinces have always had histories of their own, they are extraordinarily separate in geographical, political, and social circumstances, and they are alive, so alive that the moment order is suspended local Committees or Juntas at once assume all power, and are obeyed as if they were legalized officials. These are the very conditions of Federalism, and these reasons would, we believe, prevail to establish that system, but for some less noticed counterbalancing arguments. The statesmen of Spain, including, we believe, many resolute Republicans, her proprietors, and her Generals dread Federalism as dangerous to the very existence of the country. They say that the provincial life of Spain is too strong for Federalism, that the provinces once divided would become separate organisms, hostile rather than friendly to each other, that central power would cease to exist, and that every city would be a separate Republic. For instance, they doubt whether Navarre and Biscay would not call in Carlos, whether Catalonia would not become a dependency of France, whether Andalusia would not become an agrarian Commune based on an equal division of land, whether religious

war would not break out in the Castilles, and whether the South would not set up for itself as a Mediterranean Republic. Cuba would be lost at once, for Cuba must be a State. The cities would be in insurrection, for municipal power would be in the hands of Socialists. The Debt would be dishonoured, for there would be no general revenue. The Fleet would disappear, for there would be no one to pay it; and the Army would be abolished, for all the Federalists are hostile to a conscription, which under a system of State Rights could hardly be carried out. Spain, in fact, as modern history has known it, would cease to be, and would be replaced by a knot of Republics, possibly as happy as the Cantons, but possibly also as quarrelsome as the Republics into which the Spanish Viceroyalties have been subdivided. That these apprehensions are exaggerated may be allowed at once, but they are not unnatural; they weigh heavily with Spanish statesmen; they have induced the Republican Ministry to declare for unity; and they persuade men like Olozaga, the Minister in Paris, who generally reconciles himself to any government, to declare publicly and formally, and as it were with an oath, that there is one limit in politics which their consciences will not allow them to pass. They will resist the loss of the unity secured by seven centuries of battle. Olozaga's is the only Minister's letter yet published, but it is evident that his tone must be that of the diplomatic service at large, for it is incredible that all Europe should have protested against a Federalism which can hurt nobody North of the Pyrenees. The Courts may dread a victory of the International, say in Catalonia; but Spain has little influence on opinion, and their ideas have, we imagine, been reported to Madrid by *very* willing pens. With the foreign Powers, the statesmen, and the Generals so adverse, it would be difficult for a new Ministry with no particular title to declare itself Federalist; and there is, as we believe, another reason, of which no one talks, and that is the agrarian question. Spain is in the unhappy position of being the one Continental State in which the agrarian question is as urgent as it once was in France, Naples, and Prussia, and has never reached a settlement. The difficulty varies in different provinces, from Andalusia, where everybody is a tenant-at-will, to Biscay, where the cultivators own the soil; but everywhere there is need for a land law which will define rights, secure tenures, and affect the whole future of Spain.

Proprietors fear that if this law is local it will be merely confiscatory, and are ready to sacrifice anything to avoid a danger which they feel as the great absentee landlords would have felt a native Parliament in Ireland. This throws them on the side of unity, as it throws also all those moderate men, some of whom exist in Spain, who wish that if the Federal experiment is inevitable, some of its social dangers should be removed first. We confess that, not believing in theft as a regenerating agent, we think their argument strong, and Figueras in the right in pronouncing, on the whole and with reserves, for the unity of the legislative power.

Nevertheless this unity, if once definitively adopted, is a cause of weakness to the Republican party in Spain. It will take the heart out of their rank and file. Spanish Republicans as a body are not men of hot ideas, intent on getting rid of an illogical, or unreasonable, or degrading system of government; but are men inspired with a hope, not quite so unreasonable, perhaps, as it looks, that local freedom would materially benefit their condition, would relieve them of military service, would prevent the military punishment of every trivial riot—a great oppression in Spain, and indeed throughout the Continent outside Switzerland—and would place them on a vantage-ground in the great contest between capital and labour. That contest, bitter even in England, where it is ameliorated by the general instinct of moderation, by the Unions, and by the national horror of blood, rages silently all over the Continent, and is nowhere so envenomed as it is in Spain, where in 1869 employers were in many places, in danger of violent and painful death. Barcelona was only saved by force, and there were rural districts where the right of property was restored only by the bayonet, employed, we fear, as it always is in such cases, with violence beyond the occasion. It is almost indispensable that the struggle should be moderated by the central power, but when it is moderated reaction sets in, and Republicans declare, often truly, that the end for which they fought, equality between employers and employed, is practically abolished, that their Welsh colliers on strike work under compulsion of the bayonet. They hope to avoid that compulsion, and we fear, when they see they are not to be left absolutely alone face to face with capital, they will not be zealous for any form of government. If Figueras can get over this difficulty, he will do more to

make the Republic possible in Spain than by any number of decrees against the penalty of death, laws which mean nothing except that execution by shooting is substituted for execution by breaking the neck with a screw.

We have put the unfavourable side of the situation, as we understand it, fairly before our readers, and have only to remind them that the Republic has in its favour some very important points. That it should be there, installed, in possession of office, entitled to the obedience of the Army, is almost a miracle, and compels observers to think that in Spain, as in France, the stars in their courses are for the first time fighting for the Republic. That it should have risen to the top unstained by bloodshed, without insurrection, without enemies to punish, without an escort of armed men thirsting for revenge, is a piece of good fortune almost without a precedent in the history of Liberalism. That it should have at hand such leaders

as it has, men without violence, unless it be on ecclesiastical questions, and incorruptible men, and men not afraid of government by debate, is a point in its favour wholly unexpected, even by those few who do not believe that a Spanish politician is necessarily base. And finally, that it should have been accepted over all Spain, that the great official class should have become accustomed even for a moment to regard it as supreme, this is of itself a victory not to be overrated. Every day of its existence must strengthen it. Every day brings to its side that influence of habit which, with all races of men, is found to be the strongest of all; and the weight of that motive-power of conservatism, the preference of the known to the unknown in government. If the Republic can last a year it may last for ever, and an interregnum much more irregular and anarchical than a Republic lasted in Spain for two.

THERE seems to be considerable danger that the Japanese Government will make the mistake of loving the spirit of reform "not wisely, but too well." The mail just arrived brings, as usual, a long list of new laws and regulations, some of which, it is feared, will interfere so directly with the national and rational habits of the people that considerable uneasiness has been excited in the minds of both foreigners and natives by their enactment. Pre-eminently among these is to be noted the order for the abolition of the soft mats with which all native houses are floored. To appreciate the disturbing nature of this command, it must be remembered that these mats serve the purposes of chairs, tables, and beds, and that if they be removed the people will have to choose between sitting, eating, and sleeping on the bare floor, and buying wooden furniture. In addition to which it will oblige housebuilders to introduce a new system of measurement in lieu of the old-established custom of estimating the size of a room by the number of mats it would contain. The women, also, are as little likely to listen complacently to the command which bids them

dispense with the services of professional hairdressers. Further, the immediate advantage which would doubtless otherwise accrue by the exchange of the English for the native calendar will certainly be marred by the hasty way in which the innovation is to be enforced. The new year is the time at which it is customary for native merchants to pay off all outstanding claims, and it is possible that some who might have been able to meet the demands of their creditors on the 9th of February (the Japanese New Year's Day), would be in difficulties when called upon to do the same on the 1st of January. The law prohibiting kite-flying in the streets of Yeddo and other large cities will, no doubt, be an unmixed good to all but the kite-makers, for whom, however, abundance of employment might be found in editing some of the numerous newspapers which are daily springing up like mushrooms all over the country, or in making hats to cover the naked crowns of the male portion of the population who have been robbed of their top-knots by Imperial order.

Pall Mall.

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MARY'S DREAM.

THEY parted in tears at the shining bay,
 And her heart was sad and her eyes were dim :
 And her lover was gone for a year and a day,
 And she looked o'er the waves and prayed for
 him,
 And still she heard by the land or the lea
 The wail of the moaning sea.

She dreamed that she saw him one stormy night,
 When the billows were high and the wind was
 loud ;
 The ship was tossing, the waves were white,
 And the black hull seemed like a drifting
 shroud.

The sun shone out on the morrow morn,
 And Mary went down to the quiet shore,
 To see her lover all white and torn,
 And kiss the lips that would speak no more.
 And still she hears by the land or the lea
 The wail of the moaning sea.
 Public Opinion. S. L. P.

HOME AGAIN.

HOME again! spared the perils of years,
 Spared of rough seas and rougher lands,
 And I look in your eyes once, once again,
 Hear your voices and grasp your hands;

Not changed the least, least bit in the world;
 Not aged a day, as it seems to me!
 The same dear faces, the same dear home, —
 All the same as it used to be!

Ah! here is the garden; here the limes
 Still in their sunset green and gold,
 And the level lawn with the pattern in't
 Where the grass has been newly roll'd.

And here come the rabbits lumping along, —
 No! that's never the same white doe
 With the pinky lops and the munching mouth;
 Yet 'tis like her as snow to snow.

And here's Nep in his old heraldic style,
 Erect, chain-tightening all he can,
 With Topsy wagging that inch of tail, —
 What, you know me again, old man?

The pond where the lilies float and bloom!
 The gold fish in it just the same,
 Too fat to stir in the cool, — yes, one
 Shoots, and gleams, and goes out like flame!

And still in the meadow, daisy-white,
 Its whistling flight the arrow wings,
 And the fallen target's central "gold,"
 Glitters, — a planet with its rings!

And yonder's the tree with the giant's face,
 Sharp nose and chin against the blue,
 And the wide elm branches, meeting, bear
 Our famous swing between the two.

No change! nay, it only seems last night
 I blurted back your fond good-byes,
 As I heard the rain drip from the eaves
 And felt its moisture in my eyes.

Only last night that you throng'd the porch,
 Each choking words we could not say,
 And poor little Jim's white face peep'd out,
 Dimly seen while I stole away.

Poor little Jim! in this happy hour
 His wee, white face our hearts recall,
 And I miss a hand and a voice, and see
 The little crutch beside the wall.

So all life's sunshine is flecked with shade,
 So all delight is touched with pain,
 So tears of sorrow and tears of joy
 Welcome the wanderer home again!

W. SAWYER.

MY STUDY.

Yes! Contemplation hath her holy nooks!
 Thou'rt one of them, my Study, in my eyes;
 And thee I love, and as devoutly prize,
 As can their palaces great kings or dukes.
 Behold! thy morn-illumined window looks
 On roses, daisies, butterflies, and bees;
 On the towered town-clock, yonder blue-dim
 trees,
 And far horizonhills with viewless brooks.
 Here is my desk, and there my shelves of books,
 Topped with a bust of Samuel at his prayers,
 Who fronts a pictured man of reverend hairs,
 And brow that frowns with grave and just re-
 bukes.
 Thee Morns I give; then haste to April's rooks,
 Or Summer's bean-fields, Autumn's purple hills,
 Or fruitful hazels fringing hermit rills,
 Or to her ripe fields and her wealthy stooks;
 For every day must have its playful hour,
 In haunts of men, or Nature's sunny bower.

Chambers' Journal.

From The Contemporary Review.
OLIVER CROMWELL.

THAT there should be a play on the boards of the Lyceum called "Charles I." and a play on the boards of the Queen's called "Oliver Cromwell," indicates some quickening of interest on the part of the public in the characters and events of England's greatest revolution. It is, indeed, safe to pronounce the feeling superficial. Mr. Wills and Mr. Irving demonstrate most satisfactorily that, when a London audience sees a pensive, gentlemanly man compelled to bid adieu to his wife and children and go to have his head cut off, instead of sailing with them in gilt barges, the said audience will enjoy a good cry upon the subject; and if any man doubts Cromwell's courage and devotion to liberty, he may feel the unreasonableness of his scepticism when he beholds the Puritan leader dauntless amid a blaze of fireworks, or heroically endangering the arteries of his windpipe by screaming about free-e-dom. These clever and successful plays prove that spectacle has annihilated history on the stage of Shakespeare. This is their principal significance; but it is not too much to say that they evince a certain wistfulness of gaze by a discerning public towards the most stirring and exalted period in the history of this island, — a vague wish to know something about Charles I. and Oliver Cromwell, — which is better than blank indifference.

The controversy as to the character of Charles I. may be said to be closed. He was a weak man. In how far his weakness was associated with conscious falsity and cruelty, and was therefore culpable, and in how far it was mere sickliness of nature and mal-adjustment of circumstance and therefore purely pitiable, may still be disputed: that he was incompetent, — that his theorem of England's and his own situation would not work, — that, as king or supreme magistrate, he was in no sense exemplary but in every sense the reverse of exemplary, — this is no longer disputable. A most ill-omened, fate-stricken person; ill-omened for his enemies, still more for his friends; one who never had a friend whom he did not disappoint, or a gleam of success that did not lead him astray. But

as to Oliver Cromwell, the controversy is not yet closed. Mr. Bisset, a fair and well-informed writer, still condemns him, and Mr. Bisset's opinion is probably shared by many. "Greatness stained by crime," or as it might be more correctly expressed, "greatness combined with villainy," is Mr. Bisset's formula for Cromwell. "Fairfax and Ireton," says Mr. Bisset, "were men of the strictest and most punctilious honour. . . . The difference between them and Cromwell was the difference between the Roman generals while Roman generals were men of honour, and the Roman generals when Rome had become thoroughly corrupt." There is truth in this view of the relation of the immaculate Fairfax and Ireton to Cromwell, but it is far from the whole truth. The hero of Romance, the scrupulous, delicate-minded, delicate-handed hero, the hero whom you have in perfection in Schiller's dramas, does exist in life and is a real and great power; but he is seldom or never the greatest power. Oliver had a strong, rough, practical instinct, incompatible with fastidiousness. Ireton and Vane were sensitively high and pure in money matters. Ireton refused £2000 in land offered him by the Parliament; Vane refused £2500 when there was no call to do so, and when no eye but God's was on the transaction. There is a flowerlike, feminine virtue in this that we admire and ought to admire. But, account for it as you may — and there is no great difficulty in accounting for it — the most effective and, on the whole, greatest men are not heroes on this pattern. They have no idea of working without their wages. Wellington accepted with thanks what the nation gave him; Havlock was almost painfully prosaic in summing up what he might expect for his victories; Cromwell took what he honestly got. Nature gets most work out of the non-fastidious heroes. Of course I maintain that Oliver was a man of conscience and of honour, equal, in these respects, or superior, to Roman generals in Rome's best age.

If it is true that Cromwell was, as Mr. Carlyle affirms, an honourable, upright man, not ignobly cunning and selfish, then Mr. Carlyle's book upon Cromwell is un-

questionably one of the noblest in historical literature, and testifies to an amazing originality, independence, and force of mind. Who that has gone up and down even for a little in the waste of Restoration literature, can fail to appreciate these qualities as displayed by Mr. Carlyle in his book? You find yourself, when you get into those regions, encircled by a Babel of tongues, all, in their several dialects, clamouring against Cromwell. From the sleek episcopal eloquence of Clarendon to the vociferous hootings of Lilburne, from the plausible diplomatic insinuation of Whitelocke to the pensively fervid remonstrance of Baxter, from the sanctified wormwood and gall of Mrs. Hutchinson to the confused, blustering fury of Joyce,—Prelatist, Presbyterian, Royalist, Republican, Leveller,—all tones of speech and all colours of politics combine against Cromwell. Presuming Mr. Carlyle to be right in his main hypothesis,—that Cromwell was an honest man,—his feat in keeping his intellectual nerve steady amid all this din, in penetrating by sheer force of vision all this dust, is parallel to that of Cromwell in retaining his calmness of perception in the tumult of his wildest battles. On the whole this is Mr. Carlyle's greatest book. His French Revolution is incomparable in vividness of dramatic presentation, but the historical student is ultimately forced to confess that too much has been sacrificed in it to pictorial effect; and in relation to Frederick II. and Frederick William of Prussia, he has failed to lead the intelligence of Europe: but although that theory of hero-worship which has had effects infinitely disastrous upon the later literary activity of Mr. Carlyle was injurious even when he wrote on Cromwell, he did succeed in changing the current of European opinion respecting the Protector. There may still be discussions long and animated about Cromwell; but until Mr. Carlyle wrote, his life was unintelligible. Carlyle raised him from the dead. I believe that no man in his own age fully understood Cromwell or could do him justice. Oliver indeed knew as much; as God had never failed him, he believed, and said, that God would look after his reputation; and if Mr. Carlyle has not

completely fulfilled this prophecy, he has done so much towards fulfilling it that what remains to be done is comparatively insignificant. In considering the errors, as I must think them, of such writers as Guizot and Mr. Bisset, with respect to Cromwell, I have been impressed with the idea that they have failed simply from not reading Carlyle patiently enough and from not pondering sufficiently the history of the period in connection with the deeds and words of Cromwell.

The influence of Hume has, doubtless, been powerful in determining the opinion of authors in a sense unfavourable to Cromwell, and Hume's treatment of the man, as compared with that of Carlyle, is instructive. Hume is the recognized prince and demi-god of the non-religious schools of modern philosophy, the sovereign thinker who has annihilated metaphysics and theology. Well, this sublimely gifted person undertakes to do a piece of plain historical work,—to discover the truth about a period in the history of his own country which is of eminent and admitted importance. The central figure in this period is Oliver Cromwell, and an indispensable condition of understanding the period is to understand him. How does Hume set about the solution of this main problem in his work? He glances at Cromwell's speeches jauntily, sniffingly, in a mood of pleasant indifference dashed by cynicism; finds that, thus looked at, they are a coil of confusion; quotes from them to show what Bedlam trash they are; and appeals, with mild twinkle of philosophic mirth, to his reader whether he, the historian, does more or less than justice to this singular compound of fanaticism, hypocrisy, and genius. What Cromwell's speech wanted to make it luminous was no more than honest reading, with adequate knowledge of the history of the time, and strenuous practical sympathy with man not as an abstraction but in the concrete. Hume may have been successful, or he may not, in mapping out the firmament of thought and resolving the nebulous vapours of theology and metaphysics into fixed stars, but in doing this little bit of terrestrial work he trivially and contemptibly failed.

The deepest secret of Carlyle's measureless superiority, as an interpreter of Cromwell, to Guizot, Hallam, and scores of other able men from Clarendon to Hume, and from Hume to Bisset, is affinity of genius between Cromwell and Carlyle. Cromwell's ecstasies and paroxysms are to the others "brain-sick fancies;" his faith is an incomprehensible illusion; his tears, his adjurations, his appeals to the Almighty as his witness, are the audacities of a hypocrite or the ravings of a fanatic. To Carlyle the atmosphere of transcendent emotion in which Cromwell lives is not incomprehensible; it is not only comprehensible, but renders all else comprehensible. What Cromwell called his conversion is for Carlyle the essential key to his character and conduct. "His deliverance from the jaws of eternal death;" his acceptance into the kingdom of everlasting life, into the company of the redeemed, dear to God "as the apple of His eye;" his conviction henceforth that God worked in him and by him, and that his life, so long as he did the will of God, revealed to him in the Bible and by the irresistible impulse on his mind of the Divine Spirit invoked by habitual prayer, was expressly moulded and directed by God: these are for Mr. Carlyle the vital explicative facts in Cromwell's career and character. The question, what Cromwell's conversion physiologically and psychologically, naturally or supernaturally, meant, we are not called upon to answer: but it is clear that by unveiling this fountain of transcendent emotion in Cromwell, Carlyle brought into distinct manifestation a force sufficient to account for his energy in the battle-field, and his agitated demeanour on other occasions. The careful and exhaustive application of this hypothesis to Cromwell's conduct will be found to be practically an irresistible demonstration of its soundness. No other hypothesis will account for half so many of the facts to be accounted for. All those people of his own or the succeeding generation who speak or scream against Cromwell in their various dialects differ as to the nature of his delinquency. Each of his accusers could account in a manner satisfactory to the accuser for one

little knot of facts, but none of them could account for all; and what they call in question, to wit, the simple faith and integrity of Cromwell, is a clue which takes us through every winding of the labyrinth out into the light. The sceptic of our day will observe with his usual cleverness that, if Cromwell really believed that, under certain circumstances the Almighty would, as he told Parliament, rend him and them in pieces, that his Father in heaven "put it upon him" to turn the Rump out of doors, and that the victory of Dunbar was an infallible intimation by Providence that the Scots were holding to the letter instead of the spirit of their Covenant, he would have been a fool; and that therefore, since fools do not, in perilous times, rise to be Lord Protectors, he must have been a hypocrite. But this is to beg the question in a very shallow way; and for my part I confess my belief with Mr. Carlyle, that much less can be explained in history by the hypothesis of hypocrisy than by that of inspiration.

There is nothing of much importance known about Cromwell's boyhood and youth. He was distinguished by physical rather than intellectual vigour, in so far as intellectual vigour is attested by bookishness. Heath says that he was a famous player at quarter-staff, a circumstance which may have stood him in good stead when he became a cavalry officer. At Cambridge he got some tincture of Latin, but escaped both the chief dangers by which Universities beset practical genius—that of formalizing and making it pedantic, and that of wasting up the mental force or softening the mental fibre. In some sense and for some time he gave attention to law in London, but seems to have carried with him from whatever Inn of Court he frequented little more than a conviction of the chicanery, extortion, pedantry and corrupt tardiness of the profession, which conviction was one of his fixed ideas through life. He married at the age of twenty-one, and retired to native Huntingdon to take up house with his wife and his mother.

Heath says that Cromwell led a wild life about London, and the fact that it is

Heath who says so is hardly, as Mr. Carlyle seems to think, a proof that he did *not* give way to gambling and dissipation. The severity of his mental struggles in the period of spiritual crisis and transition tends to confirm Heath's statement. Sir Philip Warwick's references to Cromwell's mental troubles are brief but suggestive. Dr. Simcott, Oliver's physician, "had often been sent for at midnight." Cromwell used to fancy himself on the point of death, was for many years in a state of moody despondency, and appears to have at times verged on insanity. Had he written down his experience at this time, it would probably have been similar to that of Bunyan. At length, by what processes and through what means we know not, his gloom and doubt passed into exultant faith. There was earnest religion at that time in England, which was not Puritan; but the most intense, vehement, impassioned religion of England was Puritanic; and this had the recommendation for a young man whose heart was on fire with the ardours of first love, of being frowned upon by Principalities and Powers. Certain it is that Oliver was a Puritan of the Puritans, and imbibed not only their fierce hatred of Popery, but their suspicion and dislike of Episcopacy, as a half-way house between Popery and Protestantism. In these views he never wavered. He told his last Parliament that "men of the Episcopal spirit, with all the branches, the root and the branches," were prepared to "trouble nations for an interest which is but mixed at the best,—made up of iron and clay, like the feet of Nebuchadnezzar's image." On the same occasion he referred to the times when there had been designs "to innovate upon us in matters of religion; and so to innovate as to eat out the core, and power, and heart, and life of all religion by bringing on us a company of poisonous Popish ceremonies."

Cromwell sat for Huntingdon in Charles's third Parliament, which met in March, 1628, and was dissolved in March, 1629. It is the Parliament of the Petition of Right, in which Eliot, Pym, and Hampden headed the Commons, and the character, policy, and generalship of the Puritan and popular party first became grandly obvious to the eye of history. The weakest thing in Carlyle's book about Cromwell is his under-valuation of Hampden; the weakest thing in his separate lecture on Oliver is what he says about Pym. Cromwell sat at the feet of these men, and beyond the lesson which he learned from these men, he never went. He profoundly

respected Vane, and was influenced by him; he profoundly respected Ireton, and deferred to him considerably; but Clarendon says that he adored Hampden, who was his near kinsman, and until both Pym and Hampden were in their graves he did not take a leading place in the House of Commons. Oliver detested compliments and eulogies, but I wonder that the words of solemn and affectionate praise in which he referred to Hampden in one of his speeches to his second Parliament did not impress Mr. Carlyle differently. "I had a very worthy friend then," said Oliver, "and he was a very noble person, and I know his memory is very grateful to all—Mr. John Hampden." Hampden agreed with Cromwell as to the desirability of enlisting men to fight the Puritan battle who "made some conscience of what they did," if only it were found practicable. He discerned, before war was thought of, that Cromwell was the greatest practical genius in England. His troops attracted notice for their fine condition as well as Cromwell's. Mr. Carlyle seems to think that Hampden disapproved or slighted Cromwell's idea as to the kind of soldiers to be raised, but he did nothing of the kind. "Very natural in Mr. Hampden," says Mr. Carlyle, "if I recollect him well! "With his close thin lips, and very vigilant eyes; with his clear official understanding; lively sensibilities to 'unspotted character,' 'safe courses,' &c., &c. A very brave man, but formidably thick-quilted, and with pincer-lips, and eyes very vigilant." I shall say nothing of the countenance of Hampden except that, to my own thinking, it is the very ideal of a hero's face; strong as the ancient rock, but soft as summer air, with intellectual fineness and calmness that would have fitted a great artist or scholar, and yet the firm, decisive lines of a great man of action. But when I recollect that Hampden, while still a young man, was flung into prison for his opposition to the Court; that he incurred the formal guilt of high treason, the risk of losing not only his reputation but his life, by negotiations with the Covenanters before 1640; that he, like Cromwell, became a soldier the moment the war broke out; that he urgently remonstrated against the lukewarm manner in which the war was at first carried on by the Parliament, and that he died in an act of almost foolhardy valour; I cannot express my surprise that Mr. Carlyle should have spoken of him in terms applicable to a Clarendon or a Falkland. It was no punctilious, clear official man who ruled, like a

very spirit of the tempest, in the stormy debates of the Long Parliament, between the death of Strafford and the attempt on the Five Members, and whose presence of mind and skill in Parliamentary tactics were believed to have prevented the opposing parties, in the debate on the Grand Remonstrance, from plunging their swords into each other's bodies.

"One breaks down often enough," says Mr. Carlyle, "in the constitutional eloquence of the admirable Pym, with his 'seventhly and lastly.' You find that it may be the admirablest thing in the world, but that it is heavy — heavy as lead, barren as brick-clay." The best wheat in the world is grown on brick-clay, and English freedom in modern time, with all that, in America or elsewhere, has sprung from the freedom of England, is due to the constitutional eloquence of Pym and Hampden. If any one imagines that Pym was a cautious, fine-spoken Girondin, let him read Mr. Browning's tragedy of "Strafford," and learn how he struck down the terrible Earl. It would, in fact, be superfluous and impertinent to speak a word in defence of Hampden and Pym, were it not that in order to do comprehensive justice to Cromwell — in order to understand him not only in the power and splendour of his own genius, but in relation to the preceding and succeeding periods of English history, — nay, in order to obtain, in addition to that conception of his religious character which enables you to apprehend his personal honesty, a tenable and rational theory of his conduct as a politician and a statesman, you must realize the fact of his reverence not only for these men, but for the principles which they represented. No theory of imperialism will explain or vindicate Cromwell; and with all his admiration, Mr. Carlyle differs fundamentally from his hero in that he does not share Cromwell's rooted and inflexible devotion to constitutional liberty.

A modern reader is apt to be surprised and disappointed by what seems the baldness of the patriotic programme of Pym and his party at the time of Charles's third Parliament. A few specific concessions, adequately guaranteed, were all they demanded. The secret is that they did not conceive themselves to be rearing the edifice of English freedom, but to be buttressing it. They believed that the personal liberties of Englishmen and the political liberties of Englishmen had been realities in former reigns, and that they were now being assailed by a systematic aggression on the part of the Court. Shakespeare

puts into the mouth of Henry VIII. the memorable words,

"We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
And stick them in our will."

It was a sentiment which the contemporaries of Shakespeare unanimously attributed to the kings of England. The law was the guardian of liberty; the king was supreme only in and through the law; therefore England was a free country, and Englishmen, as we also learn infallibly from Shakespeare, were enthusiastically, arrogantly proud of their country and their name. The Puritan leaders, fitted by genius, position, and culture, to understand the signs of their time, perceived that political institutions throughout Europe were in a state of transition, and they made it the object of their lives to carry over into the new epoch the ancient freedom of England. If anything can be proved in history at all, it admits, I think, of demonstration that the meaning and drift of the policy of Charles, of Strafford, and of Laud, whether consciously designed in this sense by themselves or not, was the conversion of the limited monarchy of England into a despotism. Accordingly, the main force of the Puritan patriots was thrown not into promotion of change, but resistance to change. They were thoroughly conservative both in their aims and their instincts. Their conservatism, however — and this is a point of essential importance towards understanding their relation to the career of Cromwell — was of things, not of names, of things inflexibly, of names subordinately. It was essential with them to preserve constitutional liberty; they had no notion of a Republic; but I do not think that they held the name of king to be essential, or that, if they found it indispensable for the preservation of liberty that the form of Government or the reigning dynasty should be changed, they would have flinched from changing either. Their opposition was directed to innovation in essentials. We have seen how this term could be applied to their agitation in civil affairs, but it is not at first glance easy to see how the Puritans could maintain that Laud and not they patronized innovation in religion. Such, however, was the position they took up, and it is intelligible now as it was tenable then. They dated from the Reformation, "that never-to-be-forgotten Reformation," as Oliver called it, "that most significant and greatest 'mercy' the nation hath felt or tasted." The Reformation, as they apprehended it, placed England at the head of the Reformed interest

in Europe, and England's Church in sympathy with the Reformed Churches of France, Holland and Scotland. This conception of the Reformation was held not only by the multitude and the middle class, but by members of the territorial nobility of England, titled and untitled, by men of culture like Milton, by the large majority of the Commons in the third, the fourth, and the last Parliaments of Charles. And on this conception of the Reformation, Laud, with his ceremonies and his fierce hiss at the Reformation as more properly a *Deformation*, was an innovator. Add one other point and you have a complete view of the outfit of principles, political and religious, which the Puritans of Charles's last Parliaments held in common with Oliver Cromwell. Adhering almost universally to the Church of England, and yet having little or no reverence for Episcopal authority, and sedulously encouraging preachers, called lecturers, whose recommendation was their doctrinal sympathy with the Reformation and antipathy to Rome, the ablest Puritans, like Hampden, Pym, and Cromwell, would be naturally led to set store less by form, name, organization, and the general apparatus of ecclesiasticism, than by the essentials of personal religion, faith in Christ, purity of morals, delight in the Bible, fervency in prayer. The immeasurable importance which the Presbyterians, especially the Scots, attached to their form of Church Government, was a fatal rock of offence between them and what Oliver, without much inquiry as to their ecclesiastical preferences, called "the Godly party."

It may possibly, or even probably, remain one of the controvertible questions of history whether the Puritans could or could not have secured the substantial objects of their agitation without wresting the sword from the hand of Charles. Hallam thinks that after the death of Strafford all was safe, and Hallam's reasoning is so strong, that I was, I confess, at one time convinced by it. But more mature consideration, first, of the character of Charles, and secondly, of the opportunities and powers which, through the law of action and reaction, the vacillations of public opinion confer upon a faithless monarch in England, led me to the conclusion that Pym, Hampden and Oliver Cromwell were right. Macaulay's essays upon this subject, the most masterly things he ever did, contain the indispensable rectification of Hallam. At all events, the Parliament demanded the sword, Charles refused to give it, and after a few months of feverish

preparation the frightful struggle of the civil war, in town and county, in village, castle, grange, and farm-house throughout England, commenced. This was in 1642.

Oliver, now in his forty-third year, be-takes himself to his county and begins raising force, not only serving personally, but embarking three of his sons, Oliver, Richard, and Henry, the last of whom must have been a mere boy, in the cause. The Squire letters, otherwise unimportant, have a singular interest from the light they throw upon the earliest military experiences and exploits of Cromwell, enabling us to understand how it was that he broke upon England as a consummate soldier and tactician at Marston Moor, and also, what might otherwise have been still more puzzling, where he acquired that skill in the subterranean department of the military art,—in organizing and managing a spy-system — which not only did him yeoman's service in his campaigns, but, in the days of the Protectorate, enabled him with beautiful facility to baffle every wile of perhaps the most able, cool, and intrepid set of plotters that ever hatched schemes of assassination, and made him familiar with what passed at the dinner tables and in the very bed-chambers of Prince Charles and the Duke of York. In those busy months, unobserved by England, without the smallest surmise of the stupendous results which were to follow from his activity, he was making all the sequel possible. The greatest practical genius between Cromwell and Napoleon, Frederick of Prussia, accounted for the failures of clever Joseph II. by the remark that he always "put the second before the first." The miracles of success are invariably explicable when we are made acquainted with the process by which the first was, in the given instance, put before the second.

Oliver commences with intense drilling. "Heed well your motions." "The Lord helpeth those who heed his commandments; and those who are not punctual in small matters, of what account are they when it shall please Him to call us forth?" He looks well to weapons, armour, equipment. "If a man has not good weapons, horse, and harness, he is as naught." His orders are already brief, precise, comprehensive. "We have secret and sure hints that a meeting of the Malignants takes place at Lowestoff on Tuesday. Now I want your aid; so come with all speed on getting this, with your troop; and tell no one your route, but let me see you ere sundown." The Royalist meeting at

Lowestoff was held, but Cromwell came down upon it with sufficient force, and stamped out Malignancy in the whole Yarmouth district. In fact, the Royalist party could not once crawl in the Eastern Counties with such a Colonel Stork as this looking at them. "I learn behind the oven is the place" where the arms, which Cromwell wants, are hidden. He will have no free-and-easy methods of raising supplies, impelled not more by his sense of justice than by his instinctive feeling that, as the essence of soldiership lies in discipline, marauding tends to destroy the fighting power of an army. "Tell W. I will not have his men cut folk's grass without compensation." But his sternness, when guilt is clear, knows no compunction, and strikes terror and stupor by its suddenness. "Hang the fellow out of hand, and I am your warrant. For he shot a boy at Pilton-bee by the Spinney, the widow's son, her only support." "Give no quarter; as they shed blood at Bourne, and slew three poor men not in arms." "Cut home, as no mercy ought to be shown those rovers, who are only robbers and not honourable soldiers." But in the hastiest order as to seizing arms, he does not forget what is due to an enemy and a gentleman. Some Royalist's harness must be "fetched off." Oliver knows where to get it. "It lies in the wall by his bed-head." But "move not his old weapons of his father's, or his family trophies. Be tender of this, as you respect my wishes of one gentleman to another." The vibration of the nerves of the born soldier in the tremendous excitement of the moment when war is breaking out can be realized as we read some of his sentences. "Verily, I do think the Lord is with me! I do undertake strange things, yet do I go through with them, to great profit and gladness, and furtherance of the Lord's great work. I do feel myself lifted on by a strange force, I cannot tell why." And what a comment are the following words upon the career of one who, if not an honest man, was the greatest master of dissimulation named in history! "Subtlety may deceive you; integrity never will." Having enlisted the due number of "honest and godly men;" drilled them to perfection; armed them as well as it was possible to arm soldiers at the time; accustomed them to march by night or by day, close to their colours and religiously respecting property; taught them to spring upon the foe at word of command and to annihilate any living thing that looked them in the face; Cromwell brought them

into action at Marston Moor, shattered Rupert's hitherto victorious squadrons, and made England and the king aware that, while all eyes had been fixed on the great drama of the war going on in the West, sieges of Bristol, sieges of Gloucester, victories of Charles, victories of the Parliament, a Huntingdon farmer had been getting ready a "company of poor men" who were more than a match for any troops in the world.

The first occasion on which what is called his dissimulation was brought notably into play by Oliver, was that of the new modelling of the Parliament army. The war had been carried on after the battle of Marston Moor with a languor which, to Cromwell and the more fiery spirits, was painfully evident. The idea put forward by this party was that the inconclusive character of the operations was caused by the interference of senatorial with military duties, a large number of the principal officers having seats in the House of Commons. The New Model ordinance was that members of the House should surrender their commissions and confine themselves to their Parliamentary duties. The principal officers to be thus excluded from the army were Presbyterians, and between the Presbyterians and the Independents the conflict was now becoming hot. Cromwell, as has been shown, had no strong ecclesiastical preferences; but he was determined that the Godly, whether they called themselves Independents, Presbyterians, or Baptists, should enjoy toleration; and as the Presbyterians shuddered at the supposed guilt of tolerating "Sectaries," Oliver had become obnoxious to the party. The remodelling took place; the Presbyterian officers quitted their commands, thus relaxing the hold of the party upon the sword; but Cromwell remained in the army. The circumstance was fatal to Presbyterian ascendancy in the revolution, and secured the ascendancy of Cromwell. Can we then refuse to believe that he devised the New Model in order to get rid of Manchester and to triumph over the Presbyterians; and that, when he talked of the "true English hearts" and "zealous affections" of the officers inducing them "to deny themselves for the public good," he was canting and shamming? The case, at first blush of it, looks ill for Cromwell. But the utmost that can be established against him is that he may have foreseen the issue, and even of this we cannot be certain. He knew his price; he knew that many of the soldiers would wish him to

remain in command; but he knew also the jealousy entertained of him by the Presbyterians; and the New Model strengthened the Presbyterians in the House of Commons as much as it weakened them in the army. Cromwell must have been aware, when he proposed the self-denying ordinance, that, if he attempted to evade it, the Presbyterians in Parliament might order him by an overwhelming majority into his seat. It is certain that there was no formal irregularity. Cromwell came to resign his commission into the hands of Fairfax, and found that the Committee of Both Kingdoms had expressly selected him for an important and difficult service. He took horse and performed the service in his usual superlative fashion. Then the Houses voted that he should continue in the army for forty days — for another forty days — for three or four months, and so on. They could not do without him. His merit was so dazzling that it triumphed over even professional jealousy, and the Colonels of the Horse petitioned that Colonel Cromwell might be their Lieutenant-General. Had things turned out differently, no one would have spoken of the duplicity of Cromwell. He remained in the army. Charles, with his usual infatuation, took it into his head that the exclusion of the old officers, intended to increase, had destroyed its efficiency, and rushed to engage it at Naseby. As at Marston Moor the victory was due principally to Cromwell. "When I saw the enemy," he writes, "draw up and march in gallant order towards us, and we a company of poor ignorant men, to seek how to order our battle — the General having commanded me to order all the Horse — I could not, riding alone about my business, but smile out in praises to God, in assurance of victory."

The war still continued for some time like a slowly-dying fire, but the defeat of Naseby was irretrievable, and Charles, calamity and perplexity in his wake, fled to the Scots. "Traitor Scot," says wise history, "sold his king for a groat." Of all the unkillable lies in Muse Clio's immense family of the like, this is perhaps the most toughly immortal and the most venomously unjust. It was a toss-up with Charles whether he should betake himself to the Parliament or to the Scots. With both he was at war, and his kind and feasible theory was that he might induce one of the parties to extirpate the other for his advantage, weakening itself, of course, so much in the process that his beaten Episcopalian friends could rally and ex-

tirpate it also. The Scots, according to their reasonable gainsayers, having contributed to the ruin of Charles on Marston Moor, and having had Scotland devastated by Charles's Lieutenant, while they were fighting against himself in England, ought, so soon as they saw his face, to have gone into ecstasies of loyalty, and engaged in an internecine war with England on his behalf. They did the best for him they could, consistently with their own principles. They joined with the English Parliament in imploring him to conclude peace. He refused to sign the proposals tendered him, although to use the Englishman Whitelocke's words, "the Commissioners of Both Kingdoms on their knees begged of him to do it." What were they then to do with him? He would not make peace with them. If they took him into Scotland he must have gone as their prisoner. If he had never gone near them, they would have been compelled to leave England at that time; if they had been so signally blessed as to be five hundred miles away from him, they would have demanded at that time the money which was their due from the English Parliament. I have never come upon one syllable of proof that they got a penny more on account of having Charles in their camp than they would have got if he had never come thither; and what they did get was much less than they claimed. The mere juxtaposition of a few circumstances of treaty and payment, and the application to succeeding events of that grand maxim of fool's logic *post hoc propter hoc*, gave birth to the lie. The greatest Scotsman of that age, Alexander Henderson, died at Edinburgh soon after the Scotch army arrived from England, and Whitelocke tells us it was rumoured that he died "of grief because he could not persuade the king to sign the propositions," that is to say because Charles would not put it in the power of the Scots to agree with their allies, the English Parliament, in restoring him to his throne. Charles was subsequently executed, but at the time when the Scots army marched for Scotland, and for about a year afterwards, there was not a whisper of danger to his life. The English Lords and Commons concurred in a resolution that the king's residence in Holmby House, after the departure of the Scots, should be "with respect to the safety and preservation of his Majesty's person." The Scots actually stipulated that "no harm be done to his person;" and the sincerity of this stipulation was proved in three disastrous cam-

paigns, that of Preston, that of Dunbar, and that of Worcester, in which, with infatuated loyalty, Scotsmen poured out their blood like water for the preposterous father and the worthless son.

Had the Commissioners of Both Kingdoms managed their little business with Charles, they might possibly have found that they had still reckoned without their host. If the Presbyterian gentlemen had omitted to secure toleration for any who declined to accept the Covenant in the simplicity of its Presbyterian acceptation, they would have found Oliver and his "company of poor men," with their most unmanageable knack of handling the cold iron, in the way. Cromwell had signed the Covenant, and this alone is enough to convict him in the eyes of many of deceit and falsehood. But it is no more than justice to Henderson, Johnston of Warriston, and the earliest and wisest Covenanters, to say that they did not contemplate the enforcing of their Covenant in England as a rigid uniformity of Presbyterian system, but as a spiritual and intensely anti-Popish Protestantism; and Cromwell always maintained that, in this its deepest sense, he had been true to the Covenant. But it was one of his fixed principles that the "Godly party," the Ironsides, without whom the whole course of events might have been different, should have liberty to worship God as their consciences enjoined. The Presbyterians, in their negotiations with the king, were so anxiously bent on depressing the Sectaries that they were too likely to overlook this essential condition of any settlement which Cromwell would accede to: and if Cromwell had refused to accede to it, we may doubt whether all the support which King and Parliament could lend it would have sufficed to keep it up and to keep Oliver down. Charles, incapable of doing anything completely, could not come to terms with the Presbyterians while they were still dominant in the Houses, and we find him at Hampton Court in the summer of 1647 with the strings of many plots in his hands, but with neither the Presbyterians nor the Independents as yet extirpated.

The most obscure, perplexed, and bewildered period in the whole history of the Revolution is that in which the rupture finally took place between the Presbyterians and the Independents, and in which the essentials of power passed from the Parliament to the army. Whoever might win, the Presbyterians were from the first safe to lose. In revolutions of the

highest order, action and reaction run their course from extreme to extreme; the volcano volleys out its fire until the last shower of ashes has fallen, and then sinks back into rest, and the crater fills with snow. The French Revolution was of the highest order; France may be Legitimist or it may be Republican, but it will not be Girondist. The English Revolution was of the highest order; the action, therefore, was from Episcopacy to Independency, and the reaction from Independency to Episcopacy, the tide sweeping over Presbyterianism on both occasions. The main impulse of the Revolution was religious, and Cromwell represented this impulse in its most characteristic form. There is no doubt that he entered into negotiations with Charles. Mr. Carlyle, I cannot help thinking, goes with a gingerly quickness and caution over this section of Cromwell's history, but if we are content that heroic men need not be punctilious and romantic, we may survey it with equanimity. Any arrangement between Charles and Cromwell for the settlement of the kingdom must have embraced a fair reward for Cromwell's services, as well as a post of honour and importance for him in the administration. That Cromwell was to be chief minister of Charles, and commander of the forces, with the title of Earl of Essex; that abuses were to be removed in the Church, and toleration conceded to Presbyterians and Independents, Episcopacy being provisionally at least in abeyance; and that the Cavaliers were not to be permitted to vote in one or more general elections, — these, I take it, were the outlines of Cromwell's scheme. For the vulgar and the foolish mind it has, on Oliver's part, the aspect of a bargain, but so to call it is to mistake, as in the so-called bargain of the Scots with the Parliament, the accident of adjacency for organic connection. Such a settlement does not necessarily involve any but worthy motives on Cromwell's part. He represented, recollect, the Revolution; but the very fact that he represented its fundamental characteristics implies that he did not represent its extravagances. And it was precisely at this stage that the fundamental characteristics and main aims of the Revolution were in danger of being overpowered by the extravagances and aberrations to which its agitation had given birth. The army was in a state of fermentation; Republicans, Levellers, Fifth Monarchy men were in full cry. Oliver felt that what they vehemently but vaguely wanted was intensely different from what

he, along with Hampden and Pym, had through long dark years toiled to realize. He saw that, if the king went heartily along with him, the old monarchy might be wedded to freedom, his company of godly men be permitted to worship God according to their consciences, and the tumult of anarchy and fanaticism which was rising, and which he instinctively abhorred, be repressed.

Charles, perhaps for the first time in his life, had the opportunity offered him of leaning on a great, good, valiant, faithful man. But he could not do it. His mind, narrow, morbid, incapable, had not the sympathy necessary to the appreciation of greatness. He smiled and smiled on Cromwell, and tried to throw his glamour over him as he had thrown his glamour over Wentworth and Montrose; but he was now dealing with one who was more sagacious than Wentworth and more vigilant than Montrose. A whimsical contradictoriness drives the student of character who seeks a formula for that of Charles to despair. Every good quality had in him its attendant vice, every promising faculty its blighting weakness. A faithful betrayer, an ingenious bungler, a fool-hardy coward, an affectionate torturer, a cunning simpleton, a subtle fool, a religious liar, he never succeeded, and yet he always struck near enough to success to add poignancy to failure. It is almost incredible that a man so given to plots should be unable to keep a secret, and yet no fact is better established than that, when he had a stratagem in hand whose success depended wholly on its being kept secret and whose discovery would be ruinous, he could no more hide it than a girl of nine. The story that, when his negotiation with Cromwell was in its crisis, he put into black and white his consolatory reflection that, though he now spoke these knaves fair and offered them the Garter, it was a halter he designed them; that he committed the letter containing this announcement to some one who was to carry it, sewed up in a saddle, to a certain tavern to be thence conveyed to the Continent; and that Cromwell and Ireton went to the tavern, found means to read the letter, and then let it go on its way; this story is so true to the character of Charles, and so intelligible and likely on the side of Cromwell, that I see no reason to doubt its correctness. But we need not go farther than Clarendon to learn that the failure of the treaty took place because Cromwell discovered that Charles was playing false. Oliver, Clarendon tells us, complained that the king "had intrigues

in the Parliament, and treaties with the Presbyterians of the city to raise new troubles; that he had a treaty concluded with the Scotch Commissioners to engage the nation again in blood; and, therefore, he would not be answerable if anything fell out amiss, and contrary to expectation, &c." If, as I believe, Cromwell had, up to this point, retained something of his old English reverence and affection for his king, and had really wished, at the risk of his own life, to save him, can we not realize that his great proud heart would now be wounded beyond reconciliation, and that he would make up his mind that God had rejected Charles and his house from reigning over England?

A more solidly able man than Charles might have failed to see at that juncture that Cromwell was the only one who could steady his crown upon his head. The extirpation of the Independents by the Presbyterians seemed really in a fair way. A party in Scotland, — a large party, but not comprehending more than one in three of the Covenanters, if so many, and expressly discountenanced by the General Assembly of the Kirk, — embraced with enthusiasm the cause of the king, and rose in arms with a view to marching into England and rescuing him from Sectaries. An immense multitude of English Presbyterians sympathized with the movement, which would have been in the highest degree formidable had there been a man of commanding ability at its head either in England or in Scotland. The Presbyterian Royalists had valour and numbers, but failed hopelessly in directing ability. There was no rightly managed concert between the departments of the business in England and in Scotland, and the English insurrection was all but stamped out when the Duke of Hamilton led his Scots across the border. There were about 20,000 of them, but had there been 100,000 the perfectly imbecile leadership of Hamilton would only have made the disaster more complete. Cromwell displayed in the campaign no higher military qualities than courage and promptitude, but these were sufficient in dealing with an army in which ducal mismanagement drove the men frantic and made the Lieutenant-General beseech some one to shoot him through the head. Properly there was no battle of Preston. Cromwell was not once in action with the main army of the Scots. Those with whom he did engage "at a place near Winwick," fought in a way which he thus describes: — "We held them in some dispute till our army came up; they maintaining the pass with

great resolution for many hours; ours and theirs coming to push of pike and very close charges — which forced us to give ground; but our men by the blessing of God quickly recovered it, and charging very home upon them, beat them from their standing," &c. And it turns out that those Scots who thus kept Cromwell at bay for hours were merely some stray regiments, "commanded by a little spark in a blue bonnet, who performed the part of an excellent commander, and was killed on the spot." Hamilton is perhaps to be more pitied than blamed because he utterly lost his head in a situation which was too much for him, but there was really no general battle, for the Duke ordered Bailie to surrender when he was prepared to fight, and when he almost committed suicide for vexation and shame. Cromwell gave an order soon after that about 4000 prisoners should be put to the sword in the event of their becoming dangerous. The contingency did not occur, but the command shows that Cromwell had no more scruple than Napoleon in making use of the powers granted him by the laws of war.

The armed intervention of the Presbyterian Royalists, Scotch and English, had failed to re-establish Charles; but the Presbyterian party in Parliament, with a tenacity and courage which contrast favourably with the pusillanimity of the Girondins in abandoning Louis, continued to plead his cause. At last the Independents, acting by means of the army, forcibly ejected them to the number of about a hundred. This was in December, 1648; in January, 1649, Charles died on the scaffold before Whitehall. His death, which he suffered with perfect dignity and kingliness, was the one fortunate event of importance that ever occurred to him. He had now no chance, and it would have been sad for him to drag out a miserable and despised old age. His death brought back to him respect and pity, and it is well that men should think pitifully of one on whom fate was so hard. I fancy that the problem of his character, as well as that of his father, belongs in great measure to medical science. Neither of them was at all like the old Scottish Stuarts; and their history, and that of the nation they misgoverned, might have been very different if Mary, some months ere she became a mother, had not seen, at midnight in Holyrood, the spouting blood of David Rizzio, and the naked blades of his assassins, as he clung to her garment for protection.

Cromwell, who had done his best to bring the king to a reasonable arrangement, and who had received sternest attest-

ation of the calamity and bloodshed his obstinacy had caused, would feel more vividly than most men that, in relation to the Preston war at least, the guilt of blood was on the hands of Charles. The death of the King was due to him more than to any man, but there is not a particle of evidence that it ever occasioned his conscience a pang. The form of Government adopted after the execution of Charles, that of a Commonwealth administered by a Council of State and House of Commons, appears to have been regarded by him as provisional. He now had assurance that "the poor Godly People of this kingdom" should not "be made the object of wrath and anger" by those who denounced them as sectaries, and that there was no risk of a Cavalier reaction to bring "our necks under a yoke of bondage." He was in the Council of State, but there was at first no constant President, and when one was appointed, he was not Cromwell but Bradshaw. Oliver was named to the command in Ireland.

Towards Papists his feeling corresponded as closely as was in his time a possibility to the feeling of an ancient Hebrew, zealous for the Lord of Hosts, towards Midian or Moab. The Hebrew Bible was always in his hands and constantly on his tongue, the psalms of David and the prophecies of Isaiah being his favourite compositions. Next to these were the epistles of Saint Paul. We do not find that he read the Gospels much; and what a rude old-Hebrew version of Christianity Puritanism was at best is proved by the intensely un-Christlike tone of his letters from Ireland. I have no doubt he was sincere when he referred to the "remorse and regret" which massacres like that of Drogheda are fitted to "work." Doubtless also the terror he inspired hastened the termination of the war, and thus tended to "prevent the effusion of blood." Recollect also that he believed the garrison of Drogheda to consist of "barbarous wretches" who had "imbrued their hands in so much innocent blood," that is to say, who had been engaged in the Irish massacre. But Cromwell ought to have been very sure of this, and Mr. Carlyle says that the garrison put to the sword were English. I maintain that, since the defenders of Drogheda and of Wexford were regular soldiers, fighting under their colours, to put them, whether English or Irish, to the sword for meeting their assailants in the breach and proving themselves brave men, was an extreme and a cruel exercise of the rights of war. But what strikes me most painfully in these letters is a certain savage

hardness with which Cromwell seems to gloat over heart-rending circumstances. "Divers of the officers and soldiers being fled over the bridge, about 100 of them possessed St. Peter's Church steeple. . . . These, being summoned to yield to mercy, refused. Whereupon I ordered the steeple of St. Peter's Church to be fired, when one of them was heard to say in the midst of the flames, 'God damn me, God confound me; I burn, I burn.' . . . I believe all their friars were knocked on the head promiscuously but two; the one of which was Father Peter Taaff, whom the soldiers took the next day, and made an end of." Cromwell was in this instance inflamed to ferocity, and deep as is my respect for Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude, I think that the reprobation and resentment which such things awake in the mass of men ought to be encouraged rather than repressed. It is noticeable that Cromwell addressed his summons to strong places in Ireland in name not of the Commonwealth but of Parliament. He never exhibited a trace of that enthusiasm for a Republic which was a passion with several of those who sat with him in the Council of State.

Having quelled Ireland, Cromwell had once more to deal with the Scots. Duke Hamilton's enterprise had not been approved by the covenanting clergy, but they and the party in the Scotch Parliament which had agreed with them in discountenancing Hamilton were startled by the execution of the King and the proclamation of the Commonwealth. Charles II. was invited to assume the Royal authority in Scotland, and the little nation, dreadfully as its resources had been impaired by the Marston Moor expedition, the devastations of Montrose, and the catastrophe of Preston, raised a considerable army. It is interesting to observe the difference between Cromwell's treatment of the genuine Covenanters, on the one hand, and his treatment of the Irish Papist and of the Malignant or Pure-Royalist Scots of the Preston raid, on the other. Even Mrs. Hutchinson, who devotes to Cromwell one of the many bitter spites that found harbour in her saintly breast, is inclined to believe that he was reluctant to accept the command, and sincerely wished Fairfax to take it. The Scots were, he believed, under infatuation in imagining that the objects of the Solemn League and Covenant could be attained, except in the dead letter of them, by the proclamation of Charles II.; but he could not doubt that a number of them were of that Godly party which, as he was for ever saying, the Lord guarded as the apple of His eye, and which

it was terribly dangerous to hurt. It was, therefore, an infinite consolation when God shone upon him in the almost miraculous deliverance of Dunbar. He solemnly adjures the Presbyterian clergy not to shut their eyes to a revelation like that. He thinks it little better than blasphemy when the reverend gentlemen remark with coldness that they do not hang their faith upon events. "Did not you solemnly appeal and pray? Did not we do so too? And ought not you and we to think, with fear and trembling, of the hand of the great God in this mighty and strange appearance of His; instead of slightly calling it an 'event'? . . . The Lord pity you!" He has the appalling presumption to lecture even the General Assembly. "Is it therefore infallibly agreeable to the Word of God, all that *you* say? I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken." But on the whole, the tenderness with which he addresses the Scots is wonderful, considering how he wrote about friars. "If we know our hearts at all, our bowels do, in Christ Jesus, yearn after the Godly in Scotland." But neither the clergy nor the people could be persuaded to abandon Charles. Even after the crushing blow of Dunbar they protracted the struggle for upwards of a year, and if the hopeless project of an expedition into England had not been adopted, they might, as Cromwell told the Parliament, have made it very difficult work for the English in the succeeding winter. At Worcester the Scots were beaten down by overpowering numbers, but though Oliver, bent probably on securing the person of Charles, entreated them to yield to mercy, they sacrificed themselves to give their king a chance. From this time Oliver took an interest in Scotland somewhat like that which a parent might take in a child that he loved, but to which he had been under the necessity of administering a severe castigation. He spoke with pride and joy of the prospering of the Scots, especially the poor, under his rule. Johnston of Warriston, one of the original Covenanters, sat in his House of Lords, and Scotch Lockhart, who had been in the Preston welter, was Cromwell's highly distinguished French ambassador, and commanded the Parliament troops on the sand dunes near Dunkirk, when they drove before them the best soldiers of Spain.

After Worcester, Cromwell could not but feel that he was the first man in England. His victories had built him a pedestal on which he stood visibly above the rest of his contemporaries. It was im-

possible that he should regard with overpowering reverence the peeled and meagre Rump in which sat hardly one in four of the original Commons of the Long Parliament. For upwards of nineteen months he waited, and then, fiercely exclaiming that they were no Parliament, he turned the remaining members out of doors. He did so with a view to averting either of two dangers: first, the perpetuation of the Parliament; second, the election of a new Parliament by such a constituency that the Puritan cause would be placed in peril. The idea of a Parliament perpetually renewing itself as its members died out seems to have been that of Vane, and it has much to recommend it. The periodical convulsion fits of general elections, as we see them in England and in America, would be entirely avoided by Vane's plan, and it would prevent any danger which might supposably arise from the sudden landing of an enemy while Parliament was dissolved. But it was not the English method, and strong as was Vane's influence with Cromwell, it was not strong enough to unteach the lessons he had learned from cousin Hampden and from John Pym. On finding that Oliver was resolute against perpetuation, Vane and his party seem to have tried to hurry through the House a Bill for the election of a Parliament by the people in general. To do this, Cromwell knew, would be to run deadly hazard of a renewal of the war. He assumed the supreme authority, defending the step on the broad ground of necessity. "If the necessity I allege," he in effect said, "be a false or feigned necessity, I am a villain; but if it is a real necessity, the plea is sound." Mr. Bisset denies the fact of the necessity. Could not Cromwell, he asks, at the head of his army, have guarded the cause, and secured that the Parliament elected by the people should not wrest from the Puritans all they had been contending for? The reply is easy. A Parliament elected in the way supposed would have been vehemently opposed to Cromwell. This is perfectly certain, for even with all the safeguards he took, his Parliaments would not work until he excluded a large proportion of the members. To have let a Parliament vehemently opposed to him sit, would have been to endanger everything, including his own neck; and to turn three out of every four members from the door would have been to provoke insurrection. Oliver had not been two years in his grave when the sweeping away of the entire fabric of the Commonwealth, and the hurling down into con-

tempt and impotence of that Godly party against which, while he breathed, no tongue in Europe dared to wag, demonstrated that it was no feigned necessity of which he spoke.

As a ruler of England he strenuously endeavoured to restore in its essentials that ancient English freedom which it had been the aim of the Puritan heroes of the early time, Eliot, Hampden, Pym, to set on an immovable basis. Charles I. was a monarch chafing against constitutional fetters, abhorring Parliaments, grudging every concession to the patriots. Oliver was a monarch exerting his utmost ingenuity to bring into existence a free Parliament which might limit his power and vote his supplies. He welcomed the restoration of the House of Lords, for he had never objected to that House in itself, but only to its servility to the king and haughtiness to the people. He would have had no objection to be called a king, but he expressed his distrust of the hereditary principle, and said that, if they had in him the thing they wanted, they might avoid offending good men by giving him a particular name. He looked on himself, he said, as the Constable of the parish, useful in keeping the peace. Every sect, he mournfully declared, cried out for toleration to itself, but give it toleration, it immediately grudged toleration to others. He would, beyond question, have tolerated still more generously had he dared, being head and shoulders above the mass of his contemporaries in this matter. The magnificent energy, simplicity, integrity, and wisdom of his foreign administration are admitted. England mistook his intention for what we call Imperialism, which it was not, and, not understanding him, England most justly refused to be dazzled by his genius and his conquests into what she believed would be a final surrender of her liberties. But in ten years or less England could hardly have failed to discover that his aim was constitutionalism, and once this was discovered, all classes, aristocracy, gentry, and the body of the people, would have joined in clamorous and impassioned loyalty. Our history since his death has proved that England did not desire a fundamental change in her political institutions, and that a change of dynasty was a necessity. This is Oliver's complete vindication. There are no perfect characters, and I think that there was a vein of personal ambition, in the strict sense, in his composition, but history names few men greater, either morally or intellectually.

PETER BAYNE.

HIS LITTLE SERENE HIGHNESS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE "DORCHLAUCHTING" OF
FRITZ REUTER.

"SHEER nonsense!" cried his Highness, "all for the sake of the women! We shall have a bad day, and dear cousin shall see, we shall have a thunder-storm yet!" and with that he ran to the window and looked at the sky.

The young Duke had some experience of his Serene Highness's whims and oddities. He knew his hatred of women, and because, in his own opinion, this was a very foolish whim, he amused himself, secretly, in making sport of his Highness's antipathy. He knew also his terror of a thunder-storm, and was sorry for the old gentleman's distress, for he was a very kind-hearted man; so he said, "I do not believe that we shall get a storm; the weather looks to me too fine."

"No, no! They all say so, but they don't *know* it, either. The only one who knows is the old Conrector; but he knows for certain."

"What sort of a man is that?" asked Friedrich Franz.

"He is a clever old fellow, but he is a rough old fellow," said his Highness, with ill humor. "He understands how to contradict me, but he is very necessary to me in weather-matters. I must send for him."

"Wait a moment, dear Cousin," said the young Herr, "I will step out, myself, and take a look at the weather." And he went out.

Out in the market-place he looked up, and saw nothing but sunshine and clear sky; and as he walked around the Rathaus, to take a look on the other side, he saw bright sunshine in the street also, for there stood two couples, in full state and splendor. One couple was the Hofrath Altmann and his bride, who had just said adieu, and, with laughter and joking, took their way to Kunst's Rathskeller; and as they entered, he cried, "Kunst, a bottle of your best wine, and a glass of Muscatel for my dear bride, for the day is beginning merrily; Kägebein and Korlin Soltmann have gone to pay their respects to his Serene Highness."

The other pair, who were, if possible, in still better spirits, marched on proudly, and walked straight into the palace. As the Duke stepped into the hall, he found Rand in angry discussion with this couple, and he broke off abruptly with the words: "There comes his Serene Highness of Mechenburg-Schwerin; you can ask him about it yourself," and he hurried off, for his Highness's bell kept ringing.

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"What is it?" inquired Friedrich Franz, going nearer. Korlin Dorimene Soltmann was used to the atmosphere of courts, she dropped a courtesy, and looked down as if she were searching for pins on the floor; Kägebein was still too fresh to know how he ought to behave, and the great pleasure which he intended to give his Highness by his thanks for the title of Court-poet and the presentation of his bride, had gone to his head, and he had a sudden access of inspiration, and that elevates a man; so he forgot his manners, and began:

"The new Court-poet, sire, you see,
Formerly Advocate Kägebein,
This Dorimene, who stands by me,
And long a gracious Muse of mine,
Now fastened to me by Love's band,
And so I sit — and so — and so —"

He could get no further; Friedrich Franz began to laugh heartily, and said, "And so I sit upon the sand. Isn't it so? That was what you meant?"

Kägebein looked at him, wanted to say something fine, but unhappily could get nothing out; and to add to his distress, Rand came running through the hall:

"Now I must fetch the Conrector too!"

"Whom?" asked Friedrich Franz.

"Our Conrector, because of the thunder-storm."

"That is all nonsense," said the Duke.

"There will be no storm."

"Yes, Serene Highness of Mechenburg-Schwerin," replied Rand, shrugging his shoulders, "that may be so in Schwerin, but when we get a storm into our head here, it must come out," and with that he shuffled off.

"Eh, what stupidity!" cried Friedrich Franz, and he turned on his heel and opened the door of his Highness's cabinet, and said, "Herr Cousin, there will be no storm, you may rely upon —" He did not finish his sentence, for his Highness was staring stiffly beyond him, towards the door, and crying:

"What! What is this?"

The Duke turned round. There stood the Court-poet, dragging Korlin, who seemed a little disheartened, across the threshold.

"What does he want?" cried his Highness.

Kägebein bent his shoulders, and when he no longer beheld his Highness's agitated face, he recovered confidence, and began:

"Apollo and Venus here together stand,
Before great Jupiter to bow the knee,

To bend in deepest awe beneath his hand,
 Bearing the mighty sceptre graciously;
 A gentle bride this lady bright,
 The bridegroom I, her faithful knight.
 We crave — ”

“What does he want?” roared his Highness, in a rage.

“Dear cousin, dear cousin,” cried Friedrich Franz, “it is nothing dangerous — they want to marry.”

He said it good naturedly, but he was full of mischief, and he had to turn aside to conceal his amusement, for his Highness's aspect was anything but complaisant. He went up to the pair, slowly, silently, but with flashing eyes, and as Kägebein began to stammer something about “Love's arrows” and “Hymen's bands,” he broke out:

“You want to marry, do you? You want to marry, too? Want me to come to the wedding? The devil take your wedding! What do I care for it?”

Here the Schwerin Duke interposed, — for poor old Kägebein was to be pitied, — and said, “Dear cousin, it is quite suitable that your Court-poet should marry. Only think, if a poetic race should spring from this marriage, what a happiness it would be for your dominions, and for mine also! We have truly no superfluity of the article, and if in time a ‘Schwanen bund’ should be established on the Tollense, or the South Sea, or the Baltic, what glory it would reflect upon our government!”

“The devil take the old poets!” said his Highness, but less violently than before. “This is all a trick of old Hofrath Altmann's.”

“He must be a brave man, if he advised them to it.”

“Devil take him!” said his Highness, “he is only so so. Well, now go! Get married, in Heaven's name! But leave me in peace! Now go; I will have no more of you, and you are to make no more poems for me. You can make some for my sister Christel and the Kammerjungfer here, — they can stand it. Now go!”

And after many obeisances, the poor old Court-poet and his Dorimene withdrew; and Friedrich Franz, in his merry good humor, followed them to the door, and slapped the poet on the shoulder, saying, “Yes, only go, only go! And if the dear Herr Cousin will have nothing more to do with your poetry, why, I am here still; you can dedicate a sheaf or two of your poems to me at any time.”

“Yes,” cried Kägebein, and his eyes sparkled, “I have a very select piece, ‘The

Beauty of the Bakery, or the Leap through the Blackthorn.”

“That is right. I like such things,” said Friedrich Franz, pushing the poet across the threshold; “but now go!”

This was easily said, and the poet went off with his yellow, golden treasure; but they did not go far, for out of the window of the Rathskeller looked a couple of faces, which belonged to the Herr Hofrath Altmann and the Rathskellermeister Kunst, on which fun was dancing as a Punchinello dances on a wire; and Kunst cried, “Good heavens! Is it possible? The new Court-poet and Korlin Soltmann! Come in, children! We are merry here to-day. Karl! Where is he then? Karl!”

The new Court-poet and Korlin Dorimene came in, and Kunst cried, “Karl, a couple of glasses for their worships!” and the mischievous old Hofrath asked, “Was he not very much pleased, our old Serene Highness?”

The poet was still so embarrassed that he could not reply with a rhyme, and was near coming out with the whole truth; but Dorimene had not spent years at the Court for nothing. She had great presence of mind, and told fibs, without hesitation, for the honor of her future husband, saying that his Serene Highness had been much pleased, and Serene Highness was a splendid old gentleman; and the Duke of Schwerin, — well, she would say nothing about him; and they had been treated with the greatest kindness.

“They were turned out,” whispered the spiteful old Hofrath in the Rathskellermeister's ear.

Then the door opened, and in walked old Cooper Holzen.

He had put on his long blue Sunday coat, but he retained his leather apron, since his trousers were not quite presentable; and in this attire he seated himself in Kunst's arm chair, which stood behind the stove, fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, pulled out four groschens in Mechenburg shillings, laid them on the table, and said, very distinctly and with great emphasis: “Herr Rathskellermeister, a great glass of French wine!”

“Karl! Yes, I have several kinds of French wines; there is Grawes, and Langkork, and sweet Muscatel.”

“Then give me Grabow's.”

“Karl! A great glass of Grawes!”

“You must have wondered that I have disturbed you so little, but it was not from lack of good will. However, the world turns round, — they sold my house and garden, — but the world turns round, —

house and garden may come back, — what has been may be again."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the Hofrath, from his post at the window, "there comes the Conrector, with his Dürten Holzen on his arm, and Rand walking alongside, and they are going directly to the palace."

"What the devil! What does that mean? Has my brother-in-law gone crazy?"

"This is strange!"

So it went, back and forth; everybody was surprised, only old Cooper Holzen stretched up his long body, and clapped the Advocate on the shoulder: "Herr Advocate, it is not strange to me — the world turns round, — what lies under must come uppermost, — house and garden, — Serene Highness himself lay on my Stining's bed, and my Dürten will be Frau Conrector. The world turns round, and our own Serene Highness has done it."

"Truly!" cried the Hofrath, and he ran to the window on the other side, "the Conrector and Dürten Holzen have gone into the palace."

And so it was; the Herr Conrector went, with his Dürten, into the palace, and when they came into the hall, he took Dürten to a chair, and said:

"Sit down here!"

The Herr Kammerdiener Rand sprang up and said, "Herr Conrector, I asked you before, in your own house, what shall Dürten do? What does this mean? What shall —"

The Conrector turned half round, and answered, over his shoulder: "Nothing shall! Do you understand me? I will," and with that he went into his Highness's cabinet.

As he entered the room, his Highness came up to him, and asked, "Conrector, shall we have a thunder-storm to-day?" And Friedrich Franz said, at the same moment, "It is impossible! Is it not? Where should a thunder-storm come from, to-day?"

The old Conrector made a low bow to his own Serene Highness, and then turned to Friedrich Franz, and said:

"Serene Highness of Schwerin, I am an old schoolmaster, and I hope I have done my duty all my life. I cannot make the weather, however, nor can I prophesy; for the old prophets are dead, and the new ones are bitten with madness. But I did not come here to-day about that. Serene Highness," and he turned to his own gracious sovereign, "in the Nemerow Wood, the other day, you brought a poor woman

into shame and disgrace, and this brave girl is my bride."

"Now he has a bride, too! Another bride! All three of them!" cried his Highness, springing up from his chair.

"Yes," said the Conrector, "Dürten Holzen is my bride, and a brave bride;" and with that he turned and opened the door: "Dürten, come in! And this is she."

"What do I care for your brides?" cried his Highness, rushing about the room. "What have I to do with your brides?"

"What you have to do with other people's brides, I do not know," said the Conrector, quietly; "I do not meddle with your affairs; but what you have to do with my bride, I do know. You see, there she stands," — and Dürten stood — how she stood! — pale, but ready at any time to take her solemn oath that hers was a just cause, though for greater security she had grasped the Conrector's hand, — "and now tell her, Serene Highness, that what happened there was a mistake!"

"Go along with you! Go along with you!" cried his Highness. "I will have no more of your nonsense!"

"No, Serene Highness, we cannot go like that. I know very well that you cannot correct the mistake before all the people who heard what you said in the Nemerow Wood, and I do not ask it; it is enough for me and my Dürten, if, in the presence of your worshipful relation of Schwerin," — here he made a low bow to Friedrich Franz, — "you will merely say, you did not mean it so."

"What is all this about?" asked Friedrich Franz.

"Stupid nonsense!" cried his Highness. "Matrimony, nothing but matrimony! This foolish old fellow wants to marry, too."

"I will tell you, Serene Highness of Schwerin," said the Conrector. "This maiden here, Dürten Holzen, who is now my bride, stood up in defence of her sister Stining, whom you know, for she is the young maiden who took care of his Highness at the time of his accident; and his Highness called her a person, and made very unkind remarks about her, as if she were in pursuit of a husband, and of me in particular."

Here Dürten sank down, inch by inch.

Friedrich Franz had, up to this time, taken a very serious view of the matter; for the old Conrector appeared to be very much in earnest, and Dürten looked as if the last judgment were just at hand; but when he looked at the two standing there,

and imagined Dürten in pursuit of the Conrector, the barriers of his seriousness gave way, and the most irresistible merriment took possession of him. With an uncommonly hearty laugh, he exclaimed, "Dear cousin, dear cousin! You keep a very entertaining Court!"

Dear cousin was at a loss what to say; but the old Conrector had still something on his mind which he wished to express.

"Serene Highness of Schwerin, if you choose to laugh, I cannot prevent you; and it does not disturb me, for you are not my sovereign."

"That is true," said Dürten to herself, in a low tone; "he is not our sovereign."

"But to you, Serene Highness of Mechlenburg Strelitz," continued the Conrector, drawing himself up to his full height, "I address my speech. What will the world say, a hundred or a thousand years hence, of a Duke of Mechlenburg, who was unjust to his most faithful subjects? Would it not reflect upon the Crown?"

"Reflect upon the Crown," repeated Dürten quietly.

"What do you want? I am willing to say that she has made no pursuit of you. And what more would you have?"

"Dear cousin," said Friedrich Franz, who had, meanwhile, taken a survey of Dürten, "you must also say that Dorothea Holzen is a very capable and intelligent maiden, and well fitted to make a happy home for the Herr Conrector."

"I will say that, too; but now go!"

"Dürten, are you satisfied with that?" asked the Conrector.

"I am satisfied," said Dürten, and she made a deep courtesy to Serene Highness of Strelitz and Serene Highness of Schwerin, and went out with the Conrector.

"I shall not come to the wedding, though!" called his Highness, after them.

"It is not necessary, Serene Highness," said the Conrector, on the threshold. "It will be a very quiet one."

"Rand!" cried his Highness, "run after him, and ask him if there will really be a thunder-storm to-day?"

The Conrector went, with his Dürten, across the market-place; but it happened to him as to the Court-poet, he did not go very far; for as he was passing the Rathskeller, the windows were raised, and Hofrath Altmann called to him, "Conrector, come in! There are two bridal couples here, already!"

The Court-poet was leaning out of the other window, and declaiming something across the market-place, which no human

soul understood, and possibly not he himself;—and behind him old Cooper Holzen stretched out his long, lean neck, and said, "Come in, Herr Son-in-law, I am here too." "Good heavens!" exclaimed Dürten; "since yesterday the old man seems to be possessed. What is he doing at the Rathskeller?"

But Kunst himself ran out into the street, and the little fellow was truly in earnest; he sprang upon the Conrector and grasped his two hands, tugging and pulling at them as if he must first ascertain if they really belonged to the Conrector and were genuine, then he embraced him, crying, "Brother-in-law! brother-in-law! Shall we two be parted for a single foolish joke of mine? You cannot mean that."

"Good gracious!" cried Dürten, "my old father! See! see! he has real wine in his glass. Come, we must go in; he will make us trouble else."

And the Conrector embraced his brother-in-law, and said, "Kunst, the most foolish tricks sometimes turn out well, and your foolish joke has turned out well for me. Look here, — Dürten Holzen is my bride."

"I know it, I know it. Baker Schultsch was over here before daylight this morning, and has trumpeted it all over the market. And Dürten, my dear sister-in-law, are you still angry with me?"

"No, Kunst, forgive and forget! But you will not get our cane!"

"I don't want it," said the little fellow, and he ran back, under the great archway, which is the especial pride and glory of the Nigen-Bramborg Rathhaus, and cried, "Karl, the great arm-chair out of the comptoir for my brother-in-law! Karl, my wife must come, — Dürten Holzen is here!"

As they came into the room, Hofrath Altmann stepped up with his bride, and cried, "That is right, Conrector; we have both lost our bowl of punch."

And Kägebein pressed forward, with a great glass of wine, and declaimed:

"Cupid's darts have pierced thy heart,
Dürten fast is bound to thee;
Therefore joyful drink with us,
From the foaming beaker free!"

And Kunst cried, "Karl, we must have the musicians!"

And old Cooper Holzen went up to Dürten with his glass of "Grabow's," and said,

"Dürten, haven't I always said so? What lies under must come uppermost. House and garden —"

"Father, father, how did you come here at the Rathskeller, carousing in this way?"

"Dürten, the world turns round; Serene Highness has lain on Stining's bed; Stining goes this morning to Serene Highness to ask a favor—house and garden. See! There she goes, now!"

"Truly!" cried Dürten, running to the window, "she is going to the palace! Stining, you must not——"

Bang! Hofrath Altmann shut the window down before her nose. "Let her alone! To-day is a good day, and his Highness ought to be mellowed by this time."

Stining crossed the market-place, going to the palace, but she walked as if she were going to church; she looked neither to the right nor to the left; she was wholly absorbed in her thoughts, and her thoughts were fixed upon her only happiness in life, upon her Wilhelm. In the church, and over the eternal craving of poor human hearts, reigns another Lord than in the most regal of palaces; but her thoughts were not therefore unhallowed, and she might at this moment have entered the church, and, in her trouble and her passionate love, asked of the great God, with as pure and innocent a heart, the favor which she was about to ask of an earthly sovereign; for what she meant to ask was in her eyes the very foundation and keystone of the altar, on which she would place her humble offering to the Lord—an honest home.

"Come, now, what do you want?" asked Rand, as she entered the palace.

"I wish to speak to Serene Highness," said Stining.

"We have had enough of that to-day," said the Herr Kammerdiener, "you can just go home again."

"No," said Stining, very gently, but also very decidedly, "I was ordered to come here; the Schwerin Duke and Serene Highness himself gave me the order."

"Come, I believe you!" said Rand, rather loudly. "What has Serene Highness to do with giving orders? Serene Highness has *nothing at all* to do with giving orders,—that is *my* business. You——"

He got no further, for Wilhelm Halsband stood between him and Stining, and said, "And she *shall* go to his Serene Highness!"

"She shall *not*!" cried Rand; "and you may go back to the servant's hall, and wait till you are sent for."

"She *shall*!" cried the runner, and he threw open the door of the ante-chamber, and pulled Stining across the threshold.

"You shall pay dearly for this!" cried Rand, in great wrath; but he stopped abruptly, for before him stood the young Duke of Schwerin, and asked, with a mocking smile, "Why so violent, my dear Rand?"

Rand was violent; the horrible feeling which a regular Kammerdiener must always carry about with him, that he has really nothing to command, overpowered him; he seemed to himself like a lamb set apart for the slaughter, and in these circumstances his usual Kammerdiener superiority failed him. He had no longer the Court air in his nostrils; he had, in fact, scarcely any air at all, and he panted out: "What they want—what he wants—what she wants—what they all want—I know, they want to marry."

And the mocking smile about Friedrich Franz's mouth grew more derisive as he looked at the Herr Kammerdiener in his helpless rage; but as when a cloud floats over a meadow, this mocking light disappeared, and the bright sunshine of human love shone on his face as he turned to Stining and looked into her blue eyes. Not always pure is the glance that falls upon a young maiden, and with him it may often have been otherwise; but at this moment his glance was as pure as the sunlight, and it shone into Stining's eyes, as when the sunbeams shine into the blue heavens, and he asked: "Do you, then, wish to marry? And will you have this young man for your husband?"

"Yes, Herr," said Stining, looking the Duke in the eye, as if the blue heavens gave answer in truth and loyalty, "yes, Herr, he is my bridegroom; but Serene Highness will not release him from his service as runner, and this is the favor I am going to ask."

"And you shall not ask in vain," said Friedrich Franz. "Come!"

With that, he led Stining into his Highness's cabinet.

The Herr Kammerdiener Rand stood in the ante-chamber and growled at the runner: "And so you want my place?"

"I never thought of it, Rand."

"Thought! Thought! You meant to have it! For all me, you may grow gray in it, and much good may it do you! The devil a bit do I care!"

And, with that, the brave old Kammerdiener ran out of the door, and Wilhelm Halsband ran after him, crying, "Rand! Rand!" but he gave no heed, and ran directly over into Krischan Schultz's tap-room.

And Wilhelm Halsband sat in the ante-

chamber, and listened with one ear to what was going on there, and with the other he heard, from the Rathskeller:

"So leben wir, so leben wir, so leben wir alle Tage,

for the musicians were playing the Des-sauer March, and all were singing in chorus, while the old Conrector's voice was distinctly audible as leader. But what he heard from his Highness's cabinet was more lovely for him than any song, for Stining's words sounded in his ear like the singing of the bullfinch in the early spring, through storm and rain.

Inside, with his Highness, was both storm and rain; on the part of his Highness, storm,—on Stining's, rain; but gradually it grew stiller, and then the door opened, and Stining came to her Wilhelm, took him by the hand and led him into the room, and said:

"Serene Highness, this is my Wilhelm."

"That is your Wilhelm, is it? And I was going to maké the rascal my Kammerdiener. This is the fourth, this morning."

"Yes, truly," interposed Friedrich Franz. "This is a blessed day for betrothals. But of all four I like these the best. If dear cousin would only notice what a handsome couple!"

"What do I care for handsome couples?" cried his Highness, angrily. "The fellow has always pleased me, and I wanted to make him my Kammerdiener."

"A runner would not make a good Kammerdiener," remarked Friedrich Franz.

"But old Rand grows too confoundedly clever for me,—knows everything better than I do!" cried his Highness.

"Dear cousin has many servants to select from; and then you promised this little maiden a favor——"

"Yes, yes," cried his Highness, running up and down the room, "I have said it,—pledged myself,—pledged myself," and here, for the first time, he looked at Stining nearer. "Yes, it is the same one who was in the Nemerow Wood,—I said something to her injury then,—pledged myself. Well, take him, then! But now, off with you! I will have no more of you!"

The runner knew his master. He made a bow, Stining a courtesy, and, in silent blessedness, they left the room.

"So," said his Highness, quite exhausted, "dear cousin must excuse me. I am too infirm, too feeble, I must lie down on my bed. And the devil may send still more of the same kind," he added, venomously. "Where is Rand?"

Friedrich Franz touched the bell, and a lackey came in.

"Where is Rand?" asked his Highness. "He has gone out a little while, this morning, Serene Highness."

"He may stay away altogether!" cried his Highness. "Come!" And, bowing to the Duke of Schwerin, he retired to his sleeping apartment.

The runner and Stining started to cross the market-place, but they also did not go far. The company at the Rathskeller, meanwhile, were in full swing with their wine and music; but some of them had been on the watch, nevertheless, and had tormented their brains as to the result of Stining's errand. And now Stining and her Wilhelm came out of the palace, and the old Hofrath, who had a sharp scent for such matters, cried:

"I wager twelve bottles of wine there is another bridal couple!"

And then the whole company rushed out into the street to congratulate them, with the exception of old Cooper Holzen and Dürten, for Dürten had arrested her father under the arch by the tails of his Sunday coat, and said: "Father, father! I beg of you, for goodness' sake, there will be an uproar yet, and what have we burgher people to do with it?"

"The old man was not disposed to obey orders, and cried, 'Burgher people? The world turns round. What lies under must come uppermost.' But Dürten held fast.

And Kunst cried again and again for "Karl!" and went up to the new couple with wine-glasses, and the musicians stood at the window and played, and the poet Kägebein stood before the Nigen-Bram-borg Rathhaus, and declaimed across the market-place:

"What a day is this for lovers!

Stining also has her runner,
The Conrector has his Dürten,
And the worthy Hofrath Altmann
Has this gracious lady here;
Dorimene to me is dear!"

Through this joyous tumult glided a young maiden, and her flaxen ringlets were blowing in the wind, and her hand shielded a face flushed with happiness and shame; and she sprang to her old father, and cried, "Father! father! All will be well now!"

And she laid her head on her sister's breast and wept bitterly, and said, "Dürten! Dürten! You have been everything to me! You have been like my dear mother!"

"Σὺ δὲ μοι πότνια μητήρ," said a voice, which came from behind a pillar; but Stin-

ing and Dürten did not notice, and had no time to do so, for at this moment Baker Schultsch came over with her Krischan, and rushed up to the two sisters.

"Well, this is a fine business! Preserve us! I had a wedding myself, and you may believe me, Dürten, my relatives were not of a bad sort, for there were seventeen dairy-farmers there, with their wives and children; and what that means — but what does that signify? You are crying!"

Schultsch was right — they were crying: and Schultsch was right in not asking the reason, but stepping quietly aside and dragging her Krischan after her.

And on the fine old market-place of Nigen-Bramborg everybody was looking out from their doors and windows; and from my old friend Hagemann's house, on the left, down to the Golden Ball, and from Blauert's corner on the right to the other corner, where the Herr von Boltenstern kept an apothecary shop and three dogs, they all stuck out their heads; and the Princess Christel looked down from Buttermann's second story, dressed in her short hussar jacket and buckskin breeches, and as the quondam Kammerjungfer, Dorimene, perceived her former worshipful mistress in such festive array, she courtesied to her across the market-place, and drank with profound reverence the glass of Muscatel which she held in her hand. And the Princess Christel? Well, she ordered a fresh glass of port wine, and drank it to the honor of her brave old Kammerjungfer, across the market-place.

So, now, this is really the end of the story; but it is with a story just as it is with one's accounts at New Years; when one says to himself, "So, now you have settled everything," then come the city-musicians, and the night-watchmen, and the chimney-sweeps. For the office of chimney-sweep, in this story, I have chosen a very distinguished gentleman, namely, the Duke of Schwerin, Friedrich Franz himself.

After his Highness retired to his bed, Friedrich Franz lay in the window, and watched the great rejoicings at the Rathskeller. It was with him as with other princes on their travels, — he had not much to do, and the peculiar arrangements which his Highness of Strelitz had made in his cabinet, in his anxiety about thunder-storms, were not of a kind to afford him any special amusement, and his Highness's Court servants were also of a kind, which seems to me as when I have ordered of my shoemaker comfortable calf-skin boots, and he brings me, instead, some of

heavy cow-hide, which pinch my corns, so that I become quite discontented with our German affairs. Then thought Friedrich Franz, "Why should you bore yourself with these cow-hide cavaliers, and his Serene Highness, and the corns? Why not seek for something to amuse yourself?" So he went over to the Rathskeller, and there found something amusing.

As he entered the room, Schultsch came in his way, and she cried, "Huching! the Schwerin Duke! And, Serene Highness, you are the man that Stining and Halsband, you are the man that the Conrector and Dürten, and you are the man that the stupid old Advocate and the Hofrath, and my Krischan and me —"

"Mother," cried Krischan Schultz, stopping her abruptly, "your tongue runs away with you. Don't be offended, Serene Highness! I don't know her, myself, this morning."

And the Hofrath came up, with his bride, and greeted him, and Kunst came forward with his everlasting great tankard, and the Conrector came with his Dürten, and was going to say something; but the Duke interrupted him. "Herr Conrector," said he, "I have seen you this morning, and have been uncommonly pleased with you. Would you accept the place of Rector in the Fredericianum, at Schwerin?"

The old Conrector made a low bow, and said:

"Too great an honor for me, Herr! But our school here in Bramborg is a city school, and when I was young and insignificant the magistrates appointed me here, and the magistrates have always treated me well, — they are rather late about paying the salary, to be sure, — and the foolish boys, — for example, Pagel Zarnewitz, though he does vex one sometimes, — but, Herr, these foolish boys have quite grown into my heart. And now here, you see, this is my Dürten, and she is a Bramborg child. You will not be offended, if I prefer to remain here; for Dürten would not like to go among strangers.

"Very true," said Friedrich Franz, and was about to add something more, but old Cooper Holzen interrupted him.

"Serene Highness of Schwerin, I have already had the honor of speaking with you, this morning. With your permission, this is my family; this is my Conrector, and this is my runner;" and he presented his two daughters, a good deal in the style of the old sea-captain, Stypmann of Stralsund, who, as he walked with the Crown Prince of Prussia, afterwards the fourth king of his name, Friedrich Wil-

helm, through the streets of Stralsund, passed beneath a balcony, at a third story window, and pointed up: "Royal Highness, my three daughters!"

Friedrich Franz did not pay much attention, but went up to the runner and Stining. "Come, how is it with you?"

"Serene Highness," said Wilhelm Halsband, "I have secretly learned the cooper's trade, with my father-in-law, and now I must get myself registered as an apprentice, and then spend three years in travelling."

"Pooh!" said Friedrich Franz, "that is a far-off prospect!"

Stining looked melancholy, and her old father said, "Serene Highness of Schwerin, he is a skilful cooper; he can make you a great mash-tub and a great cask, and not use a straw of rushes; but unless he can get a dispensation, he must travel."

"Well, old friend," said the Duke, "we will see if we cannot persuade our beloved cousin to give him a dispensation for his desperation. I shall stay here until tomorrow, and this evening you shall know. So now, farewell!"—and he gave a hand to Stining and Dürten,— "and now may you all be very happy, good people!"

Then he went away, and Kunst broke out: "Hurrah! Long live the Duke of Schwerin!" and all cried "Hurrah!" and "Hurrah!" and the musicians blew; and

when they were all quiet again, Kunst said, "Yes, children, now we will all be happy!"

"We are so, already, Kunst," said Dürten, with decision. "What? Do you think that the performance of last Christmas Eve is to be repeated? No," said she, and took her Conrector's arm, saying, "Come with me, now!" and she marched off with him, out of the door. And the other bridal couples followed, and Baker Schultsch with her Krischan and the old cooper brought up the rear.

Friedrich Franz looked again out of the palace window, and as he saw the procession crossing the market-place, he said to himself, with great satisfaction:

"Yes, truly! A right blessed morning for betrothals! Now, the dispensation for the runner!"

Each went to his home, only the runner and Stining and the old cooper went home with the Conrector, and when the good old man came into his room, he took off his Sunday coat, to spare it, and sat down, in his shirt-sleeves, at his little house-organ, and sang with a loud voice:

"Unser Ausgang segne Gott,
Unser Eingang, gleichermassen!"

And all joined in the song, and when it was ended they were silent.

And I, too, have sung my song, and will now be silent.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, writing on the subject of the economy of fuel, says he has "long been of opinion that common white chalk would prove a valuable heat raiser and retainer, and would to a considerable extent save the consumption of coal. I commenced some experiments with my steam boilers some years ago; but the prejudice of my engineer and stokers prevented any success worth speaking of. Within these last few weeks, however, I have commenced my experiments anew, and have succeeded perfectly in making a saving of nearly 25 per cent. in coal." That is, he has practically reduced the cost of fuel from 54s. per ton to 40s. 6d. per ton. The writer states that the mixture would be applicable with great advantage to ships and locomotive engines. He says:—"From the intense heat the chalk gives off in consumption, I am satisfied for locomotive engines it would prove an enormous benefit, reducing the weight of fuel to be carried, and preventing the suffocating smoke

from the furnace we all occasionally suffer from in railway travelling. These remarks will also apply to the heating of gas retorts and sea-going steam vessels, and, indeed, in almost all instances where fire is the great active principle." But, of course, to most people it will be from a domestic point of view that such experiments will be regarded with interest. On this point the writer states:—"For domestic purposes I feel satisfied it will prove highly useful, especially in kitchen ranges, large close stoves, or any kind of furnace, the only drawback for use in the dwelling house that might arise would be the probable spilling of any of the lime on the carpets in removing the ashes; and this, of course, a little care would prevent." The proof of every pudding is in the eating. That proof can be given of the satisfactory working of this mixture of coal and chalk is probable from the fact that the inventor asks members of the Society of Arts to go and see it in operation at 8, Finsbury-place, North, E.C. Once a Week.

From Fraser's Magazine.

CHARLES DE MONTALEMBERT.*

FROM hero-worship to biography — from such fictions as the author of the *Chronicles of Carlingford* can produce to such portraits as she can paint — there is only one step. Accordingly, a new biography from her hand is welcome, and we can believe that this memoir of M. de Montalembert has been to Mrs. Oliphant a thoroughly sympathetic piece of work. More finished than the *Life of St. Francis*, it bears also fewer marks of haste, but she must forgive us for thinking it inferior in execution and movement to her excellent *Life of Edward Irving*. The difference between the subjects made this probable; the difference between the creeds and races perhaps made it unavoidable. For Mrs. Oliphant is of one kindred and tongue with the orator who so passionately tried to throw over the Kirk of Scotland, "the most severe and uncompromising of Christian churches," a light that never was on sea or shore. She could learn from kinsfolk and acquaintance many details of the Scottish drama which was to assume at last all the proportions of a tragedy, but, great as is her power of sympathy, Mrs. Oliphant could hardly denationalize herself enough to measure correctly the influences that surrounded M. de Montalembert. We have here a Frenchman who, with a few ardent Catholics, is to attempt a Catholic revival between the pauses of two French revolutions; and the subject, perhaps from its very strangeness and novelty, has attracted her. The memoir is carefully elaborated, and yet it lacks completeness, while Mrs. Oliphant is too often betrayed into indulgence for her hero's sentimental pedantries, perhaps because she has tried to write a biography of which French Catholics in general and the Montalembert family in particular should have no reason to complain.

The book opens with an account of Charles de Montalembert's childhood, which was almost entirely spent in the society of his grandfather, the Indian merchant and naturalist, Mr. James Forbes. This pair of friends, an old man and a young child, when living in the library at Stanmore, make a picture pleasant to the mind and to the eye, and there the little Charles grew in knowledge and reverence and docility, and in that ready, charming, spontaneous docility of the heart, which

was at once the blessing and the weakness of his life. When what Mrs. Oliphant terms "the soft tranquillity of those narrow childish skies" was exchanged, after Mr. Forbes' death, for a colder and rougher atmosphere, the boy had been already in great measure formed. When college succeeded to school, early habits gave place to early plans, for already we hear this very young reasoner determine to write a great work on the philosophy of Christianity, and then, again, these early plans get mixed up with early friendships, with Rio, who was to be the associate of his future labours, and with the Abbé Studach, who first opened to Montalembert that portion of the world of German speculative thought to which Schelling had given a Catholic tinge.

He travelled also, until the year 1830, that which followed the death of his sister Elise, saw him established in Paris, a Paris just entering on a new year of disquiet.

The first French Revolution, so far from correcting kings or exhausting the explosive forces of France, had left the country watchful and irritable; and if some looked on that condition with hope, others again could only regard it with dread or with disgust. And France was not religious. She had a church, the work of Napoleon and of a Concordat; but, in the new heavens and new earth which had, so to speak, appeared after the subsidence of the great deluge, the religious element was wanting, and Catholicism seemed, to use Montalembert's own expression, to be a corpse, with which nothing remained to be done but charitably to bury it. The pious and liberal gifts of more than forty generations had perished with them; the 40,000 fiefs and arrière-fiefs once held by the Gallican Church, when taken from her grasp, had accrued to a horny-handed peasantry; and, after a thousand years of life, the religious orders had ceased to exist.

In other countries Catholicism had also much to depress her, and much to deplore, but France had been the scene of her greatest disasters; and so France ought to be, in the opinion of young Montalembert and his friends, the scene of her most striking revival. And their wish became father to the event. What a Stolberg, a Balmès, a Thun, or a Galitzine did in other lands was outdone in France, until the Church there grew to count among her champions all the country had noblest, most cultivated, and best.

Their enthusiasm was contagious. Yet the saddest part of their history is that theirs was nothing but an enthusiasm:

* *Memoir of Count de Montalembert*. By Mrs. Oliphant. William Blackwood and Son, 1872. Edinburgh and London.

that whatever force the movement possessed expended itself in emotional discussions, and emotional articles and emotional measures; that it seemed to lend its countenance to a clergy guilty of teaching the miracle of La Salette; and that, after one splendid anachronism, it collapsed. Not, however, without raising the tone of a portion of the society that surrounded them, for that was true which Mme. Swetchine said in writing of Paris: "It is true that nowhere is God more sinned against than He is here, but that nowhere is He also more loved." How Montalembert and his friends loved, and how their love, when diverted from its legitimate objects, God and the country, and deprived of its legitimate expression, was maimed and crippled by its subservience to Rome, it will be the business of this paper to show.

The most prominent of this band of friends was M. La Mennais, so unprophetically christened *Félicité*. A Catholic, a Royalist, and above all a Breton, he was the very man to head a religious movement. Already in middle life, his bold pages had for some years stirred the minds of the thinking classes in France. Most likely from his temper to be a keen partisan, he was as likely to become a journalist as a reformer. Accordingly when Montalembert came *accouru du fond de l'Irlande*, as he says, to join a society whose watchwords were "God and Liberty," his first visit was to La Mennais. On every point they can hardly have agreed, since La Mennais was a Republican, with a brain that, like that of Buchez, teemed with social extravagances. As "helpers of humanity," however, he and his young disciple soon stood pledged to one another; the *Avenir* journal was started, and Montalembert, who had felt his life objectless and tasteless, found it transfigured when following in the channel of Catholic liberty.

And on the horizon, which he felt to be always widening, a new star was yet to rise.

In the autumn of that year he first met Henri Lacordaire, and he saw in him a priest in very deed, a teacher elect to suffering, "one predestined to genius and to glory." It is needless to say that a strong friendship was made between them, though at first the two men seem to have exchanged their rôles since the *Avenir* was suspended for two papers, which were the work of Lacordaire, while Montalembert's mind was occupied in deciding whether he would or would not become a priest. He finally decided against it, and then ex-

pended his spare energies in opening a school which was speedily closed by the police, and in writing warnings in the *Avenir*—warnings to France which read like the knell of a society and of a country. By these remarks the *Avenir* was brought into collision with the authorities and suspended. This, as we know, was not to be Montalembert's last experience of this sort of political situation, and just now, even though it startled him, it did not depress him. He and his colleagues were young, and as Lacordaire wrote, "However cruel time may be, it can take nothing from the happiness of the year that is just gone." To understand the expression one must have been young oneself, or have been born when religion was hardly named in France. Then to have lived to see the revival of faith, and the resuscitation of such charitable orders as that of St. Vincent de Paul, might well have caused a joy which the police of Louis Philippe could not take away. . . . "Those men," Lacordaire adds, "who have not lived in both periods, can never represent to themselves what was the passage from the one to the other. As for us, we, who have been of both epochs, who have seen the shame and the honour, our eyes at the recollection fill with unsummoned tears, as we give thanks to Him who is *unspeakable* in His gifts."

More coadjutors now added themselves to the young reformers. Albert de la Ferronays, young, gifted, and supersensitive, was there; and thither came the Père Gerbet, afterwards Bishop of Perpignan, that "mystic angel" who was such a fit director for Alexandrine de la Ferronays, and upon whose wonderful *Credo de la Douleur* many a sobbing face has surely been pressed; there also Rio reappeared, full of impulses toward mediæval art, and of love for that Italy to which, in November 1831, when the *Avenir* had fairly made shipwreck, the little colony transferred themselves.

With no small emotion they found themselves actually in Rome, and under the shadow of St. Peter's chair. They burned with high hopes that here at least they would be understood, and thus their aspirations for the welfare of Catholic Christendom would deserve and receive the blessing of its august head. But the notes that had been too loud for the cabinet of Louis Philippe sounded just as ill-omened in the ears of the Pope. The policy of the Papacy with regard to merit has often—nay, generally—been that of the Tarquins with regard to poppies, and Liberty

and infallibility can never kiss each other. Thus the "Society for the Defence of Religious Liberty" met with no sympathy. An "*accueil très-réservé*" was all that was accorded to its leaders, and before many weeks they were asked to consent to the withdrawal of all their plans, and to see the downfall of all their hopes.

The leaders were differently affected by the Papal censure.

La Mennais, with strong passions and self-love, clung to his plan as his plan, and at times fancied that he could coax, or lead, or even force the Pope to his way of thinking. He failed, as every one knew he must, and as he neither could nor would brook the disappointment, he wandered away. One more ungrateful son of the Church the Ultramontanés declared him to be, while their opponents pointed to him as one more martyr to liberty; a falling star whose brightness attracted some disciples; a living protest to the incompatibility of Romish tenets and pretensions with freedom of thought or action, or with the new necessities of a new age. La Mennais the rebel, with his high temper and marked individuality, started with a determined absolute sense that he was right, and in the right. Lacordaire and Montalembert had rather an absolute and determined wish to serve God and society, and if the means and the machinery that they had first adopted were disapproved of by the head of the Church, they were able to submit. They were willing also to try again at another time and in another way. Lacordaire left Rome, however, and the next time that he arrived formally to ask for the Pontifical blessing was in 1844, when he planned that revival of the Dominican brotherhood which lived and died at La Quercia and at Nancy. Montalembert also left Rome. He travelled, and falling in love with the memory of St. Elizabeth of Hungary, he followed her footsteps from fact to legend, from castle to city, threw together the materials for his first work, a life of that royal saint, went to Pisa and read extracts from his notes to Albert and Alexandrine de la Ferronnays, and did not return to Paris till the year 1835, when he came to take his seat in the Chamber of Peers. He was twenty-five years of age.

Once more then he and Lacordaire could hold counsel together, and Ozanam and Rio and M^{me}. Swetchine were with them to witness Montalembert's parliamentary *début*, and to hear those conferences of the priest which made the pulpit of Notre Dame the centre of the religious

life of Paris. Again, as before, these men reasoned with the Parisians of God, of liberty, of courage, of justice, and of judgment to come. Again, as before, a corrupt and truthless society listened to them with wonder, or turned a deaf ear, so that the friends might again have asked, as they had done before, "Where is the tie that has not been broken? Where is the cause that has not been distrusted? Where is the principle that reigns as master over one single soul? An indescribable vertigo has seized on men: no one knows where he is going; no one wishes to go where his fate urges him. They lie; they heap oath upon oath; yet all their vain words, in which God is not so much as once named, are quickly effaced from the recollection of men. . . . They believe with a blind faith in the immortal power of a family, in the miraculous destiny of a child, in the terrible punishment of their enemies; but tell them there is a God in the midst of these crumbling theories, of this volcanic agitation, of the peoples, and they will shake off the dust from their feet against you."

The bishops of France looked rather coldly on this pair of plain-spoken friends. "*Le bruit*," said one prelate, "*ne fait jamais du bien, et le bien ne fait jamais du bruit*;" and though in France a *mot* like this is damaging indeed, Montalembert found himself in 1844, obliged to risk some more noise for the cause of education, which he had so long advocated, and for the constitutional policy which has been so often attempted in France. He spoke well and worked well, and if we were abruptly asked to say what, with all his enthusiasm and his good intentions, Charles de Montalembert really did for his country, we should reply, that, in the face of a Government whose educational policy was neither more nor less than a monopoly, he tried to obtain for all ranks a liberal education, of which the basis was a faith in Christianity; and that again, before the elections of 1846, he roused the electors, and begged them to realize the responsible power which was lodged in their hands.

In consequence of his exertions one hundred and thirty deputies came up to that parliament pledged to the cause of religious and educational liberty; a liberty subject only to constitutional restrictions. When we remember that the clouds were already gathering for the storm of 1848, it is not necessary to ask what became of the hundred and thirty members, of their influence and their votes. In a French

political convulsion it is not the men of order or education who are heard; it is the men of extremes, extremes of absolutism and extremes of democratic violence which, by changing the nature but not the degree of tyranny, smother at last the principles of freedom.

When Louis Philippe was sent into exile by the most "purposeless and severely punished of revolutions," the Chamber of Peers was doomed. M. de Montalembert might then have felt for a moment as if his career was closed, but he was returned ere long as deputy for the Department of Doubs, and allowed to raise his voice again for the causes he had at heart. Lord Normanby says of his first appearance in the Assembly, "Upon my first visit to the Assembly this morning (June 23), even in the midst of the agitation caused by the struggle already begun, I heard that an intense sensation had been produced yesterday by the first great speech of M. de Montalembert, in his new character of *représentant du peuple*, and upon the subject of the proposed decree authorizing the Government to take possession of the railroads. He made this an occasion for stating his opinion boldly, as he was sure to do upon the general state of the country."

The successful orator himself was in the habit of saying that the year 1849 was the most brilliant one of his life. It must have been one of many hopes and fears. France seemed to pause before confirming or choosing a form of government, and the many, the very many, men of merit and ability who at that time, like Montalembert, wished for a "manly and regulated liberty," did at moments believe themselves to be approaching the fulfilment of their hopes. Setting aside the party of brilliant and eager Republicans, it did seem as if France possessed in a Berryer, a De Tocqueville, a Guizot, a Rémusat, a Faucher, a Duvergier de Hauranne, a Fialoux, a Montalembert, a Kergolay, a De Beaumont, and a De Broglie the ten righteous men who might have saved a city and nation, could the Government but be confided to such hands. But property was menaced by the Communistic tone of the great towns, and the party, so called, of order, was, not unnaturally, bent on establishing a "strong government," one which would secure property and peace. And for the ten righteous men we have named, the President, Louis Napoleon, had among his personal friends quite as many men of precisely opposite description. They had not been so much as named for office in his first cabinet, but not the less had they

bided their time. By a stroke of unexampled daring and rascality they possessed themselves, on one memorable morning in December, of the chief power and places in the State, and on that day the legitimate career of all honest and constitutional statesmen in France was ended. M. de Montalembert's fate was no exception to the general rule. Not that he altogether ceased to protest. The incident in his life with which the English public is most familiar, is his condemnation in November 1858 for articles published in the *Correspondant*, said to contain "attacks on universal suffrage; on the rights of the Emperor; on the respect due to the laws, and to the Government of the Emperor," while they were also of a nature to disturb the public peace. We extract a portion of Mrs. Oliphant's account of the trial and its consequences:

The penalties attached to these accusations were serious; not only were the culprits liable to sentences of imprisonment, varying from three months to five years, and to fines varying from 500 to 6,000 francs, but they were subject to a lasting surveillance, and might be either expelled from French territory, or be shut up in some French or Algerian town. The trial was therefore no child's play to M. de Montalembert. The court was crowded with the best and highest audience that Paris could collect. To hear the first of French lawyers plead, and one of the most illustrious of French orators submit to an examination, was enough to attract a crowd. . . . M. de Montalembert was examined as to the meaning of the passages alleged as libellous — whether he did not mean to describe the Imperial Government by the words "the chroniclers of anti-chambers, the atmosphere charged with servile and corrupt miasmas," and whether he did not imply, by saying that he went to breathe an air more pure, to take a bath of life in free England, an attack on the institutions of his country. . . . No one who has ever seen M. de Montalembert can have any difficulty in representing to himself the curiously significant position in which the foolish malice of his persecutors thus placed him. With his imperturbable composure, that "aristocratic calm" which his critics had so often remarked, he stood before all Paris, with the curl of sarcasm about his lips, enjoying, there can be no doubt, from the bottom of his heart this unlooked-for chance of adding a double point to every arrow he had launched. . . . The calm gravity with which he acknowledges each damning implication as an historical fact, not to be denied, the suave and serious composure of his aspect, the irresistible and undeniable force of that polished reiteration, the ironical disavowal of any attack "in the sense implied by the law," all make up the most characteristic picture which could possibly be given of the man.

... When he calmly repeated his most moderate and gentle explanation — "I have merely stated a fact; *avertissements* are given; France did possess certain institutions which she possesses no longer" — it is impossible not to add in imagination the gleam of the eye, the movement of the calm lip, the sense of power with which this seemingly innocent response was given. . . . The Procureur Impérial conducted the prosecution, and the distinguished and eloquent M. Berryer made a speech of two hours' duration for the defence. As to the decision, of course there could be no doubt. The defendants were found guilty upon the first three counts; the fourth count, that of having endeavoured to disturb the public peace by exciting citizens to hatred and contempt of each other, was dropped. The sentence: six months of imprisonment and a fine of 3,000 francs for the Count de Montalembert; one month's imprisonment and 1,000 francs of fine for M. Douniol, the publisher of the *Correspondant*.

The sentence, however, was followed by no immediate enforcement of the penalty. Montalembert left the court quietly on foot, a group of people momentarily assembling in the street to gaze at him. He appealed at once, as he had a right, to the superior court. Before the time for the appeal was completed, the Emperor made an effort to reclaim the ground which had been lost by fully remitting the sentence, on the occasion of the anniversary of December 2. The culprit had, however, no mind to accept the grace thus awarded to him, and on the same day addressed the following letter to the *Moniteur* :

"PARIS: December 2, 1858.

"*M. le Rédacteur*. — The *Moniteur* of this morning contains, in its unofficial part, a piece of news which I learned only in reading it. It is expressed as follows: 'His Majesty the Emperor, on the occasion of December 2, remits to M. le Comte de Montalembert the sentence pronounced against him.' Condemned on November 24, I had already appealed against the sentence. No power in France, up to the present moment, has any right to remit a penalty not yet definitively pronounced. I am one of those who still believe in justice, and do not accept mercy. I beg you, and if necessary I require you, to publish this letter in your next number.

"Accept the assurance of my consideration.

"CH. DE MONTALEMBERT."

The superior court decided the appeal on December 21. It repeated the previous condemnation, but reduced the sentence from six to three months' imprisonment. The Emperor, however, a few days later repeated his act of grace, and remitted all the penalties of Montalembert. M. Douniol had his fine of 1,000 francs to pay, and thus the whole business ended.

After this storm was laid the compilation of his great work, *Les Moines de l'Occident* occupied the mind of Monta-

lembert; and his leisure was apt to be spent in journeys to countries whose sites, like those of Ireland, Scotland, and Germany, were connected with his book. Two volumes were published in 1860, and the remaining ones appeared in 1866 and 1867.

This history, or rather this beautiful *apologia* for the monks of the West, for the evangelists of the Isles, for the civilizers of the darkest corners of Christendom, was but the literary context to a most remarkable movement in France, a movement to which the friends of Montalembert's youth gave the first impulse:

When Lacordaire had been by the suspension of the *Avenir*, and the disapproval of the Pope, thrown back upon his own resources and reflections, it could not be but that that ardent heart and ingenious head should find another medium of communicating with society. To give expression to his love of God, the supreme and satisfying passion of his life, and to warn a world (for whose welfare he was ready to face any sacrifice), that by losing faith in its God it would die to youth, to honour, and to freedom, were necessities to him. From the pulpit of Notre Dame he declared them, and of the many who came there to wonder, some certainly remained to pray. Yet he was not satisfied. What was one voice in this Babel of folly and crime? and so the priest who had been baffled as a reformer and a journalist grew to think that the presence of a preaching order in France would send a quickening spirit through society. At that epoch the Jesuits were the only religious order residing in the country. What if the rule of St. Dominic could be revived, with its third estate of teachers? A place was vacant in the religious machinery of the Church in France, and the Dominican order would fill it; then why not adopt a rule that had once shed such lustre? or why prefer to that rule some system bearing the stamp of the nineteenth century?

The *confidante* of this scheme was Madame Swetchine, and its first convert was Requetat, in whose company we see Lacordaire once more taking his way to Rome.

This time the Pope was favourable. Lacordaire assumed in 1844 the garb of the order, the white and black robes of innocence and of penitence, and he began a life of monastic solitude in the Dominican convent of La Quercia.

We cannot and ought not here to follow the details of this Dominican revival, or of its leader's career, from the first tears shed in the cell at La Quercia, to the last sigh breathed in the school of Sorrèze;

but the spirit that animated Lacordaire and his friends was the *History of the Monks of the West* put into action; set as it were to music, and surely to no ordinary strain. Beautiful as they were, still truth compels us to own that lives like those of Requetat, Besson, and Piel were failures for France; for one by one these disciples of Lacordaire withered into early graves; Italy and Mos-soul keep their ashes, and their spirits rest. They were of those who, like the Père Gratry, had early heard some unearthly voice adjure them: "Friend, come up higher," but alas! society has not been born again through their great devotion, their prayerful vigils, or their unrepining deaths.

No trait of French national character in this century is so painful as the want of moral courage in Frenchmen to resist a personal or a popular impulse, and in this revival of the conventual life we cannot but see another phase of the same fatal evil. Not a contemptible phase, but not the less a pernicious one. To escape from the present dilemma, and to construct in imagination a new situation out of new but imaginary elements, is not to regenerate society, but to make a sentimental mistake.

What was finest in these men was their earnest devotion, their readiness to sacrifice the person to the cause, the present to the future, the few for the many, the life for the work. Montalembert, less heroic than the rest, praised St. Bernard, St. Benedict, and St. Dominic, and he praised his friends; but while he felt with them, he did not do as they did. It was only in later life that he had to drink of their cup.

In his house in the Rue de Bac, and in his château at Villersexel, his daughter Catherine had grown up beside him. She had inherited his talent; she was gay, sweet-tempered, and accomplished, and her appearance in society had realized every wish her father might have formed. Suddenly she announced to him her desire to become a nun. This daughter of the historian of the cloister said it, meant it, and did it, for her father could not well refute her arguments. M. Cochin describes the scene that took place between them. "One day his charming and beloved child entered that library which all his friends knew so well, and said to him, 'I am fond of everything around me. I love pleasure, wit, society, and its amusements; I love my family, my studies, my companions, my youth, my life, my country; but I love God better than all, and I desire to give myself to Him.' And when he said to her, 'My child,

is there something that grieves you?' she went to the bookshelves, and sought one of the volumes in which he has narrated the history of the monks of the West. 'It is you,' she answered, 'who have taught me that withered hearts and weary souls are not the things which we ought to offer to God.' Some months after Mademoiselle de Montalembert carried out her purpose, as her father said, '*à sa grande désolation.*'" The gap she left in his life was never filled up; and though Mrs. Oliphant says that he grew to forget his individual disappointment and pain in seeing her useful and happy in her vocation, no one who saw him could doubt but that in giving her up he had given up the light and brightness of his last years. They were years of physical suffering, though of unblunted sympathies and of undimmed faith. Death came painlessly and gently at last on March 13, 1870, to one who was "cast in gentle mould," and saved an honourable French statesman from beholding the humiliation of his beautiful France at the hands of a foreign foe, and the destruction of Paris at the hands of the Commune.

Those whom the gods love die young; yet even to have died in the spring of 1870, was to have been spared much that Montalembert had foreseen, and that, in common with the whole constitutional party, he had been too feeble to prevent.

His youth had been one of so great promise, that the question is forced upon one, Why was the after life incommensurate with it? Why did all those graces of adolescence and enthusiasm not ripen and harden into a fuller stature of manly greatness? He fell on evil days, and his mental fibre was delicate in no common degree. A nature like this has one great drawback; it suffers. Time is needed to recover from suffering, and way and ground are both lost during a process which time only can accomplish. The wound heals, as wounds in all sound minds and bodies do heal, but the man starts again at a disadvantage. No one, for example, who looked at Montalembert's face in late life could mistake for a moment that he was a man who had been shaken by mental as well as physical pangs. Only less sensitive than De Tocqueville, his was a temperament unfitted to succeed. Only the men of blood and iron really succeed, for they have no hesitations, no regrets, no relentings, no doubts, and no despairs. But there was another and a heavier cause for Montalembert's failures. It lay in what he considered his strength, in his utter subservience to Rome. In 1870, and when M. de Mon-

talember was, through "suffering, rejoicing, and sorrowing," slowly making his way to his rest, the agitation of the Papal Infallibility as a *vérité patente* and a dogma came to a crisis. The almost dying man wrote on February 28th a letter, published in the *Gazette de France*, condemning the eager servility with which Frenchmen were carrying out Ultramontane principles in the Church. Yet in the last days of his life the following remarkable conversation took place. A visitor put a direct question to Montalembert: "If the Infallibility is proclaimed, what will you do?" "I will struggle against it as long as I can." But when the question was repeated, "What should I do?" he said. "We are always told that the Pope is a father; *eh bien!* there are many fathers who demand our adherence to things very far from our inclinations and contrary to our ideas. In such a case the son struggles while he can; he tries hard to persuade his father, discusses and talks the matter over with him; but when all is done, when he sees no possibility of succeeding, but receives a distinct refusal, he submits. I shall do the same." "You will submit as far as form goes; you will submit externally. But how will you reconcile that submission with your ideas and convictions?" "I will make no attempt to reconcile them; I will simply submit my will, as has to be done in respect to all the other questions of the faith. I am not a theologian: it is not my part to decide such matters, and God does not ask me to understand. He asks me to submit my will and intelligence, and I will do so."

This confession of his faith needs no commentary. Under the circumstances, which painfully recall those of the death-bed of Adolphe Gratry, it can have but one explanation. The children of the Church of Rome love her—through right and through wrong they love her—and in France no wonder. In an age all chaotic she stands firm on the rock of the Fisherman's faith. Vexed tides and contrary winds have often wrecked the vessel of the State; the ship of the Church will outlive the storm. Society is flippant, godless, and sensual, but she trains up Spartan sons. Modern schools of thought for the "very God" of the Credo, can at best substitute and acknowledge an Unknowable and an Unknown; but instead of a force of forces, recognized beyond the limits of the known, the Church points to the Light of Lights, as lightening every man that cometh into the world. Immortality and its hopes may be fading out of many minds

too gross to need its promises or to note its foreshadowings, but the Church still proclaims as God's last, best gift "the life of the world to come."

The disorders and distractions, the ignorance, idleness, and selfishness of modern France might also well have inclined Montalembert and his friends to revert fondly to a time when French churchmen were supreme in politics, piety, and thought, till they felt that the eclipse of faith is the night of a nation. What wonder, then, if as French society emerged from the darkness of a quarter of a century these men turned to the Catholic Church as to a fountain of rejuvenescence? And when, as from the roots of trees that have been felled, Montalembert saw fresh saplings spring, green with beauty and with promise, what wonder that he looked upon his Church as the nursing mother of society, saw with prophetic joy issue from her "gates," in unbroken succession and in inexhaustible supply, "the servants and the handmaids of God?"

La Querencia bid fair at one time to be a second Port Royal. So much the Catholic revivalists achieved, but no more. But this revival of an obsolete monastic system had to be nursed in a foreign country, and their scheme for the restoration of society was withered like the oak leaves from the convent trees. False as an anachronism, it was false to common sense, and it was in its details false to patriotism.

Yet where the *Avenir* propaganda had been condemned, this plan received the Papal sanction, and with all its fatal errors it had the delighted approval of M. de Montalembert. The Pontiff probably thought it harmless, but the statesman must have failed to see that it never could leaven society since it began by renouncing it, or save a country since the first step was to leave it. Why did he fail to see this? Because Rome gives a deadly wine to her sons; because when integrity of mind has once been lost, the sense is lost by which men distinguish truth from error. Had these friends been true in early life to the light which was in them, their lives, which could not have been more saintly, would have been perhaps more stormy and certainly more useful. Given over to a strong delusion, because they persistently preferred a system to the truth, and to all its consequences, their plan was written on water. It was not the commencement of a great social work, but rather, when understood aright, the expression of a profound social despair, and, like despair, it has had no offspring and no future. The

taste for conventualism which it has imported into France is one of the many evils with which French society has now to contend, and the cloister now receives many a life and too many an endowment sorely needed in another field. The extent to which this affects provincial life is perhaps not well known, or much realized out of France, though it is probably not unknown to the acute statesman who has just banished the religious orders from the new German Empire.

The staff of the *Avenir* and the brotherhood of La Quercia are both now things of the past in France, where events follow each other so fiercely fast. But her Church is unquiet still. One or two daring men have sympathized with the Old Catholic party in Munich, but the Ultramontane policy is very vigorous, and in recent years the private convictions of such teachers as Dupanloup and Adolphe Gratry have experienced an eclipse like those of Montalembert. In fact, there are at this moment but few rifts in the clouds that overhang the future of the Gallican Church.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE PARISIANS.

BY LORD LYTON.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

THEY who chance to have read the "Coming Race" may perhaps remember that I, the adventurous discoverer of the land without a sun, concluded the sketch of my adventures by a brief reference to the malady which, though giving no perceptible notice of its encroachments, might, in the opinion of my medical attendant, prove suddenly fatal.

I had brought my little book to this somewhat melancholy close a few years before the date of its publication, and, in the meanwhile, I was induced to transfer my residence to Paris, in order to place myself under the care of an English physician, renowned for his successful treatment of complaints analogous to my own.

I was the more readily persuaded to undertake this journey, partly because I enjoyed a familiar acquaintance with the eminent physician referred to, who had commenced his career and founded his reputation in the United States, partly because I had become a solitary man, the ties of home broken, and dear friends of mine were domiciled in Paris, with whom I should be sure of tender sympathy and

cheerful companionship. I had reason to be thankful for this change of residence: the skill of Dr. C—— soon restored me to health. Brought much into contact with various circles of Parisian society, I became acquainted with the persons, and a witness of the events, that form the substance of the tale I am about to submit to the public, which has treated my former book with so generous an indulgence. Sensitively tenacious of that character for strict and unalloyed veracity which, I flatter myself, my account of the abodes and manners of the Vrilya has established, I could have wished to preserve the following narrative no less jealously guarded than its predecessor from the vagaries of fancy. But Truth undisguised, never welcome in any civilized community above ground, is exposed at this time to especial dangers in Paris; and my life would not be worth an hour's purchase if I exhibited her *in puris naturalibus* to the eyes of a people wholly unfamiliarized to a spectacle so indecorous. That care for one's personal safety, which is the first duty of thoughtful man, compels me therefore to reconcile the appearance of *la Vérité* to the *bienséances* of the polished society in which *la Liberté* admits no opinion not dressed after the last fashion.

Attired as fiction, Truth may be peacefully received; and, despite the necessity thus imposed by prudence, I indulge the modest hope that I do not in these pages unfaithfully represent certain prominent types of the brilliant population which has invented so many varieties of Koom-Posh;* and even when it appears hopelessly lost in the slough of a Glek-Nas, re-emerges fresh and lively as if from an invigorating plunge into the Fountain of Youth. *O Paris, foyer des idées, et cœl du monde!* — animated contrast to the serene tranquility of the Vrilya, which, nevertheless, the noisiest philosophers ever pretend to make the goal of their desires — of all communities on which shines the sun and descend the rains of heaven, fertilizing alike wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, in every city men have yet built on this

* Koom-Posh, Glek-Nas. For the derivation of these terms and their metaphorical signification, I must refer the reader to the "Coming Race," chapter xii., on the language of the Vrilya. To those who have not read or have forgotten that historical composition, it may be convenient to state briefly that Koom-Posh with the Vrilya is the name for the government of the many, or the ascendancy of the most ignorant or hollow, and may be loosely rendered Hollow-Bosh. When Koom-Posh degenerates from popular ignorance into the popular ferocity which precedes its decease, the name for that state of things is Glek-Nas — viz., the universal strife-rot.

earth, mayest thou, O Paris, be the last to brave the wands of the Coming Race and be reduced into cinders for the sake of the common good !

TISH.

PARIS, August 28, 1872.

THE PARISIANS.

BOOK FIRST. — CHAPTER I.

It was a bright day in the early spring of 1869.

All Paris seemed to have turned out to enjoy itself. The Tuileries, the Champs Elysées, the Bois de Boulogne, swarmed with idlers. A stranger might have wondered where Toil was at work, and in what nook Poverty lurked concealed. A *millionaire* from the London Exchange, as he looked round on the *magasins*, the equipages, the dresses of the women ; as he inquired the prices in the shops and the rent of apartments, — might have asked himself, in envious wonder “How on earth do those gay Parisians live ? What is their fortune ? Where does it come from ?”

As the day declined, many of the scattered loungers crowded into the Boulevards ; the *cafés* and *restaurants* began to light up.

About this time a young man, who might be some five or six and twenty, was walking along the Boulevard des Italiens, heading little the throng through which he glided his solitary way : there was that in his aspect and bearing which caught attention. He looked a somebody ; but though unmistakably a Frenchman, not a Parisian. His dress was not in the prevailing mode, — to a practised eye it betrayed the taste and the cut of a provincial tailor. His gait was not that of the Parisian — less lounging, more stately ; and, unlike the Parisian, he seemed indifferent to the gaze of others.

Nevertheless there was about him that air of dignity or distinction which those who are reared from their cradle in the pride of birth acquire so unconsciously that it seems hereditary and inborn. It must also be confessed that the young man himself was endowed with a considerable share of that nobility which Nature capriciously distributes among her favourites, with little respect for their pedigree and blazon — the nobility of form and face. He was tall and well-shaped, with graceful length of limb and fall of shoulders ; his face was handsome, of the purest type of French masculine beauty — the nose inclined to be aquiline, and delicately thin, with finely-cut open nostrils ; the complexion clear, the eyes large, of a light hazel,

with dark lashes, the hair of a chestnut brown, with no tint of auburn, the beard and moustache a shade darker, clipped short, not disguising the outline of lips, which were now compressed, as if smiles had of late been unfamiliar to them ; yet such compression did not seem in harmony with the physiognomical character of their formation, which was that assigned by Lavater to temperaments easily moved to gaiety and pleasure.

Another gentleman, about his own age, coming quickly out of one of the streets of the Chaussée d'Antin, brushed close by the stately pedestrian above described, caught sight of his countenance, stopped short, and exclaimed, “Alain !” The person thus abruptly accosted turned his eye tranquilly on the eager face, of which all the lower part was enveloped in black beard ; and slightly lifting his hat, with a gesture of the head that implied, “Sir, you are mistaken ; I have not the honour to know you,” continued his slow indifferent way. The would-be acquaintance was not so easily rebuffed. “*Peste*,” said he, between his teeth, “I am certainly right. He is not much altered — of course *I am* ; ten years of Paris would improve an orang-outang.” Quickening his step, and regaining the side of the man he had called “Alain,” he said, with a well-bred mixture of boldness and courtesy in his tone and countenance —

“Ten thousand pardons if I am wrong. But surely I accost Alain de Kerouec, son of the Marquis de Rochebriant.”

“True, sir ; but —”

“But you do not remember me, your old college friend, Frederic Lemercier ?”

“Is it possible ?” cried Alain, cordially, and with an animation which changed the whole character of his countenance. “My dear Frederic, my dear friend, this is indeed good fortune ! So you, too, are at Paris ?”

“Of course ; and you ? Just come, I perceive,” he added, somewhat satirically, as, linking his arm in his new-found friend's, he glanced at the cut of that friend's coat-collar.

“I have been here a fortnight,” replied Alain.

“Hem ! I suppose you lodge in the old Hotel de Rochebriant. I passed it yesterday, admiring its vast *façade*, little thinking you were its inmate.”

“Neither am I ; the hotel does not belong to me — it was sold some years ago by my father.”

“Indeed ! I hope your father got a good price for it ; those grand hotels have tre-

bled their value within the last five years. And how is your father? Still the same polished *grand seigneur*? I never saw him but once, you know; and I shall never forget his smile, *style grand monarque*, when he patted me on the head and tipped me ten napoleons."

"My father is no more," said Alain, gravely; "he has been dead nearly three years."

"*Ciel!* forgive me, I am greatly shocked. Hem! so you are now the Marquis de Rochebriant, a great historical name, worth a large sum in the market. Few such names left. Superb place your old château, is it not?"

"A superb place, No — a venerable ruin, Yes!"

"Ah, a ruin! so much the better. All the bankers are mad after ruins — so charming an amusement to restore them. You will restore yours, without doubt. I will introduce you to such an architect! has the *moyen âge* at his finger's ends. Dear — but a genius."

The young Marquis smiled — for since he had found a college friend, his face showed that it could smile; smiled, but not cheerfully, and answered —

"I have no intention to restore Rochebriant. The walls are solid; they have weathered the storms of six centuries; they will last my time, and with me the race perishes."

"Bah! the race perish, indeed! you will marry. *Parlez-moi de ça* — you could not come to a better man. I have a list of all the heiresses at Paris, bound in russia leather. You may take your choice out of twenty. Ah, if I were but a Rochebriant! It is an infernal thing to come into the world a Lemercier. I am a democrat, of course. A Lemercier would be in a false position if he were not. But if any one would leave me twenty acres of land, with some antique right to the De and a title, faith, would not I be an aristocrat, and stand up for my order? But now we have met; pray let us dine together. Ah! no doubt you are engaged every day for a month. A Rochebriant just new to Paris must be *fêlé* by all the Faubourg."

"No," answered Alain, simply — "I am not engaged; my range of acquaintance is more circumscribed than you suppose."

"So much the better for me. I am luckily disengaged to-day, which is not often the case, for I am in some request in my own set, though it is not that of the Faubourg. Where shall we dine? — at the *Trois Frères*?"

"Wherever you please. I know no res-

aurant at Paris except a very ignoble one, close by my lodging."

"*A propos*, where do you lodge?"

"Rue de l'Université, Numéro —."

"A fine street, but *triste*. If you have no longer your family hotel, you have no excuse to linger in that museum of mummies, the Faubourg St. Germain; you must go into one of the new quarters by the Champs Elysées. Leave it to me; I'll find you a charming apartment. I know one to be had at a bargain — a bagatelle — 500 naps a-year. Cost you about two or three thousand more to furnish tolerably, not showily. Leave all to me. In three days you shall be settled. *A propos!* horses! You must have English ones. How many? — three for the saddle, two for your *coupé*? I'll find them for you. I will write to London to-morrow. *Reese* (Rice) is your man."

"Spare yourself that trouble, my dear Frederic. I keep no horses and no *coupé*. I shall not change my apartment." As he said this, Rochebriant drew himself up somewhat haughtily.

"Faith," thought Lemercier, "is it possible that the Marquis is poor? No. I have always heard that the Rochebriants were among the greatest proprietors in Bretagne. Most likely, with all his innocence of the Faubourg St. Germain, he knows enough of it to be aware that I, Frederic Lemercier, am not the man to patronize one of its greatest nobles. *Sacre bleu!* if I thought that; if he meant to give himself airs to me, his old college friend — I would — I would call him out."

Just as M. Lemercier had come to that bellicose resolution, the Marquis said, with a smile, which, though frank, was not without a certain grave melancholy in its expression, "My dear Frederic, pardon me if I seem to receive your friendly offers ungraciously. But believe that I have reasons you will approve for leading at Paris a life which you certainly will not envy;" then, evidently desirous to change the subject, he said in a livelier tone, "But what a marvellous city this Paris of ours is! Remember I had never seen it before: it burst on me like a city in the Arabian Nights two weeks ago. And that which strikes me most — I say it with regret and a pang of conscience — is certainly not the Paris of former times, but that Paris which M. Buonaparte — I beg pardon, which the Emperor — has called up around him, and identified for ever with his reign. It is what is new in Paris that strikes and entrals me. Here I see the life of France, and I belong to her tombs!"

"I don't quite understand you," said Lemercier. "If you think that because your father and grandfather were Legitimists, you have not the fair field of living ambition open to you under the Empire, you never were more mistaken. *Moyen âge*, and even *rococo*, are all the rage. You have no idea how valuable your name would be either at the Imperial Court or in a Commercial Company. But with your fortune you are independent of all but fashion and the Jockey Club. And *à propos* of that, pardon me—what villain made your coat?—let me know; I will denounce him to the police."

Half amused, half amazed, Alain Marquis de Rochebriant looked at Frederic Lemercier much as a good-tempered lion may look upon a lively poodle who takes a liberty with his mane, and, after a pause, he replied curtly, "The clothes I wear at Paris were made in Bretagne; and if the name of Rochebriant be of any value at all in Paris, which I doubt, let me trust that it will make me acknowledged as *gentilhomme*, whatever my taste in a coat, or whatever the doctrines of a club composed—of jockeys."

"Ha, ha!" cried Lemercier, freeing himself from the arm of his friend, and laughing the more irresistibly as he encountered the grave look of the Marquis. "Pardon me—I can't help it—the Jockey Club—composed of jockeys!—it is too much!—the best joke! My dear Alain, there is some of the best blood of Europe in the Jockey Club; they would exclude a plain *bourgeois* like me. But it is all the same; in one respect you are quite right. Walk in a *blouse* if you please—you are still Rochebriant—you would only be called eccentric. Alas! I am obliged to send to London for my pantaloons; that comes of being a Lemercier. But here we are in the Palais Royal."

CHAPTER II.

THE *salons* of the Trois Frères were crowded—our friends found a table with some little difficulty. Lemercier proposed a private cabinet, which, for some reason known to himself, the Marquis declined.

Lemercier spontaneously and unrequested ordered the dinner and the wines.

While waiting for their oysters, with which when in season, French *bon-vivants* usually commence their dinner, Lemercier looked round the *salon* with that air of inimitable, scrutinizing, superb impertinence which distinguishes the Parisian dandy. Some of the ladies returned his glance coquettishly, for Lemercier was *beau*

garçon; others turned aside indignantly, and muttered something to the gentlemen dining with them. The said gentlemen, when old, shook their heads, and continued to eat unmoved; when young, turned briskly round, and looked at first fiercely at M. Lemercier, but, encountering his eye through the glass which he had screwed into its socket—noticing the hardihood of his countenance and the squareness of his shoulders—even they turned back to the tables, shook their heads, and continued to eat unmoved, just like the old ones.

"Ah!" cried Lemercier, suddenly, "here comes a man you should know, *mon cher*. He will tell you how to place your money—a rising man—a coming man—a future minister. Ah! *bon-jour*, Duplessis, *bon-jour*," kissing his hand to a gentleman who had just entered, and was looking about him for a seat. He was evidently well and favourably known at the Trois Frères. The waiters had flocked round him, and were pointing to a table by the window, which a saturnine Englishman, who had dined off a beef-steak and potatoes, was about to vacate.

Mons. Duplessis, having first assured himself, like a prudent man, that his table was secure, having ordered his oysters, his chablis, and his *potage à la bisque*, now paced calmly and slowly across the *salon*, and halted before Lemercier.

Here let me pause for a moment, and give the reader a rapid sketch of the two Parisians.

Frederic Lemercier is dressed, somewhat too showily, in the extreme of the prevalent fashion. He wears a superb pin in his cravat—a pin worth 2000 francs; he wears rings on his fingers, *breloques* to his watch-chain. He has a warm though dark complexion, thick black eyebrows, full lips, a nose somewhat turned up, but not small, very fine large dark eyes, a bold, open, somewhat impertinent expression of countenance—withal decidedly handsome, thanks to colouring, youth, and vivacity of "*regard*."

Lucien Duplessis, bending over the table, glancing first with curiosity at the Marquis de Rochebriant, who leans his cheek on his hand and seems not to notice him, then concentrating his attention on Frederic Lemercier, who sits square with his hands clasped—Lucien Duplessis is somewhere between forty and fifty, rather below the middle height, slender but not slight—what in English phrase is called "wiry." He is dressed with extreme simplicity: black frock-coat buttoned up; black cravat worn higher than men who follow the

fashions wear their neckcloths nowadays; a hawk's eye and a hawk's beak; hair of a dull brown, very short, and wholly without curl; his cheeks thin and smoothly shaven, but he wears a moustache and imperial, plagiarised from those of his sovereign and, like all plagiarisms, carrying the borrowed beauty to extremes, so that the points of moustache and imperial, stiffened and sharpened by cosmetics which must have been composed of iron, looked like three long stings guarding lip and jaw from invasion; a pale olive-brown complexion; eyes small, deep-sunk, calm, piercing; his expression of face at first glance not striking, except for quiet immovability. Observed more heedfully, the expression was keenly intellectual — determined about the lips, calculating about the brows: altogether the face of no ordinary man, and one not, perhaps, without fine and high qualities, concealed from the general gaze by habitual reserve, but justifying the confidence of those whom he admitted into his intimacy.

"Ah, *mon cher*," said Lemercier, "you promised to call on me yesterday at two o'clock. I waited in for you half an hour; you never came."

"No; I went first to the *Bourse*. The shares in that Company we spoke of have fallen; they will fall much lower — foolish to buy in yet; so the object of my calling on you was over. I took it for granted you would not wait if I failed my appointment. Do you go to the opera to-night?"

"I think not — nothing worth going for; besides, I have found an old friend to whom I consecrate this evening. Let me introduce you to the Marquis de Rochebriant. Alain, M. Duplessis."

The two gentlemen bowed.

"I had the honour to be known to Monsieur your father," said Duplessis.

"Indeed," returned Rochebriant. "He had not visited Paris for many years before he died."

"It was in London I met him, at the house of the Russian Princess C——."

The Marquis coloured high, inclined his head gravely, and made no reply. Here the waiter brought the oysters and the chablis, and Duplessis retired to his own table.

"That is the most extraordinary man," said Frederic, as he squeezed the lemon over his oysters, "and very much to be admired."

"How so! I see nothing at least to admire in his face," said the Marquis, with the bluntness of a provincial.

"His face. Ah! you are a Legitimist

— party prejudice. He dresses his face after the Emperor; in itself a very clever face, surely."

"Perhaps, but not an amiable one. He looks like a bird of prey."

"All clever men are birds of prey. The eagles are the heroes, and the owls the sages. Duplessis is not an eagle nor an owl. I should rather call him a falcon, except that I would not attempt to hoodwink him."

"Call him what you will," said the Marquis, indifferently; "M. Duplessis can be nothing to me."

"I'm not so sure of that," answered Frederic, somewhat nettled by the phlegm with which the Provincial regarded the pretensions of the Parisian. "Duplessis, I repeat it, is an extraordinary man. Though untitled, he descends from your old aristocracy; in fact, I believe, as his name shows, from the same stem as the Richelieus. His father was a great scholar, and I believe he has read much himself. Might have taken to literature or the bar, but his parents died fearfully poor; and some distant relations in commerce took charge of him, and devoted his talents to the *Bourse*. Seven years ago he lived in a single chamber, *au quatrième*, near the Luxembourg. He has now a hotel, not large but charming, in the Champs Elysées, worth at least 600,000 francs. Nor has he made his own fortune alone, but that of many others; some of birth as high as your own. He has the genius of riches, and knocks off a million as a poet does an ode, by the force of inspiration. He is hand-in-glove with the Ministers, and has been invited to Compiègne by the Emperor. You will find him very useful."

Alain made a slight movement of incredulous dissent, and changed the conversation to reminiscences of old schoolboy days.

The dinner at length came to a close. Frederic rang for the bill — glanced over it. "Fifty-nine francs," said he, carelessly flinging down his napoleon and a half. The Marquis silently drew forth his purse and extracted the same sum.

When they were out of the *restaurant*, Frederic proposed adjourning to his own rooms. "I can promise you an excellent cigar, one of a box given to me by an invaluable young Spaniard attached to the Embassy here. Such cigars are not to be had at Paris for money, nor even for love, seeing that women, however devoted and generous, never offer you anything better than a cigarette. Such cigars are only to be had for friendship. Friendship is a jewel."

"I never smoke," answered the Marquis, "but I shall be charmed to come to your rooms; only don't let me encroach on your good-nature. Doubtless you have engagements for the evening."

"None till eleven o'clock, when I have promised to go to a *soirée* to which I do not offer to take you; for it is one of those Bohemian entertainments at which it would do you harm in the Faubourg to assist—at least until you have made good your position. Let me see, is not the Duchesse de Tarascon a relation of yours?"

"Yes; my poor mother's first cousin."

"I congratulate you. *Très grande dame*. She will launch you *in puro celo*, as Juno might have launched one of her young peacocks."

"There has been no acquaintance between our houses," returned the Marquis, dryly, "since the *mésalliance* of her second nuptials."

"*Mésalliance!* second nuptials! Her second husband was the Duke de Tarascon."

"A duke of the First Empire—the grandson of a butcher."

"*Diable!* you are a severe genealogist, *Monsieur le Marquis*. How can you consent to walk arm-in-arm with me, whose great-grandfather supplied bread to the same army to which the Duke de Tarascon's grandfather furnished the meat?"

"My dear Frederic, we two have an equal pedigree, for our friendship dates from the same hour. I do not blame the Duchesse de Tarascon for marrying the grandson of a butcher, but for marrying the son of a man made duke by an usurper. She abandoned the faith of her house and the cause of her sovereign. Therefore her marriage is a blot on our scutcheon."

Frederic raised his eyebrows, but had the tact to pursue the subject no farther. He who interferes in the quarrels of relations must pass through life without a friend.

The young men now arrived at Lemer cier's apartment, an *entresol* looking on the Boulevard des Italiens, consisting of more rooms than a bachelor generally requires; and though low-pitched, of good dimensions, decorated and furnished with a luxury which really astonished the provincial, though, with the high-bred pride of an Oriental, he suppressed every sign of surprise.

Florentine cabinets freshly retouched by the exquisite skill of Mombro, costly specimens of old Sèvres and Limoges; pic-

tures and bronzes and marble statuettes—all well chosen and of great price, reflected from mirrors in Venetian frames—made a *coup d'œil* very favourable to that respect which the human mind pays to the evidences of money. Nor was comfort less studied than splendour. Thick carpets covered the floors, doubled and quilted *portières* excluded all draughts from chinks in the doors. Having allowed his friend a few minutes to contemplate and admire the *salle à manger* and *salon* which constituted his more state apartments, Frederic then conducted him into a small cabinet, fitted up with scarlet cloth and gold fringes, whereon were artistically arranged trophies of Eastern weapons and Turkish pipes with amber mouth-pieces.

There placing the Marquis at ease on a divan, and flinging himself on another, the Parisian exquisite ordered a valet, well dressed as himself, to bring coffee and liqueurs; and after vainly pressing one of his matchless cigars on his friend, indulged in his own Regalia.

"They are ten years old," said Frederic, with a tone of compassion at Alain's self-inflicted loss—"ten years old. Born therefore about the year in which we two parted."

"When you were so hastily summoned from college," said the Marquis, "by the news of your father's illness. We expected you back in vain. Have you been at Paris ever since?"

"Ever since; my poor father died of that illness. His fortune proved much larger than was suspected—my share amounted to an income from investments in stocks, houses, &c., to upwards of 60,000 francs a-year; and as I wanted six years to my majority, of course the capital on attaining my majority would be increased by accumulation. My mother desired to keep me near her; my uncle, who was joint guardian with her, looked with disdain on our poor little provincial cottage; so promising an heir should acquire his finishing education under masters at Paris. Long before I was of age, I was initiated into politer mysteries of our capital than those celebrated by Eugene Sue. When I took possession of my fortune five years ago, I was considered a Cæsus; and really for that patriarchal time I was wealthy. Now, alas! my accumulations have vanished in my outfit; and 60,000 francs a-year is the least a Parisian can live upon. It is not only that all prices have fabulously increased, but that the dearer things become, the better people live. When I first came out, the world speculated upon

me; now, in order to keep my standing, I am forced to speculate on the world. Hitherto I have not lost; Duplessis let me into a few good things this year, worth 100,000 francs or so. Croesus consulted the Delphic Oracle. Duplessis was not alive in the time of Croesus, or Croesus would have consulted Duplessis."

Here there was a ring at the outer door of the apartment, and in another minute the valet ushered in a gentleman somewhere about the age of thirty, of prepossessing countenance, and with the indefinable air of good-breeding and *usage du monde*. Frederic started up to greet cordially the new-comer, and introduced him to the Marquis under the name of "Sare Gram-Varn."

"Decidedly," said the visitor, as he took off his paletot and seated himself beside the Marquis—"decidedly, my dear Lemerrier," said he, in very correct French, and with the true Parisian accent and intonation. "You Frenchmen merit that praise for polished ignorance of the language of barbarians which a distinguished historian bestows on the ancient Romans. Permit me, Marquis, to submit to you the consideration whether Gram Varn is a fair rendering of my name as truthfully printed on this card."

The inscription on the card, thus drawn from its case and placed in Alain's hand, was—

MR. GRAHAM VANE,

No. — Rue D'Anjou.

The Marquis gazed at it as he might on a hieroglyphic, and passed it on to Lemerrier in discreet silence.

That gentleman made another attempt at the barbarian appellation.

"'Grar—ham Varne.' C'est ça! I triumph! all difficulties yield to French energy."

Here the coffee and liqueurs were served; and after a short pause the Englishman, who had very quietly been observing the silent Marquis, turned to him and said: "*Monsieur le Marquis*, I presume it was your father whom I remember as an acquaintance of my own father at Ems. It is many years ago; I was but a child. The Count de Chambord was then at that enervating little spa for the benefit of the Countess's health. If our friend Lemerrier does not mangle your name as he does mine, I understand him to say that you are the Marquis de Rochebriant."

"That is my name: it pleases me to hear that my father was among those who flocked to Ems to do homage to the royal

personage who deigns to assume the title of Count de Chambord."

"My own ancestors clung to the descendants of James II. till their claims were buried in the grave of the last Stuart; and I honour the gallant men who, like your father, revere in an exile the heir to their ancient kings."

The Englishman said this with grace and feeling; the Marquis's heart warmed to him at once.

"The first loyal *gentilhomme* I have met at Paris," thought the Legitimist; "and, oh, shame! not a Frenchman!"

Graham Vane, now stretching himself and accepting the cigar which Lemerrier offered him, said to that gentleman: "You who know your Paris by heart—everybody and everything therein worth the knowing, with many bodies and many things that are not worth it—can you inform me who and what is a certain lady who every fine-day may be seen walking in a quiet spot at the outskirts of the Bois de Boulogne, not far from the Baron de Rothschild's villa? The said lady arrives at this selected spot in a dark-blue *coupé* without armorial bearings punctually at the hour of three. She wears always the same dress, a kind of grey pearl-coloured silk, with a *cachemire* shawl. In age she may be somewhat about twenty—a year or so more or less—and has a face as haunting as a Medusa's; not, however, a face to turn a man into a stone, but rather of the two turn a stone into a man. A clear paleness, with a bloom like an alabaster lamp with the light flashing through. I borrow that illustration from Sare Scott, who applied it to Milor Bee-ron."

"I have not seen the lady you describe," answered Lemerrier, feeling humiliated by the avowal; "in fact, I have not been in that sequestered part of the Bois for months; but I will go to-morrow: three o'clock you say—leave it to me; to-morrow evening, if she is a Parisienne, you shall know all about her. But, *mon cher*, you are not of a jealous temperament to confide your discovery to another."

"Yes, I am of a very jealous temperament," replied the Englishman; "but jealousy comes after love, and not before it. I am not in love; I am only haunted. To-morrow evening, then, shall we dine at Philippe's, seven o'clock?"

"With all my heart," said Lemerrier; "and you too, Alain."

"Thank you, no," said the Marquis, briefly; and he rose, drew on his gloves, and took up his hat.

At these signals of departure, the Eng-

lishman, who did not want tact nor delicacy, thought that he had made himself *de trop* in the tête-à-tête of two friends of the same age and nation; and, catching up his paletot, said hastily, "No, Marquis, do not go yet, and leave our host in solitude; for I have an engagement which presses, and only looked in at Lemercier's for a moment, seeing the light at his windows. Permit me to hope that our acquaintance will not drop, and inform me where I may have the honour to call on you."

"Nay," said the Marquis; "I claim the right of a native to pay my respects first to the foreigner who visits our capital, and," he added in a lower tone, "who speaks so nobly of those who revere its exiles."

The Englishman saluted, and walked slowly towards the door; but on reaching the threshold turned back and made a sign to Lemercier, unperceived by Alain.

Frederic understood the sign, and followed Graham Vane into the adjoining room, closing the door as he passed.

"My dear Lemercier, of course I should not have intruded on you at this hour on a mere visit of ceremony. I called to say that the Mademoiselle Duval whose address you sent me is not the right one—not the lady whom, knowing your wide range of acquaintance, I asked you to aid me in finding out."

"Not the right Duval? *Diable!* she answered your description exactly."

"Not at all."

"You said she was very pretty and young—under twenty."

"You forgot that I said she deserved that description twenty-one years ago."

"Ah, so you did; but some ladies are always young. 'Age,' says a wit in the *Figaro*, 'is a river which the women compel to reascend to its source when it has flowed onward more than twenty years.' Never mind—*soyez tranquille*—I will find your Duval yet if she is to be found. But why could not the friend who commissioned you to inquire choose a name less common? Duval! every street in Paris has a shop-door over which is inscribed the name of Duval."

"Quite true, there is the difficulty; however, my dear Lemercier, pray continue to look out for a Louise Duval who was young and pretty twenty-one years ago—this search ought to interest me more than that which I intrusted to you to-night, respecting the pearly-robed lady; for in the last I but gratify my own whim; in the first I discharge a promise to a friend. You, so perfect a Frenchman,

know the difference; honour is engaged to the first. Be sure you let me know if you find any other Madame or Mademoiselle Duval; and of course you remember your promise not to mention to any one the commission of inquiry you so kindly undertake. I congratulate you on your friendship for M. de Rochebriant. What a noble countenance and manner!"

Lemercier returned to the Marquis. "Such a pity you can't dine with us to-morrow. I fear you made but a poor dinner to-day. But it is always better to arrange the *menu* beforehand. I will send to Philippe's to-morrow. Do not be afraid."

The Marquis paused a moment, and on his young face a proud struggle was visible. At last he said, bluntly and manfully—

"My dear Frederic, your world and mine are not and cannot be the same. Why should I be ashamed to own to my old schoolfellow that I am poor—very poor; that the dinner I have shared with you to-day is to me a criminal extravagance? I lodge in a single chamber on the fourth story; I dine off a single *plat* at a small *restaurateur's*; the utmost income I can allow to myself does not exceed 5000 francs a-year: my fortunes I cannot hope much to improve. In his own country Alain de Rochebriant has no career."

Lemercier was so astonished by this confession that he remained for some moments silent, eyes and mouth both wide open; at length he sprang up, embraced his friend wellnigh sobbing, and exclaimed, "*Tant mieux pour moi!* You must take your lodging with me. I have a charming bedroom to spare. Don't say no. It will raise my own position to say I and Rochebriant keep house together. It must be so. Come here to-morrow. As for not having a career—bah! I and Duplessis will settle that. You shall be a *millionnaire* in two years. Meanwhile we will join capitals: I my paltry notes, you your grand name. Settled!"

"My dear, dear Frederic," said the young noble, deeply affected, "on reflection you will see what you propose is impossible. Poor I may be without dishonour; live at another man's cost I cannot do without baseness. It does not require to be a *gentilhomme* to feel that: it is enough to be a Frenchman. Come and see me when you can spare the time. There is my address. You are the only man in Paris to whom I shall be at home. *Au revoir.*" And breaking away from Lemercier's clasp, the Marquis hurried off.

CHAPTER III.

ALAIN reached the house in which he lodged. Externally a fine house, it had been the hotel of a great family in the old *régime*. On the first floor were still superb apartments, with ceilings painted by Le Brun, with walls on which the thick silks still seemed fresh. These rooms were occupied by a rich *agent de change*; but, like all such ancient palaces, the upper stories were wretchedly defective even in the comforts which poor men demand nowadays: a back staircase, narrow, dirty, never lighted, dark as Erebus, led to the room occupied by the Marquis, which might be naturally occupied by a needy student or a virtuous *grisette*. But there was to him a charm in that old hotel, and the richest *locataire* therein was not treated with a respect so ceremonious as that which attended the lodger on the fourth story. The porter and his wife were Bretons; they came from the village of Rochebriant; they had known Alain's parents in their young days; it was their kinsman who had recommended him to the hotel which they served: so, when he paused at the lodge for his key, which he had left there, the porter's wife was in waiting for his return, and insisted on lighting him up-stairs and seeing to his fire, for after a warm day the night had turned to that sharp biting cold which is more trying in Paris than even in London.

The old woman, running up the stairs before him, opened the door of his room, and busied herself at the fire. "Gently, my good Martha," said he, "that log suffices. I have been extravagant to-day, and must pinch for it."

"*M. le Marquis* jests," said the old woman, laughing.

"No, Martha; I am serious. I have sinned, but I shall reform. *Entre nous*, my dear friend, Paris is very dear when one sets one's foot out of doors: I must soon go back to Rochebriant."

"When *M. le Marquis* goes back to Rochebriant he must take with him a *Madame la Marquise*—some pretty angel with a suitable dot."

"A dot suitable to the ruins of Rochebriant would not suffice to repair them, Martha: give me my dressing-gown, and good-night."

"*Bon repos, M. le Marquis! beaux rêves, et bel avenir.*"

"*Bel avenir!*" murmured the young man bitterly, leaning his cheek on his hand; "what fortune fairer than the present can be mine? yet inaction in youth is more

keenly felt than in age. How lightly I should endure poverty if it brought poverty's ennobling companion, Labour—denied to me! Well, well I must go back to the old rock: on this ocean there is no sail, not even an oar, for me."

Alain de Rochebriant had not been reared to the expectation of poverty. The only son of a father whose estates were large beyond those of most nobles in modern France, his destined heritage seemed not unsuitable to his illustrious birth. Educated at a provincial academy, he had been removed at the age of sixteen to Rochebriant, and lived there simply and lonely enough, but still in a sort of feudal state, with an aunt, an elder and unmarried sister to his father.

His father he never saw but twice after leaving college. That brilliant *seigneur* visited France but rarely, for very brief intervals, residing wholly abroad. To him went all the revenues of Rochebriant save what sufficed for the *ménage* of his son and his sister. It was the cherished belief of these two loyal natures that the Marquis devoted his fortune to the cause of the Bourbons—how, they knew not, though they often amused themselves by conjecturing; and the young man, as he grew up, nursed the hope that he should soon hear that the descendant of Henri Quatre had crossed the frontier on a white charger and hoisted the old gonfalon with its *fleur-de-lis*. Then, indeed, his own career would be opened, and the sword of the Kerouecs drawn from its sheath. Day after day he expected to hear of revolts, of which his noble father was doubtless the soul. But the Marquis, though a sincere Legitimist, was by no means an enthusiastic fanatic. He was simply a very proud, a very polished, a very luxurious, and, though not without the kindness and generosity which were common attributes of the old French noblesse, a very selfish *grand seigneur*.

Losing his wife (who died the first year of marriage in giving birth to Alain) while he was yet very young, he had lived a frank libertine life until he fell submissive under the despotic yoke of a Russian Princess, who, for some mysterious reason, never visited her own country and obstinately refused to reside in France. She was fond of travel, and moved yearly from London to Naples, Naples to Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Seville, Carlsbad, Baden-Baden—anywhere for caprice or change, except Paris. This fair wanderer succeeded in chaining to herself the heart and the steps of the Marquis de Rochebriant.

She was very rich ; she lived semi-royally. Hers was just the house in which it suited the Marquis to be the *enfant gâté*. I suspect that, cat-like, his attachment was rather to the house than to the person of his mistress. Not that he was domiciled with the Princess ; that would have been somewhat too much against the proprieties, greatly too much against the Marquis's notions of his own dignity. He had his own carriage, his own apartments, his own *suite*, as became so grand a *seigneur*, and the lover of so grand a *dame*. His estates, mortgaged before he came to them, yielded no income sufficient for his wants ; he mortgaged deeper and deeper ; year after year, till he could mortgage them no more. He sold his hotel at Paris — he accepted without scruple his sister's fortune — he borrowed with equal *sang froid* the two hundred thousand francs which his son on coming of age inherited from his mother. Alain yielded that fortune to him without a murmur — nay, with pride ; he thought it destined to go towards raising a regiment for the *fleur-de-lis*.

To do the Marquis justice, he was fully persuaded that he should shortly restore to his sister and son what he so recklessly took from them. He was engaged to be married to his Princess so soon as her own husband died. She had been separated from the Prince for many years, and every year it was said he could not last a year longer. But he completed the measure of his conjugal iniquities by continuing to live ; and one day, by mistake, Death robbed the lady of the Marquis instead of the Prince.

This was an accident which the Marquis had never counted upon. He was still young enough to consider himself young ; in fact, one principal reason for keeping Alain secluded in Brittany was his reluctance to introduce into the world a son "as old as myself," he would say pathetically. The news of his death which happened at Baden after a short attack of bronchitis caught in a supper *al fresco* at the old castle, was duly transmitted to Rochebriant by the Princess ; and the shock to Alain and his aunt was the greater because they had seen so little of the departed that they regarded him as a heroic myth, an impersonification of ancient chivalry, condemning himself to voluntary exile rather than do homage to usurpers. But from their grief they were roused by the terrible doubt whether Rochebriant could still be retained in the family. Besides the mortgagees, creditors from half the capitals in Europe sent in

their claims ; and all the movable effects transmitted to Alain by his father's confidential Italian valet, except sundry carriages and horses which were sold at Baden for what they would fetch, were a magnificent dressing-case, in the secret drawer of which were some bank-notes amounting to thirty thousand francs, and three large boxes containing the Marquis's correspondence, a few miniature female portraits, and a great many locks of hair.

Wholly unprepared for the ruin that stared him in the face, the young Marquis evinced the natural strength of his character by the calmness with which he met the danger, and the intelligence with which he calculated and reduced it.

By the help of the family notary in the neighbouring town, he made himself master of his liabilities and his means ; and he found that, after paying all debts and providing for the interest of the mortgages, a property which ought to have realized a rental of £10,000 a-year, yielded not more than £400. Nor was even this margin safe, nor the property out of peril ; for the principal mortgagee, who was a capitalist in Paris named Louvier, having had during the life of the late Marquis more than once, to wait for his half-yearly interest longer than suited his patience — and his patience was not enduring — plainly declared that if the same delay recurred he should put his right of seizure in force ; and in France still more than England, bad seasons seriously affect the security of rents. To pay away £9600 a-year regularly out of £10,000, with the penalty of forfeiting the whole if not paid, whether crops may fail, farmers procrastinate, and timber fall in price, is to live with the sword of Damocles over one's head.

For two years and more, however, Alain met his difficulties with prudence and vigour ; he retrenched the establishment hitherto kept at the château, resigned such rural pleasures as he had been accustomed to indulge, and lived like one of his petty farmers. But the risks of the future remained undiminished.

"There is but one way, *Monsieur le Marquis*," said the family notary, M. Hébert, "by which you can put your estate in comparative safety. Your father raised his mortgages from time to time, as he wanted money, and often at interest above the average market interest. You may add considerably to your income by consolidating all these mortgages into one at a lower percentage, and in so doing pay off this formidable mortgagee, M. Louvier, who, I shrewdly suspect, is bent upon be-

coming the proprietor of Rochebriant. Unfortunately those few portions of your land which were but lightly charged, and, lying contiguous to small proprietors, were coveted by them, and could be advantageously sold, are already gone to pay the debts of Monsieur the late Marquis. There are, however, two small farms which, bordering close on the town of S——, I think I could dispose of for building purposes at high rates; but these lands are covered by Monsieur Louvier's general mortgage, and he has refused to release them, unless the whole debt be paid. Were that debt therefore transferred to another mortgagee, we might stipulate for their exception, and in so doing secure a sum of more than 100,000 francs, which you could keep in reserve for a pressing or unforeseen occasion, and make the nucleus of a capital devoted to the gradual liquidation of the charges on the estate. For with a little capital, *Monsieur le Marquis*, your rent-roll might be very greatly increased, the forests and orchards improved, those meadows round S——drained and irrigated. Agriculture is beginning to be understood in Bretagne, and your estate would soon double its value in the hands of a spirited capitalist. My advice to you, therefore, is to go to Paris, employ a good *avoué*, practised in such branch of his profession, to negotiate the consolidation of your mortgages upon terms that will enable you to sell outlying portions, and so pay off the charge by instalments agreed upon;—to see if some safe Company or rich individual can be found to undertake for a term of years the management of your forests, the draining of the S——meadows, the superintendence of your fisheries, &c. They, it is true, will monopolize the profits for many years—perhaps twenty; but you are a young man; at the end of that time you will re-enter on your estate with a rental so improved that the mortgages, now so awful, will seem to you comparatively trivial.”

In pursuance of this advice, the young Marquis had come to Paris fortified with a letter from M. Hébert to an *avoué* of eminence, and with many letters from his aunt to the nobles of the Faubourg connected with his house. Now one reason why M. Hébert had urged his client to undertake this important business in person, rather than volunteer his own services in Paris, was somewhat extra-professional. He had a sincere and profound affection for Alain; he felt compassion for that young life so barrenly wasted in seclusion and severe privations; he respected, but

was too practical a man of business to share, those chivalrous sentiments of loyalty to an exiled dynasty which disqualified the man for the age he lived in, and, if not greatly modified, would cut him off from the hopes and aspirations of his eager generation. He thought plausibly enough that the air of the grand metropolis was necessary to the mental health, enfeebled and withering amidst the feudal mists of Bretagne; that once in Paris, Alain would imbibe the ideas of Paris, adapt himself to some career leading to honour and to fortune, for which he took facilities from his high birth, an historical name too national for any dynasty not to welcome among its adherents, and an intellect not yet sharpened by contact and competition with others, but in itself vigorous, habituated to thought, and vivified by the noble aspirations which belong to imaginative natures.

At the least, Alain would be at Paris in the social position which would afford him the opportunities of a marriage, in which his birth and rank would be readily accepted as an equivalent to some ample fortune that would serve to redeem the endangered *seigneuries*. He therefore warned Alain that the affair for which he went to Paris might be tedious, that lawyers were always slow, and advised him to calculate on remaining several months, perhaps a year; delicately suggesting that his rearing hitherto had been too secluded for his age and rank, and that a year at Paris, even if he failed in the object which took him there, would not be thrown away in the knowledge of men and things that would fit him better to grapple with his difficulties on his return.

Alain divided his spare income between his aunt and himself, and had come to Paris resolutely determined to live within the £200 a-year which remained to his share. He felt the revolution in his whole being which commenced when out of sight of the petty principality in which he was the object of that feudal reverence, still surviving in the more unfrequented parts of Bretagne, for the representatives of illustrious names connected with the immemorial legends of the province.

The very bustle of a railway, with its crowd and quickness and unceremonious democracy of travel, served to pain and confound and humiliate that sense of individual dignity in which he had been nurtured. He felt that, once away from Rochebriant, he was but a cipher in the sum of human beings. Arrived at Paris, and reaching the gloomy hotel to which he

existence to the preservation of your property. By that course your life will be one of permanent privation, severe struggle; and the probability is that you will not succeed: there will come one or two bad seasons, the farmers will fail to pay, the mortgagee will foreclose, and you may find yourself, after twenty years of anxiety and torment, prematurely old and without a sou.

"Course the 2d. Rochebriant, though so heavily encumbered as to yield you some such income as your father gave to his *chef de cuisine*, is still one of those superb *terres* which bankers and Jews and stock-jobbers court and hunt after, for which they will give enormous sums. If you place it in good hands, I do not doubt that you could dispose of the property within three months, on terms that would leave you a considerable surplus, which, invested with judgment, would afford you whereon you could live at Paris in a way suitable to your rank and age. — Need we go further? — does this course smile to you?"

"Pass on, Count; I will defend to the last what I take from my ancestors, and cannot voluntarily sell their rooftree and their tombs."

"Your name would still remain, and you would be just as well received in Paris, and your *noblesse* just as implicitly conceded, if all Judæa encamped upon Rochebriant. Consider how few of us *gentilshommes* of the old *régime* have any domains left to us. Our names alone survive; no revolution can efface them."

"It may be so, but pardon me; there are subjects on which we cannot reason — we can but feel. Rochebriant may be torn from me, but I cannot yield it."

"I proceed to the third course. Keep the château and give up its traditions; remain *de facto* Marquis of Rochebriant, but accept the new order of things. Make yourself known to the people in power. They will be charmed to welcome you; — a convert from the old *noblesse* is a guarantee of stability to the new system. You will be placed in diplomacy; effloresce into an ambassador, a minister — and ministers nowadays have opportunities to become enormously rich."

"That course is not less impossible than the last. Till Henry V. formally resign his right to the throne of St. Louis, I can be servant to no other man seated on that throne."

"Such, too, is my creed," said the Count, "and I cling to it; but my estate is not mortgaged, and I have neither the tastes nor the age for public employments. The

last course is perhaps better than the rest; at all events it is the easiest. A wealthy marriage; even if it must be a *mésalliance*. I think at your age, with your appearance, that your name is worth at least two million francs in the eyes of a rich *roturier* with an ambitious daughter."

"Alas!" said the young man, rising, "I see I shall have to go back to Rochebriant. I cannot sell my castle, I cannot sell my creed, and I cannot sell my name and myself."

"The last all of us did in the old *régime*, Marquis. Though I still retain the title of Vandemar, my property comes from the Farmer-General's daughter, whom my great-grandfather, happily for us, married in the days of Louis Quinze. Marriages with people of sense and rank have always been *mariages de convenance* in France. It is only in *le petit monde* that men having nothing marry girls having nothing, and I don't believe they are a bit the happier for it. On the contrary, the quarrels *de ménage* leading to frightful crimes appear by the '*Gazette de Tribunaux*' to be chiefly found among those who do not sell themselves at the altar."

The old Count said this with a grim *persiflage*. He was a Voltairian.

Voltairianism deserted by the modern Liberals of France has its chief cultivation nowadays among the wits of the old *régime*. They pick up its light weapons on the battle-field on which their fathers perished, and re-feather against the *canaille* the shafts which had been pointed against the *noblesse*.

"Adieu, Count," said Alain, rising; "I do not thank you less for your advice because I have not the wit to profit by it."

"*Au revoir*, my cousin; you will think better of it when you have been a month or two at Paris. By the way, my wife receives every Wednesday; consider our house yours."

"Count, can I enter into the world which *Madame la Comtesse* receives, in the way that becomes my birth, on the income I take from my fortune?"

The Count hesitated. "No," said he at last, frankly; "not because you will be less welcome or less respected, but because I see that you have all the pride and sensitiveness of a *seigneur de province*. Society would therefore give you pain, not pleasure. More than this, I know by the remembrance of my own youth, and the sad experience of my own sons, that you would be irresistibly led into debt, and debt in your circumstances would be the loss of Rochebriant. No; I invite you to visit us.

I offer you the most select but not the most brilliant circles of Paris, because my wife is religious, and frightens away the birds of gay plumage with the scarecrows of priests and bishops. But if you accept my invitation and my offer, I am bound, as an old man of the world to a young kinsman, to say that the chances are that you will be ruined."

"I thank you, Count, for your candour; and I now acknowledge that I have found a relation and a guide," answered the Marquis, with a nobility of mien that was not without a pathos which touched the hard heart of the old man.

"Come at least whenever you want a sincere if a rude friend;" and though he did not kiss his cousin's cheek this time, he gave him, with more sincerity, a parting shake of the hand.

And these made the principal events in Alain's Paris life till he met Frederic Lemercier. Hitherto he had received no definite answer from M. Gandrin, who had postponed an interview, not having had leisure to make himself master of all the details in the abstract sent to him.

From Chambers' Journal.

SARAH MARTIN, THE DRESS-MAKER.

EVERY now and then there casts up some striking instance of self-sacrifice in the cause of humanity, occurring in such obscure circumstances as clearly to indicate that they arise from the purest notions of benevolence. Not but that such cases may very often spring from a certain degree of fanaticism. But that does not much signify. Enthusiasm in trying to do some good in a reasonable and practical way, is not to be sharply challenged, and even when it goes a little beyond bounds it is excusable, from being an agreeable make-weight against the too frequent exhibition of unmitigated selfishness. Of that species of quietly demonstrated benevolence which has the true ring about it, we have always looked with satisfaction on the case of John Pounds, the poor Portsmouth shoemaker, who with an inborn passion for gratuitous teaching, daily gathered a crowd of neglected and half-starved children into his humble booth, and taught them to read while hammering his leather and mending the soles of old boots. John, who has been long dead and gone, did not get much credit for his labours during his lifetime, but he nevertheless deserves to be men-

tioned as the real pioneer in what is now called ragged-school training.

John Howard, and afterwards Mrs. Fry, take a prominent place as having been leading reformers in prison discipline, and for their untiring exertions in the cause of suffering humanity they will ever be held in remembrance. Both, however, as is well known, moved in a good sphere of society. They were persons of fortune, and could afford to give time and money in carrying out their benevolent enterprises. They in no shape belonged to the John Pounds category of enthusiasts, who drudge patiently on in obscurity, doing all the good they can to their fellow-creatures, while hardly possessing means for their own daily wants. To this painfully mooling and toiling, yet determinedly resolute class of beings, belonged Sarah Martin, the dress-maker.

Sarah was a reformer of prison management in the early part of the present century, and hence was contemporaneous with Mrs. Fry; but her field of labour was of a local character, and much less a matter of general observation. If a hundred men or women with a similar hobby had scattered themselves over the country, each fixing on a particular jail as a scene of operation, there would have been room for them all. The prisons, big and little, were simply a disgrace. Only no one in high quarters thought much of what was so discreditable. A prison was traditionally reckoned to be a kind of pen-fold, into which all sorts of human wreck of a perversely troublesome kind should be thrust pell-mell, and there left to be dealt with by magistrates, hangmen, grave-diggers, or anybody. Who cared about what was going on in the prisons? Such establishments might be sinks of vice and suffering. The worse for those who got into them — they should have taken better care! That was the whole philosophy of the question at a period within the memory of persons still living.

On this fighting, brawling, miserably suffering, selfish era, Sarah Martin arose like an angel of mercy. Born in 1791, she was the daughter of a small tradesman in the village of Caister, near Yarmouth, on the coast of Norfolk. Her education, of the most meagre kind, began at a dame-school in the village. Having the misfortune to lose her parents, she was thrown on the kindness of her grandmother, who could do nothing else than put her, at from fourteen to fifteen years of age, to learn the business of dress-making in Yarmouth. It speaks not a little for the skill and spirit

of industry in the poor orphan, that after about two years' training she began as a dress-maker on her own account. As such, in a limited way, she was tolerably successful, being favoured with employment from several respectable families in the place.

Henceforth, to the end of her days, we are to view Sarah Martin as gaining her livelihood by going out to shape and sew for those requiring her services, her requital being at most only a few shillings a day. In her occupation there was, perhaps, little room to expand; nor does it appear that she ever aimed at rising to eminence in her profession. The facts regarding her business avocations are rather scanty. We only know that she was satisfied with her position, and commanded respect by the modesty of her demeanour. Though inclined to novel-reading, she was never the least light-headed. Like many young women in similar circumstances, she might doubtless have put on a good deal of sham finery, and tried to cut a dash as a holiday belle. To make herself attractive or conspicuous in this fashion, was not, however, to her taste. Naturally staid and thoughtful, she happily, when no more than nineteen years of age, heard a sermon preached, which by its persuasive piety gave a distinctly religious turn to her feelings; and following up the impulse by a frequent perusal of the Scriptures, a new view of what should be her course of duty dawned upon her.

Now commences the young dressmaker's self-imposed mission in the work of teaching and reclamation. The ignorant, the friendless, the degraded, were to be the special objects of her solicitude. Her earliest efforts lay in the direction of Sunday school teaching; from which she advanced to attendance in the workhouse, where she became a fervent visitor and consoler of the sick, the aged, and the afflicted. For the children in this resort of parochial destitution she was graciously allowed to devote a day in the week, at her own pecuniary loss, to some kind of primary instruction. To these duties, which encroached on her means of subsistence, were in time added visits to the destitute sick throughout the town, everywhere carrying spiritual consolation, and planning the elevation of the abandoned and irresolute. In this manner beginning her career, and gaining friends by the obvious simplicity of her character, she extended her ministrations to the town prison, a neglected den of infamy and misery, which stood prodigiously in need of some such benevolent visitors. She is said to

have ventured on this unusual undertaking by hearing of a woman who had been imprisoned on account of barbarous cruelty to her child. Often in passing the jail Sarah had yearned to get within its portal, in order to read the Scriptures to its inmates and attempt to stimulate their better feelings; but it was only now she mustered courage to make the effort. Timidly she requested permission to perform the visit of mercy, but was refused. The check, though discouraging, did not turn her from her purpose. She made a second attempt, and this time she had the gratification of being admitted — admitted as a favour to a prison from which all of a respectable caste shrunk with horror.

The Yarmouth prison as it then existed is pictured to have been of the lowest type — confined, loathsome, dirty, scarcely any division of the sexes, the inmates gambling, fighting, boastful over their villainous exploits, and rejoicing in contrivances for fresh delinquencies, with no chaplain or other authority to mitigate their brutality. Into this horrid arena of uproar and disgust, the poor dress-maker voluntarily entered, in the hope of reclaiming deserted and hopeless iniquity. The woman who was the primary object of her mission, was surprised to find that any one cared for her, and soon melting into tears thanked her kindly disposed visitor. So encouraged, Sarah read and expounded passages in the New Testament to other inmates who would listen to her. In these well-meant endeavours, she encountered numerous unpleasant rebuffs. But jeers, coarse abuse, and unmanly insolence, were held as nothing under a high sense of duty. Never faltering in her attempts, her simplicity and her gentleness won on hearts steeled to ordinary impressions. Sometimes she was shocked with the scenes that were presented, as well as with the language that met her ear; still she persevered, and gradually gained that degree of respect and confidence which gave her an ascendancy over even the most profligate. Of course, she did not reach this measure of success without a heavy sacrifice of time and trouble, or in other words of loss in her means of livelihood. As if this were but a secondary consideration she actually gave up every Monday to unpaid work in the prison. This was in addition to her attendance on Sundays, on which she effected the introduction of regular divine service; and what is still more remarkable, she, in the absence of anything better, delivered sermons and ad-

dressess of her own composition, said to have been very appropriate and efficacious.

We are afforded a glimpse of what she did in this department of her labours in the report of an official visitor to the prison. It is dated Sunday, November 29, 1835. "Attended divine service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled. A female resident in the town officiated. Her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the liturgy of the Church of England. Two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well — much better than I have heard in our best appointed churches. A written discourse, of her own composition, was read by her. It was of a purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to the hearers. During the performance of the service, the prisoners paid the most profound attention, and the most marked respect; and as far as it is possible to judge, appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was read by her afterwards to the female prisoners."

But this zealous prison apostle did not confine herself to reading and general instruction. She had the tact to perceive that as long as there was nothing but sheer idleness among the prisoners, there was little chance of their moral and intellectual improvement. Accordingly she introduced various petty industries, such as making straw hats, bone-spoons, and boys' caps, and also instructed the women in the sewing of gray cotton shirts. Not stopping at this, she contrived the formation of a fund to furnish work for prisoners when discharged, along with a plan for their outdoor supervision.

It can hardly be supposed that Sarah Martin could in a course of years effect such changes for the better without attracting attention, and raising up friends to help her in the work of benevolence. The public seem to have got a little ashamed that a poor dress-maker, who did not perhaps earn more than ten or twelve shillings a week — at all events not more than kept her alive and paid for her lodgings — should have undertaken a task so herculean, and been so successful. A few began to give her contributions of small sums to purchase Bibles and other books requisite to carry out her plans of instruction. The succour came just in time, for she was beginning to experience privations, though prepared to submit to want rather than give up her noble enterprise.

We have not space to go into a narrative of Sarah's subsequent proceedings, nor is it necessary for us to do so; for ample details were years ago (April, 1847) presented in the *Edinburgh Review*, and now a full account of this remarkable woman is given in her Memoir, just published by the Religious Tract Society. Only a few facts may be added to complete the outline of her career. As the result of assiduous labours, mental and bodily, during a period of twenty years, her health began to break down, and jail ministrations had to be relinquished into the hands of those who were regularly constituted for this species of work. Her plans had been successful, not only as regards the reclamation of old and young of both sexes, but had contributed to the establishment of a defined system of prison discipline, such as now prevails. In her latter days she gave some superintendence to a school of factory girls, and performed acts of kindness in visiting the sick in the poorer parts of the town. At last these labours proved too much for her enfeebled frame, and she lay down to die. Her concluding days were clouded by the pain of an acute complaint, which opiates could but temporarily assuage. She died October 15, 1843, and was interred at Caister.

So terminated the useful and extraordinary career of Sarah Martin, whose name, whose unaffected practical piety, and innumerable good deeds effected under extreme difficulty, we have no small degree of satisfaction in being able to commemorate in these pages. It is painful to think how a really poor woman should have been left to do and suffer so much in the cause of humanity, scarcely receiving thanks for her self-sacrifice. No doubt, she had her own great reward, but that does not lessen our feeling of regret that so little was done to show anything like a general sense of gratitude for her labours during her lifetime. Not long since, a beautiful window of stained glass was erected to her memory by public subscription in the ancient church of St. Nicholas, at Yarmouth, which at least indicates that her modest merits are at length fully appreciated. Let us, too, though at this late day, add our meed of acknowledgment. As we have spoken with approbation of John Pounds as the pioneer in ragged-school instruction, let us do equal justice to Sarah Martin, the humble sempstress of Yarmouth, and help to inscribe her name in the honoured roll of the Howards, Frys, Buxtons, and others who distinguished themselves as reformers of prison discipline.

W. C.

From The People's Magazine.

AN EVENING WITH MRS. SOMERVILLE.

SCATTERED recollections, contributed by various people, make perhaps the best materials for a biography; and any one who has a vivid personal memory of a distinguished character, however small the facts it relates to, does good service by making it known. This is the excuse for putting forward these few reminiscences of the famous Mary Somerville, who has lately passed away.

I was fortunate enough to have an introduction to her family when I visited Naples in the winter of 1870. They were living in the top story of a great palazzo on the Riviera di Chiaja; a suite of spacious rooms, facing the bay, and approached by a great staircase that seemed, as is always the case in Italy, to get cleaner and more sumptuous the higher you ascended. You passed through two or three anterooms, gathering as you went a truly Italian impression of marble and space, and then found yourself at the door of the great drawing-room. It was only in the evening that Mrs. Somerville received, and it is an evening impression that the room has left; great dim distances, a few lights at the farther end, barely distinguishing the plates of Raffaele Majolica on the walls and the antique bronzes on the marble tables; and in the far corner two ladies working, and a third lady, old and small, sitting watchful and dignified in her low arm-chair.

This was Mrs. Somerville; it was her ninetieth birth-day when I saw her first. She put down the English newspaper as I approached, and, after her kind greeting, settled down for a gossip. Her ninety years seemed to have withered her frame; but it was wiry and firm still, her eyes were keen, her voice clear, only her hearing was impaired. Still it was quite possible to talk with her if you raised your voice; and it was easy to make her talk more than listen. Of course the war was our first subject; she had foreseen it fifty years before, at the Restoration. She was military and commiserating, critic and woman, by turns; now shaking her head over the dead and dying, now speculating about the fall of Paris. You had but to close your eyes and to fancy a clever *modern* Englishwoman talking; the words and thoughts were as fresh and current as those of the clever young wife of a clever young member in a parliament of to-day.

It was the same in the other subjects which we discussed; Italy and the Italian character, the latest changes at Oxford, and what not.

But of course she was most interesting when she came to talk of herself. "I do not apologize for talking of myself," she said; "for it is always good for the young to hear that old age is not so terrible as they fear. My life is a very placid one. I have my coffee early; from eight to twelve I read or write in bed; then I rise and paint in my studio for an hour—that is all I can manage now! The afternoon is my time for rest; then comes dinner-time, and after that I sit here and am glad to see any kind friends who may like to visit me." Then she would explain what was the reading and writing she was engaged upon. She was correcting and adding to the first edition of *Molecular and Microscopic Science*: "only putting it in order for my daughter to publish when a second edition is called for after my death. Oh, they are quite competent to do it," she would say, with a smile; "I took care they should be much better educated than I was. And I am reading a good deal now—reading Herodotus. I took him down from my shelves the other day—it was the first time I had tried Greek for fifty years—to see if I had forgotten the character. To my delight, I found I could read him and understand him quite easily. What a charming writer Herodotus is!" All this was without the slightest pedantry; the utterance of a perfectly natural, simple mind, that dwelt upon subjects which interested it when it saw that they interested its neighbour.

The impression which Mrs. Somerville left upon one from this evening, and several like it spent in her company, was that of a thoroughly harmonious character, widely sympathetic and intensely individual. She had developed those two sides of her nature in the most complete way, and the result was a perfectly calm old age. The extraordinary power of abstraction which enabled her to work out a mathematical problem amid the buzz of conversation was typical of her whole mind. She was great, because she was so perfectly self-contained. Yet her sympathies, as has been said, were wide and warm. Such balance of character is a rare spectacle at any time; is perhaps rarest in extreme old age; and is precious in proportion to its rarity.

MRS. BROWNING'S DOG "FLUSH."

IF Mr. Darwin's dogs are in the habit of turning aside their blushing faces, on being plied with titbits, they must be singular samples of their race. My own experience of dog-demeanour at table, like that of Filma, is of a contrary character. I have the warmest affection and respect for dogs, and am even not far from endorsing the Frenchman's dictum, that "Ce qu'il y a de mieux dans l'homme, c'est le chien." But backwardness in "asking for more" is not a virtue I should attribute to them generically. That they sometimes display a capricious delicacy of appetite is undeniable, but would not be worth dwelling on here, if it did not enable me to revive the memory of a dog famous in song. I allude to Mrs. Browning's dog, Flush. It was my privilege to keep up a correspondence with that lady during a period of many years, and Flush's name found frequent mention in her letters. On one occasion she had expressed her regret at his growing plumpness, and I suppose I must have been cruel enough to suggest starvation as a remedy, for her next letter opens with an indignant protest:—

"Starve Flush! Starve Flush! My dear Mr. Westwood, what are you thinking of? And besides, if the crime were lawful and possible, I deny the necessity. He is fat, certainly—but he has been fatter; as I say, sometimes, with a sigh of sentiment—he has been fatter, and he may therefore become thinner. And then he does not eat after the manner of dogs. I never saw a dog with such a ladylike appetite, nor knew of one by tradition. To eat two small biscuits in succession is generally more than he is inclined to do. When he has meat it is only once a day, and it must be so particularly well cut up and offered to him on a fork, and he is so subtly discriminative as to differences between boiled mutton and roast mutton, and roast chicken and boiled chicken, that often he walks away in disdain, and 'will have none of it.' He makes a point, indeed, of taking his share of my muffin and of my coffee, and a whole queen's cake when he can get it; but it is a peculiar royalty of his to pretend to be indifferent even to these; to refuse them when offered to him—to refuse them once, twice, and thrice—only to keep his eye on them that they should not vanish from the room, by any means, as it is his intention to have them at last. My father is quite vexed with me sometimes, and given to declare that I have instructed Flush in the 'art of giving himself airs,' and otherwise that no dog in the world could be, of his own accord and instinct, so like a woman. But I never did so instruct him. The 'airs' came, as the wind blows. He surprises me, just as he surprises other people—and more, because I see more

of him. His sensibility on the matter of vanity strikes me most amusingly. To be dressed up in necklaces and a turban is an excessive pleasure to him; and to have the glory of eating everything that he sees me eat, is to be glorious indeed. Because I offered him cream-cheese on a bit of toast, and *forgot the salt*, he refused at once. It was Bedreddin and the unsalted cheese-cake over again. And this, although he hates salt, and is conscious of his hatred of salt;—but his honour was in the salt, according to his view of the question, and he insisted on its being properly administered. Now tell me if Flush's notion of honour, and the modern world's, are not much on a par. In fact, he thought I intended, by my omission, to place him *below the salt*.

"My nearest approach to starving Flush (to come to an end of the subject) is to give general instructions to the servant who helps him to his dinner, 'not to *press* him to eat.' I know he ought not to be fat—I know it too well—and his father being, according to Miss Mitford's account, '*square*,' at this moment, there is an hereditary reason for fear. So he is not to be '*pressed*'—and, in the meantime, with all the incipient fatness, he is as light as a jump, and as quick of spirits as ever, and quite well.

"April, 1845."

In a later letter she says:—

"May I tell you I have 'lost and won' poor Flush again, and that I had to compound with the thieves and pay six guineas, in order to recover him, much as I did last year—besides the tears, the tears! And when he came home he *began to cry*. His heart was full, like my own. Nobody knows, except you and me, and those who have experienced the like affections, what it is to love a dog and lose it. Grant the love, and the loss is imaginable; but I complain of the fact that people, who will not, or cannot grant the love, set about 'wondering how one is not ashamed to make such a fuss for a dog!' As if love (whether of dogs or man) must not have the same quick sense of sorrow! For my part, my eyelids have swelled and reddened both for the sake of lost dogs and birds—and I do not feel particularly ashamed of it. For Flush, who loves me to the height and depth of the capacity of his own nature, if I did not love *him*, I could love nothing. Besides, Flush has a *soul* to love. Do you not believe that dogs have souls? I am thinking of writing a treatise on the subject, after the manner of Plato's famous one."

And again:—

"The only time, almost, that Flush and I quarrel seriously, is when I have, as happens sometimes, a parcel of new books to undo and look at. He likes the undoing of the parcel, being abundantly curious; but to see me absorbed in what he takes to be admiration for the new books is a different matter, and makes him superlatively jealous. I have two long ears flapping into my face immediately from the pillow

over my head, in serious appeal. Poor Flushie !
The point of this fact is, that when I read old books, he does not care."

I cannot refrain from giving the conclusion of this letter, though it is apart from the subject :—

"I am thinking — lifting up my pen — what I can write which is likely to be interesting to you. After all, I come to chaos and silence, and even old night, it is growing so dark. I live in London, to be sure, and except for the glory of it, I might live in a desert — so profound is my solitude, and so complete my isolation from things and persons without. I lie all day, and day after day, on this sofa, and my windows do not even look into the street. To abuse myself with a vain deceit of rural life, I have had ivy planted in a box — and it has flourished and spread over one window, and strikes against the glass, with a little stroke from the thicker leaves, when the wind blows at all briskly. Then I think of forests and groves it is my triumph, when the leaves strike the window-pane. And this is not to sound like a lament. Books and thoughts and dreams (too consciously dreamed, however, for me — the illusion of them has almost passed) and domestic tenderness can and ought to leave nobody lamenting. Also God's wisdom, deeply steeped in His love, is . . . as far as we can stretch out our hands."

Our chief King Poet still reigns, in spite of disloyalty, but our chief Queen Poet, from the beginning of years, was taken from us, when that tender, noble, heroic life beat its last beat.

One farewell word to Flush. His early life was a sequestered one, but he saw much of men and things, after his mistress's marriage — went to Paris, Rome, and Florence, wagged his tail in "Casa Guidi Windows," had one or two perilous adventures — lost his coat, and became a dreadful guy in the warm climate; but lived to an advanced old age, and was beloved and honoured to the end. Here is his epitaph, written in his youth :—

"Of thee it shall be said,
This dog watched beside a bed
Day and night unwearied —
Watched within a curtained room,
Where no sunshine brake the gloom,
Round the sick and dreary.

Roses, gathered for a vase,
In that chamber died apace,
Beam and breeze resigning —
This dog only, waited on,
Knowing that, when light is gone,
Love remains for shining.

Other dogs in thymy dew,
Tracked the hares and followed through

Sunny moor or meadow —
This dog only, crept and crept
Next a languid cheek that slept,
Sharing in the shadow.

And if one or two quick tears
Dropped upon his glossy ears,
Or a sigh came double —
Up he sprang in eager haste,
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast
In a tender trouble.

Therefore to this dog will I,
Tenderly, not scornfully,
Render praise and favour :
With my hand upon his head
Is my benediction said,
Therefore, and for ever."

T. WESTWOOD.

BRUSSELS.

Notes and Queries.

From Chambers' Journal.
PARTY COLOURS.

THE abstract is never popular, because it cannot be grasped by common minds, and we therefore find that the masses like their principles made tangible to the eye. This accounts for the variety of party badges, for which the greatest enthusiasm is often felt. In many districts the different parties are never described as Liberal and Conservative, but are referred to by the names of their respective colours.

Election colours vary all over the country, and they are sometimes (especially in the various counties) taken from the livery of the candidate or of some local magnate.

Blue is a very favourite colour, and considering its long association with truth, we need not be surprised that each party has attempted to "mark it for its own." Chaucer refers to blue's characteristic in the *Squire's Tale*, as follows :

And by hire bedde's hed she made a mew,
And covered it with velouettes blew,
In signe of trouthe that is in woman sene.

And again, in the *Court of Love* :

Lo, yondir folke (quod she) that knele in blew,
They were the colour aye, and ever shal,
The signe they were, and ever will be true
Withouten change.

The Earl of Surrey, in his *Complaint of a Dying Lover*, associates truth with blue in the same manner :

By him I made his tomb, in token he was true,
And, as to him belonged well, I covered it with blue.

True blue is now chiefly associated with

the Tory party, but it was not always so, for Hudibras was "Presbyterian true blue." The Whigs continued the use of blue; and in some satirical lines published after Bishop Burnet's death, the devil is represented as asking after Dr. Hoadley, and Burnet as answering :

Oh, perfectly well :
A truer blue Whig you have not in hell.

During the Gordon Riots of 1780, blue ribbons were worn by all the rioters. Lord George Gordon on one occasion appeared in the House of Commons with a blue cockade in his hat, when Colonel Herbert sprang up and said he would not sit in the House while a member wore the badge of sedition in his hat. After this, Lord George put his cockade into his pocket.

Blue, when associated with Buff, has long been connected with the party of progress; and the use of yellow appears to date back to the time of the Great Rebellion. The soldiers of the parliament wore orange tawny scarfs, and in Whitelock's *Memorials* we learn the cause of the adoption of this colour. Under the date of August 22, 1642, we read: "The Earl of Essex's colour was a deep yellow, others setting up another colour were held malignants, and ill affected to the Parliament's cause." The Scotch troops in the service of Gustavus Adolphus are said to have worn blue and buff. These colours were at the height of their popularity in the time of Charles James Fox. That statesman was always dressed in a blue coat with gilt buttons, and buff waistcoat, and all his followers of both sexes wore the same colours. At one of the political entertainments at Carlton House, the Prince of Wales proposed the health of the famous wit and beauty, Mrs. Crewe, of whom Fox felicitously wrote :

Where the loveliest expression to feature is joined,
By Nature's most delicate pencil designed;
Where blushes unbidden, and smiles without art,
Speak the sweetness and feeling that dwell in the heart.

The health was given in the following form :

Buff and Blue,
And Mrs. Crewe.

The lady promptly responded :

Buff and Blue,
And all of you.

These famous colours still exist on the cover of the *Edinburgh Review*, as they did when Byron wrote in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* :

Ere the next Review
Soars on its wings of saffron and of blue.

Burns writes :

It's guid to be merry and wise;
It's guid to be honest and true;
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,
And bide by the Buff and the Blue.

Orange and blue were William III's colours, and they are still borne by the Orange lodges of Ireland, by which means they have become strongly associated with an anti-catholic spirit. The late Lord Macaulay, when speaking on the state of Ireland in the House of Commons (February 19, 1844), said he was struck on his election for Leeds by observing the orange-coloured finery used by his adherents, who were zealous for Catholic emancipation. Orange ribbons and cockades were seen everywhere, and he was told that the friends of the Catholics had always rallied under the Orange banner, as the sign of toleration.

In Cumberland and Westmoreland, Blue and Yellow are the local colours, but not associated, for the first is Liberal, and the last Conservative. Here the respective parties are known as Blues and Yellows, not as Liberals and Conservatives. Different shades of blue have occasionally been used in these counties, as when Sir James Graham and William Blamire, were chaired, one in a dark-blue, and the other in a light-blue chair. Other colours have been Orange and Purple, and White and Blue. Pink or Crimson has been used by a Conservative county candidate, and a Chartist has "sporting" red or green banners.

Blue has long been the Whig or Liberal colour in Lincolnshire. Sir William Talmash, afterwards Lord Huntingtower, an eccentric possessing much property in Grantham and its neighbourhood about the beginning of the present century, added the word Blue to the signs of all the public-houses he possessed, which accounts for the large number of Blue Lions, Blue Boars, &c., there to be found. True Blue is and has been for many years the Tory colour at Exeter, as Yellow is the Whig; and in Suffolk, the Tories fight under the Blue flag, one of their poets singing :

True Blue will never stain;
Yellow will with a drop of rain.

The Rev. John Eagles, author of the *Sketcher*, wrote some lines on True Blue, beginning :

There are fifty fine colours that flaunt and flare,
All pleasant and gay to see;

But of all the fine colours that dance in the air,
True Blue's the colour for me.

At Norwich, Blue and White are the Whig colours, and Orange and Purple the Tory; but, curiously enough, the colours for the county of Norfolk are not only not the same, but vary greatly. At one election, the Whigs were distinguished by Orange and Blue, at another by Orange and White; the Tories being Pink and Purple. At an election for one seat only the Whigs bore Green and the Tories Purple colours. At Preston, dark Blue was the Tory colour, and the Whigs bore the Stanley colour, Orange, the Independent Liberal being Green. When Hunt was a candidate, he adopted Red; but now the regular Liberal colour is Green, and lately the chairman of a large political meeting called on the thousands present to rally round the Green flag of Liberalism, the colour which meant vitality. Unfortunately, Green also means inconstancy, and it is not, therefore, a popular hue.

One of the oddest exemplifications of devotion to a party colour is the desire expressed at various times by different people to be buried in that one to which they had adhered through life. An old woman of Ipswich, by the directions of her will, was laid in a blue-lined coffin. She was a Tory. But a Liberal Blue in another part of the country was buried in the same way, and followed to the grave by mourners clad in Blue. A Cumberland patriot once denoted his political opinions by invariably wearing an enormous blue hat; at length, on the occasion of an election, he was disappointed at not receiving the usual *honorarium*, and thoroughly disgusted, he refused to vote either Yellow or Blue, and at the dead of night he solemnly buried his blue hat.

Such are a few of the vagaries of human nature; outbreaks of popular feeling which the philosopher in his study may call madness, but which influences himself like other men when he goes out into the world. Election displays have of late years been much shorn of their grandeur, but it will probably be many a day before party colours are counted among things of the past.

From Once a Week.

KOTOW.

It is curious that the form of making a bow should for years have stood in the way of our amicable diplomatic relations with

China. The history of the Kotow squabbles is not less curious than the fact of their existence. Although Kotow is not to be found in the second volume of Latham's large English dictionary (1870), the word is, as everybody knows, thoroughly acclimatized—belonging to us by adoption rather than by grace. The expressions, he would or would not Kotow to such a one, are so common as to be household words. But the performance of the Kotow itself before that high and most mighty potentate, Son of the Moon, and the near relative of all stars of any respectable magnitude, his Imperial Majesty, Tungehi, of China, &c., &c., supreme, is quite another thing. The ambassador from the Court of St. James's at Peking has, from the first institution of an embassy in China, in 1793, to the present day, more or less angrily resented the proposal made by the Chinese that he should approach the Imperial Majesty of China on his hands and knees, in gait and manner like an Oriental slave, rather than a Minister Plenipotentiary, and a freeborn Briton to boot. So the Kotow question remains where it was nearly a century ago; and it is not likely that the advisers of the young Emperor will allow him to give way in the matter, and receive from Europeans the same form of homage they pay to their sovereigns at home. The cry of Chinese ministers dealing with "barbarian ambassadors" in the Imperial presence is for the Kotow, the whole Kotow, and nothing but the Kotow. In 1859 the American minister tried his best to cut the knot, but without success. He said he "felt the same respect for the Emperor of China as for his own President." The effect of this on the Court of Peking, however, was not to throw oil on the troubled waters. "This language of the American barbarian just places China on a par with the barbarians of the South and East, an arrogation of greatness which is simply ridiculous." In the reign of George III., Lord Macartney offered to perform the Kotow before Kien-lung (then Emperor), if the Chinese would undertake, whenever they visited England, to perform precisely similar homage before our Sovereign. This they refused to do. But his Majesty Kien-lung gave way, and received King George's autograph letter in the European fashion from Lord Macartney, on bended knee only. Kea-king, the next Emperor, behaved with less sense; and in 1816, Lord Amherst, our second ambassador, was incessantly worried, cajoled, and bored by the Chinese Commissioners on the subject of the Kotow. But

he refused to perform any such base homage to his Majesty Kea-king, and he left the capital with his mission unperformed. In 1860, Lord Elgin went out to ratify the treaty of 1858, and to present an autograph letter from the Queen to Hienfung; and his refusal to Kotow led to a rupture at once. Ever since that date we have had a Minister Plenipotentiary at Peking, but he has been persistently refused the right of audience. Now his Majesty Tungehi is of age, and may act in the matter for himself. Upon his conduct depends the solution of the great audience question. To Kotow or not to Kotow has troubled our relations with China for eighty years.

From The Economist.

THE PRUSSIAN STATE CHURCH.

THE Germans are certainly thorough in all they attempt. They conquer thoroughly, impose very thoroughgoing indemnities, enforce their payment in a thorough manner, and are extremely thorough in their methods of annexation. But the most remarkable illustration of the thoroughness of their policy is the measures which the Prussian Administration are now taking to countermine the discontent of the Roman Catholic Church with the policy of the Empire. Prince Bismarck has decided to apply his remedy not merely to the particular annoyance which he wished to remove, but to the source of *all* annoyances which ecclesiastical bodies might find it possible to cause the Prussian State; to sweep away, in short, as far as possible, the opportunity of every church in Prussia for offering any formidable resistance to the policy supported by the State. The new ecclesiastical laws which Dr. Falk has already virtually passed through the Lower House of the Prussian Diet, are no doubt aimed primarily at the Roman Church, but they do not mention any church by name; they apply equally to all churches; and should a difference arise at any time between the Protestant bodies and the State, as serious as there has been of late between the Roman Catholics and the State, the new laws would be quite as drastic remedies for the outburst of Protestant indignation as they are now likely to prove for the discontent and disloyalty of Roman Catholics. And oddly enough, this is the great recommendation of these measures to the German Liberals. They want, they say, to destroy the "Pfaffen-thuns," Protestant as well as Catholic,

root and branch, and they regard the State as the only power strong enough to bit and bridle it, and render it virtually impotent,—which will lead to its destruction.

If that were what is really desirable, it seems not impossible that these measures will succeed,—at least with the weaker and less hardy religious sects of Germany. The Evangelicals have taken alarm as well as the Roman Catholics, and are protesting, not so vigorously and unanimously, but still earnestly, against the bondage which is being prepared for them. But it does not seem that the imagination of the politicians as distinguished from that of the religious sects of Germany has taken any alarm. The liberals forget perhaps on how many sides the moral feeling of the people is bound up with their religious feeling, how easy it would be for the Government, if it once gets complete power over the religious organizations, to check the growth of deep moral convictions unfavourable to the action of the State,—how even in constitutional questions it might easily happen that a question should be raised between the Crown and the people, in which the people would need all the power of religious enthusiasm to help them to defeat the autocracy of the Crown, and how wholly at the mercy of the Administration these new Bills will place the pastors of all sects, so that it will be hardly possible for an enthusiasm hostile to any State policy to develop itself through the Churches if these measures pass.

For undoubtedly the conception of these new measures comes much nearer to the notion of a perfectly uniform caste of religious teachers, and an absolute State veto on all religious teaching unpleasant to the authorities, than any system we Englishmen have known since the time of the Tudors. By the new Bill, every religious teacher in Prussia must attend the State schools, and afterwards the State Universities; he must not live in any sectarian college while attending these Universities, and he must attend the theological classes of the Universities, however distasteful to himself or his friends they may be. He is examined by the State in literature and science before, he can enter any religious ministry, and cannot enter it without a State certificate. Even after obtaining that certificate, he can take no religious office without the assent of the State, and after he has entered any one, cannot change it for another without the assent of the State. The State may object to

any appointment to a clerical office, on the ground that the teacher teaches what is dangerous to the interests of the State; and the Court of appeal is certain to support the Minister in his views on this head. Thus every religious teacher is bound hand and foot to the State. If he wishes to preach against a political proposal, he knows well that this will be fatal to his prospects, and that at the next step in his career the Minister will bar the way of his promotion. And indeed, in all probability, with the careful steps taken in early life to impress upon his mind the dead uniformity of opinions which the State has once sanctioned, the ministers of religion — those of them at least who submit to the laws — will be very little more in Prussia under these laws than a great spiritual constabulary whose eyes wait upon the beck of the State, and who will apply in the moral region the same spirit of martinetism which the Prussian police apply in the physical region.

We do not think this kind of legislation wholesome. We have no sympathy whatever with the ambitious attempts of the Church of Rome to interfere in political matters, and think that any punishments which priests may incur for disobeying the ordinary civil law of the realm are just punishments. But to prevent such measures as these, by giving the State practically a veto on the spontaneous life of the moral and religious teachers of the nation, is, to our minds, to apply a remedy far more mischievous than the disease. It is impossible to combine the active interference and restriction of the State with the chief benefit which is obtained by religious teaching. That benefit is, we suppose, the fostering of deep and warm and spontaneous moods of feelings on the subject of the highest ideal motives and the true destiny of man; but the State, from the very necessity of the case, is occupied in considering how to make it easiest to govern, and how to avoid outbursts of popular impulse against its own favourite schemes. Of course, if it can avoid them by cutting them off at their source, it will do so. Anything that looks "dangerous," that looks as if it would give trouble, the State will prohibit, if it can. But which of the great spontaneous movements of thought and feeling in all history has not looked dangerous, has not been regarded with jealous eyes by the powers interested in preserving order, when it first broke forth? Could the Anti-Slavery movement have assumed the great proportions it did in America before the Civil War, if the State

had had a veto on all ministers of religion who taught doctrines unfavourable to its authority? Nay, could even a great religious movement go on in Prussia itself against political corruptibility such as has been lately brought to light in connection with the railway system, if the ministers who took it up knew that they could not offend the State without losing all hope of a career, even in the profession they had chosen for themselves? It is impossible for the State to help wishing to make the wheels of government run smooth; now the great advantage of the free religious life of a people is generally to awaken vital forces which make the wheels of government run anything but smoothly, and of course the administration will resent the trouble which such forces give, and try to keep them in check. We sincerely believe then, that civil society in Prussia, in the unfortunate enthusiasm of its new self-respect, is making a very serious mistake when it gives Prince Bismarck its support for this restrictive legislation. Possibly the Government will succeed in the immediate object before it, possibly also it may fail by attempting too much and bringing on a reaction; but whether it succeed or fail, this legislation must seriously choke the springs of those spontaneous popular convictions and emotions from which half the depth and fulness and elasticity and nobility of any people's life proceeds. It cannot promote either freedom of heart or freedom of thought to fashion the popular teachers of a nation all in one mould; and even then, to bind the mover by the most stringent guarantees not to give utterance to any thought which is likely to be seriously offensive to the ruling caste.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

HISTORY OF RUSSIAN PROGRESS IN CHINA.

It was not until the end of the fifteenth century that the first Russian settlement was made on the Asiatic side of the Ural Mountains. In 1587 Tobolsk was built. Then followed in quick succession the establishment of Tomsk, Yakutsk, and Okhotsk, and in 1636 reports brought by wandering Cossacks of the wealth of the Amoor district stimulated the Government of the Czar to push their outposts across the intervening space of plain and forest to the coasts of Chinese Manchuria. Several successive expeditions were fitted out for this purpose, and in 1650 one Khaba-

rof, after having committed deeds which have left a lasting stigma on the Russian name, succeeded in penetrating as far as the Lower Amoor. The following year witnessed the first collision between the subjects of the Czar and the soldiers of the Emperor of China. In attempting to land from his boats to attack a native fort situated on the bank of the river, Khabarof was met by the Daurian garrison and fifty Manchoo horsemen, who, however, fled at the first discharge of the Russian firearms. The fort was carried by assault, and the garrison were put to the sword, no quarter being given by the Russians to its comparatively defenceless defenders.

On the day succeeding the capture of this fort, the Manchoo fugitives returned accompanied by a Chinese mandarin, who visited the Russian commander, and expressed a hope that the people of the two nations might for the future live together in amity. But it soon became apparent that peace could only be maintained by the cession to Russia of the whole of the Amoor district, and the Chinese, who were in no humour thus to yield to the invaders, thereupon sent reinforcements into the threatened provinces, and in 1652 attacked the Russian fort of Achanskoi Gorod. Here, again, the Russians were victorious, and the Manchoes retreated, leaving 676 dead on the field, while ten only of the garrison were killed. In 1654 Stepanof was sent to command the Russian forces, and suffered a repulse while attempting to ascend the Sungari. But this reverse by no means checked his daring, and the successful resistance he offered to an attack made on his position by an army of 10,000 Chinese soldiers in the following year completely restored his prestige.

The accession of Kanghi to the throne of China marked the beginning of a new era in the fortunes of that empire, and was followed by the commencement of a new system of intercourse with the Russians. After numberless engagements with the Cossack armies, in which the usual fortunes of war attended the two forces, Kanghi in 1670 despatched an embassy to St. Petersburg to complain of the encroachments made on his territory by the subjects of the Czar. A conciliatory answer was returned to the ambassador, and Milovanof was sent to China personally to assure the Emperor of the Czar's friendly feeling towards him. On his arrival at Peking Milovanof was received in audience by the Emperor, and he finally returned to St. Petersburg laden with presents and

rewards. The hopes to which this embassy gave rise in the minds of the Chinese were doomed to speedy disappointment. The aggressive action of the Russians showed no diminution, and in 1674 they even went the length of making the Tunguzians in the neighbourhood of Albazin tributary to the Czar. This step was one which they knew would be resented by the Chinese, and Nicolas Spafarik, a native of Greece, was therefore sent on an embassy to Peking to mitigate the wrath of the Emperor. Notwithstanding the ill success of his negotiations with Milovanof, Kanghi received this envoy also, but in return for this condescension a promise was extracted from Spafarik that his countrymen should cease to navigate the Lower Amoor. In no sense was this promise kept, and the Chinese, wearied of diplomatic action, made preparations to take the field. The campaign of 1682 commenced with the defeat of a detachment of Cossacks, some of whom were taken prisoners and sent to Peking. The tide of victory now for a brief space turned to the side of the Chinese, and by the end of the year, the Russians were completely driven out of the Lower Amoor, and Albazin, a fortified place of considerable importance, was captured and razed to the ground. Two years later, however, the Russians regained the territory they had lost, and, feeling that they were then in position to treat on terms of equality with the Chinese, they proposed to open negotiations. But numerous delays occurred, and it was only after the despatch of two successive envoys to Peking that it was finally agreed that commissioners should be appointed on either side to fix definitely the boundary lines between the two empires. Nerchinski was chosen as the place of meeting, and thither in 1689 Golovin on the part of Russia, and two representatives of the Court of Peking repaired. The Chinese Commissioners, contrary to the agreed stipulations arrived at Nerchinski with an overwhelming force, evidently with the intention of lowering the Russian demands. But, although the presence of so large an army caused Golovin no little uneasiness, he yet succeeded in persuading the Chinese to draw the boundary along the line of the River Uruon and "the long chain of mountains extending from the sources of the Kerbecki to the Eastern Ocean." Thus was peace secured, and the famous compact of Nerchinski formed the basis of the Convention concluded in 1738 of all communication between the two

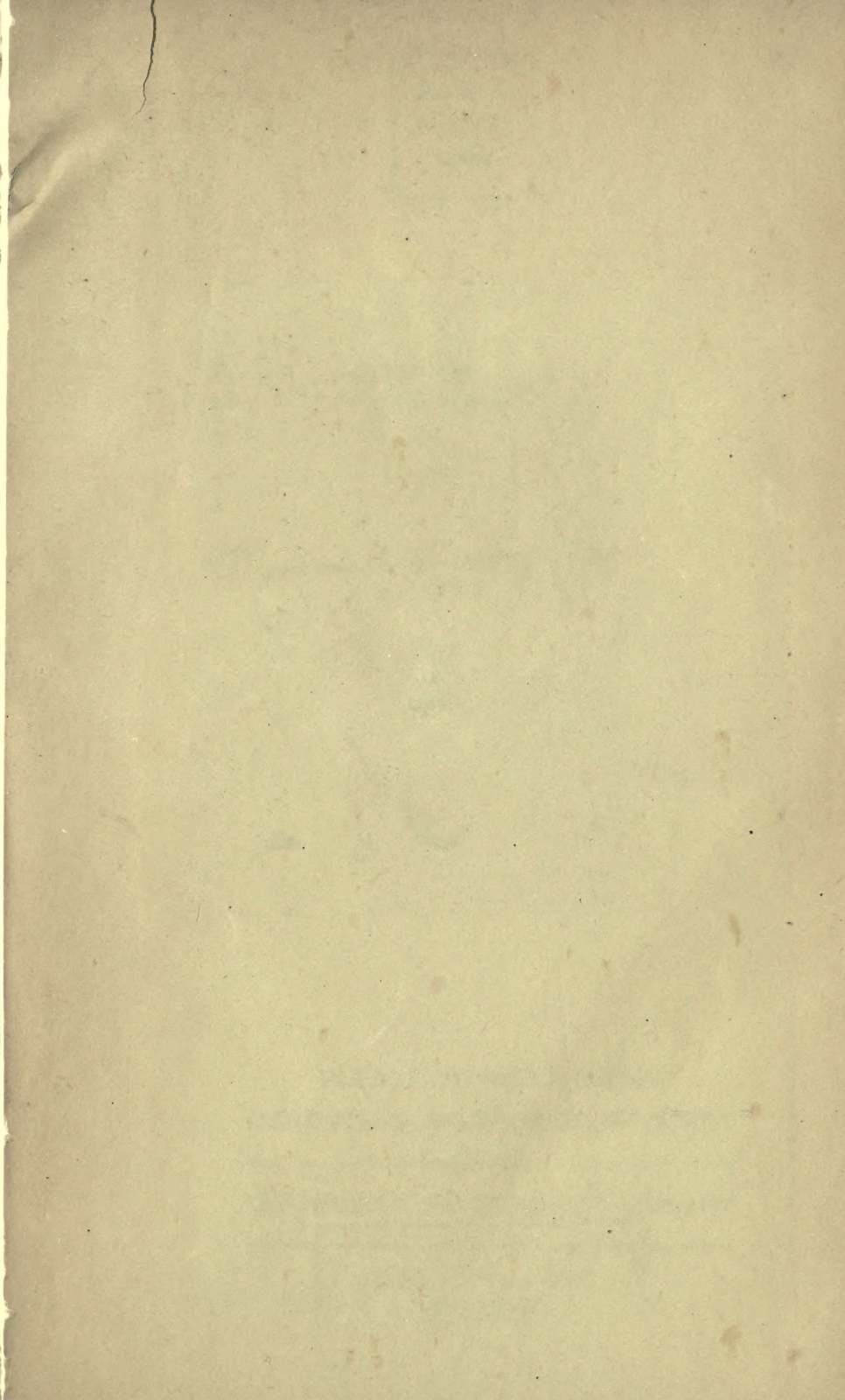
Powers until it was superseded by the treaty made by Count Poutiatine at Tientsin in the year 1858.

During this interval numerous Russian embassies, more or less of a mercantile nature, visited Peking, where they were always hospitably received, and where a house, known as the "Russia House," was set apart especially for their accommodation. Batches of Russian youths were also allowed to take up their residence in the capital for periods not exceeding ten years for the purpose of studying Chinese, and complimentary presents were freely exchanged between the respective Emperors. Among the people of the two countries there has always existed an inclination to assimilate, and at this present moment, in the northern quarter of Peking, are to be found numerous descendants of the Cossack prisoners taken by the Chinese during the wars of the seventeenth century, who, on the conclusion of the Treaty of Nerchinski, preferred rather to remain in the land of their captivity than to return to Siberia.

In the year 1857 the question of colonizing the Amoor district again seriously occupied the attention of the Russians, and at the same time the arrival of Lord Elgin and Baron Gros in force in China, with orders to make new treaties, appeared to them to be a favourable opportunity for gaining a further cession of territory. To accomplish this object Count Poutiatine was sent overland with directions to claim an audience at Peking, and, as it was reported, to offer substantial assistance against the Taeping rebels in exchange for the three Manchurian provinces of Girin, Amoor, and Leaotung. But the refusal of the Emperor to receive the Count at Peking unless he were prepared to perform the "kotow," and certain aggressive measures taken by the mandarins on the Amoor, showed that the Chinese were inclined rather to act on the offensive than otherwise. The instant the Czar's Government became aware of the threatening aspect of affairs large reinforcements were despatched to the Amoor, and Count Poutiatine was instructed to lend his moral support to all demands of common interest which might be made by the Ambassadors of England and France on the Court of Peking. Acting on these orders, Count Poutiatine placed himself in communication with Lord Elgin and Baron Gros, and while he aided them in their deliberations he at the same time played the part of mediator between them and the Chinese. In this crisis the decided policy carried out

by England and France won for themselves and for Russia that which no other line of action could possibly have obtained; and when, in the summer of 1858, the Ambassadors arrived before Tientsin, instead of finding the Chinese possessed with the spirits of pride and presumptuous daring, they were met by overtures for peace. A like spirit soon manifested itself on the Amoor, and Muravief, the Governor-General of Siberia, who arrived in the month of May at the head of troops prepared to fight, found there was no longer occasion for an appeal to arms. With considerable adroitness, however, he took advantage of the yielding temper of the Chinese, and concluded with the Imperial Commissioners on the spot a treaty by which China ceded to Russia the left bank of the Amoor to the Usuri, and both banks below that river. Meanwhile, Count Poutiatine, in entire ignorance of the grand coup made by his countrymen in the north, concluded a treaty at Tientsin, under the terms of which Ignatief shortly afterwards took up his residence at Peking as Russian ambassador.

The action of the Russians in China during the troublous year of 1859 is enveloped in mystery. Numerous reports were current at the time that they had attempted to gain still further concessions by offering to assist the Government against the Allies, and it is difficult to understand upon what other ground than this the Chinese could have been willing to execute the extraordinary treaty which was concluded in November of the following year, especially as it is known that subsequently several batteries of Russian guns were received at Peking. But, however this may be, the fact remains that, under the pressure of defeat by the allied armies, the Chinese Government by a stroke of the pen handed over to the Russians the whole sea-coast of Manchuria between the river Usuri and the sea, from the mouth of the Amoor to the Korean frontier. Above and beyond this, also, the old-established right of going to Peking and of trading at Urja and Kalgan was at the same time restored to the Russian merchants at Kiachta, and sites for the erection of a Russian factory and church were granted at Kashgar. The importance of this convention can scarcely be overrated. It has placed the Russians in possession of some of the finest harbours in the world, and has given them a vantage ground in the Pacific the full value of which is appreciated by none more than by the Russians themselves.





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